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The World's Great Books in Outline

FIRST VOLUME

From the painting by Ford Madox Brown in the Manchester Art Gallery

William Shakespeare

The World's GREAT BOOKS In Outline

Edited by
J. A. HAMMERTON
Editor of The Masterpiece Library of Short Stories

FULLY ILLUSTRATED

First Volume
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THE WORLD'S GREAT BOOKS: IN OUTLINE

THE distinguishing feature of this work is that it offers the pith and marrow of many famous books in English literature, ancient classics and foreign masterpieces in *condensed versions*. It is not a collection of 'specimen passages.' Let anyone without previous knowledge of Karl Marx's Capital or Locke's Human Understanding—to take examples at random—spend the twenty minutes necessary to the careful reading of each of our abridgements, and he will acquire a knowledge of these two works beyond all comparison with that of one who has read merely an equivalent amount of 'illustrative extracts.'

Our work has a three-fold appeal, and this, briefly stated, may help the reader to determine in what measure it meets his particular case.

(1) Young Students of Literature will find it a pleasant and profitable introduction to a very wide range of book-lore. Books that may still be but names to them, will become so vital when read in our outlines that many readers will seek closer acquaintance with the originals, confident of being interested.

(2) For Busy Men and Women deficient in the knowledge of books, our outlines supply an actual 'short cut' to acquaintance with hundreds of books that otherwise might exist for them in vain. A student of whom I have heard easily passed the literary examination for his degree soon after the Great War by reading up the abridgements in *The World's Great Books* in place of the originals, which his war service had prevented his studying—good testimony of their value.

(3) To the Bookman and Scholar who may have read the originals of most of the books we outline, it will prove invaluable as an aid to memory. Though one might read more than a thousand books in the course of ten years, it is improbable that one could ever recall some seven hundred of these with any measure of clearness, but with the help of our outlines that becomes easy of achievement.

An eminent London editor has said that hardly a week passes without his blessing this work for enabling him in half an hour to restore and intensify his fading memory of some book read by him thirty or forty years ago.

OUR outlines of Great Books are based upon a rational theory of reading. No matter how acute the mind of a reader may be, nor how retentive his memory, immediately after he has read such a work as Gibbon's Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, or Boswell's Life of Johnson, he will not have retained in his memory a greater proportion of the whole than is represented by our printed summaries of those masterpieces. Ten, twenty or thirty years after, it is improbable that his memory will hold so much. What an advantage then for him to know that at so slight an effort on his part our pages can either restore his memory of a book read many years ago or provide him with a mental impression almost as vivid as though he had formed it himself after several evenings' close study of the original.

NOVEL as the idea of *The World's Great Books* may appear, it was anticipated more than a thousand years ago in the famous Bibliotheca of Photius, Patriarch of Constantinople from the year 858 to 867, and again from 878 to 886. That energetic and erudite prelate was surely the greatest reader of his age, for he was able to write down, chiefly from memory, and for the instruction of his friend Tarasius, summaries of 279 books he had read during a time when he and his friend were denied the pleasure of reading together, as their agreeable custom had been.

The Library of Photius which thus came into being is an important work for scholars, and many of his summaries are all that are preserved to us of ancient and precious writings. While Photius and his outlines of ancient books mainly concern the scholar, he makes some observations that are to-day singularly appropriate to *The World's Great Books*. In his epistle to Tarasius he writes :

> The summaries will be arranged in the order in which our memory recalls them. Certainly it would not be difficult, if one preferred it, to describe historical events and those dealing with different subjects under separate headings. But considering that nothing would be gained by this, we have set them down indiscriminately as they occur to us . . . You will be better able than ourselves to decide whether these summaries will do more than fulfil your original expectations as to their usefulness. Certainly, such records will assist you to refresh the memory of what you have read by yourself, to find more readily what you want, and further, to acquire more easily the knowledge of what has not as yet been the subject of intelligent reading on your part.

A MORE remarkable anticipation of the plan and purpose of *The World's Great Books* could not be imagined. Old Photius also knew what my co-editor, Mr. Arthur Mee, and I did not know when we planned the first edition of this work sixteen years ago ; that 'nothing would be gained' by arranging it in sections according to the different subjects of the books. For that was a feature of our first edition which destroyed variety and trammelled the editors in many ways, so that a pleasant alternation of the grave and the gay, the instructive and the entertaining, was made impossible. Since then Mr. Arthur Mee has himself made in his Children's Encyclopedia an important addition to the educational works of our time. Because of his preoccupations with that masterpiece and with his famous Children's Newspaper, the sole responsibility for this entirely new revision of *The World's Great Books* has fallen upon me.

ALTHOUGH, as regards nearly eighty per cent. of its literary contents, this work is the same that evoked so much interest on its appearance sixteen years ago, as a whole it bears hardly any resemblance to its first condition. The outlines are printed just as they happen to appeal to me in my effort to provide a continuously varied programme of reading.

An ample index at the end of the last volume will make reference to any item of our contents immediate and simple.

Many new items find place in our pages, and all our illustrations have been made expressly for this edition. If anyone is disposed to compare the new work with the old, I am hopeful that in every respect—selection of subjects, arrangement, typography, illustration—improvement will be noted. It would be strange if in sixteen years of uncommon activity the editorial hand had not gained in cunning.

NOTE that we have abandoned 'departments' only in so far as we do not slice our work into sections, the editorial classification of our contents being indicated by the device at the beginning of each item. In the belief that this is a work which will be welcomed by the reading public of to-day, for constant perusal and study, not to be shelved for occasional reference, it is presented in the most attractive guise the printer's art can give to it. And, to the same end, I have not hesitated to attach to some of the chapters into which each summary is divided, titles that are often more intriguing than any of the chapter headings to be found in the original books. Finally, it will be accounted to us for virtue, I hope, that we have gone in most cases to the original languages in making our abridgements from the ancient classics and modern foreign masterpieces.

J. A. HAMMERTON

OLD FRENCH
AUCASSIN AND NICOLETE

Done into English by Edward Wright

IN the form as well as in the substance of this sweet romance there is much that points to Arabia or Persia as the land of its birth: and from its *cante-fable* style—the delightful alternation of prose and verse—it would seem to have come to the *trouvères* of old France from Morocco and Moorish Spain. It is tantalising that nothing is known of the courtly poet-minstrel of the 13th century who wrote the lay in Picard French; but his fine genius has invested it with a quality unknown in Mahomedan literature, and has saved for the world one of the greatest love-epics ever written. Andrew Lang's translation is published by Routledge at 4s. 6d., and the Manchester University Press publishes, also at 4s. 6d., the original text edited by Prof. F. W. Bourdillon. Edward Wright's delightful rendering, specially prepared for *The World's Great Books*, will challenge comparison with all other versions, and is in itself a work of high literary quality.

I—Lovers Young and Fair

LISTEN to a tale of love,
Which an old grey captive wove.
Great delight and solace he
Found in his captivity,
As he told what toils beset
Aucassin and Nicolete;
And the dolour undergone,
And the deeds of prowess done
By a lad of noble race,
For a lady fair of face.

Though a man be old and blind,
Sick in body and in mind,
If he hearken he shall be
Filled with joy and jollity,
So delectable and sweet
Is the tale I now repeat.

NOW, a war broke out between Count Bougars of Valence and Count Garin of Beaucaire; and Count Bougars besieged Beaucaire with a hundred knights and ten thousand men. Then Count Garin, who was old and feeble, said to his fair young son, Aucassin:

"Now, son, go and defend our land and people."

"I tell you," said Aucassin, "I will never draw sword unless I have my sweet love Nicolete to wife."

"And I tell you," said his father, "that I would liefer lose life and land than see you wedded to her. What! A Saracen girl, bought by one of my captains! A slave! A heathen! A witch! God! I will burn her in a fire, and you with her."

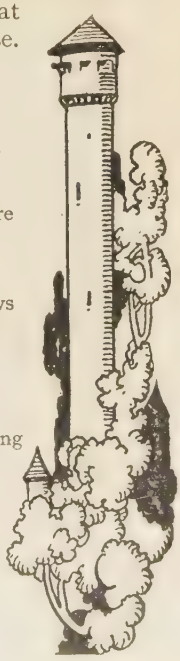
"Stay!" said Aucassin. "I will make an agreement. I will fight Count Bougars if you will let me speak to Nicolete after the battle."

"I agree," said his father. And he said this because Count Bougars was well-nigh master of Beaucaire.

Aucassin went out to battle in great joy. But his father went in great anger to the captain that had bought Nicolete from the Saracens, and said:

"If I lay hands on that heathen girl, I will burn her in a fire, and you also, unless you have a care."

AND the captain, who had adopted Nicolete as his daughter, was afraid both for himself and for his godchild. And he hid her in a tower that stood in the garden of his house.



In the tower that Nicolete
Prisoned is, may no man get.
Pleasant is her room to see,
Carved and painted wondrously.
But no pleasure can she find
In the paintings, to her mind.
Look! For she is standing there
By the window, with her hair
Yellow like autumnal wheat
When the sunshine falls on it.
Blue-grey eyes she has, and brows
Whiter than the winter snows;
And her face is like a flower,
As she gazes from the tower:
As she gazes far below
Where the garden roses blow,
And the thrush and blackbird sing
In the pleasant time of spring,
"Woe is me!" she cries, "that I
In a prison cell must lie,
Parted by a cruel spite
From my young and lovely knight.
By the eyes of God, I swear
Prisonment I will not bear!
Here for long I shall not stay;
Love will quickly find a way."

In the meantime, Aucassin mounted a great war-horse and rode out to battle. Still dreaming of Nicolete, he let the reins fall, and his horse carried him among his foes. They took him prisoner and sent word to Count Bougars to come and see them hang the heir of Beaucaire.

"Ha!" said Aucassin, waking out of his dream. "Ha, my God! My Saviour! If they hang me, I shall never see my sweet love Nicolete again!"

Striking out in a great passion, he made a havoc about him, like a boar that turns at bay on the hounds in a forest. Ten knights he struck down, and seven he wounded. Then, spying Count Bougars, that had come to see him hanged, he lashed at his helm and stunned him, and took him prisoner to Beaucaire.

"Father," he said, "here is Count Bougars. The war is ended. Now let me see Nicolete."

"I will not," said his father. "That is my last word. So help me, God."

"Count Bougars," said Aucassin, "you are my prisoner. I will have a pledge from you; give me your hand."

Count Bougars gave his hand.

"Pledge me," said Aucassin, "that if I set you free you will do my father all the hurt you can; for he is a liar."

"In God's name," said Count Bougars, "put me to ransom and take all my wealth; but do not mock me!"

"Are you my prisoner?" said Aucassin.

"Yes," said Count Bougars.

"Then, so help me, God," said Aucassin, "I will now send your head from your shoulders unless I have that pledge!"

Thereupon Count Bougars pledged him and Aucassin set him free. Then Aucassin went to the captain that was godfather to Nicolete.

"What have you done with my sweet lady?" he asked.

"You will never again see Nicolete, my fair lord," said the captain. "What would you gain if you took the Saracen maid to bed? Your soul would go to hell. You would never win to heaven!"

"And what of that?" said Aucassin. "Who is it that wins to heaven? Old priests, and cripples that grovel and pray at altars, and tattered beggars that die of cold and hunger. These only go to heaven, and I do not want their company. So I will go to hell. For there go all good scholars and the brave knights that died in wars, and sweet ladies that had many lovers, and harpers, and minstrels, and great kings. Give me but my Nicolete, and gladly I will keep them company."

II—Love's Song in a Dungeon

AUCASSIN returned very sorrowfully to the castle, and there his father put him into a dungeon.

Aucassin is cast and bound
In a dungeon underground;
Never does the sunlight fall
Shining on his prison wall;
Only one faint ray of it
Glimmers down a narrow slit.
But does Aucassin forget
His sweet lady, Nicolete?
Listen! He is singing there,
And his song is all of her;
'Though for love of thee I die
In this dungeon where I lie,
Wonder of the world, I will
Worship thee and praise thee still.
By the beauty of thy face,
By the joy of thy embrace,
By the rapture of thy kiss,
And thy body's sweetnesses,
Miracle of loveliness,
Comfort me in my distress!
Surely, 'twas but yesterday
That the pilgrim came this way—
Weak and poor and travel-worn—
Who in Limousin was born.
With the falling sickness he
Stricken was full grievously.
He had prayed to many a saint
For the cure of his complaint;
But no healing did he get
Till he saw my Nicolete.
Even as he lay down to die,
Nicolete came walking by.
On her shining limbs he gazed,
As her kirtle she upraised.
And he rose from off the ground,
Healed and joyful, whole and sound.
Miracle of loveliness,
Comfort me in my distress!'

As Aucassin was singing in his dungeon Nicolete was devising how to get out of her tower. It was now summer-time, in the month of May, when the day is warm, long and clear, and the night still and serene. Nicolete lay on her bed, and the moonlight streamed through the window and the nightingale sang in the garden below; and she

thought of Aucassin, her lover, whom she loved, and of Count Garin, who hated her.

"I will stay here no longer," said Nicolete, "or the count will find me and kill me."

The old woman that was set to watch over her was asleep. Nicolete put on her silken tunic, and took the bedclothes and knotted them together and made a rope. This she fastened to the bar of her window, and so got down from the tower. Then she lifted up her kirtle with both hands, because the dew was lying deep on the grass, and went away down the garden.

HER locks were yellow and curled; her eyes blue-grey and laughing; her lips were redder than the cherry or rose in summer-time; her teeth white and small; so slim was her waist that you could have clipped her in your two hands; and so firm were her breasts that they rose against her bodice as if they were two walnuts. The daisies that bent above her instep looked black against her feet, so white the maiden was.

She came to the postern gate, and unbarred it, and went out through the streets of Beaucaire, keeping always in the shadows, for the moon was shining. And so she got to the dungeon where her lover, Aucassin, lay. She thrust her head through the chink, and there she heard Aucassin grieving for her whom he loved so much.

"Ah, Aucassin!" she said. "Never will you have joy of me. Your father hates me to death, and I must cross the sea and go to some strange land."

"If you were to go away," said Aucassin, "you would kill me. The first man that saw you would take you to his bed. And, then, do you think I would wait till I found a knife? No! I would dash my head to pieces against a wall or a rock."

"Ah!" she said. "I love you more than you love me."

"Nay, my sweet lady," said he. "Woman cannot love man as much as man loves woman. Woman only loves with her eyes; man loves with his heart."

Aucassin and Nicolete were thus debating when the soldiers of the count came marching down the street. Their swords were drawn, and they were seeking for Nicolete to slay her.

"God, it were a great pity to kill so fair a maid!" said the warder of the dungeon. "My young lord Aucassin would die of it, and that would be a great loss to Beaucaire. Would that I could warn Nicolete!"

And with that, he struck up a merry tune, but the words he sang to it were not merry:

Lady with the yellow hair,
Lovely, sweet and debonair,
Now take heed.
Death comes on thee unaware.

Turn thee now; oh, turn and flee!
Death is coming suddenly,
And the swords
Flash that seek to murder thee.

"May God reward you for your fair words!" said Nicolete.

Wrapping herself in her mantle, she hid in the shadows until the soldiers went by. Then she said farewell to Aucassin, and climbed up the castle wall where it had been broken in the siege. But steep and deep was the moat, and Nicolete's fair hands and feet were bleeding when she got out. But she did not feel any pain, because of the great fear that was on her lest she should fall into the hands of the count's men.

Within two bow-shots from Beaucaire was a great forest; and here Nicolete slept in a thicket, until the herd-boys

came in the morning and pastured their cattle close to her resting-place. They sat down by a fountain, and spread out a cloak and put their bread on it. Their shouting aroused Nicolete, who came to

them, saying: "God bless you, sweet boys!"

"God bless you, lady!" said one that had a readier tongue than the others.

"Do you know Aucassin, the brave young son of Count Garin?" she said.

"Yes, lady," they said. "We know him very well."

"Then tell him, in the name of God," said she, "that there is a beast in this forest that he must come and hunt. If he can take it, he will not sell a limb of it for any money."

"I tell him that?" said the boy that had a readier tongue than the others. "Curse me if I do! There's no beast in this forest—stag, boar, wolf or lion—with a limb worth more than two or three pence. You speak of some enchantment, and you are a fairy woman. We do not want your company. Go away."

"Sweet boys," said Nicolete, "you must do as I tell you. For the beast has a medicine that will cure Aucassin of all his pain. Ah! I have five pieces of money in my purse. Take them, and tell him. He must come and hunt within three days, and if he does not, he will never be cured of his sickness."

"Faith," said the boy, after consulting with his fellows, "we will tell him if he comes, but we will not search after him!"

III—Aucassin Goes in Quest of Nicolete

NICOLETE took leave of the herd-boys and went into the forest down a green way that led to a place where seven paths met. Close at hand was a deep thicket, and there Nicolete built a lodge of green boughs, and covered it with oak-leaves and lily-flowers, and made it sweet and pleasant, both inside and out. And she stayed in this lodge to see what Aucassin would do.

In the meantime, the cry went through all the country that Nicolete was lost. Some said that she had gone away; others that Count Garin had put her to death. If any man had joy in the news that man was not Aucassin. His father let him out of prison, and summoned all the knights and ladies of the land to a great feast that he made to comfort his young son. But when the revelry was at its height, there was Aucassin leaning despondently from a gallery, sorrowful and utterly downcast. And an old knight saw him and came to him.

"Aucassin," he said, "there was a time when I, too, was sick with the sickness that you have. If you will trust me, I will give you some good counsel."

"Gramercy," answered Aucassin.

"Good counsel is indeed a precious thing."

"Mount your horse and ride into the forest," said the old knight. "You will see the flowers and the sweet herbs, and hear the birds singing. And, perchance, you may also hear a word that will take away your sickness."

"Gramercy," said Aucassin. "That is what I will do."

HE stole out of the hall, and went to the stable and bridled and saddled his horse, and rode swiftly out into the forest. By the fountain he found the herd-boys. They had spread a cloak out on the grass, and were eating bread and making merry.

Jolly herd-boys, every one:
Martin, Emery, and John,
Aubrey, Oliver, and Matt,
By the fountain-side they sat.
"Here," said John, "comes Aucassin,
Son of our good Count Garin,
Faith, he is a handsome boy!
Let us wish him luck and joy."
"And the girl with yellow hair
Wandering in the forest there,"
Aubrey said. "She gave us more
Gold than we have seen before.
Say, what shall we go and buy?"
"Cakes!" said greedy Emery.
"Flutes and bagpipes!" Johnny said.
"No," cried Martin; "knives instead!
Knives and swords! Then we can go
Out to war and fight the foe."

"Sweet boys," said Aucassin, as he rode up, "sing again the song that you were singing just now, I pray you."

"We will not," said Aubrey, who had a readier tongue than the others.

"Do you not know me, then?" said Aucassin.

"Yes," said Aubrey. "You are our young lord, Aucassin. But we are not your men, but the count's."

"Sweet boys, sing it again, I pray you," said Aucassin.

"God's heart!" cried Aubrey. "Why should I sing for you, if I do not want to? There is no man in this country—save Count Garin—that dare drive my cattle from his fields and corn-lands, if I put them there. He would lose his eyes for it, no matter how rich he were. So, now, why should I sing for you, if I do not want to?"

"In the name of God," said Aucassin, "take these ten sous, and sing it!"

"Sir, I will take your money," said Aubrey, "but I will not sing you anything. Still, I will tell you something."

"By God," said Aucassin, "something is better than nothing."

"Sir," said Aubrey, then, "we were eating our bread by this fountain, between prime and tierce, and a maid came by—the loveliest thing in all the world. She lighted up the forest with her beauty; so we thought she was a fairy woman. But she gave us some money, and we promised that if you came by we would tell you to go hunting in the forest. In there is a beast of marvellous value. If you took it you would not sell one of its limbs for many marks of gold, for it has a medicine that will cure your sickness. Now, I have told you all."

"And you have told me enough, sweet boy," said Aucassin. "Farewell! God give me good hunting!"

AND, as he spurred his horse into the forest, Aucassin sang right joyously:

Track of boar and slot of deer,
Neither do I follow here.
Nicolete I hotly chase
Down the winding, woodland ways—
Thy white body, thy blue eyes,
Thy sweet smiles and low replies.
God in heaven give me grace
Once to meet thee face to face;
Once to meet as we have met,
Nicolete—oh, Nicolete!

IV—Love in a Forest

FURIOUSLY did his horse bear him on through the thorns and briars that tore his clothes and scratched his body, so that you could have followed the track of his blood on the grass. But neither hurt nor pain did he feel, for he thought only of Nicolete. All day he sought for her in the forest, and when evening drew on he began to weep because he had not found her. Night fell, but he still rode on; and came at last to the place where seven roads met, and there he saw the lodge of green boughs and lily-flowers which Nicolete had made.

"Ah, heaven," said Aucassin, "here Nicolete has been, and she has made this lodge with her own fair hands. For the sweetness of it, and for love of her, I will sleep here to-night."

As he sat in the lodge, Aucassin saw the evening star shining through a gap in the boughs, and he sang:

Star of eve! Oh, star of love,
Gleaming in the sky above!
Nicolete, the bright of brow,
Dwells with thee in heaven now.
God has set her in the skies
To delight my longing eyes;
And her clear and yellow hair
Shines upon the darkness there.
Oh, my lady, would that I
Swiftly up to thee could fly,
Meet thee, greet thee, kiss thee, fold thee
To my aching heart, and hold thee.
Here, without thee, nothing worth
Can I find upon the earth.

When Nicolete heard Aucassin singing, she came into the bower, and threw her arms around his neck and kissed him. Aucassin then set his sweet love upon his horse and mounted behind her; and with all haste they rode out from the forest and came to the seashore.

There Aucassin saw a ship sailing upon the sea, and he beckoned to it; and the sailors took him and Nicolete on board, and they sailed to the land of Torelore. And the King of Torelore welcomed them courteously, and for two whole years they lived in great delight in his beautiful castle by the sea. But one night the castle was suddenly stormed by the Saracens; and Aucassin was bound hand and foot and thrown into a ship, and Nicolete into another.

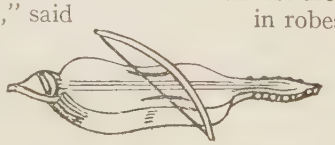
The ship that carried Aucassin was wrecked in a great storm, and it drifted over the sea to Beaucaire. The people that ran to break up the wreck found their young lord and made great joy over his return. For his father was dead and he was now Count Aucassin. The people led him to the castle and did homage to him, and he held all his lands in peace. But little delight had Aucassin in his wealth and power and kingdom.

Though he lived in joy and ease,
And his kingdom was at peace,
Aucassin did so regret
His sweet lady, Nicolete,
That he would have liefer died
In the battle by her side.
"Ah, my Nicolete," he said,
"Are you living, are you dead?
All my kingdom I would give
For the news that still you live.
For the joy of finding you
Would I search the whole world through,
Did I think you living yet,
Nicolete—my Nicolete!"

V—Nicolete's Love Song

In the meantime, the Saracens took Nicolete to their great city of Carthage, and because she was lovely and seemed of noble birth they led her to their king. And when Nicolete saw the King of Carthage she knew him again; and he, also, knew her. For she was his daughter who had been carried off in her young days by the Christians. Her father held a great feast in honour of Nicolete, and would have married her to a mighty King of Paynim. But Nicolete had no mind to marry anyone but Aucassin, and she devised how she might get news of her lover. One night she smeared her face with a brown ointment, and dressed herself in minstrel's clothes, and took a viol, and stole out of her father's palace to the seashore. There she found a ship that was bound for Provence, and she sailed in it to Beaucaire. She took her viol, and went playing through the town, and came to the castle. Aucassin was sitting on the castle steps with his proud barons and brave knights around him, gazing sorrowfully at the sweet flowers and listening to the singing of the birds.

"Shall I sing you a new song, sire?" said Nicolete. "Yes, fair friend," said Aucassin; "if it be a merry one, for I am very sad." "If you like it," said Nicolete, "you will find it merry enough." She drew the bow across her viol, and made sweet music, and sang:



Once a lover met a maid
Wandering in a forest glade,
Where she had a pretty house
Framed with flowers and leafy boughs.

Maid and lover merrily
Sailed away across the sea
To a castle by the strand
Of a strange and pleasant land.

There they lived in great delight
Till the Saracens by night
Stormed the keep and took the maid,
With the captives of their raid.

Back to Carthage they returned,
And the maiden sadly mourned.
But they did not make of her
Paramour or prisoner.

For the King of Carthage said,
When he saw the fair young maid:
"Daughter!" and the maid replied:
"Father!" And they laughed and cried.

For she had been stolen when
She was young by Christian men.
And the captain of Beaucaire
Bought her as a slave girl there.

Once her lover loved her well.
Now, alas! he cannot tell
Who she is. Does he forget—
Aucassin—his Nicolete?

Aucassin leaped down the castle steps and took the lady in his arms. Then she went to the house of her godfather, the captain of the town, and washed all the brownness from her face, and clad herself in robes of rich silk. And, early on the morrow, Count Aucassin wedded her and made her Lady of Beaucaire; and they had great joy of one another.

JOHN LOCKE

AN ESSAY CONCERNING HUMAN UNDERSTANDING

FIRST published in 1690, twenty editions of the Essay Concerning Human Understanding had appeared before 1700, for few works of philosophy so speedily won the approval of the thinking world. It is a lengthy treatise, extending to some three hundred thousand words. Seventeen years were spent on its preparation, and it originated in an effort to set down clearly, 'on a sheet of notepaper,' for the guidance of a group of friends, the range of questions with which human understanding is fitted to deal. The design of the work, Locke explains, is to inquire 'into the origin, certainty and extent of human knowledge, together with the grounds and degrees of belief, opinion and assent.' Locke's resolute devotion to truth, his instant surrender to the proven fact, his distrust of the emotional, his splendid tolerance, are conspicuous in the famous Essay.

I—The Nature of Simple Ideas

'IDEA' being that term which, I think, serves best to stand for whatsoever is the object of the understanding, I have used it to express whatever is meant by phantasm, notion, species, or whatever it is the mind can be employed about in thinking. Let us, then, suppose the mind to be, as we say, white paper void of all characters—without any ideas. Whence comes it by that vast store which the busy and boundless fancy of man has painted on it with an almost endless variety? To this, I answer in one word—experience; in that all our knowledge is founded, and from that it ultimately derives itself.

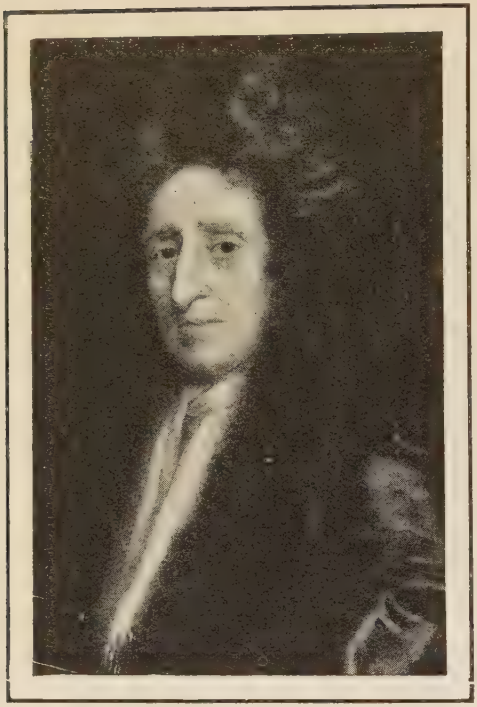
Let anyone examine his own thoughts and thoroughly search his understanding, and then let him tell me whether of all the original ideas he has there are any other than of the objects of his senses, or of the observations of his mind considered as objects of his reflection.

Though the qualities that affect our senses are, in the things themselves, so united and blended that there is no separation, no distance between them, yet it is plain the ideas they produce in the mind enter by the senses simple and unmixed. For though the sight and touch often take in from the same object at the same time different ideas, yet the simple ideas thus united in the same subject are as perfectly distinct as those that come in by different senses; the coldness and hardness which a man feels in a piece of ice being as distinct ideas in the mind as the smell and whiteness of a lily, and each of them being in itself uncompounded contains nothing but one uniform appearance, or conception, in the mind, and is not distinguishable into different ideas.

When the understanding is once stored with these simple ideas, it has the power to repeat, compare and unite them even to an almost infinite variety, and so can make at will new complex ideas. But it is not in the power of any most exalted wit or enlarged understanding, by any quickness or variety of thought, to invent or frame one new simple idea in the mind, nor to destroy those that are there. I would have anyone try to fancy any taste which had never affected his palate, or frame the idea of a scent he had never smelt; and when he can do this, I will also conclude that a blind man hath ideas of colours and a deaf man true, distinct notions of sound.

THERE are some ideas which have admittance only through one sense which is peculiarly adapted to receive them. Thus, light and colours come in only by the eye, all kinds of noises by the ear, the tastes and smells by the nose and palate. The most considerable of those belonging to the touch are heat, cold and solidity—which is the idea that belongs to the body, whereby we conceive it to fill space.

Simple ideas of divers senses are the ideas of space or extension, figure, rest and motion, for these make perceivable impressions on the eyes and touch, and we can receive and convey into our minds



JOHN LOCKE was born at Wrington, Somersetshire, August 29, 1632. He went to Westminster and Christ Church, Oxford; but his nature rebelled against the system of education in vogue and the public disputations of the schools, which he thought invented for wrangling and ostentation rather than to discover truth, and he found in Descartes his relish of philosophical things. From 1683 to 1689 he was forced, for political reasons, to stay in Holland, where the Essay was completed.

the ideas of the extension, figure, motion and rest of bodies by seeing and feeling.

The mind, receiving the ideas mentioned in the foregoing from without, when it turns its view inward upon itself and observes its own actions about those ideas it has, takes from thence other ideas which are as capable to be the objects of its contemplation as any of those it received from foreign things.

The two great and principal actions of the mind which are most frequently considered, and which are so frequent that everyone that pleases may take notice of them in himself, are these two: perception or thinking, and volition or will. The power of thinking is called the understanding, and the power of volition is called the will. And these two powers or abilities in the mind are denominated faculties. Modes of these simple ideas of reflection are remembrance, discerning, reasoning, judging, knowledge, faith.

It has, further, pleased our wise Creator to annex to several objects and to the ideas which we receive from them, as also to several of our thoughts, a concomitant pleasure, and that in several objects to several degrees, that those faculties which He has endowed us with might not remain wholly unemployed by us. Pain has the same efficacy and use to set us on work that pleasure has, we being as ready to employ our faculties to avoid that as to pursue this.

Existence and unity are two other ideas that are suggested to the understanding by every object without and every idea within. Power is another of those simple ideas which we receive from sensation and reflection; and, besides these, there is succession.

Nor let anyone think these too narrow bounds for the capacious mind of man to expatiate in, which takes its flight farther than the stars and cannot be confined by the limits of the world, that extends its thoughts often even beyond the utmost expansion of matter and makes excursions into that incomprehensible inane. Nor will it be so strange to think these few simple ideas sufficient to employ the quickest thought or largest capacity if we consider how many words may be made out of the various composition of twenty-four letters; or if, going one step farther, we will but reflect on the variety of combinations that may be made with barely one of the above-mentioned ideas—viz. number, whose stock is inexhaustible. And what a large and immense field doth extension alone afford the mathematicians!

II—Of Idea-Producing Qualities

THE power to produce any idea in our mind I call quality of the subject wherein the power is. Qualities are, first, such as are utterly inseparable from the body in what state soever it be. These I call original or primary qualities, which I think we may observe to produce simple ideas in us—viz. solidity, extension, figure, motion or rest, and number.

Secondly, such qualities which in truth are nothing in the objects themselves, but powers to produce various sensations in us by their primary qualities—*i.e.* by the bulk, figure, texture and motion of their

insensible parts. These secondary qualities are colours, sounds, tastes, etc. From whence it is easy to draw this observation: that the ideas of primary qualities of bodies are resemblances of them, but the ideas produced in us by the secondary qualities have no resemblance in them at all.

If anyone will consider that the same fire that at one distance produces in us the sensation of warmth does, at a nearer approach, produce in us the far different sensation of pain, let him bethink himself what reason he has to say that his idea of warmth, which was produced in him by the fire, is actually in the fire; and his idea of pain, which the same fire produced in him in the same way, is not in the fire. The particular bulk, number, figure and motion of the parts of fire or snow are really in them, whether anyone's senses perceive them or not; and, therefore, they may be called real qualities, because they really exist in those bodies. But light, heat, whiteness, or coldness are no more really in them than sickness or pain is in manna. Take away the sensation of them; let not the eyes see light or colours, nor the ears hear sounds; let the palate not taste, nor the nose smell; and all colours, tastes, odours and sounds vanish and are reduced to their causes—*i.e.* bulk, figure and motion of parts.

III—Various Faculties of the Mind

WHAT perception is everyone will know better by reflecting on what he does himself when he sees, hears, feels, tastes, smells or thinks, than by any discourse of mine.

We ought further to consider concerning perception, that the ideas we receive by sensation are often in grown people altered by the judgement without our taking any notice of it. When we set before our eyes a round globe of any uniform colour—*e.g.* gold, alabaster or jet—the idea thereby imprinted in our mind is of a flat circle variously shadowed with several degrees of light and brightness coming to our eyes.

But we, having by use been accustomed to perceive what kind of appearances convex bodies are wont to make in us, what alterations are made in the reflections of light by the difference of the sensible figures of bodies, the judgement presently, by an habitual custom, alters the appearances into their causes; so that from that which is truly a variety of shadow or colour collecting the figure, it makes it pass for a mark of figure, and frames to itself the perception of a convex figure and a uniform colour, when the idea we receive from thence is only a plane variously coloured, as is evident in painting.

Perception, then, is the first operation of our intellectual faculties, and the inlet of all knowledge into our minds.

The next faculty of the mind whereby it makes a further progress towards knowledge is that which I call retention, or the keeping of those simple ideas which from sensation or reflection it hath received. This is done, first, by keeping the idea which is brought into it for some time actually in view, which is called contemplation. The other way of retention is the power to revive again in our minds those ideas which after imprinting have disappeared, or have been, as it were, laid aside out of sight; and thus we do when we conceive heat or light, yellow or sweet, the object being removed. This is memory, the store-house of our ideas.

ANOTHER faculty we may take notice of in our minds is that of discerning and distinguishing between the several ideas it has. It is not enough to have a confused perception of something in general. Unless the mind had a distinct perception of different objects and their qualities, it would be capable of very little knowledge, even though the bodies that affect us were as busy about us as they are now, and though the mind were continually employed in thinking.

On this faculty of distinguishing one thing from another depend the evidence and certainty of several even very general propositions which have passed for innate truths, because men, overlooking the true cause why those propositions find universal assent, impute it wholly to native uniform impressions; whereas it, in truth, depends upon this clear discerning faculty of the mind, whereby it perceives two ideas to be the same or to be different.

The comparing of ideas one with another is the operation of the mind upon which depends all that large tribe of ideas comprehended under relations. The next operation is composition, whereby the mind puts together several simple ideas and combines them into complex ones.

The use of words being to stand as outward marks of our internal ideas, and those ideas being taken from particular things, if every particular idea that we take in should have a distinct name, names must be endless. To prevent this, the mind makes the particular ideas received from particular objects to become general, which is done by considering them as they are in the mind, and such appearances separate from all other existences and from the circumstances of real existence, as time, place, or any other concomitant ideas.

This is called abstraction, whereby ideas taken from particular being become general representatives of all of the same kind. Thus, the same colour being observed to-day in chalk or snow which the mind yesterday received from milk, it considers that that appearance alone makes it a representative of all of that kind; and having given it the name 'whiteness,' it by that sound signifies the same quality wheresoever imagined or met with; and thus universals, whether ideas or terms, are made.

As the mind is wholly passive in the reception of all its simple ideas, so it exerts several acts of its own, whereby, out of its simple ideas, as the materials and foundations of the rest the others are framed. And I believe we shall find, if we observe the originals of our notions, that even the most abstruse ideas, how remote soever they may seem from sense, or from any operation of our minds, are yet only such as the understanding frames to itself, by repeating and joining together ideas that it had either from objects of sense or from its own operations about them; so that even those large and abstract ideas are derived from sensation or reflection, being no other than what the mind, by the ordinary use of its own faculties employed about ideas received from objects of sense, or from the operations it observes in itself about them, may and does attain. This may be shown in our ideas of space, time and infinity, and some others that seem the most remote from these originals.

IV—Our Knowledge of the Existence of Other Things

It is the actual receiving of ideas from without that gives us notice of the existence of other things, and makes us know that something does exist at that time without us which causes that idea in us, though perhaps we neither know nor consider how it does it. And this, though not so certain as our own intuitive knowledge, or as the deductions of our reason employed about the clear abstract ideas of our own minds, yet deserves the name of knowledge.

It is plain that those perceptions are produced by exterior causes affecting our senses for the following reasons:

Because those that lack the physical organs of any sense never can have the ideas belonging to that sense produced in their minds.

Because sometimes I find I cannot avoid having those ideas produced in my mind; for as when my eyes are shut, or the windows fast, I can at pleasure recall to my mind the ideas of light or the sun which former sensations have lodged in my memory; so I can at pleasure lay by that idea and take into my view that of a rose or taste of sugar. But if I turn my eyes at noon towards the sun, I cannot avoid the ideas which the light or sun produces in me. There is nobody who does not perceive the difference in himself contemplating the sun as he has an idea of it in his memory and actually looking upon it, of which two his perception is so distinct that few of his ideas are more distinguishable one from another; and, therefore, he has certain knowledge that they are not both memory or the action of his mind and fancies only within him, but that actual seeing has a cause without.

Add to this that many of those ideas are produced with pain, which afterwards we remember without the least offence.

Lastly, our senses bear witness to the truth of each other's report concerning the existence of sensible things without us and around us.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

ROMEO AND JULIET

HERE, as far as possible in his own words, we give Shakespeare's first tragedy. His Romeo and Juliet is our earliest extant rendering in dramatic form of one of the most popular love stories in the world, a story of the bitter feud between the Montagues and Capulets which shook Verona in the days of Bartolomeo Scala early in the 14th century. The story, as told by Luigi da Porto and printed in Venice in 1535, reached England in a French version by Boaistuau. Arthur Brooke shaped it into English verse in 1562, and William Painter published a translation of Boaistuau in 1567. Shakespeare's play, inspired probably by the works of Brooke and Painter, was begun in 1591, completed about 1597 and published in 1599. In earlier versions the action covers some months; Shakespeare compresses it into five days, from a Sunday in July to the dawn of the following Friday. The play has always been popular on the stage.

PERSONS IN THE PLAY

Escalus, Prince of Verona
Paris, kinsman to the Prince
Montague and **Capulet**, heads of quarrelling houses
Romeo, son to Montague
Mercutio (kinsman to the Prince) and **Benvolio**, friends to Romeo
Tybalt, nephew to Lady Capulet
Friar Laurence, a Franciscan
Juliet, daughter to Capulet
Nurse to Juliet

Prologue

CHORUS: Two households, both alike in dignity,
In fair Verona, where we lay our scene, [new mutiny,
From ancient grudge break to
Where civil blood makes civil hands unclean.
From forth the fatal loins of these two foes
A pair of star-crossed lovers take their life;
Whose misadventured piteous overthrows
Do with their death bury their parents' strife.

First Act

THE Prince of Verona threatens death to any who, pursuing the cankered hate of the feud between the Montagues and Capulets, again disturb the peace. On hearing of a ball that Capulet is giving, Benvolio, to whom Romeo has confessed his hopeless love for Rosaline, niece to Capulet, persuades Romeo to go masked to the assembly:]

Compare her face with some that I shall show,
And I will make thee think thy swan a crow.

[Amid the dancers Romeo sees Juliet.]

Romeo: O, she doth teach the torches to burn bright!
It seems she hangs upon the cheek of night
Like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear;
Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear!
Did my heart love till now? Forswear it, sight!
For I ne'er saw true beauty till this night.

[Romeo is discovered by the hot-tempered Tybalt, who would have struck him down, but was restrained by Capulet. Romeo seizes an opportunity to speak to Juliet, who learns his name from her Nurse. Like Romeo, she loves at first sight.]

Juliet: My only love sprung from my only hate!
Too early seen unknown, and known too late!

Second Act

THE dancers disperse. Romeo, evading his companions, finds his way to Capulet's orchard. Juliet appears above at a window.]

Romeo: He jests at scars that never felt a wound. [breaks?
But, soft! What light through yonder window
It is the east, and Juliet is the sun!—
Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,
Who is already sick and pale with grief
That thou, her maid, art far more fair than she.
See, how she leans her cheek upon her hand!
O! that I were a glove upon that hand,
That I might touch that cheek!

Juliet: Ay, me!

Romeo: She speaks! [Romeo?

Juliet: O Romeo, Romeo! Wherefore art thou
Deny thy father and refuse thy name;
Or, if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love,
And I'll no longer be a Capulet. [speak at this?

Romeo (*aside*): Shall I hear more, or shall I

Juliet: 'Tis but thy name that is my enemy.
O, be some other name.
What's in a name? that which we call a rose
By any other name would smell as sweet.
Romeo, doff thy name;
And for thy name, which is no part of thee,
Take all myself!

Romeo: I take thee at thy word:
Call me but Love, and I'll be new baptized.

Juliet: What man art thou, that, thus bescreened by night,
So stumblest on my counsel?

Romeo: By a name
I know not how to tell thee who I am.

Juliet: My ears have yet not drunk a hundred words
Of that tongue's utterance, yet I know the sound
Art thou not Romeo, and a Montague? [dislike.

Romeo: Neither, fair maid, if either thee

DAWN LIGHT PARTS THE LOVERS

After the drawing by Sir Frank Dicksee, P.R.A.

Juliet : How cam'st thou hither, tell me, and wherefore ?
The orchard walls are high and hard to climb ;
And the place death, considering who thou art,
If any of my kinsmen find thee here.
Romeo : With love's light wings did I o'erperch these walls,
For stony limits cannot hold love out :
And what love can do, that dares love attempt,
Therefore thy kinsmen are no stop to me.
Juliet : If they do see thee, they will murder thee.
Romeo : Alack, there lies more peril in thine eye
Than twenty of their swords : look thou but sweet,
And I am proof against their enmity.
Juliet : I would not for the world they saw thee here.
Romeo : I have night's cloak to hide me from their eyes ;
And, but thou love me, let them find me here :
My life were better ended by their hate,
Than death proroguèd, wanting of thy love.
Juliet : By whose direction found'st thou out this place ?
Romeo : By Love, that first did prompt me to inquire ;
He lent me counsel, and I lent him eyes. [my face,
Juliet : Thou know'st the mask of night is on
Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek
For that which thou hast heard me speak to-night.
In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond ;
And therefore thou may'st think my haviour light.
Pardon me ;
And not impute this yielding to light love,
Which the dark night hath so discoverèd.
Romeo : Lady, by yonder blessèd moon I swear,
That tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops——
Juliet : O, swear not by the moon, the inconstant moon,
That monthly changes in her circled orb,
Lest that thy love prove likewise variable.
Romeo : What shall I swear by ?
Juliet : Do not swear at all ;
Or, if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious self,
And I'll believe thee.

[Juliet is called away by her Nurse, but returns.]

Juliet : Three words, dear Romeo, and good night, indeed.
If that thy bent of love be honourable,
Thy purpose marriage, send me word to-morrow,
By one that I'll procure to come to thee,
Where and what time thou wilt perform the rite,
And all my fortunes at thy foot I'll lay,
And follow thee, my lord, throughout the world.
Romeo : So thrive my soul.
Juliet (*called again by her Nurse*) . A thousand times good night. [*Exit.*
Romeo : Love goes toward love, as schoolboys from their books,
But love from love, toward school with heavy looks. [*Retiring slowly.*
Juliet (*returning*) : Hist ! Romeo, hist !
Romeo : It is my soul that calls upon my name :
How silver-sweet sound lovers' tongues by night,
Like softest music to attending ears.
Juliet : Romeo !
Romeo : My dear ?
Juliet : By what o'clock to-morrow
Shall I send to thee ?
Romeo : By the hour of nine. [then.
Juliet : I will not fail : 'tis twenty years till
I have forgot why I did call thee back. [it.
Romeo : Let me stand here till thou remember
Juliet : I shall forget, to have thee still stand there,
Remembering how I love thy company.
Romeo : And I'll still stay, to have thee still forget,
Forgetting any other home but this. [thee gone.
Juliet : 'Tis almost morning ; I would have
Good-night, good-night : parting is such sweet sorrow
That I shall say good-night till it be morrow.
[*Exit.*
Romeo : Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy breast !
Would I were sleep and peace so sweet to rest !
[*Exit.*

[Romeo confides his love for Juliet to Friar Laurence, who consents to marry them, hoping such an alliance may heal the breach between the rival houses. But to Romeo's impetuousness he counsels calm.]

Wisely and slow : they stumble that run fast.
These violent delights have violent ends,

And in their triumph die, like fire and powder,
Which, as they kiss, consume.

[Juliet, obtaining leave to go to shrift, joins Romeo in Friar Laurence's cell for the marriage.]

Third Act

THE same day Benvolio and Mercutio, Romeo's friends, encounter Tybalt and a party of the Capulets. Mercutio is as quick-tempered as the fiery Tybalt, and when Tybalt accuses him of consorting with Romeo he answers hotly. Romeo coming up at this moment, Tybalt turns on him and calls him villain. Romeo, but just from the marriage ceremony, tries to reason with his adversary, but Tybalt draws his weapon and Mercutio, unaware of Romeo's secret reason for avoiding a quarrel, disdainfully takes it up. He and Tybalt fight and Mercutio falls. Tybalt goes away with his followers.]

Mercutio : I am hurt.
A plague o' both your houses ! I am sped. [much.

Romeo : Courage, man, the hurt cannot be

Mercutio : No, 'tis not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a church-door ; but 'tis enough.

[Mercutio is borne away by Benvolio, who returns with news of his death. Tybalt reappears and Romeo, keeping his temper no longer, calls on Tybalt to take the 'villain' back again. They fight and Tybalt is killed. Romeo takes refuge in Friar Laurence's cell.

Friar Laurence : Romeo, come forth ; come forth, thou fearful man :
Affliction is enamoured of thy parts,
And thou art wedded to calamity.

Romeo : Father, what news ? What is the Prince's doom ?

Friar Laurence : A gentler judgement vanished from his lips,
Not body's death, but body's banishment.

Romeo : Ha, banishment ! Be merciful, say 'death.'
There is no world without Verona walls
But purgatory, torture, hell itself.
Hence banished is banished from the world,
And world's exile is death. Calling death banishment,
Thou cutt'st my head off with a golden axe
And smil'st upon the stroke that murders me.

Friar Laurence : O deadly sin ! O rude unthankfulness !
Thy fault our law calls death ; but the kind Prince,
Taking thy part, hath rushed aside the law,
And turned that black word death to banishment :
This is dear mercy, and thou see'st it not. [here,

Romeo : 'Tis torture, and not mercy : heaven is

MERCUTIO DIES FOR THE HONOUR OF ROMEO, HIS FRIEND

From the drawing by Sir Frank Dicksee, P.R.A.

Where Juliet lives; and every cat and dog
And little mouse, every unworthy thing,
Live here in heaven and may look on her,
But Romeo may not.

Friar Laurence: Thou fond mad man, hear me a little speak. [ment.

Romeo: O, thou wilt speak again of banish-

Friar Laurence: I'll give thee armour to keep off that word:
Adversity's sweet milk, philosophy,
To comfort thee, though thou art banishèd.

Romeo: Yet 'banishèd'?—Hang up philosophy!
Unless philosophy can make a Juliet,
Displant a town, reverse a prince's doom,
It helps not, it prevails not: talk no more.

Friar Laurence: O, then I see that madmen have no ears.

Romeo: How should they, when that wise men have no eyes?

Friar Laurence: Let me dispute with thee of thy estate.

Romeo: Thou canst not speak of that thou dost not feel.
Wert thou as young as I, Juliet thy love,
An hour but married, Tybalt murderèd,
Doting like me, and like me banishèd,
Then might'st thou speak, then might'st thou tear thy hair,
And fall upon the ground, as I do now.
Taking the measure of an unmade grave.

[Juliet's tears for her cousin's death soon give way to tears of joy in Romeo's safety, and pass to tears of sorrow again at news of Romeo's banishment. She sends for Romeo, and they meet secretly ere Romeo leaves for Mantua. Then Juliet is distraught afresh by her parents' decision to hurry forward her marriage to Paris. Her father threatens to disown her if she disobeys his will.]

Fourth Act

In terror Juliet takes counsel with the Friar. He gives her a distilled liquor to drink that will produce death's likeness for two and forty hours, after which she shall wake and be borne by Romeo to Mantua. Juliet swallows the draught, is thought to be dead, and preparations are made to follow her corse to the grave.]

Fifth Act

To Romeo at Mantua comes news of Juliet's death, outpacing a messenger from the Friar. Romeo, in despair, seeks poison from a poor apothecary.]

Apothecary: Such mortal drugs I have; but Mantua's law
Is death to any he that utters them. [ness,

Romeo: Art thou so bare and full of wretched-
And fear'st to die? famine is in thy cheeks,
Need and oppression starveth in thy eyes,
Contempt and beggary hang upon thy back;
The world is not thy friend, nor the world's law;
The world affords no law to make thee rich;
Then be not poor, but break it, and take this.

Apothecary: My poverty, but not my will, consents.

Romeo: I pay thy poverty, and not thy will.

Apothecary: Put this in any liquid thing you will,
And drink it off; and, if you had the strength
Of twenty men, it would despatch you straight.

Romeo: There is thy gold, worse poison to men's souls,
Doing more murder in this loathsome world,
Than these poor compounds that thou may'st not sell:
I sell thee poison, thou hast sold me none.
Farewell; buy food, and get thyself in flesh——
Come, cordial, and not poison, go with me
To Juliet's grave; for there must I use thee.

[Romeo reaches Verona at night. In the churchyard he is met by Paris, bearing flowers, who provokes him to a duel. Paris falls, mortally wounded. Stricken with new grief Romeo enters the tomb, there to find Juliet lying on a bier.]

Romeo: O my love! my wife!
Death, that hath sucked the honey of thy breath,
Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty:
Thou art not conquered; beauty's ensign yet
Is crimson in thy lips and in thy cheeks,
And death's pale flag is not advancèd there.
O, here
Will I set up my everlasting rest,
And shake the yoke of inauspicious stars
From this world-wearied flesh—Eyes, look your last!
Arms, take your last embrace! and, lips, O you,
The doors of breath, seal with a righteous kiss
A dateless bargain to engrossing death!
Here's to my love! (*Drinks.*) O true apothecary, [*Dies.*
Thy drugs are quick! Thus with a kiss I die.

[Friar Laurence enters the tomb. Juliet wakes. A noise is heard.]

Friar Laurence: I hear some noise. Lady, come from that nest
Of death, contagion, and unnatural sleep:
A greater power than we can contradict
Hath thwarted our intents: come, come away.
Thy husband in thy bosom there lies dead;
And Paris, too; come, I'll dispose of thee
Among a sisterhood of holy nuns:
Stay not to question, for the watch is coming;
Come, go, good Juliet.—(*Noise again.*) I dare no longer stay.

Juliet: Go, get thee hence, for I will not away.
[*Exit Friar Laurence.*
What's here? A cup closed in my true love's hand?
Poison, I see, hath been his timeless end.
O churl! drunk all, and left no friendly drop,
To help me after?—I will kiss thy lips;
Haply, some poison yet doth hang on them,
To make me die with a restorative. [*Kisses him.*
Thy lips are warm. [*The watch approaches.*
Yea, noise?—then I'll be brief.—O happy dagger.
[*Snatches Romeo's dagger.*
This is thy sheath; (*stabs herself*) there rust, and let me die. [*Dies.*

'DEATH HATH HAD NO POWER YET UPON THY BEAUTY'

From the drawing by Sir Frank Dicksee, P.R.A.

[Some of the watch enter, then the Prince and attendants. They are followed by the Capulets and Montagues. The Friar is brought in and questioned.]

Friar Laurence : I will be brief, for my short date of breath
Is not so long as is a tedious tale.
Romeo, there dead, was husband to that Juliet ;
And she, there dead, that Romeo's faithful wife ;
I married them ; and their stolen marriage-day
Was Tybalt's doomsday, whose untimely death
Banished the new-made bridegroom from this city ;
For whom, and not for Tybalt, Juliet pined.
You, to remove that siege of grief from her,
Betrothed, and would have married her perforce,
To County Paris ;—then comes she to me,
And, with wild looks, bid me devise some means
To rid her from this second marriage,
Or in my cell there would she kill herself.
Then gave I her, so tutored by my art,
A sleeping potion ; which so took effect
As I intended, for it wrought on her
The form of death ; meantime I writ to Romeo
That he should hither come, as this dire night,
To help to take her from her borrowed grave,
Being the time the potion's force should cease.
But he which bore my letter, Friar John,
Was stayed by accident, and yesternight
Returned my letter back. Then, all alone,
At the prefixèd hour of her waking,
Came I to take her from her kindred's vault,
Meaning to keep her closely at my cell
Till I conveniently could send to Romeo.
If aught in this
Miscarried by my fault, let my old life
Be sacrificed some hour before his time
Unto the rigour of severest law.

[The Friar's words are confirmed by Romeo's servant, who bears a letter for Romeo's father, and the page of Paris, questioned by the Prince.]

Prince : Where be these enemies ? Capulet ! Montague !
See, what a scourge is laid upon your hate,
That Heaven finds means to kill your joys with love ;
And I, for winking at your discords too,
Have lost a brace of kinsmen ;—all are punished.

Capulet : O brother Montague ! give me thy hand :
This is my daughter's jointure ; for no more
Can I demand.

Montague : But I can give thee more :
For I will raise her statue in pure gold ;
That while Verona by that name is known
There shall no figure at such rate be set
As that of true and faithful Juliet.

Capulet : As rich shall Romeo by his lady lie ;
Poor sacrifices of our enmity !

Prince : A glooming peace this morning with it brings ;
The sun for sorrow will not show his head.
Go hence, to have more talk of these sad things ;
Some shall be pardoned, and some punishèd :
For never was a story of more woe,
Than this of Juliet and her Romeo. [*Exeunt.*

A Note on H. G. Wells

BLIND chance would often seem to bring a man to his true vocation. Herbert George Wells, born at Bromley, Kent, September 21, 1866, son of a professional cricketer, began life as a draper's apprentice, became in turn pupil teacher, chemist, and draper again, before settling down to a pedagogic career. Science he had studied under Huxley and others, taking his B.Sc. at London University. At twenty-seven he had to envisage the ruin of his career just when sensible of progress, a haemorrhage from the lungs compelling him to give up his teaching post and to seek his livelihood at the sorry work of journalism and book-writing.

H. G. Wells in 1895

Never was there a luckier stroke of ill health. Man may be captain of his soul, but little does the wisest know how Fate is fashioning the career he imagines himself to be shaping.

Beyond editing a students' magazine for a session or two, writing some fugitive essays on science and compiling a cram book on biology for London University science examinations, young Mr. Wells, at seven and twenty, had done nothing 'literary.' The picture of journalistic life painted by J. M. Barrie with such deft touches of humour and truthfulness in When a Man's Single, led him to think of writing as a vocation.

OF the many brilliant men of the pen who 'arrived' in those wonderful 'nineties, if H. G. Wells has not gone farthest, there is none that has outdistanced him; not Kipling, nor Barrie, nor Shaw. He stands in the foremost rank of contemporary English authors. His intellectual vitality is astonishing; his range of interests immensely wider than that of Thomas Hardy or Rudyard Kipling, though his purely literary qualities rival those of neither. He is less a man of letters than an unusually percipient student of life who uses the pen and certain popular literary forms to convey his mental reactions to his fellow-men for their instruction. More subjective than objective in his style, his books are not to him ends in themselves. All his novels, stories, histories, philosophic and miscellaneous writings, are expressions of a mind profoundly curious about life and its meaning. Wells, indeed, is more an intelligence than a personality.

Only a man of genius could have dared to write so abundantly and so variously. Since he first came forward in 1895 with no fewer than three novels and a collection of short stories, there has been no year in which Mr. Wells has not added from one to three new books to his list, and nothing that he has written can be regarded as insignificant. A full list of the titles of his books would occupy the major part of this page, and a high percentage of these are worthy of the epithet 'great.'

IT is not pretended that The Time Machine, The War of the Worlds, Tono-Bungay and A Modern Utopia, by which he is represented in *The World's Great Books* are his masterpieces; but they are typical of his chief characteristics, and as all these were epitomised by the author himself for our first edition we have a special reason for their retention. The Time Machine was the forerunner of that memorable succession of scientific romances which includes The Island of Dr. Moreau, The Sleeper Awakes, The First Men in the Moon, and The Food of the Gods, while Tono-Bungay is a good example of his skill in the novel of character, afterward developed with even more intimacy of analysis in Ann Veronica and The New Machiavelli, and A Modern Utopia gives a worthy specimen of his philosophical discussions, later to become so frequently his method of addressing the world.

DURING the Great War no writer of established reputation so considerably extended his influence and usefulness as Mr. Wells: the direct discussion of old and new problems raised by the war taking the place of the fictional appeal, though of all his war-time writings it is a fiction that will endure: Mr. Britling Sees It Through. But in 1920 his brilliant and original work, The Outline of History, despite some minor blemishes, carried his literary conquests into a new world and enlarged his already splendid services in the cause of human enlightenment.

In the immediately following pages we print the author's own condensed version of The Time Machine. The novel was published in The New Review, and it was instantly successful when it appeared in book form in 1895. Though in the three decades that have passed since then Mr. Wells has written more books that matter than any other contemporary, the original freshness of The Time Machine has not been staled. Himself he has described it as 'a brief, astonished stare down the vistas of time to come, something between wonder and amazed, incredulous, defeated laughter.' The latest edition of The Time Machine is published by William Heinemann Ltd. at 2s

L. Caswell Smith

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H. G. WELLS

THE TIME MACHINE

Retold by the Author

I—Through Time at High Velocity

ANY real body must have extension in four directions; it must have length, breadth, thickness and duration. There are really four dimensions, three which we call the three planes of space, and a fourth, time. There is no difference between time and any of the three dimensions of space, except that our consciousness moves along it.

IT was at ten o'clock to-day (the Time Traveller said) that the first of all time machines began its career. I gave it a last tap, tried all the screws again, put one more drop of oil on the quartz rod, and sat myself in the saddle. I suppose a suicide who holds a pistol to his skull feels much the some wonder at what will come next as I felt then. I took the starting lever in one hand and the stopping one in the other, pressed the first, and almost immediately the second. I seemed to reel; I felt a nightmare sensation of falling; and, looking round, I saw the laboratory exactly as before. Then I noted the clock. A moment before, as it seemed, it had stood at a minute or so past ten; now it was nearly half-past three!

I drew a long breath, set my teeth, gripped the starting lever with both hands, and went off with a thud. Mrs. Watchett came in, and walked, apparently without seeing me, towards the garden door. I suppose it took her a minute or so to traverse the place, but to me she seemed to shoot across the room like a rocket. I pressed the lever over to its extreme position. The night came like the turning out of a lamp, and in another moment came to-morrow. The laboratory grew faint and hazy, then fainter and ever fainter. To-morrow night came black, then day again, night again, day again—faster and faster still. A strange dumb confusedness descended on my mind.

I am afraid I cannot convey the peculiar sensations of time travelling. They are excessively unpleasant. There is a feeling exactly like that one has upon a switchback—of a helpless, headlong motion! I felt the same horrible anticipation, too, of an imminent smash. As I put on pace, night followed day like the flapping of a black wing. The dim suggestion of the laboratory seemed presently to fall away from me, and I saw the sun hopping swiftly across the sky, leaping it every minute, and every minute marking a day. I had a dim impression of scaffolding, but I was already going too fast to be conscious of any moving things. The slowest snail that ever crawled dashed by too fast for me. The twinkling succession of darkness and light was excessively painful to the eye. Then, in the intermittent darknesses, I saw the moon spinning swiftly through her quarters from new to full and had a faint glimpse of the circling stars.

PRESENTLY, as I went on, still gaining velocity, the palpitation of night and day merged into one continuous greyness; the sky took on a wonderful deepness of blue, a splendid luminous colour like that of early twilight; the jerking sun became a streak of fire, a brilliant arch in space, the moon a fainter, fluctuating band; and I could see nothing of the stars, save now and then a brighter circle flickering in the blue.

The landscape was misty and vague. I was still on the hillside upon which this house now stands, and the shoulder rose above me grey and dim. I saw trees growing and changing like puffs of vapour, now brown, now green; they grew, spread, shivered and passed away. I saw huge

buildings rise up faint and fair, and pass like dreams. The whole surface of the earth seemed changing—melting and flowing under my eyes. The little hands upon the dials that registered my speed raced round faster and faster. Presently I noted that the sun-belt swayed up and down, from solstice to solstice, in a minute or less, and that, consequently, my pace was over a year a minute ; and minute by minute the white snow flashed across the world, and vanished, and was followed by the bright, brief green of spring.

The unpleasant sensations of the start were less poignant now. They merged at last into a kind of hysterical exhilaration. I remarked a swaying of the machine, for which I was unable to account. But my mind was too confused to attend to it, so, with a kind of madness growing upon me, I flung myself into futurity.

At first I scarce thought of stopping, scarce thought of anything but these new sensations. But presently a fresh series of impressions grew up in my mind—a certain curiosity, and therewith a certain dread—until at last they took complete possession of me.

What strange developments of humanity, what wonderful advances upon our rudimentary civilization, I thought, might not appear when I came to look nearly into the dim, elusive world that raced and fluctuated before my eyes ! I saw great and splendid architecture rising about me, more massive than any buildings of our own time, and yet, as it seemed, built of glimmer and mist. I saw a richer green flow up the hillside, and remain there without any wintry intermission. Even through the veil of my confusion the earth seemed very fair. And so my mind came round to the business of stopping.

The peculiar risk lay in the possibility of my finding some substance in the space which I, or the machine, occupied. So long as I travelled at a high velocity through time, this scarcely mattered : I was, so to speak, attenuated—was slipping like a vapour through the interstices of intervening substances ! But to come to a stop involved the jamming of myself, molecule by molecule, into whatever lay in my way ; meant bringing my atoms into such intimate contact with those of the obstacle that a profound chemical reaction—possibly a far-reaching explosion—would result, and blow myself and my apparatus out of all possible dimensions—into the Unknown. This possibility had occurred to me again and again while I was making the machine ; but then I had cheerfully accepted it as an unavoidable risk—one of the risks a man has got to take !

Now the risk was inevitable I no longer saw it in the same cheerful light. The fact is that, insensibly, the absolute strangeness of everything, the sickly jarring and swaying of the machine, above all, the feeling of prolonged falling, had absolutely upset my nerve. I told myself that I could never stop, and with a gust of petulance I resolved to stop forthwith. Like an impatient fool, I lugged over the lever, and incontinently the thing went reeling over, and I was flung headlong through the air.

II—Strange Little People of the Remote Future

I LOOKED curiously about me at this world of the remote future. At first things were very confusing. Everything was so entirely different from the world I had known—even the flowers. I resolved to mount to the summit of a crest, perhaps a mile and a half away, from which I could get a wider view of this our planet in the year eight hundred and two thousand seven hundred and one A.D.—for that, I should explain, was the date the little dials of my machine recorded.

As I walked I was watchful for every impression that could possibly help to explain the condition of ruinous splendour in which I found the world—for ruinous it was. A little way up the hill, for instance, was a great heap of granite, bound together by masses of aluminium, a vast labyrinth of precipitous walls and crumbled heaps, amidst which were thick heaps of very beautiful pagoda-like plants—nettles possibly—but wonderfully tinted with brown about the leaves, and incapable of stinging. It was evidently the derelict remains of some vast structure. It was here that I was destined, at a later date, to have a very strange experience—the first intimation of a still stranger discovery—but of that I will speak in its proper place.

Looking round, with a sudden thought, from a terrace on which I rested for a while, I realized that there were no small houses to be seen. Apparently the single house, and possibly even the household, had vanished. Here and there among the greenery were palace-like buildings, but the house and the cottage, which form such characteristic features of our own English landscape, had disappeared. There were no hedges, no signs of proprietary rights, no evidences of agriculture. The whole earth had become a garden.

"Communism," said I to myself.

It was then that I first heard voices, and a moment later a man appeared on the terrace in front of me. He was a slight creature—perhaps four feet high—clad in a purple tunic, girdled at the waist with a leather belt. Sandals or buskins—I could not clearly distinguish which—were on his feet; his legs were bare to the knees, and his head was bare. Noticing that, I noticed for the first time how warm the air was.

He struck me as being a very beautiful and graceful creature, but indescribably frail. His flushed face reminded me of a beautiful consumptive—that hectic beauty of which we used to hear so much.

In another moment we were standing face to face, I and this fragile thing out of futurity. He came straight up to me and laughed into my eyes. The absence from his bearing of any sign of fear struck me at once. Then he turned to two others following him, and spoke to them in a strange and very sweet and liquid tongue.

There were others coming, and presently a little group of perhaps eight or ten of these exquisite creatures were about me. It came into my head, oddly enough, that my voice was too harsh and deep for them. So I shook my head and, pointing to my ears, shook it again.

I pointed to the time machine and to myself. Then, hesitating for a moment how to express time, I pointed to the sun. At once a quaintly pretty little figure in chequered purple and white followed my gesture, and then astounded me by imitating the sound of thunder.

For a moment I was staggered, though the import of his gesture was plain enough. The question had come into my mind abruptly, were these creatures fools? You may hardly understand how it took me. You see, I had always anticipated that the people of the year eight hundred and two thousand odd would be incredibly in front of us in knowledge, art—everything. Then one of them suddenly asked me a question that showed him to be on the intellectual level of one of our five-year-old children—asked me, in fact, if I had come from the sun in a thunderstorm! It let loose the judgement I had suspended upon their clothes, their frail limbs and fragile features. A flood of disappointment rushed across my mind. For a moment I felt that I had built the time machine in vain.

A queer thing I soon discovered, and that was their lack of interest. They would come to me with eager cries of astonishment like children, but, like children, they would soon stop examining me, and wander away after some other toy. It is odd, too, how speedily I came to disregard these little people. I was continually meeting more of these men of the future, who would follow me, chatter and laugh about me, and, having smiled and gesticulated in a friendly way, leave me again to my own devices.

When I looked more attentively at their little figures, I perceived that all had the same form of costume, the same soft, hairless visage, and the same girlish rotundity of limb. In dress, and in all the difference of texture and bearing that now mark off the sexes, these people of the future were alike.

It seemed to me that I had happened upon humanity upon the wane. The ruddy sunset set me thinking of the sunset of mankind. For the first time I began to realize an odd result of the social effort in which we are now engaged. And yet, come to think of it, it is a logical consequence enough. Strength is the outcome of need; security sets a premium on feebleness. The work of ameliorating the conditions of life—the true civilizing process that makes life more and more secure—had gone steadily on to a climax. One triumph of a united humanity over nature had followed another. And the harvest was what I saw!

I thought of the physical slightness of the people, their lack of intelligence, and

those big, abundant ruins, and it strengthened my belief in a perfect conquest of nature. For after the battle comes quiet. Humanity had been strong, energetic and intelligent, and had used all its abundant vitality to alter the conditions under which it lived. And now came the reaction of the altered conditions.

For countless years I judged there had been no danger of war or solitary violence, no danger from wild beasts, no wasting disease to require strength of constitution, no need of toil. For such a life, what we should call the weak are as well equipped as the strong, are indeed no longer weak. Better equipped, indeed, they are, for the strong would be fretted by an energy for which there was no outlet.

No doubt, the exquisite beauty of the buildings I saw was the outcome of the last surgings of the now purposeless energy of mankind before it settled down into perfect harmony with the conditions under which it lived—the flourish of that triumph which began the last great peace. This has ever been the fate of energy in security; it takes to art and to eroticism and then come languor and decay.

Even this artistic impetus would at last die away—had almost died in the time I saw. To adorn themselves with flowers, to dance, to sing in the sunlight; so much was left of the artistic spirit, and no more. Even that would fade in the end into a contented inactivity. We are kept keen on the grindstone of pain and necessity, and it seemed to me that here was that hateful grindstone broken at last!

III—In a World Where Fear Still Reigned

So far as I could see, all the world displayed the same exuberant richness as the Thames Valley. From every hill I climbed I saw the same abundance of splendid buildings, endlessly varied in material and style; the same clustering thickets of evergreens, the same blossom-laden trees and tree ferns. Here and there water shone like silver, and, beyond, the land rose into blue, undulating hills.

I must confess that my satisfaction with my first theories of an automatic civilization and a decadent humanity did not long endure. Yet I could think of no other. Let me put my difficulties. The several big palaces I had explored were mere living places, great dining-halls and sleeping apartments. I could find no machinery, no appliance of any kind. Yet these people were clothed in pleasant fabrics that must need renewal, and their sandals were of complex metal-work.

Somehow such things must be made. And the little people displayed no vestige of a creative tendency. There were no shops, no workshops, no sign of importation among them. They spent all their time in playing gently, in bathing in the river, in making love in a half-playful fashion, in eating fruit and sleeping. I could not see how things were kept going.

Then, again, about the time machine. Something—I knew not what—had taken it into the hollow pedestal of the White Sphinx. *Why?* For the life of me I could not imagine. I felt I lacked a clue.

And I found, too, that fear had not yet left the world. The little people were fearless enough in the daylight. But they dreaded the dark, dreaded shadows, dreaded black things. Darkness to them was the one thing dreadful. It was a singularly passionate emotion, and it set me thinking and observing. I discovered, then, among other things, that these little people gathered into the great houses after dark, and slept in droves. To enter upon them without a light was to put them into a tumult of apprehension. I never found one out of doors, or one sleeping alone within doors, after dark.

One very hot morning—my fourth, I think—as I was seeking shelter from the heat and glare in a colossal ruin near the great house where I slept and fed, there happened this strange thing. Clambering among these heaps of masonry, I found a narrow gallery, whose end and side windows were blocked by fallen masses of stone. By contrast with the brilliancy outside, it seemed at first impenetrably dark to me. I entered it, groping, for the change from light to blackness made spots of colour swim before me. Suddenly I halted spellbound. Two eyes, luminous by reflection against the daylight, were watching me out of the darkness.

The old instinctive dread of wild beasts came upon me. I clenched my hands and steadfastly looked into the glaring eyeballs. I was afraid to turn. Then the thought of the absolute security in which humanity appeared to be living came to my mind. And then I remembered that strange terror of the dark. Overcoming my fear I advanced and spoke. I put out my hand and touched something soft.

At once the eyes darted sideways, and something white ran past me. I turned with my heart in my mouth, and saw a queer little ape-like figure, its head held down in a peculiar manner, running across the sunlit space behind me. It blundered against a block of granite, staggered aside, and in a moment was hidden in a black shadow beneath another pile of masonry.

My impression of it is, of course, imperfect; but I know it was a dull white, and had strange, large, greyish red eyes; also, that there was flaxen hair on its head and down its back. But, as I say, it went too fast for me to see distinctly. I cannot even say whether it ran on all fours, or only with its forearms held very low. After an instant's pause, I followed it into the ruins. I could not find it at first, but after a time, in the profound obscurity, I came upon a round, well-like opening, half-closed by a fallen pillar.

A sudden thought came to me. Could this thing have vanished down the shaft? I lit a match, and, looking down, I saw a small, white, moving creature, with large bright eyes, which regarded me steadfastly as it retreated. It made me shudder. It was so like a human spider! It was clambering down the wall, and now I saw for the first time a number of metal foot and hand rests, forming a kind of ladder down the shaft. Then the light burned my fingers and fell out of my hand, going out as it dropped, and when I had lit another the little monster had disappeared.

I do not know how long I sat peering down that well. It was not for some time that I could succeed in persuading myself that the thing I had seen was human. But gradually the truth dawned on me—that man had not remained one species, but had differentiated into two distinct animals; that my graceful children of the Upper World were not the sole descendants of our generation, but that this bleached, nocturnal thing was also heir to all the ages.

It was two days before I could follow up the new-found clue in what was manifestly the proper way. I felt a peculiar shrinking from those pallid bodies. They were just the half-bleached colour of the worms and things one sees preserved in spirit in a zoological museum. And they were filthily cold to the touch.

But at last I did find courage to clamber down the shaft. Before I got to the bottom I was in an agony of discomfort; my arms ached, my back was cramped, and I was trembling with the prolonged terror of a fall. Besides this, the unbroken darkness had had a distressing effect upon my eyes. The air was full of the throb and hum of machinery pumping air down the shaft.

IV—Among the Morlocks of the Underways

I do not know how long I lay. I was roused by a soft hand touching my face. Starting up in the darkness, I snatched at my matches, and, hastily striking one, I saw three stooping white creatures, similar to the one I had seen above ground in the ruin, hastily retreating before the light.

I have no doubt they could see me in that rayless obscurity, and they did not seem to have any fear of me, apart from the light. But as soon as I struck a match in order to see them, they fled incontinently, vanishing into dark gutters where their eyes glared in the strangest fashion.

I tried to call to them, but the language they had was apparently different from that of the over-world people, so that I was needs left in my own unaided efforts, and the thought of flight before exploration was even then in my mind. But I said to myself, 'You are in for it now,' and feeling my way along the tunnel, I found the noise of machinery grow louder. Presently the walls fell away from me, and I came to a large open space, and, striking another match, saw that I had entered a vast arched cavern, which stretched into utter darkness beyond the range of my light. The view was all

one could see in the burning of a match.

Necessarily, my memory is vague. Great shapes like big machines rose out of the dimness, and cast grotesque black shadows, in which dim, spectral Morlocks sheltered from the glare. The place, by the bye, was very stuffy and oppressive, and the faint halitus of freshly shed blood was in the air. Some way down the central vista was a little table of white metal, laid with what seemed a meal. The Morlocks, at any rate, were carnivorous.

Even at the time, I remember wondering what large animal could have survived to furnish the red joint I saw. It was all very indistinct—the heavy smell, the big, unmeaning shapes, the obscene figures lurking in the shadows, and only waiting for the darkness to come at me again! Then the match burnt down, and stung my fingers, and fell, a wriggling red spot in the blackness.

In a moment I was clutched by several hands, and there was no mistaking that they were trying to haul me back. I struck another light, and waved it in their dazzled faces. You can scarce imagine how nauseatingly inhuman they looked—those pale, chinless faces, and great, lidless, pinkish grey eyes!—as they stared in their blindness and bewilderment. I retreated again, and when my second match had ended I struck my third. It had almost burnt through when I reached the opening into the shaft.

That climb seemed interminable to me. The last few yards was a frightful struggle against faintness. At last, however, I got over the well-mouth and staggered out of the ruin into the blinding sunlight.

And now I understood, to some slight degree at least, the reason of the fear of the little upper-world people for the dark. I wondered vaguely what foul villainy it might be that the Morlocks did under the new moon. I felt pretty sure now that my second hypothesis was all wrong. The upper-world people might once have been the favoured aristocracy, and the Morlocks their mechanical servants, but that had long since passed away.

The two species that had resulted from the evolution of man were sliding down towards, or had already arrived at, an entirely new relationship. The Eloi, like the Carlovingian kings, had decayed to a mere beautiful futility. They still possessed the earth on sufferance, since the Morlocks, subterranean for innumerable generations, had come at last to find the daylit surface intolerable. And the Morlocks made their garments, I inferred, and maintained them in their habitual needs, perhaps through the survival of an old habit of service.

But clearly the old order was already in part reversed. The Nemesis of the delicate ones was creeping on apace. Ages ago, thousands of generations ago, man had thrust his brother-man out of the ease and the sunshine. And now that brother was coming back—changed! Already the Eloi had begun to learn one old lesson anew, were becoming re-acquainted with fear.

And now came a most unexpected thing. As I approached the pedestal of the Sphinx I found the bronze valves were open. At that I stopped short before them, hesitating to enter.

Within was a small apartment, and on a raised place in the corner of this was the time machine. I had the small levers in my pocket.

I stepped through the bronze frame and up to the time machine, and as I stood and examined it, finding pleasure in the mere touch of the contrivance, the bronze panels suddenly slid up and struck the frame with a clang. I was in the dark—trapped! You may imagine how all my calm vanished. The little brutes were close upon me. One touched me. I made a sweeping blow in the dark at them with the levers, and began to scramble into the saddle of the machine.

There came one hand upon me and then another. Then I had simply to fight against their persistent fingers for my levers, and at the same time feel for the studs over which these fitted. One, indeed, they almost got away from me. As it slipped from my hand, I had to butt in the dark with my head—I could hear the Morlock's skull ring—to recover it.

But at last the lever was fixed and pulled over. The clinging hands slipped from me. The darkness fell from my eyes. I found myself in the same grey light and tumult I have already described.

PLATO

THE SYMPOSIUM OR SUPPER

From the Greek Original

THIS wise and witty work of the great Athenian philosopher describes a debate which is supposed to have taken place at a supper party given by the poet Agathon after he had been awarded the annual prize for tragedy. The intellectual company included Socrates and Aristophanes, who took a special delight in caricaturing Socrates on the stage, notably in The Clouds; the brilliant, versatile and profligate young statesman Alcibiades is also introduced. The greater part of the dialogue consists of dissertations on the nature of Love; the whole is distinguished not only for the subtlety of the analysis and for the admirable characterisation of the speakers, but as a picture of Athenian manners and for the portrait of Socrates drawn by Alcibiades. The Banquet of Plato, a translation by Percy Bysshe Shelley, may be purchased in cheap forms.

I—The Origin and Opening of the Debate

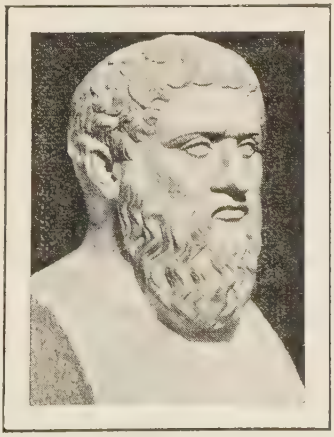
THIS discussion took place a long time ago; I had my report of it from Aristodemus, a great admirer of Socrates, who was present. He told me that he met Socrates, looking unusually smart, and asked where he was going. "To dine with Agathon," said Socrates, whom Aristodemus then accompanied, by his invitation. On the way Socrates stopped, and told him to go on in front. On reaching Agathon's house he was hospitably welcomed to supper, and then discovered that Socrates had not arrived. He had taken up his stand in a neighbouring porch, and quite declined to come in till supper was half over. Besides Agathon, Phaedrus, Pausanias, Eryximachus, Aristophanes and others were present.

When supper was over, the company resolved unanimously to limit its potations, as most of them were suffering from the previous night's excesses, except Socrates, who was equally prepared to drink everything or nothing, being quite invincible by liquor; and, instead of drinking, to debate on a subject to be proposed by Eryximachus.

"My plan," said Eryximachus, "is really the plan of Phaedrus, not mine. He is always complaining that psalms and hymns are addressed to all the other gods, but none to Love, who is so mighty a god. So my plan is that everyone shall speak his best in the praise of Love, beginning with Phaedrus."

"No one present can possibly vote against you," said Socrates. "Certainly not I, who avow myself to know nothing about any other subject, nor Agathon, nor Pausanias, nor, very assuredly, Aristophanes, who is an unfailing devotee of Aphrodite and Dionysius."

The company again agreed unanimously, and Phaedrus opened his discourse.



PLATO, the Greek philosopher, moralist and seer, was born in 427 B.C. A disciple of Socrates, he became a teacher in the Academy, propounding the philosophy preserved in his Dialogues. Plato died in Athens, 347 B.C. This bust is in the Vatican Museum at Rome.

"A great god is Love, worthy to be admired of gods and men. Moreover, he is the source of our greatest blessings. For to youth there can be none greater than a true lover and a true love. Not birth, nor wealth, nor honours, nor aught else shall so inspire a man as Love with all that makes life worthy, shame of base deeds, and noble emulation. For to be shamed before parents and companions is less bitter to a man than disgrace in the eyes of his beloved, or of a comrade to whom he is devoted. So that comrades in this kind

would far sooner die than desert one another in peril.

"There is none so base but that Love may breathe into him the spirit of a hero. Love alone makes men ready to die for another's sake; and not men only, but women. And to prove this we need but to look at Alcestis, the daughter of Pelias, who, for her husband's sake was willing to die, so greatly her love exceeded that of his father and mother. Which deed the gods themselves did so approve that they suffered her soul to be released from Hades, a thing granted most rarely. Therefore I say that, of all the gods, Love is the eldest and the most to be honoured, and he that in life and in death helps men most to the possession of virtue and happiness."

After Phaedrus had ended, and some others, Pausanias began.

"This would be well enough if Love were one, but there is more than one Love. As there is that elder heavenly Aphrodite, motherless daughter of Heaven, and that goddess of the vulgar, daughter of Zeus and Dione, so there is a heavenly Love and a vulgar Love. The worthy Love is that which invites us to love worthily. The one is sensual, of the flesh; the other of the mind, freeing us from all wantonness. Now, it is most honourable to love the most excellent, even though they be less fair than others. And to win love is honourable, and to be rejected is shameful; wherefore all manner of devices are permitted to the wooer such as are permitted to none seeking another goal; yet in the lover they have a certain grace and may be done without dishonour.

"But honour and dishonour lie not in the love itself, but in the manner of loving, whether it be done worthily. For the vulgar love is worthless, inconstant and fleeting; but the love of the virtuous character abides throughout life."

II—The Arguments of Aristophanes and Agathon

THE next to speak should have been Aristophanes; but he being afflicted with a hiccough, Eryximachus took up the tale. He seemed to identify love with harmony in the physical organization.

"I don't know why the harmony of my physical organization should demand such a noisy operation as sneezing," said Aristophanes; "my hiccough departed when I sneezed. However, I am not going to follow the lead of Pausanias and Eryximachus. If men understood the power of Love, he would have more temples and more homage than all the other gods, yet he gets none. I will unfold it. We must begin with the nature of man, which has changed. First of all there was a third sex, the androgynous, combining the two, with four arms and legs, and the rest to match. When a man was in a hurry, he rolled, like a tumbler; and they were very strong. They became very troublesome to the Olympians, who could not afford to annihilate them; so Zeus resolved to cut them in half. Then the halves fell to embracing in their desire to get re-united. Hence the two sexes, and the perpetual endeavour of the two halves to get re-incorporated. What your real lovers are really craving for is to become really one, soul and body, with their other half. But if we fail in piety, we are in danger of being quartered instead."

Agathon was arrested in a discussion into which Socrates was beguiling him, and entered in turn on his discourse.

"We have been describing Love's gifts instead of praising Love himself—of all the gods the happiest, the most excellent and the most beautiful. He is the most beautiful of all, for he is the youngest of all and the swiftest, since he outstrips in flight old age, which is hateful to him.

"For Love's virtue and power, mark that no violence is used by him, nor touches him; and he is most temperate, for he is stronger than all delights and desires. In courage Ares cannot match him, for he is master of Ares, who is possessed by the love of Aphrodite. Justice, then, and temperance and courage are his; and it remains to speak of his wisdom. First, then, I praise him as being myself a poet, just as Eryximachus praised him as a physician; for he is a poet so mighty that he can make a poet of him who was none before, and none can teach that which he knows not himself. His is the poesy of creation; Apollo himself was Love's pupil.

" Of old, necessity ruled among the gods, and fearful things were done. But when Love was born all blessings came with him. He brings peace among men, calm upon the sea, repose and sleep in sadness. He frees us from ill-will, and fills us with kindliness, brings all gentleness and expels all ungentleness, whom every man should follow with sweet hymns in his praise, taking his part in that song of beauty which Love sings, healing the troubles of all minds of gods and men."

III—Socrates Discourses on the Immortality of Love

WHEN the applause subsided, " I was justified in my fears," said Socrates. " After a discourse of such consummate eloquence, how shall I say anything that will be listened to ? I said I knew something about Love ; but then I thought we were going to speak the truth on the subject ; to give Love the honour which is his due ; whereas the question has become one of seeing how we can praise Love most eloquently without regard to facts, and that is an art in which I am quite unskilled. But if you are content with mere truths expressed as they occur to me at the moment——"

Phaedrus bade him speak in whatever fashion he chose.

" Then, may I ask Agathon a few questions ? "

" Certainly."

" Is Love love of something, or of nothing ? A father is father of his child. A brother is brother of his brother and sister. Is Love in like manner love of something ? "

" Certainly."

" It desires that of which it is the love, not possessing it ? "

" Yes."

" When it no longer lacks, it no longer desires ? "

" I suppose not."

" Well, then, Love is of something that it lacks. But you would have it that Love loves beauty ; therefore it lacks beauty ; therefore it is not beautiful. And the same argument applies to goodness as to beauty ! However, let me tell you what the prophetess Diotima told me, for I have borrowed my argument from her, since I was arguing with her very much as Agathon has been doing just now.

" What is not beautiful or good, need not, therefore, be ugly or bad, just as there is a state of mind which is neither knowledge nor ignorance, but correct opinion. So Love is not a mortal, nor a god, since we have seen that he does not possess all beauty and goodness and happiness, which we must acknowledge the gods to possess, but is something intermediate, a daemon, interpreting between the divine and the human. Love is one of many such intermediaries. As to his birth, Plenty was his sire and Poverty his mother ; he partakes of the nature of each. As the gods do not seek wisdom, having it already, nor the ignorant, since they imagine that they have it, but only the philosophers, who are neither of these ; so Love is of necessity a philosopher, thirsting for wisdom as for all forms of beauty. Your mistake was in taking Love to be not the lover, but the beloved.

" LOVE, you say, desires the possession of beautiful things. What will he possess ? The happy are happy in the possession of good things. Everyone desires to possess good things. But we do not admit that everyone loves, because we have selected a specific form of love, and chosen to apply to the species the name of a universal ; just as every maker is properly a poet, but we have appropriated the name to a particular species of makers. Love, in reality, is of every good, not of the missing half of oneself ; desire that it should be ever present with it. It acts as the desire of generation in the beautiful, in relation both to body and soul, a something immortal in mortality as it were ; not of the beautiful ; but of immortality, necessarily, without which nothing can be ever present.

" As for the phenomena of Love permeating all the living creation, they express the mortal nature seeking to become deathless by the one possible process of generation. For the mortal achieves immortality by the constant replacing of that which perishes, not by its separate continuity. So this Love is a tendency towards eternity and great

deeds done for the immortality they bring. Sexual love is the expression of this craving for immortality in the physical organism; the work of all creative art is its intellectual issue, and especially of that political wisdom which we call moderation and justice. In whatsoever field this desire of immortality by propagation moves us, we must be attracted by the beautiful, and by beauty of soul more divinely than by beauty of form. But the children of the intellect are more desirable than the children of the body; for the former may bring the reward even of divine honours, but not the latter.

"He who would love rightly must from the beginning seek to hold intercourse with beautiful forms, and love one, wherein he would generate intellectual beauty. But the beauty in all forms is one, and his love of beauty in form would be divided among many forms; whereas beauty in the soul being more excellent, one beautiful soul would suffice him even though the beauty of the form withered. Thus he would be led up to the contemplation of universal beauty, and the one science thereof. The beauty thus revealed is eternal, without beginning and without end, beautiful in itself at all times, and utterly, and to all. This is that to which they attain who advance by these steps from the contemplation of beauty in particulars to the revelation of the supreme beauty. Such a one is at last in contact not with shadows but with the ultimate reality, and if immortality be at all given to human beings, he is thereby become immortal."

IV—Alcibiades Eulogises Socrates

But now there came a clamour of revellers, and the voice of Alcibiades without, calling for Agathon; and then he came in, very drunk. "Drunk I am," said he, "but I'll drink with you. If you won't, we'll crown Agathon and depart." Being bidden to come in, he dropped down by Agathon, and then discovered that Socrates was on his other side. "Heracles!" he cried, "wherever I go, Socrates is lying in wait for me."

"Protect me, Agathon," said Socrates, "I dare not speak to or look at anyone else when he is near, he is so jealous. I entreat you to reconcile us."

"I won't be reconciled," said Alcibiades. "But I'll crown him too. He is always victor, not once in a way like Agathon yesterday." And this he did.

"Our business," said Eryximachus, "is to speak in praise of Love; it is your turn."

"Socrates won't let me praise anyone but Socrates. I won't praise anyone else. Shall I attack him? May I speak the truth about him? I cannot be methodical in this condition; I must say the things as they come into my head.

"In the first place, he is just like a statue, the statue of the satyr Marsyas. Only, Socrates charms us by words instead of by musical pipings like him. Pericles and the rest cannot move me so; he even makes me ashamed of myself, till life ceases to be worth living, and I could wish to be quit of him altogether, only that would be worse. In spite of his professions, he cares no more for beauty than for any other external possessions, but when you get inside this Silenus, the divine images displayed are perfectly beautiful, and divine and wonderful.

"We messed together in camp before Potidaea. He was far the hardiest of us all; scanty fare, plenty, intolerable cold never disturbed him. In the rout of Delium he was a sight to behold. I was mounted; he was trudging off the field with Laches on foot; but he was so majestically calm that anyone could see he would make a desperate resistance if attacked; so no one ventured. The fact is, Socrates is like no one else that ever was—excepting the Sileni and Satyrs; rude, not to say absurd, outside, but inside full of every conceivable excellence."

There was great laughter over the frankness of Alcibiades. However, just then a fresh batch of revellers broke in. Eryximachus and Phaedrus went off to bed. Aristodemus fell asleep, and woke to find Socrates, Aristophanes and Agathon still talking and drinking, while Socrates was compelling the two dramatists to admit, against their convictions, that tragedy and comedy are a single art proper to one person. They went to sleep at last, and then Socrates went away.

Benvenuto Cellini

THE LIFE OF BENVENUTO CELLINI WRITTEN BY HIMSELF

As a writer Benvenuto Cellini will ever be remembered for the Life in which he narrates, in the form of a journal, the principal events of a career which, from beginning to end, was coloured by romance and intrigue. It is the work of a consummate genius who, at fifty years of age, little versed in books outside Dante and the Bible, tells the story of his eventful life; and the tale, in spite of its overweening braggadocio, has that perfume of truth which only the intimate persuasion of the writer could produce. The many qualities of the complex, rascally genius are boldly and, on the whole, sincerely revealed, though the author's testimony regarding his military exploits is untrustworthy; the history in its account is accurate, and it effectively mirrors the life of the period. It is, in fine, one of the most vivid and original chapters in literature. A translation is published in Everyman's Library.

I—The Making of a Master Craftsman

It is a duty incumbent on upright and credible men of all ranks, who have performed anything noble or praiseworthy, to record the events of their lives. Looking back on some delightful and happy events, and on many misfortunes, so truly overwhelming that the appalling retrospect makes me wonder how I have reached my fifty-eighth year in vigour through God's goodness, I have resolved to publish an account of my life.

My name is Benvenuto, the son of Maestro Giovanni Cellini; my mother was Maria Lisabetta, daughter to Stefano Granacci; and both my parents were citizens of Florence. My ancestors lived in the valley of Ambra, where they were lords of considerable domains; they were all trained to arms, and distinguished for military prowess. Andrea Cellini, my grandfather, was tolerably well versed in architecture; Giovanni, my father, acquired great proficiency in the art of designing.

I was born on All Saints' Day, in the year 1500. A girl was anticipated; but when my father saw with his own eyes the unexpected boy, clasping his hands together, he lifted up his eyes to Heaven, saying: "Lord, I thank thee from the bottom of my heart for this present, which is very dear and welcome to me." The standers-by asked him joyfully, how he proposed to call the child. He made no other answer than: "He is Welcome." And this name of Welcome (Benvenuto) he resolved to give me at the font, and so I was christened accordingly. At the age of fifteen I engaged myself with a goldsmith called Marcone; and so great was my inclination to improve that in a few months I rivalled most of the journeymen in the business. I also practised the art of jewellery at Siena, Bologna, Lucca and Pisa, in all of which places I executed several fine pieces of workmanship, which inspired me with an ardent ambition. I produced a basso-rilievo in silver, carved with a group of foliages and several figures of youths, and other beautiful grotesques. This coming under the inspection of the Goldsmiths' Company of Florence, I acquired the reputation of the most expert young man in the trade.

In my nineteenth year I journeyed to Rome, where I went to work under several masters, studied the antiquities of the city, earned a great deal of money, and constantly sent the best part of my gains to my father. At the expiration of two years I returned to Florence, where I engaged a shop hard by Landi's bank, and executed many works. Envy began then to rankle in the heart of my former masters, which led to quarrels and trials before the magistrates. I had to fly back to Rome, disguised as a friar, on account of a stabbing affray. There I joined Lucagnolo, a goldsmith, and was employed in making plate and jewels by the Cardinals Cibo, Cornaro and Salviati,

the Bishop of Salamanca and Signora Porzia Chigi, and was able to open a shop entirely on my own account.

I set about learning seal engraving, desiring to rival Lautzio, the most eminent master of that art, the business of medallist, and the elegant art of enamelling, with the greatest ardour, so that the difficulties appeared delightful to me. This was through the peculiar indulgence of the Author of Nature, who had gifted me with a genius so happy that I could with the utmost ease learn anything to which I gave my mind.

During the plague in Rome I was seized with the disease, but to my own great surprise survived that terrific attack. When better, I made some vases of silver for the eminent surgeon, Giacomo Carti, who afterwards showed them to the Duke of Ferrara and several other princes, assuring them that they were antiques, and had been presented to him by a great nobleman. Others were assured that there had not been a man these 3,000 years able to make such figures. I confessed that they were my performances, and by this work I made considerable gain.

II—A Soldier and a Goldsmith in the Service of Rome

All Europe was now (1527) up in arms, involved in the wars between Charles of Germany and Francis I of France. Pope Clement VII alternately declared in favour of Charles and Francis, hoping to preserve the balance of political power in Europe, and disbanded the troops which had garrisoned Rome. Learning this, Charles, Duke of Bourbon, Constable of France, advanced with a large army of Germans and Spaniards through Italy, carrying terror and desolation, and appeared before the walls of Rome.

I raised a company of fifty brave young men, whom I led to the Campo Santo. When the enemy was scaling the walls I determined to perform some manly action, and, levelling my arquebuse where I saw the thickest crowd, I discharged it with a deliberate aim at a person who seemed to be lifted above the rest, and he fell wounded. He was, as I learnt later, the Duke of Bourbon. On another day I shot at and wounded the Prince of Orange.

Leaving the Campo Santo I made for the Castle of St. Angelo, just as the castellan was letting down the portcullis. When I found myself on the castle walls, the artillery was deserted by the bombardiers, and I took direction of the fire of the artillery and falcons, and killed a considerable number of the enemy. This made some cardinals and others bless me, and extol my activity to the skies. Emboldened by this, I used my utmost exertions; let it suffice that it was I who preserved the castle that morning. I continued to direct the artillery with such signal execution as to acquire the favour and good graces of his holiness the Pope.

One day the Pope happened to walk upon the ramparts, when he saw me fire a swivel at a Spanish colonel who had formerly been in his service, and split the man into two pieces. Falling upon my knees, I entreated his holiness to absolve me from the guilt of homicide and other crimes I had committed in the castle in the service of the Church. The Pope, lifting up his hands and making the Sign of the Cross over me, blessed me, and gave his absolution for all the homicides I had ever committed, or ever should commit, in the service of the Apostolic Church. After that I kept up a constant fire, and scarcely once missed all the time.

Later, Pope Clement sent for me to a private apartment, and with his master of the horse placed before me his regalia, with all the vast quantity of jewels belonging to the apostolical chamber. I was ordered to take off the gold in which they were set. I did as directed, and, wrapping up each jewel in a little piece of paper, we sewed them in the skirts of the Pope's clothes, and those of the master of the horse. The gold, which amounted to about a hundred pounds' weight, I was ordered to melt with the utmost secrecy, which I did, and carried to his holiness.

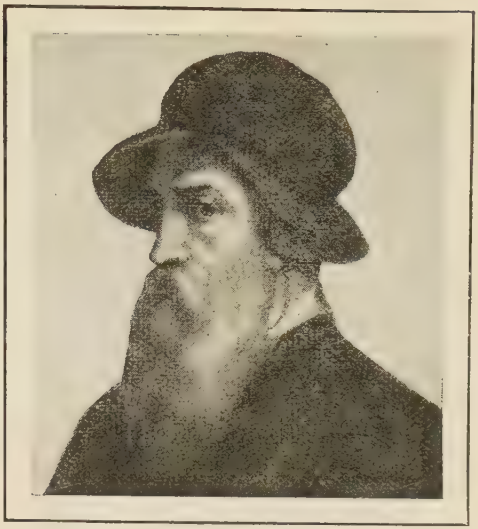
A few days after, a treaty was concluded with the Imperialists, and hostilities ceased. Worn out by my exertions during the siege, I returned to Florence and thence to Mantua, where, on the introduction of the excellent painter, Giulio Romano, I executed many commissions

for the duke, including a shrine of gold in which to place the relic of the Blood of Christ, which the Mantuans boast themselves to be possessed of, and a pontifical seal for the duke's brother, the bishop.

An attack of fever and a quarrel with the duke induced me to return to Florence, to find that my father and all belonging to my family, except my youngest sister and brother, were dead of the plague. I opened a shop in the New Market, and engraved many medals, which received the highest praise from the divine Michelangelo.

On the invitation of Pope Clement VII I retired from Florence, and repaired to Rome. His holiness commissioned me to execute a button for the pontifical cope, and to set into it the jewels which I had taken out of the two crowns in the Castle of St. Angelo. The design was most beautiful, and so pleased and astonished was the Pope that he employed me to make new coinage, and appointed me stamp-master of the mint. My gold coins were pronounced by the Pope's secretary to be superior to those of the Roman emperors. When I finished my great work upon the pontifical button it was looked upon as the most exquisite performance of the kind that had ever been seen in Rome. The Pope, I thought, would never tire of praising it, and he appointed me to a post in the College of Mace-Bearers, which brought me about 200 crowns a year.

About this time a tumult occurred in the city near the bridge of St. Angelo, in which my soldier brother was wounded, and died the next day. I was consumed with desire for revenge upon the musketeer who shot him. One night I saw him standing at his door, and, with a long dagger, hit him exactly upon the nape of the neck.



BENVENUTO CELLINI, sculptor, goldsmith, medallist, soldier and man of letters, was born at Florence in 1500 and died in the same city in 1569. He was the greatest of the craftsmen of the period—the height of the Italian Renaissance—and kings and popes vied with each other for his services. His boastful assertion that he was the king of craftsmen was admitted by his fellow-artificers, and at the zenith of his career he had no rival. It is remarkable that outstanding military fame should be associated with such high artistic genius, though his braggart nature exaggerates his soldiering prowess. And, though his courage was great, he was a ruffian who used the dagger as freely as the tools of his craft.

The weapon penetrated so deep that, though I made a great effort to recover it again, I found it impossible.

I took refuge in the palace of Duke Alessandro, and more than eight days afterwards the Pope sent for me. When I came into his presence he frowned upon me very much. However, upon viewing some work which I submitted to him, his countenance grew serene, and he praised me highly. Then, looking attentively at me, he said: "Now that you have recovered your health, Benvenuto, take care of yourself." I understood him and told him I should not neglect his advice.

III—Intrigues at the Papal Court

CARDINAL SALVIATI more than once showed himself my enemy. He had sent from Milan, of which city he was Legate, a goldsmith named Tobbia, as a great artist, capable, so he said, of humbling the pride of his holiness's favourite, Benvenuto. Another of my enemies was Pompeo, a Milanese jeweller, and near relation to his holiness's most favoured servant. At the instigation of this Pompeo I was deprived of my place in the mint. On another day Pompeo ran in all haste to the Pope, and said: "Most Holy Father, Benvenuto has just murdered Tobbia; I saw it with my own eyes." The Pope flew into a violent passion, and ordered the governor of Rome to seize and hang me directly.

CELLINI'S PERSEUS IN BRONZE

Though the shop took fire while the casting was in progress, and torrents of rain cooled his furnace, Cellini made of his statue of Perseus one of the most notable plastic works of the Renaissance period. The statue, commissioned by Cosimo dei Medici, and now in the Loggia dei Lanzi at Florence, illustrates the mythological story of Perseus, the son of the persecuted Danäe, who was sent by Polydectes to obtain the head of Medusa, one of the hated Gorgon sisters who dwelt on the coasts of Ocean.

The Cardinal dei Medici overheard this, and sent a Roman gentleman to tell me it was impossible to save me, and advising me to fly from Rome. I took horse and bent my course instantly towards Naples. Afterwards I found that Pope Clement had sent one of the two gentlemen of his bedchamber to inquire after Tobbia. That gentleman, upon finding Tobbia at work, reported the real state of the case to the Pope. His holiness thereupon turned to Pompeo and said: "You are a most abandoned wretch, but one thing I can assure you of—you have stirred a snake which will sting you, and that is what you well deserve."

Arrived in Naples I was received by the viceroy, who showed me a thousand civilities, and asked me to enter his service. However, having received a letter from the Cardinal dei Medici to return to Rome without loss of time, I repaired thither on horseback. On reaching my own house I finished a medal with the head of Pope Clement, and on the reverse a figure representing Peace, and stamped it upon gold, silver and copper. His holiness told me they were very fine, that he was pleased with them, and asked me to make another reverse representing Moses striking the rock, and the water issuing from it.

THREE days afterwards, Pope Clement died. I put on my sword, and repaired to St. Peter's, where I kissed the feet of the deceased pontiff, and could not refrain from tears. On returning, near the Campo di Fiore, I met my adversary Pompeo, encircled with his bravoes. I thereupon clapped my hand to a sharp dagger, forced my way through the file of ruffians, laid hold of Pompeo by the throat, struck him under the ear, and, upon repeating my blow, he fell down dead. I escaped, and was protected by Cardinal Cornaro.

A few days after, Cardinal Farnese was elected as Pope Paul III. The new pontiff inquired after me, and declared he would employ nobody else to stamp his coins. A gentleman said that I was obliged to abscond for having killed one Pompeo in a fray, to which the Pope made answer: "I never heard of the death of Pompeo, but I have often heard of Benvenuto's provocation; so let a safe-conduct be instantly made out, and that will secure him from all other manner of dangers."

A Milanese, who was a favourite of the pontiff, told his holiness that it might be of dangerous consequence to grant such favours immediately on being raised to his new dignity. The Pope instantly said: "You do not understand these matters; I must inform you that men who are masters in their profession, like Benvenuto, should not be subject to the laws; but he less than any other, for I am sensible that he was in the right in the whole affair."

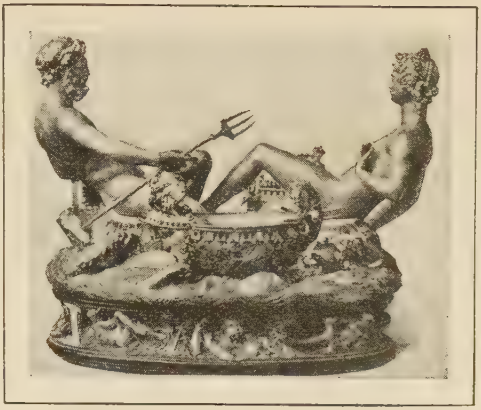
However, the Pope's natural son having become my enemy, and having employed a Corsican soldier to assassinate me, I escaped to Florence, where I was appointed

master of the mint by Duke Alessandro dei Medici. The coins which I stamped, with the duke's head on one side and a saint on the other, his excellency declared were the finest in Christendom.

About this time Charles V returned victorious from his enterprise against Tunis. When he made his triumphal entry into Rome he was received with great pomp, and I was nominated by his holiness to carry his presents of massive gold work and jewels, executed by myself, to the emperor, who invited me to his court and ordered me five hundred gold crowns. Stories to my prejudice having come to his holiness, I set out for France, but made no stay there, and returned to Rome.

Here I was accused falsely by a Perugian servant of being possessed of great treasure, the greatest part of which was said to consist of jewels which belonged to the Church, and was booty I had possessed myself of in the Castle of St. Angelo at the time of the sack of Rome. At the instigation of Pier Luigi, the Pope's illegitimate son, I was taken as prisoner to the Castle of St. Angelo, where I was put under examination by the governor of Rome and other magistrates. I vindicated myself, saying that I got nothing else in the Church's service at the melancholy sack of Rome but wounds.

Accurate inquiry having been made, none of the Pope's jewels were found missing; but I was left a prisoner in the castle, from which I made a marvellous escape, only to be consigned again, at the instigation of Luigi, to the deepest subterranean cell.



THE SALT-CELLAR OF FRANCIS I

When he was about thirty-seven years of age Cellini visited the court of Francis I of France at Paris. He was ordered by Francis to make twelve statues in silver—six gods and six goddesses—for his palace at Fontainebleau. The famous salt-cellar was also made at this time, and for it Francis ordered that Cellini should have a thousand old gold crowns, good weight. It is his only remaining work in gold, and is now in the Imperial Treasury at Vienna.

I would have destroyed myself, but I had wonderful revelations and visions of St. Peter, who pleaded my cause with the beautiful Virgin Mary holding Christ in her arms. The constable informed the Pope of the extraordinary things which I declared I had seen. The pontiff, who neither believed in God nor in any other article of religion, sent word that I was mad, and advised him to think no more about me, but mind his own soul.

IV—Cellini at the French Court

At this time the Cardinal of Ferrara came to Rome from the court of France, and urged my release, to which he got the Pope's consent at a convivial meeting without the knowledge of Luigi.

The French king received me graciously, and I presented him with a cup and basin which I had executed for his majesty, who declared that neither the ancients nor the greatest masters of Italy had ever worked in so exquisite a taste. His majesty ordered me to make him twelve silver statues.

I began zealously to make a model of Jupiter. Next day I showed him in his palace the model of my great salt-cellar, which he called a noble production, and commissioned me to make it in gold, commanding that I should be given a thousand old gold crowns, good weight.

As a mark of distinction, the king granted me letters of naturalisation and a patent of lordship of the Castle of Nesle. Later, I submitted to the king models of the new palace gates and the great fountain for Fontainebleau, which appeared to him to be exceeding beautiful.

Unluckily for me his favourite, Madame d'Estampes, conceived a deep resentment at my neglect for not taking notice of her in any of my designs. When the silver statue of Jupiter was finished it was set in the corridor at Fontainebleau alongside reproductions in bronze of all the first-rate antiques recently discovered in Rome.

"This," said the king, "is one of the finest productions ever beheld; I could never have conceived a piece of work the hundredth part so beautiful. From a comparison with these admirable antique figures, it is evident that this statue of Jupiter is vastly superior to them."

Madame d'Estampes was more highly incensed than ever, but the king said I was one of the ablest men in the world. He ordered me a thousand crowns, partly as a recompense for my labours, and partly in payment of some disbursed by myself.

I afterwards set about finishing my colossal statue of Mars, which was to occupy the centre of the fountain at Fontainebleau, and represented the king. Madame d'Estampes continuing her spiteful artifices, I requested the Cardinal of Ferrara to procure leave for me to make a tour to Italy, promising to return whenever the king should think proper to signify his pleasure. I departed in an unlucky hour, leaving under the care of my journeymen my castle and all my effects.

At this time Cosimo, Duke of Florence, resided at Poggio Cajano, a place ten miles from Florence. I there waited upon him to pay my respects, and he and his duchess received me with the greatest kindness. At the duke's request I undertook to make for him a great statue of Perseus delivering Andromeda from the Medusa.

A site was found for me to erect a house in which I might set up my furnaces, and carry on a variety of works both of clay and bronze, and of gold and silver separately. While making progress with my great statue of Perseus, I executed my golden vases, girdles, and other jewels for the Duchess of Florence, and also a likeness of the duke larger than life.

For a time I discontinued working upon marble statues and went on with my Perseus, and eventually I triumphed over all the difficulties of casting it in bronze, although the shop took fire at the critical moment, and the sky poured in so much rain and wind that my furnace was cooled.

V—His Later Life in Florence

About this time the war with Siena broke out, and at the request of the duke I carried out the repair of the fortifications of two of the gates of the city of Florence. At last my statue of Perseus was erected in the great square, and was shown to the populace, who set up so loud a shout of applause that I began to be comforted for the mortifications I had undergone. Sonnets and Latin and Greek odes were hung upon the gates in praise of my performance, but what gave me the highest satisfaction was that statuaries and painters emulated each other in commending it.

Two days having passed, I paid a visit to the duke, who said to me with great complaisance:

"My friend Benvenuto, you have given me the highest satisfaction imaginable, and I promise to reward you in such a manner as to excite your surprise."

I shed tears of joy, and kissing the hem of his excellency's garment, addressed him thus:

"My most noble lord, liberal patron of the arts, I beg leave to retire for a week to return thanks to the Supreme Being, for I know how hard I have worked, and I am sensible that my faith has prevailed with God to grant me His assistance."

Permission was given, and I made the pilgrimage to Vallombrosa and Camaldoli, incessantly singing psalms and saying prayers to the honour and glory of God.

On my return there were great differences between the duke and myself as to the reward to be given me for the statue of Perseus, during which the duchess and the sculptor Bandinello interposed. Bandinello declared that the work had proved so admirable a masterpiece, that, in his opinion, it was worth 16,000 gold crowns and upwards. When the duke was informed of this decision he was highly displeased, and down to the close of the year 1566 I received no more than 3,000 gold crowns, given to me monthly by payments of 25, 50, or 100 crowns.

Subsequently, I was employed to erect two pulpits in the choir of St. Maria del Fiore, and adorn them with historical figures in basso-rilievo of bronze, together with varieties of other embellishments.

About this period, the great block of marble, intended for the gigantic statue of

Neptune, to be placed near the fountain on the Ducal Piazza, was brought up the River Arno, and thence by road to Florence. A competition took place between the model which I had made for the statue of Neptune and that designed by Bandinello. The duchess, who had become my implacable enemy, favoured Bandinello, and I waited upon her, carrying to her some pretty trifles of my making, which her excellency liked very much.

Then I added that I had undertaken one of the most laborious tasks n the world—the carving of a Christ crucified, of the whitest marble, upon a cross of the blackest, and as large as the life. Upon her asking me what I proposed doing with it, I said I would freely make her a present of it; that all I desired was that she would be neutral with respect to the model of the Neptune which the duke had ordered me to make for him.

When I had finished the model of Neptune, the duke came to see it. It gave him high satisfaction, and he said I deserved the prize. Some weeks after, Bandinello died, and it was generally thought that the grief which he felt at losing the fine piece of marble out of which the statue of Neptune was to be made greatly contributed to hasten his dissolution.

When I was working at my great model of Neptune, I was seized with illness, caused by a dose of sublimate poison administered in food by a man named Sbietta and his brother, a profligate priest, from whom I had bought the annuity of a farm. Upon my recovery the duke and the duchess came unexpectedly with a grand retinue to my workshop to see the image of Christ upon the Cross, and it pleased them so greatly that they bestowed the highest encomiums on me.

THOUGH I had undergone infinite labour in its execution, yet with pleasure I made them a present of it, thinking none more worthy of that fine piece of work than their excellencies. They talked a long time in praise of my abilities, and the duchess seemed, as it were, to ask pardon for her past treatment of me.

At this juncture the Queen Dowager of France, Catherine dei Medici, dispatched Signor Baccio del Bene on a mission to our duke. The signor and I were intimate friends, and he told me that the queen had a strong desire to finish the sepulchral monument to her husband, King Henry, and if I chose to return to France and again take possession of my castle, I should be supplied with whatever I wanted, in case I was willing to serve her majesty. But when this was communicated to the duke, his excellency said he meant to keep me in his own service ; and the Queen of France, who had received a loan of money from the duke, did not propose the thing any more for fear of offending him ; so I was obliged to stay, much against my will.

* * *

THE last entry in Benvenuto Cellini's manuscript is the announcement of a journey made by Duke Cosimo with his whole court, including his brother, the Cardinal dei Medici, to Pisa, where the latter was attacked by ' a malignant fever, which in a few days put an end to his life. The cardinal was one of the duke's chief supporters, and highly beloved by him, being a person of great virtues and abilities. Consequently, his loss was severely felt.'

In 1554, Benvenuto had been admitted to the ranks of the Florentine nobility. In 1560 he married Piera, the woman named in his will, who nursed him through his illness from the poison administered by the Sbietta family. By her he had five children, two of whom died in infancy. In 1561, Duke Cosimo made him a grant of a house near San Croce, in the Via Rosajo, Florence, ' in consideration of his admirable talents in casting, sculpture, and other branches of art.' The patent continues : ' We look upon his productions, both in marble and bronze, as evident proofs of his surpassing genius and incomparable skill.'

Benvenuto was deputed by the sculptors of Florence to attend the obsequies of his great master and friend, Michelangelo Buonarroti, who had died on February 18, 1564. Benvenuto died on December 13, 1569, and was buried by his own direction in the Chapter House of the Church of the Annunziata, Florence, with great pomp, organized by the Academy of Drawing.

SOPHIA AND TOM DISCOVER THEIR LOVE WHILE THE SQUIRE SLEEPS

One day, returning from the hunting field, Tom Jones, the dashing hero of Fielding's romance, saves Sophia, Squire Western's daughter, from a bad fall, at the expense of a broken arm for himself. The incident illustrated—one of the most poignant in the whole story—occurs during the convalescence of the hero. He stands by the harpsichord while Sophia plays. 'Her spirits were at this time in a visible flutter; and she played so intolerably ill, that had not Squire Western soon fallen asleep, he must have remarked it. . . . Jones's heart now brought forth the full secret, at the same time that it assured him that the adorable object returned his affection.'

From the drawing by Fred. Pegram

HENRY FIELDING

THE HISTORY OF TOM JONES, A FOUNDLING

DESCRIBED by the author in its dedication as 'the labour of some years of my life,' The History of Tom Jones, a Foundling, appeared in six volumes on February 28, 1749. Though its humour and freedom of expression may strike us to-day as coarse, it is by common consent Fielding's masterpiece, and one of the greatest novels in the language. For experience of life, observation of character and sheer humanity, it has never been excelled, and it remains an outstanding landmark in English fiction. Like others of his books, Tom Jones was written during a period of great mental strain. Ever haunted by poverty, Fielding acknowledges his debt to his old schoolfellow Lyttelton, to whom he owed his 'existence during the composition of the book.'

I—Mr. Allworthy Makes an Astonishing Discovery

IN that part of the country which is commonly called Somersetshire there lately lived a gentleman whose name was Allworthy, and who might well be called the favourite of both nature and fortune. From the former of these he derived an agreeable person, a sound constitution, a solid understanding and a benevolent heart; by the latter he inherited a large estate in the country.

Mr. Allworthy lived, for the most part, retired in the country, with one sister, for whom he had a very tender affection. This lady, Miss Bridget Allworthy, now somewhat past the age of thirty, was of that species of women whom you commend rather for good qualities than beauty.

Mr. Allworthy had been absent a full quarter of a year in London on some very particular business, and having returned to his house very late in the evening, retired, much fatigued, to his chamber. Here, after he had spent some minutes on his knees—a custom which he had never broke through on any account—he was preparing to step into bed, when, upon opening the clothes, to his great surprise, he beheld an infant wrapped up in some coarse linen, in a sweet and profound sleep, between his sheets. He stood some time lost in astonishment at this sight; but soon began to be touched with sentiments of compassion for the little wretch before him. He then rang his bell, and ordered an elderly woman-servant to come to him immediately.

The consternation of Mrs. Deborah was rather greater than her master's had been; nor could she but cry out, with great horror, "My good sir, what's to be done?"

Mr. Allworthy answered she must take care of the child that evening, and in the morning he would provide a nurse.

"Yes, sir," says she, "and I hope your worship will send out your warrant to take up the hussy, its mother. Indeed, such wicked sluts cannot be too severely punished for laying their sins at honest men's doors; and though your worship knows your own innocence, yet the world is censorious, and if your worship should provide for the child it may make the people after to believe. It is a good night, only a little rainy and windy, and if it was well wrapped up and put in a warm basket, it is two to one but it lives till it is found in the morning. But if it should not, we have discharged our duty in taking care of it; and it is, perhaps, better for such creatures to die in a state of innocence than to grow up and imitate their mothers."

But Mr. Allworthy had now got one of his fingers into the infant's hand, which, by its gentle pressure, seeming to implore his assistance, certainly outpleaded the eloquence of Mrs. Deborah. Mr. Allworthy gave positive orders for the child to be taken away and provided with pap and other things against it waked. He likewise ordered that proper clothes should be procured for it early in the morning, and that it should be brought to himself as soon as he was stirring. Such was the respect Mrs.

Wilkins bore her master, under whom she enjoyed an excellent place, that her scruples gave way to his peremptory commands, and, declaring the child was a sweet infant, walked off with it to her own chamber.

Allworthy betook himself to those pleasant slumbers which a heart that hungers after goodness is apt to enjoy when thoroughly satisfied.

In the morning Mr. Allworthy told his sister he had a present for her, and, when Mrs. Wilkins produced the infant, told her the story of its appearance.

Miss Bridget took the good-natured side of the question, intimated some compassion for the helpless little creature, and commended her brother's charity in what he had done. The good lady subsequently gave orders for providing all necessaries for the child, and her orders were indeed so liberal that had it been a child of her own she could not have exceeded them.

II—The Foundling Achieves Manhood

Miss Bridget having been asked in marriage by one Captain Blifil, a half-pay officer, and the nuptials duly celebrated, Mrs. Blifil was in course of time delivered of a fine boy.

Though the birth of an heir to his beloved sister was a circumstance of great joy to Mr. Allworthy, yet it did not alienate his affections from the little foundling to whom he had been godfather, and had given his own name of Thomas. The surname of Jones was added because it was believed that was the mother's name.

He told his sister, if she pleased, the newborn infant should be bred up together with little Tommy, to which she consented, for she had truly a great complaisance for her brother.

The captain, however, could not so easily bring himself to bear this; for his meditations being chiefly employed on Mr. Allworthy's fortune, and on his hopes of succession, he looked on all the instances of his brother-in-law's generosity as diminutions of his own wealth.

But one day, while the captain was exulting in the happiness which would accrue to him by Mr. Allworthy's death, he himself died of apoplexy.

So the two boys grew up together under the care of Mr. Allworthy and Mrs. Blifil, and by the time he was fourteen Tom Jones—who, according to universal opinion, was certainly born to be hanged—had been already convicted of three robberies—viz. of robbing an orchard, of stealing a duck out of a farmer's yard, and of picking Master Blifil's pocket of a ball.

The vices of this young man were, moreover, heightened by the disadvantageous light in which they appeared when opposed to the virtues of Master Blifil. He was, indeed, a lad of remarkable disposition—sober, discreet and pious beyond his age—and many expressed their wonder that Mr. Allworthy should suffer such a lad as Tom Jones to be educated with his nephew lest the morals of the latter should be corrupted by his example.

To say the truth, the whole duck and great part of the apples were converted to the use of Tom's friend the gamekeeper, and his family; though, as Jones alone was discovered, the poor lad bore not only the whole smart, but the whole blame.

Mr. Allworthy had committed the instruction of the two boys to a learned divine, the Reverend Mr. Thwackum, who resided in the house; but though Mr. Allworthy had given him frequent orders to make no difference between the lads, yet was Thwackum altogether as kind and gentle to Master Bilfil as he was harsh, nay, even barbarous, to the other. In truth, Blifil had greatly gained his master's affections; partly by the profound respect he always showed his person, but much more by the decent reverence with which he received his doctrine, for he had got by heart his phrases, and maintained all his master's religious principles with a zeal which was surprising in one so young.

Tom Jones, on the other hand, was not only deficient in outward tokens of respect, often forgetting to pull off his cap at his master's approach, but was altogether unmindful both of his master's precepts and example.

At the age of twenty, however, Tom, for his love of hunting, had become a great favourite with Mr. Allworthy's neighbour, Squire Western; and Sophia,

Mr. Western's only child, lost her heart irretrievably to him before she suspected it was in danger. On his side, Tom was truly sensible of the great worth of Sophia. He extremely liked her person, no less admired her accomplishments, and tenderly loved her goodness. In reality, as he had never once entertained any thought of possessing her, nor had ever given the least voluntary indulgence to his inclinations, he had a much stronger passion for her than he himself was acquainted with.

An accident incurred on the hunting-field in saving Sophia from her too mettlesome horse kept Jones a prisoner for some time in Mr. Western's house, and during those weeks he not only found that he loved Sophia with an unbounded passion, but he plainly saw the tender sentiments she had for him ; yet could not this assurance lessen his despair of obtaining the consent of her father, nor the horrors which attended his pursuit of her by any base or treacherous method.

Hence, at the approach of the young lady, he grew pale ; and, if this was sudden, started. If his eyes accidentally met hers, the blood rushed into his cheeks, and his countenance became all over scarlet. If he touched her, his hand, nay, his whole frame, trembled.

All these symptoms escaped the notice of the squire, but not so of Sophia. She soon perceived these agitations of mind in Jones, and was at no loss to discover the cause ; for, indeed, she recognized it in her own breast. In a word, she was in love with him to distraction. It was not long before Jones was able to attend her to the harpsichord, where she would kindly condescend for hours together to charm him with the most delicious music. And

HENRY FIELDING was born near Glastonbury in 1707. His father, a grandson of the Earl of Desmond and great-grandson of William Feilding, 1st Earl of Denbigh, settled in England just after the Battle of Ramillies. Henry went to Eton, and afterwards to Leiden where he studied civil law. Lack of means prevented his entering the Bar until 1740, but he solved the financial problem by writing for the stage, having some 18 plays produced. Through the good offices of his friend Lyttelton, to whom Tom Jones is dedicated, he became a justice of the peace for Westminster in 1748, and thereafter gained some repute as a writer on crime. He died in 1754.

his heart now brought forth the full secret of his affection for Sophia.

The news that Mr. Allworthy was dangerously ill (for a servant had brought word that he was dying) broke off Tom's stay at Mr. Western's and drove all the thoughts of love out of his head. He hurried instantly into the chariot which was sent for him, and ordered the coachman to drive with all imaginable haste ; nor did the idea of Sophia once occur to him on the way.

III—Tom Jones Falls into Disgrace

On the night when the physician announced that Mr. Allworthy was out of danger Jones was thrown into such immoderate excess of rapture by the hearing of the news that he might be truly said to be drunk with joy—an intoxication which greatly forwards the effects of wine ; and as he was very free, too, with the bottle, on this occasion he became very soon literally drunk.

Jones had naturally violent animal spirits, and, Thwackum resenting his speeches, only the doctor's interposition prevented wrath kindling. After which Jones gave loose to mirth, sang two or three amorous songs and fell into every frantic disorder which unbridled joy is apt to inspire ; but so far was he from any disposition to quarrel that he was ten times better-humoured, if indeed that

were possible, than when he was sober. Blifil, whose mother had died during her brother's illness, was highly offended at a behaviour which was so inconsistent with the sober reserve of his own temper. The recent death of his mother, he declared, made such conduct very indecent.

"It would become them better," he said, "to express the exultations of their hearts at Mr. Allworthy's recovery in thanksgiving, than in drunkenness and riot."

Wine had not so totally overpowered Jones as to prevent him recollecting Blifil's loss the moment it was mentioned. He at once offered to shake Mr. Blifil by the hand, and begged his pardon, saying his excessive joy for Mr. Allworthy's recovery had driven every other thought out of his mind.

Blifil scornfully rejected his hand, and with an insulting allusion to the misfortune of Jones's birth provoked the latter to blows. The scuffle which ensued might have produced mischief had it not been for the interference of Thwackum and the physician.

Blifil, however, only waited for an opportunity to be revenged on Jones, and the occasion was soon forthcoming when Mr. Allworthy was fully recovered.

MR. WESTERN had found out that his daughter was in love with Tom Jones, and at once decided that she should marry Blifil, for whom Sophia professed great abhorrence.

As for Blifil, the success of Jones was much more grievous to him than the loss of Sophia, whose estate, indeed, was dearer to him than her person.

Mr. Western swore that his daughter shouldn't have a ha'penny, nor the twentieth part of a brass farthing, if she married Jones; and Blifil, with many sighs, professed to his uncle that he could not bear the thought of Sophia being ruined by her preference for Jones.

"This lady, I am sure, will be undone in every sense; for, besides the loss of most part of her own fortune, she will be married to a beggar. Nay, that is a trifle; for I know him to be one of the worst men in the world."

"How?" said Mr. Allworthy. "I command you to tell me what you mean."

"You know, sir," says Blifil, "I never disobeyed you. In the very day of your utmost danger, when myself and all the family were in tears, he filled the house with riot and debauchery. He drank, and sang and roared; and when I gave him a gentle hint of the indecency of his actions, he fell into a violent passion, swore many oaths, called me rascal and struck me. I am sure I have forgiven him that long ago. I wish I could so easily forget his ingratitude to the best of benefactors."

Thwackum was now sent for, and corroborated every circumstance which the other had deposed.

POOR Jones was too full of grief at the thought that Western had discovered the whole affair between him and Sophia to make any adequate defence. He could not deny the charge of drunkenness, and out of modesty sunk everything that related particularly to himself.

Mr. Allworthy answered that he was now resolved to banish him from his sight for ever. "Your audacious attempt to steal away a young lady calls upon me to justify my own character in punishing you. And there is no part of your character which I resent more than your ill-treatment of that good young man (meaning Blifil), who hath behaved with so much tenderness and honour towards you."

A flood of tears now gushed from the eyes of Jones, and every faculty of speech and motion seemed to have deserted him. It was some time before he was able to obey Allworthy's peremptory commands of departing, which he at length did, having first kissed his hands with a passion difficult to be affected.

Mr. Allworthy, however, did not permit him to leave the house penniless, but presented him with a note for £500. He then commanded him to go immediately, and told Jones that his clothes, and everything else, should be sent to him whithersoever he should order them.

Jones had hardly set out, which he did with feelings of agony and despair, before Sophia Western decided that only in flight could she be saved from marriage with the detested Blifil.

Mr. Western, in spite of a tremendous love for his daughter, thought her inclina-

tions of as little consequence as Blifil himself conceived them to be; and Mr. Allworthy, who said "he would on no account be accessory to forcing a young lady into a marriage contrary to her own will," was satisfied by his nephew's disingenuous statement that the young lady's behaviour to him was full as forward as he wished it.

Sophia, having appointed her maid to meet her at a certain place not far from the house, exactly at the ghostly and dreadful hour of twelve, began to prepare for her own departure.

But first she was obliged to give a painful audience to her father, and he treated her in so violent and outrageous a manner that he frightened her into an affected compliance with his will, which so highly pleased the good squire that he at once changed his frowns into smiles and his menaces into promises.

He vowed his whole soul was wrapped in hers, that her consent had made him the happiest of mankind.

He then gave her a large bank-bill to dispose of in any trinkets she pleased, and embraced her in the fondest manner.

Sophia reverenced her father piously and loved him passionately, but the thoughts of her beloved Jones quickly destroyed all the regretful promptings of filial love.

IV—Tom Jones's Restoration to Grace

AFTER many adventures on the road, Mr. Jones reached London; and as he had often heard Mr. Allworthy mention the gentlewoman at whose house in Bond Street he used to lodge when he was in town, he sought the house, and was soon provided with a room there on the second floor. Mrs. Miller, the person who let these lodgings, was the widow of a clergyman, and Mr. Allworthy had settled an annuity of £50 a year on her, 'in consideration of always having her first floor when he was in town.'

Tom Jones's fortunes were now very soon at the lowest. Having been forced into a quarrel in the streets with an acquaintance named Fitzpatrick, and having wounded him with his sword, a number of fellows rushed in and carried Jones off to the civil magistrate, who, being informed that the wound appeared to be mortal, straightway committed the prisoner to the Gatehouse.

Sophia Western was also in London at the house of her aunt; and soon afterwards Mr. Western, Mr. Allworthy and Blifil all reached the city.

It was just at this point that Mr. Allworthy, consenting to his nephew once more offering himself to Sophia, came with Blifil to his accustomed lodgings in Bond Street. Mrs. Miller, to whom Jones had showed many kindnesses, at once put in a good word for the unfortunate young man; and, on Blifil exulting over the manslaughter Jones was alleged to have committed, declared that the wounded man, whoever he was, was in fault. This, indeed, was shortly afterwards corroborated by Fitzpatrick himself, who acknowledged his mistake.

But it was not till Mr. Allworthy discovered that Blifil had been arranging with a lawyer to get the men who had arrested Jones to bear false witness, and learnt further that Tom Jones was his sister Bridget's child, and that on her death-bed Mrs. Blifil's message to her brother confessing the fact had been suppressed by her son, that his old feelings of affection for Tom Jones returned. Before setting out to visit Jones in the prison Mr. Allworthy called on Sophia to inform her that he regretted Blifil had ever given her annoyance, and that Mr. Jones was his nephew and his heir.

MEN over-violent in their dispositions are often as changeable in them. No sooner was Western informed of Mr. Allworthy's intention to make Jones his heir, than he joined with the uncle in every commendation of the nephew, and became as eager for his daughter's marriage with Jones as he had before been to couple her to Blifil.

Fitzpatrick being recovered, and admitting the aggression, Jones was released from custody and returned to his lodgings to meet Mr. Allworthy.

It is impossible to conceive a more tender scene than this meeting. Allworthy received Jones into his arms. "O my child!" he cried. "how have I been to

blame! How have I injured you! What amends can I ever make you for those unkind suspicions which I have entertained and for all the sufferings they have occasioned to you?"

"Am I not now made amends?" cried Jones. "Would not my sufferings, if they had been ten times greater, have been now richly repaid?"

HERE the conversation was interrupted by the arrival of Western, who could no longer be kept away even by the authority of Allworthy himself. Western immediately went up to Jones, crying out, "My old friend Tom, I am glad to see thee, with all my heart. All past must be forgotten. Come along with me; I'll carry thee to thy mistress this moment."

Here Allworthy interposed; and the squire was obliged to consent to delay introducing Jones to Sophia till the afternoon.

Blifil, now thoroughly exposed in his treachery, was at first sullen and silent, balancing in his mind whether he should yet deny all; but finding at last the evidence too strong against him, he betook himself to confession, and was now as remarkably mean as he had been before remarkably wicked. Mr. Allworthy subsequently settled £200 a year upon him, to which Jones hath privately added a third. Upon this income Blifil lives in one of the northern counties. He is also lately turned Methodist, in hopes of marrying a rich widow of that sect. Sophia would not at first permit any promise of an immediate engagement with Jones because of some tales of his inconstancy, but Mr, Western refused to brook any delay.

"To-morrow or next day?" says Western, bursting into the room where Sophia and Jones were alone.

"Indeed, sir," says she, "I have no such intention."

"But I can tell thee," replied he, "why hast not; only because thou dost love to be disobedient, and to plague and vex thy father. When I forbid her, then it was all nothing but sighing and whining, and languishing and writing; now I am for thee—(this to Jones)—she is against thee. All the spirit of contrary, that's all. She is above being guided and governed by her father, that is the whole truth on't. It is only to disoblige and contradict me."

"What would my papa have me do?" cries Sophia.

"What would I ha' thee do?" says he, "why gi' un thy hand this moment."

"Well, sir," said Sophia, "I will obey you. There is my hand, Mr. Jones."

"Well, and will you consent to ha' un to-morrow morning?" says Western.

"I will be obedient to you, sir," cries she.

"Why, then, to-morrow morning be the day," cries he.

"Why, then, to-morrow morning shall be the day, papa, since you will have it so," says Sophia. Jones then fell upon his knees and kissed her hand in an agony of joy, while Western began to caper and dance about the room, presently crying out, "Where the devil is Allworthy?" He then sallied out in quest of him, and very opportunely left the lovers to enjoy a few tender minutes alone.

But he soon returned with Allworthy, saying, "If you won't believe me, you may ask for yourself. Hast not gin thy consent, Sophy, to be married to-morrow?"

"Such are your commands, sir," cries Sophia, "and I dare not be guilty of disobedience."

"I hope there is not the least constraint," cries Allworthy.

"Why, there," cries Western, "you may bid her unsay all again if you will. Dost repent heartily of thy promise, dost not, Sophy?"

"Indeed, papa," cries she, "I do not repent, nor do I believe I ever shall, of any promise in favour of Mr. Jones."

"Then, nephew," cries Allworthy, "I felicitate you most heartily, for I think you are the happiest of men."

MR. ALLWORTHY, Mr. Western and Mrs. Miller were the only persons present at the wedding, and within two days of that event Mr. Jones and Sophia attended Mr. Western and Mr. Allworthy into the country.

There is not a neighbour or a servant who does not gratefully bless the day when Mr. Jones was married to Sophia.

ERASMUS

THE PRAISE OF FOLLY

From the Latin Text

IN the title Encomium Moriae given by Erasmus to his famous satire there is a punning allusion to the name of his great friend, Sir Thomas More. The satire, written in Latin, was published in 1509, and castigates clerical abuse and human follies. Through all its mordant sarcasm there runs a vein of the religious seriousness which was a characteristic of its author who, though a friend of Luther and an originating spirit of the Reformation necessitated by the faults of Roman Catholicism of which he was conscious, remained true to the Roman Catholic Church of whose priesthood he was a member. Translations of the Praise of Folly are published by the Oxford University Press, 6s., and by Allen and Unwin, 2s.

I—The Proud Boast of the Goddess of Folly

IN whatever manner I, the Goddess of Folly, may be generally spoken of by mortals, yet I assert emphatically that it is from me, Stultitia, and from my influence only, that gods and men derive all mirth and cheerfulness. You laugh, I see. Well, even that is a telling argument in my favour. Actually now, in this most numerous assembly, as soon as ever I have opened my mouth, the countenances of all have instantly brightened up with fresh hilarity, whereas but a few moments ago you were all looking woebegone.

On my very brow my name is written. No one would take me, Stultitia, for Minerva. No one would contend that I am the Goddess of Wisdom. The mere expression of my countenance tells its own tale. Not only am I incapable of deceit, but even those who are under my sway are incapable of deceit likewise. From my illustrious sire, Plutus (Wealth), I glory to be sprung, for he, and no other, was the great progenitor of gods and men, and I care not what Hesiod, or Homer, or even Jupiter himself may maintain to the contrary. Everything, I affirm, is subjected to the control of Plutus. War, peace, empires, designs, judicial decisions, weddings, treaties, alliances, laws, arts, things ludicrous and things serious, are all administered under his sovereign will.

Now notice the admirable foresight which nature exercises in order to ensure that men shall never be destitute of folly as the principal ingredient in their constitution. Wisdom, as your divines and moralists put it, consists in men being guided by their reason ; and folly, in their being actuated by their passions. See then here what Jupiter has done. In order to prevent the life of man from being utterly intolerable, he has endowed him with reason in singularly small proportion to his passions—only, so to speak, as a half-ounce is to a pound. And whereas he has dispersed his passions over every portion of his body, he has confined his reason to a narrow little crevice in his skull.

AND yet, of these silly human beings, the male sex is born under the necessity of transacting the business of the world. When Jupiter was taking counsel with me I advised him to add a woman to the man —a creature foolish and frivolous, but full of laughter and sweetness, who would season and sweeten by her folly the sadness of his manly intelligence.

When Plato doubted whether or not he should place women in the class of rational animals, he really only wished to indicate the remarkable silliness of that sex. Yet women will not be so absolutely senseless as to be offended if I, a woman myself, the goddess Stultitia, tell them thus plainly that they are fools. They will, if they look at the matter aright, be flattered by it. For they are by many degrees more favoured than men. They have beauty, and what a gift is that! By its power they rule the rulers of the world.

The supreme wish of women is to win the admiration of men, and they have no more effectual means to this end than folly. Men, no doubt, will contend that it is the pleasure they have in women's society, and not their folly, that attracts them. I answer that their pleasure is folly, and nothing but folly, in which they delight. You see, then, from what fountain is derived the highest and most exquisite enjoyment that falls to man's lot in life.

But there are some men (they are waning old crones, most of them), who love their glasses better than the lasses, and place their chief delight in tippling. Others love to make fools of themselves to raise a laugh at a feast, and I beg to say that of laughter, fun and pleasantry, I—Folly—am the sole purveyor.

II—The Mockery of Wisdom

So much for the notion that wisdom is of any use in the pleasures of life.

The next thing that our gods of wisdom will assert is that wisdom is necessary for affairs of state. Says Plato, 'Those states will prosper whose rulers are guided by the spirit of philosophy.'

With this opinion I totally disagree. Consult history, and it will tell you that the two Catos, Brutus, Cassius, the Gracchi, Cicero and Marcus Antoninus all disturbed the tranquillity of the state and brought down on them by their philosophy the disgust and disfavour of the citizens. And who are the men who are most prone, from weariness of life, to seek to put an end to it? Why, men of reputed wisdom. Not to mention Diogenes, the Catos, the Cassii and the Bruti, there is the remarkable case of Chiron, who, though he actually had immortality conferred on him, voluntarily preferred death.

You see, then, that if men were universally wise the world would be depopulated, and there would be need of a new creation. But, since the world generally is under the influence of folly and not of wisdom, the case is, happily, different. I, Folly, by inspiring men with hopes of good things they will never get, so charm away their woes that they are far from wishing to die. Nay, the less cause there is for them to desire to live, the more, nevertheless, do they love life.

It is of my bounty that you see everywhere men of the Nestorean longevity, mumbling, without brains, without teeth, whose hair is white, whose heads are bald, so enamoured of life, so eager to look youthful, that they use dyes, wigs and other disguises, and take to wife some frisky heifer of a creature; while aged and cadaverous-looking women are everywhere seen caterwauling, and, as the Greeks express it, behaving goatishly, in order to induce some beauteous Phaon to pay court to them.

As to the wisdom of the learned professions, the more empty-headed and the more reckless any member of any one of them is, the more he will be thought of. The physician is always in request, and yet medicine, as it is now frequently practised, is nothing but a system of pure humbug. Next in repute to the physicians stand the pettifogging lawyers, who are, according to the philosophers, a set of asses. And asses, I grant you that, they are. Nevertheless, it is by the will and pleasure of these asses that the business of the world is transacted, and they make for themselves fortunes while the poor theologians starve.

By the immortal gods, I solemnly swear to you that the happiest men are those whom the world calls fools, simpletons and blockheads. For they are entirely devoid of the fear of death. They have no accusing consciences to make them fear it. They are, happily, without the experience of the thousands of cares that lacerate the minds of other men. They feel no shame, no solicitude, no ambition, no envy, no love. And, according to the theologians, they are free from any imputation of the guilt of sin! Ah, ye besotted men of wisdom, you need no further evidence than the ills you have gone through to convince you from what a mass of calamities I have delivered my idiotic favourites.

To be deceived, people say, is wretched.

But I hold that what is most wretched is not to be deceived. They are in great error who imagine that a man's happiness consists in things as they are.

No ; it consists entirely in his opinion of what they are. Man is so constituted that falsehood is far more agreeable to him than truth.

Does anyone need proof of this ? Let him visit the churches, and assuredly he will find it. If solemn truth is dwelt on, the listeners at once become weary, yawn and sleep ; but if the orator begins some silly tale, they are all attention. And the saints they prefer to appeal to are those whose histories are made up in the main of fable and romance. Though to be deceived adds much more to your happiness than not to be deceived, it yet costs you much less trouble.

And now to pass to another argument in my favour. Among all the praises of Bacchus this is the chief, that he drives away care ; but he does it only for a short time, and then all your care comes again. How much more complete are the benefits mankind derive from me ! I also afford them intoxication, but an intoxication whose influence is perennial, and all, too, without cost to them. And my favours I deny to nobody. Mars, Apollo, Saturn, Phoebus and Neptune are more chary of their bounties and dole them out to their favourites only, but I confine my favours to none.

DESIDERIUS ERASMUS, the Dutch humanist and pioneer of Biblical criticism, was born at Rotterdam, October 8, 1466, illegitimate son of Gerard de Praet of Gouda. He became a priest in 1492, and was foremost scholar of his age. He paid several visits to England, where he associated with the leading intellects of the land. He was professor of divinity at Cambridge. His most important work was his edition of the New Testament, the Greek text with a Latin translation, published in 1516. Erasmus died at Basel, July 12, 1536.

III—The Various Classes of the Devotees of Folly

Of all the men whose things I have witnessed, the most sordid are men of trade, and appropriately so, for they handle money, a very sordid thing indeed. Yet, though they lie, pilfer, cheat and impose on everybody, as soon as they grow rich they are looked up to as princes.

But as I look round among the various classes of men, I specially note those who are esteemed to possess more than ordinary sagacity. Among these a foremost place is occupied by the schoolmasters. How miserable would these be were it not that I, Folly, of my benevolence, ameliorate their wretchedness and render them insanely happy in the midst of their drudgery.

Their lot is one of semi-starvation and of debasing slavery. In the schools, those bridewells of uproar and confusion, they grow prematurely old and broken down. Yet, thanks to my good services, they know not their own misery. For in their own estimation they are mighty fine fellows, strutting about and striking terror into the hearts of trembling urchins, half scarifying the little wretches with straps, canes and birches. In fact, their own most wretched servitude is to them a kingdom of felicity.

The poets owe less to me. Yet they, too, are enthusiastic devotees of mine, for their entire business consists in tickling the ears of fools with silly ditties and ridiculously romantic tales. Of the services of my attendants, Philautia (Self-approbation) and Kolakia (Flattery), they never fail to avail themselves, and really I do not know any class of men who are more devoted and constant followers.

Moreover, there are the rhetoricians. Quintilian, the prince of them all, has written an immense chapter on no more serious subject than how to excite a laugh. Those, again, who hunt after immortal

fame in the domain of literature unquestionably belong to my fraternity. Poor fellows! They pass a wretched existence poring over their manuscripts, and for what reward? For the praise of the very, very limited few who are capable of appreciating their erudition.

Very naturally, the barristers merit our attention next. Talk of feminine garrulity! Why, I would back any one of them to win a prize for chattering against any twenty of the most talkative women that you could pick out. And well indeed would it be if they had no worse fault than that. I am bound to say that they are not only loquacious, but astoundingly pugnacious.

After these come the bearded and gowned philosophers. Their insane self-deception as to their sagacity and learning is very delightful. They beguile their time with computing the magnitude of the sun, moon and stars, and they assign causes for all the phenomena of the universe, as if nature had initiated them into all her secrets. In reality they know nothing, but profess to know everything.

IV—On the Folly of Princes and Pontiffs

It is high time that I should say a few words to you about kings and the royal princes belonging to their courts. Very different are they from those whom I have just been describing, who pretend to be wise when they are the reverse, for these high personages frankly and openly live a life of folly, and it is just that I should give them their due, and frankly and openly tell them so. They seem to regard it to be the duty of a king to caress by every means in his power the vulgar populace, in order to win their good graces, and to make them the subservient tools of his tyrannical behests.

As for the grandees of the court, a more servile, insipid, empty-headed set than the generality of them you will fail to find anywhere. Yet they wish to be regarded as the greatest personalities on earth. Not a very modest wish, and yet, in one respect, they are modest enough. They wish to be bedecked with gold and gems and purple, and other external symbols of worth and wisdom, but nothing further do they require.

These courtiers, however, are superlatively happy in the belief that they are perfectly virtuous. They lie in bed till noon. Then they summon their chaplain to their bedside to offer up the sacrifice of the mass, and as the hireling priest goes through his solemn farce with perfunctory rapidity, they, meanwhile, have all but dropped off again into a comfortable condition of slumber. After this they betake themselves to breakfast; and that is scarcely over when dinner supervenes. And then come their pastimes—their dice, their cards and their gambling—their merriment with jesters and buffoons, and their gallantries with the court favourites.

Next let us turn our attention to popes, cardinals and bishops. If bishops did but bear in mind that a pastoral staff is an emblem of pastoral duties, and that the cross solemnly carried before them is a reminder of the earnestness with which they should strive to crucify the flesh, their lot would be one replete with sadness and solicitude. As things are, a right bonny time do they spend, providing abundant pasturage for themselves, and leaving their flocks to the negligent charge of so-called friars and vicars.

Fortune favours the fool. We colloquially speak of him and such as him as a 'lucky bird,' while, when we speak of a wise man, we proverbially describe him as one who has been 'born under an evil star,' and as one whose 'horse will never carry him to the front.' If you wish to get a wife, mind, above all things, that you beware of wisdom; for the girls, without exception, are heart and soul so devoted to fools that you may rely on it a man who has any wisdom in him they will shun as they would a vampire.

And now, to sum up much in a few words, go among what classes of men you will, go among popes, princes, cardinals, judges, magistrates, friends, foes, great men, little men, and you will not fail to find that a man with plenty of money at his command has it in his power to obtain everything that he sets his heart upon. A wise man, however, despises money. And what is the consequence? Everyone despises him!

ROBERT HICHENS

THE GARDEN OF ALLAH

Retold by the Author

No novel of recent years that made an immediate hit with the reading public has more firmly kept its place than The Garden of Allah, which appeared in 1905 and may be said to have founded that school of English fiction—most of it extremely trashy—which depends for its attraction on the 'atmosphere' of the desert. But there is something far more subtle than the mere staging of his tale in Mr. Hichens' masterly novel: it stirs the emotions and engages the intellect with the intensely human problems of a life-drama that is enacted amidst scenes which are emotionally true and appropriate. This little version of his novel has been prepared by Mr. Hichens himself, and is included here by permission of his publishers, Messrs. Methuen & Co.

I—The Home of Peace

On an autumn evening, Domini Enfilden leaned on the parapet of a verandah of the Hotel du Désert at Beni-Mora, in Southern Algeria, gazing towards the great Sahara, which was lit up by the glory of sunset. The bell of the Catholic church chimed. She heard the throbbing of native drums in the village near by. Tired with her long journey from England, she watched and listened while the twilight crept among the palms, and the sandy alleys grew dark.

Thirty-two, an orphan, unmarried, strong, fearless, ardent, but a deeply religious woman and a Catholic, Domini had passed through much mental agony. Her mother, Lady Rens, a member of one of England's oldest Catholic families, but half Hungarian on the mother's side, had run away when Domini was nineteen with a Hungarian musician, leaving her only child with her despairing and abandoned husband. Lord Rens had become a Catholic out of love for his wife. When he was deserted by her, he furiously renounced his faith, and eventually died blaspheming. In vain through many years he had tried to detach his daughter from the religion of her guilty mother, now long since dead. Domini had known how to resist; but the cruel contest had shaken her, body and soul.

Now free, alone, she had left England to begin a new life far away from the scene of her misery. Vaguely, she had thought of the great desert, called by the Arabs 'The Garden of Allah,' as the home of peace. She had travelled there to find peace. That day, at the gate of the desert, she had met a traveller, Boris Androvsky, a man of about thirty-six, powerfully built, tanned by the sun. When she was about to get into the train at the station of El Akbara this man had rudely sprung in before her. The train had begun to move, and Domini had sprung into it almost at the risk of her life. Androvsky had not offered to help her, had not said a word of apology. His *gaucherie* had almost revolted Domini. Nevertheless, something powerful, mournful, passionate and sincere in his personality had affected her, roused her interest.

Silently they had come into the desert together, strangers, almost at enmity the one with the other. They were now staying in the same hotel in this oasis in the desert of Sahara.

In coming to the hotel, Domini had seen a curious incident. Androvsky, with a guide who carried his bag, was walking before her down the long public garden, when in the distance there appeared the black figure of the priest of Beni-Mora advancing slowly towards them. When Androvsky saw the priest he had stopped short, hesitated, then abruptly turned down a side path and hurried away. He had fled from the man of prayer.

Now, as the twilight fell, Domini thought of this incident, and when she heard Androvsky's heavy tread upon

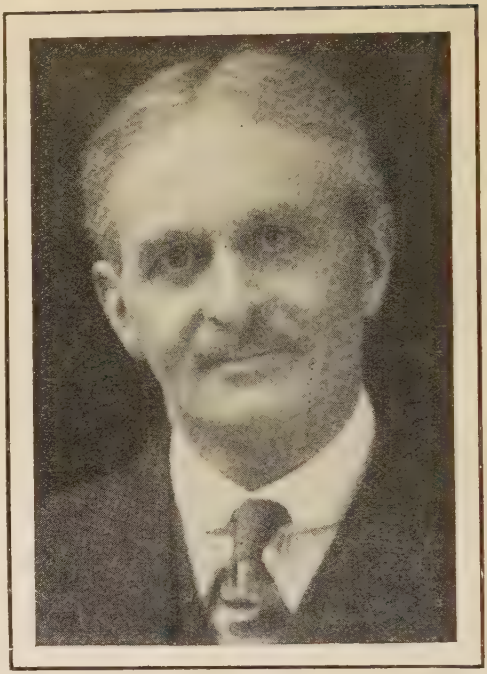
the stairs of the verandah, the sharp closing of the French window of his room, she was filled with a vague uneasiness.

Next day she visited a wonderful garden on the edge of the desert belonging to a Count Anteoni, a recluse who loved the Arabs and spent much of his time among them. There, standing with the count by the garden wall at the hour of the Mahomedans' prayer, she had seen Androvsky again. He was in the desert with a Nomad. The cry of the *muezzin* went up to the brazen sky. The Nomad fell on his knees and prayed. Androvsky started, gazed, shrank back, then turned and strode away like one horrified by some grievous vision. Domini said to the count: "I have just seen a man flee from prayer; it was horrible."

He answered her, very gravely, "The man who is afraid of prayer is unwise to set foot beyond the palm-trees, for the desert is the garden of Allah."

That evening Domini and Androvsky spoke to each other for the first time, on the top of a tower where they had come to see the sunset. Domini spoke first, moved by a strange look of loneliness, of desolation, in Androvsky's eyes. He replied in a low voice, and asked her pardon for his rude conduct at the station. Then, abruptly, he descended the tower and disappeared.

At night she visited a dancing house to see the strange dances of the desert. She found Androvsky there, watching the painted women as if half fascinated, half horrified by them. Irena, a girl who had been banished from Beni-Mora for threatening to murder an Arab of whom she was jealous, but had been permitted to return, discovering him among the audience, stabbed him. There was a violent scene, during which Androvsky, forcing his way through the desert men, protected Domini from the crush. The crowd rushed out, leaving them alone together. Androvsky insisted on escorting Domini back to the hotel.



Russell

ROBERT SMYTHE HICHENS was born at Speldhurst, near Tunbridge Wells, November 14, 1864. After some years of study for a musical career, he found himself attracted to journalism, having written and published a novel when only seventeen. He was 29 when the story-teller in him awakened anew, and he wrote The Green Carnation, a slight but brilliant satire which was the first of a long series of successful novels and collections of short stories. The mystic East, under whose spell he first came in the early 'nineties, still holds him, and it has deeply coloured all his fictional and dramatic writings.

II—Defying Allah in Allah's Garden

THE acquaintance thus unconventionally begun between them continued, and ripened into a strange friendship. Domini was a magnificent horsewoman. Finding that Androvsky did not know how to ride, she gave him lessons. Together they galloped over the desert sands; together visited the Saharan villages, hidden in the groves of date palms behind the brown earthen walls of the oases; together watched the burning sunsets of Africa; at meal-times they met in the hotel; in the evenings they sat upon the verandah and heard the Zouaves singing, the distant murmur of the tom-toms.

Domini became profoundly interested in Androvsky, but her interest was complicated by wonder at his peculiarities, at his uncouth manners, his strange silences, his ignorance of life and of social matters, his distrust of others, his desire to keep aloof from all human beings but herself. The good priest, now her intimate friend, and Count Anteoni, also her friend and

respectful admirer, were ill at ease with him. He had tried to avoid them, but Domini, anxious to bring some pleasure into his life, had introduced him to them at a luncheon given by the count in his garden, despite Androvsky's dogged assertion that he disliked priests, and did not care for social intercourse.

At this lunch Androvsky had been brusque, on the defensive, almost actively disagreeable. And when Domini was alone with Count Anteoni, she felt almost relieved. Anteoni summoned a sand-diviner to read Domini's fate in the sand. This man—a thin, fanatical Eastern, with piercing and cruel eyes—spread out his sand brought from the tomb of a Mahomedan saint, and prophesied.

He declared that he saw a great sand-storm, and in it a train of camels waiting by a church. From the church came the sound of music, nearly drowned by the roar of the wind. In the church the real life of Domini was beginning. The music ceased; darkness fell. Then the diviner saw Domini, with a companion, mounted on one of the camels, and disappearing into the storm towards the south. The face of her companion was hidden. Finally he saw Domini far out in the desert among great dunes of white sand. In her heart there was joy. It was as if all the date palms bore their fruit together, and in all the desert places water-springs burst forth. But presently a figure came towards her, walking heavily; and all the dates shrivelled upon the palms, and all the springs dried up. Sorrow and terror were there beside her.

At this point in the diviner's prophecy Domini stopped him. Afterwards she explained to Anteoni that she felt as if another's fate was being read in it as well as her own, as if to listen any more might be to intrude upon another's secret.

Upon the following day Anteoni left Beni-Mora to make a long desert journey to a sacred city called Amara. Domini went to his garden at dawn to see him off. Before departing he warned Domini to beware of Androvsky. She asked him why. He answered that Androvsky seemed to him a man who was at odds with life, with himself, with his Creator, a man who was defying Allah in Allah's garden. When Anteoni had gone, Domini, in some perplexity of spirit, and moved by a longing for sympathy and help, visited the priest in his house near the church. The priest also warned her against Androvsky, and later frankly told her that he felt an invincible dislike to him.

"I have no reason to give," said the priest. "My instinct is my reason. I feel it my duty to say that I advise you most earnestly to break off your acquaintance with Monsieur Androvsky."

Domini said, "It is strange; ever since I have been here I have felt as if everything that has happened had been arranged beforehand, as if it had to happen, and I feel that, too, about the future."

"Count Anteoni's fatalism!" exclaimed the priest. "It is the guiding spirit of this land. And you, too, are going to be led by it. Take care! You have come to a land of fire, and I think you are made of fire."

THE warnings of Anteoni and the priest made an impression on Domini. She was conscious of how the outside world would be likely to regard her acquaintance with Androvsky. Suddenly she saw Androvsky as some strange and ghastly figure of legend; as the wandering Jew met by a traveller at cross-roads, and distinguished for an instant by an oblique flash of lightning; as the shrouded Arab of the Eastern tale, who announces coming disaster to the desert wanderers by beating a death-roll on a drum amid the sands.

And she felt upon her the heavy hand of some strange, perhaps terrible, fate.

III—The Eternal Song of Love

THAT same night, accompanied by Batouch, Domini rode out into the desert to see the rising of the moon, and there met Androvsky. He had followed them on horseback. Domini dismissed Batouch at Androvsky's reiterated request. When they were alone in the sands, Androvsky told Domini that he had something to tell her. On the morrow he was going away from Beni-Mora.

His face, while he said this, was turned from Domini, and his voice sounded as if

it spoke to someone at a distance, someone who can hear as man cannot hear.

Domini said little. But at the sound of his words it seemed to her as if all outside things she had ever known had foundered; as if with them had foundered, too, all the bodily powers that were of the essence of her life. And the desert, which she had so loved, was no longer to her the desert, sand with a soul in it, blue distances full of a music of summons, but only a barren waste of dried-up matter, featureless, ghastly with the bones of things that had died.

She rode back with Androvsky to Beni-Mora in a silence like that of death.

But this parting, decreed by the man, was not to be. In the desert these two human beings had grown to love each other, with a love that had become a burning passion. And next day when, in the garden of Count Anteoni, Androvsky came to say farewell to Domini, his love broke all barriers. He sank on the sand, letting his hands slip down till they clasped Domini's knees.

"I love you!" he said. "I love you. But don't listen to me. You mustn't hear it. You mustn't. But I must say it. I can't go till I say it. I love you! I love you!"

"I am listening," she said. "I must hear it."

Androvsky rose up, put his hands behind Domini, held her, set his lips on hers, pressing his whole body against hers.

"Hear it!" he said, muttering against her lips. "Hear it! I love you! I love you!"

In the recesses of the garden Larbi, that idle gardener, played upon his little flute his eternal song of love, and from the desert, beyond the white wall, there rose an Arab's voice singing a song of the Sahara, 'No one but God and I knows what is in my heart!'

IV—A Nomad's Honeymoon

As the sand-diviner had foretold, Domini and Androvsky were married in the church of Beni-Mora, and by the priest who had warned Domini to have nothing more to do with Androvsky. A terrible sand-storm was raging, and the desert was blotted out. Nevertheless, when the ceremony was over, the bride and bridegroom mounted upon a camel, and, with their attendants set out for their desert honeymoon. Standing before the door of the church, the good priest watched them go, with fear in his heart, and that night in his humble home, kneeling before his crucifix, he prayed long and earnestly for all wanderers in the desert.

Isolated from all who knew them, free from all social ties, nomads, as are the Bedouins who make their dwelling for ever amid the vast and burning sands, Domini and Androvsky entered upon their married life. And at first one of them was happy as few are ever happy. Domini loved completely, trusted completely, lived with a fullness, a completeness she had never known till now. That Androvsky almost worshipped her, she knew. His conduct to her was perfect. And yet there were times when Domini felt as if a shadow rose between them, as if, even with her, in some secret place of his soul Androvsky was ill at ease, as if sometimes he suffered, and dared not tell his suffering.

One day, in their wanderings, they came to a desolate place called Mogar, and camped on a sandhill looking over a vast stretch of dunes. Towards evening Androvsky descended into the plain to shoot gazelle, leaving Domini alone. While he was away a French officer, with two men of the Zouaves, rode slowly up. They were terribly exhausted, having been lost in a sand-storm for three days and nights.

Pitying their sufferings, Domini insisted on entertaining them. The men must sup with the Arabs, the officer must dine with herself and Androvsky. The officer accepted with gratitude, and went off to make his toilet. When Androvsky returned, Domini told him of the officer's arrival, and when he saw the three places laid for dinner in the tent, he seemed profoundly disturbed. He asked the officer's name. Domini told him Trevignac.

"Trevignac!" he exclaimed

Then, hearing the soldiers coming, he turned away abruptly and disappeared into the bedroom tent.

Trevignac came up, and in a few minutes Androvsky reappeared. The two men gazed

at each other for an instant. Then Domini introduced them, and they all sat down to dinner. Conversation was uneasy. Androvsky was evidently ill at ease ; Trevignac was distrait at moments, strangely watchful of his host at other moments. Dinner over, Domini left the two men together to smoke, and went out on to the sand. She met an Arab carrying coffee and a liqueur to the tent.

" What's that, Ouardi ? " she asked, touching the bottle.

He told her it was an African liqueur.

" Take it in," she said.

And she strolled away to the bonfire to listen to the fantasia the Arabs were making in honour of the soldiers.

When she returned to the tent, she found her husband alone in it, standing up, with a quantity of fragments of glass lying at his feet. Near him was the coffee, untasted. Trevignac was gone. She asked for an explanation. He gave her none. The fragments of glass were all that remained of the bottle which had contained the liqueur.

At dawn Domini met Trevignac riding away with his soldiers. He saluted her, bidding his men ride on. As he gazed at her, she seemed to see horror in his eyes. Twice he tried to speak, but apparently could not bring himself to do so. He looked towards the tent where Androvsky was sleeping, then at Domini ; then, as if moved by an irresistible impulse, he leaned from his saddle, made over Domini the sign of the cross, and rode away into the desert.

V—'I Have Insulted God'

From that day Androvsky's strange misery of the soul, strange horror of the world, increased. Domini felt that he was secretly tormented. She tried to make him happier ; she even told him that she believed he often felt far away from God, and that she prayed each day for him.

" Boris," she said, " if it's that, don't be too sad. It may all come right in the desert. For the desert is the garden of Allah."

He made her no answer.

At last in their journeying they came to the sacred city of Amara, and camped in the white sands beyond it.

This was the place described by the sand-diviner, and here Domini knew that her love was to be crowned, that she would become a mother. She hesitated to tell her husband, for his misery and fear of men seemed mounting to a climax. Nevertheless, as if in a frantic attempt to get the better of his mental torture, he had gone off, saying he wanted to see the city.

While he was away, Domini was visited first by Count Anteoni, who told her that he had joined the Mahomedan religion, and was at last happy and at peace ; secondly, when night had fallen, by the priest of Amara.

This man was talkative and genial, fond of the good things of life. Domini offered him a cigar. He accepted it. An Arab brought coffee, and the same African liqueur which had been taken to the tent on the night when Trevignac had dined with Domini and Androvsky.

When the priest was about to drink some of it, he suddenly paused, and put the glass down. Domini leant forward.

" Louarine," she said, reading the name on the bottle. " Won't you have some ? "

" The fact is, madame," began the priest, with hesitation, " this liqueur comes from the Trappist monastery of El Largani."

" Yes ? "

" It was made by a monk and priest to whom the secret of its manufacture belonged. At his death he was to confide the secret to another whom he had chosen. But the monks of El Largani will never earn another franc by Louarine when what they have in stock is exhausted."

" The monk died suddenly ? "

" Madame, he ran away from the monastery after being there in the eternal silence for twenty years, after taking the final vows."

" How horrible ! " said Domini. " That man must be in hell now, in the hell a man can make for himself by his own act."

As she spoke, Androvsky appeared by the tent door. He was looking frightfully ill, and like a desperate man. When the priest had gone, Domini told Androvsky

about the liqueur and the disappearance of the Trappist monk. As she spoke, his face grew more ghastly. He stood rigid.

"Poor, poor man!" she said, as she finished her story.

"You—you pity that man then?" murmured Androvsky.

"Yes, I was thinking of the agony he must be enduring if he is still alive."

Androvsky seemed painfully moved, and almost as if he were on the verge of some passionate outburst of emotion; and something like a deep voice far down in the loving heart of Domini said to her, "If you really love, be fearless. Attack the sorrow which stands like a figure of death between you and your husband. Drive it away. You have a weapon—faith—use it!"

At last she summoned all her courage, all her faith, and she forced from Androvsky the confession of what it was which held him in perpetual misery, even in freedom, even with her, whom he loved beyond and above all human beings.

"Domini," he said, "you want to know what it is that makes me unhappy even in our love—desperately unhappy. It is this. I believe in God, I love God, I have insulted God. I have tried to forget God, to deny Him, to put human love higher than love for Him. But always I am haunted by the thought of God, and that thought makes me despair. Once, when I was young, I gave myself to God solemnly. I have broken the vows I made! I gave myself to God as a monk."

"You are the Trappist!" she whispered. "You are the monk from the monastery of El Largani who disappeared after twenty years?"

"Yes," he said. "I am he."

STANDING there in the sands, while the world was wrapped in sleep, Androvsky told Domini the whole story of his life in the monastery, of his innocent happiness there, and of the events which woke up within him the mad longing to see life and the world, and to know the love of woman. He told her of his secret departure by night from the monastery, of his journey to the desert in search of complete and savage liberty. He told her how he had fought against his growing love for her, how he had tried to leave her; how, at the last moment in the garden by night, his passion for her had conquered him and driven him to her feet. He told her how the officer, Trevignac, had known him long ago in the monastery, and had recognized him when the Arab brought in the liqueur which he had made. He kept nothing from her.

"That last day in the garden," he said finally, "I thought I had conquered myself, and it was in that moment that I fell for ever. When I knew you loved me, I could fight no more. You have seen me, you have lived with me, you have divined my misery. But don't think, Domini, that it ever came from you. It was the consciousness of my lie to you, my lie to God, that—that—I can't tell you—I can't tell you—you know."

He looked into her face, then turned to go away into the desert.

"I'll go! I'll go!" he muttered.

Then Domini spoke.

"Boris!" she said.

He stopped.

"Boris, now at last you can pray."

She went into the tent, and left him alone. He knew that in the tent she was praying for him. He stood, trying to listen to her prayer, then, with an uncertain hand, he felt in his breast. He drew out a wooden cross, given to him by his mother when he entered the monastery. He bent down his head, touched it with his lips, and fell upon his knees in the desert.

FROM that night, Domini realized that her duty was plain before her. Androvsky was still at heart a monk, and she was a fervently religious woman. She put God above herself, above her poor, desperate, human love, above Androvsky and his passionate love for her. She put the things of eternity before the things of time. She never told Androvsky of the child that was coming.

After he had made his confession to the priest of Beni-Mora who had married them, Domini herself led him to the monastery door, and there they parted for ever on earth, to be reunited, as both believed, in heaven.

And now, in the garden of Count Anteoni, which has passed into other hands,

a little boy may often be seen playing. Sometimes, when twilight is falling over the Sahara, his mother calls him to her, to the white wall from which she looks out over the desert.

" Listen, Boris," she whispers.

The little boy leans his face against her breast, and obeys.

An Arab is passing below on the desert track, singing to himself, as he goes towards his home in the oasis, ' No one but God and I knows what is in my heart.'

The mother whispers the words to herself. The cool wind of the night blows over the vast spaces of the Sahara and touches her cheek, reminding her of her glorious days of liberty, of the passion that came to her soul like fire in the desert.

But she does not rebel, for always, when night falls, she sees the form of a man praying, one who once fled from prayer in the desert ; she sees a wanderer who at last has reached his home.

The First Great English Poem

GEOFFREY CHAUCER

THE CANTERBURY TALES

BEGUN in 1386, the composition of Geoffrey Chaucer's Canterbury Tales occupied the author for the next three or four years. As originally planned the work was to have comprised 120 stories, each of the 29 pilgrims and the host telling two stories in going and two on the return journey. This project was too vast for completion and as we have them The Canterbury Tales, including two in prose, are 24 in number comprising, with the prologues to the whole poem and to the separate tales, more than 17,000 decasyllabic or hendecasyllabic verses, arranged either in couplets or stanzas, and more than a quarter of that quantity of matter in prose. Many editions of Chaucer's complete works have been issued, and the Canterbury Tales are published in Everyman's Library. Instead of retaining the difficult English of Chaucer's time we have partly based our versions on those of Dryden and Wordsworth.

WHEN droughty March is gone, and April showers
Freshen the earth and quicken all the flowers, [ding trees
And little birds upon the bud-
Wake in the night and sing their melodies, [incline
Then, moved by the sweet spring time, folks
To go on pilgrimage to some great shrine ;
And men of all degrees, from end to end
Of England, unto Canterbury wend,
To pray before the tomb of our great Saint,
For peace of soul, or cure of some complaint.

It happened in this season on a day,
In Southwark, at the Tabard, as I lay,
Ready to wend upon my pilgrim route
To Canterbury with a heart devout,
At night there came into that hostelry,
Full nine-and-twenty folk in company.
Good pilgrims were they all, I quickly found,
Who were, like me, to Canterbury bound ;
And having spoken unto every one
Over the evening meal, I was anon
Admitted to their goodly company.
And then the keeper of our hostelry
A merry, bright-eyed man, said he would ride
At his own cost with us, and be our guide ;
Saying we were the merriest pilgrim band
That he had seen that year in all the land.
And now, I think, 'tis time to stay my verse,
And tell you of my fellow-travellers.

A KNIGHT came first, a very worthy man,
Who, from the earliest time when he began
To ride, had vowed himself to chivalry,
Honour and truth, freedom and courtesy.
And nobly had he fought in Holy Land
In fifteen battles, and had held command
In Africa, in Asia, and in Russia,
And won high honour in the land of Prussia.
And both in Christendom and Heathenness
He was renowned for his great worthiness.
To him a seat of honour all men gave ;
For he was very wise as well as brave,
Yet in his port as meek as is a maid.
He never a discourteous word had said
In all his life to any living wight.
He was a very perfect, gentle knight.

Beside him rode his son, a handsome Squire
Of twenty years, in glittering attire.
Embroidered was he, as it were a mead
Covered with fragrant flowers white and red.
Singing he was, or fluting all the day ;
He was as fresh as is the month of May.
And nimble too, and strong and brave was he,
And three times had he fought across the sea,
Riding to battle bold and bright of face,
In hope to win his lovely lady's grace.

'GOOD PILGRIMS WERE THEY ALL . . . TO CANTERBURY BOUND'—
From the painting by T. Stothard, R.A.

At night his songs of love rang down the dale;
He slept as little as a nightingale.
Courteous he was, modest and serviceable,
And carved before his father at the table.
One servant only by his side was seen—
A Yeoman, in a coat and hood of green.

A PRIORESS rode behind this gallant boy;
A smiling, simple nun was she, and coy.
Her face was pleasant, and her voice was sweet,
And French she spoke right gracefully and neat
After the school of Stratford at Bow Town,
For French of Paris was to her unknown.
She did not like to copy courtly ways,
And bear herself with stiff and stately grace.
So tender was her heart, that she was stirred
To tears by a dead mouse or wounded bird.

A Monk behind this kind, sweet Prioress came
Who loved right well to ride and hunt for game.
A manly man he was, and strong and able,
And many a good horse had he in his stable.
The saintly rules of Maur and Benedict
He held were over-old and over-strict;
He let old things go by, and sought for new,
As most men in this world now use to do.
He cared not for that text a moulting hen,
Which says that hunters are not holy men;
I hold that his opinion was not bad.
Why should he study till he was half-mad,
Or sit in cloisters always book in hand,
Or go and work and labour on the land?
So this good monk in riding took delight, [flight;
With greyhounds swift as birds are in their
Great joy he had in hunting down the hare,
And fat he was, and well he loved rich fare.

And next there came a Friar, in worsted gown,
Who knew right well each tavern in each town.
Familiar and well-beloved was he
With all the farming men and yeomanry;
Well could he sing, and play upon the harp,
And turn a merry saying or a sharp;
His eyes, they twinkled in his head as bright
As stars do on a clear and frosty night.

BESIDE a Franklin, jolly, plump and ruddy,
Who made good food and drink his only study,
There rode a Clerk from Oxford—one who took
No pleasure save in reading in a book.
Lean was his horse, as lean as is a rake;
And he, too, was not fat, I undertake.
No benefice had he obtained as yet,
And on no worldly place his mind was set;
For he would rather have at his bed's head
A score of volumes, bound in black or red,
On Aristotle and philosophy,
Than splendid robes, fiddle and psaltery.
And every farthing given him by a friend
On books of learning he would quickly spend.
And terse and quick and godly was his speech,
And gladly would he learn, and gladly teach.

A Sergeant of the Law came next—a man
Who seemed to know all that a lawyer can.
Right well could he advise, and judge, and plead,
And draw up wisely every sort of deed.
No busier man in all St. Paul's was seen,
Yet seemed he busier than he was, I ween.
[next—
A Good-wife who had come from Bath rode
A witty woman, but with deafness vexed.
Bold was her face, and red and very fair,

—'THE MERRIEST . . . SEEN THAT YEAR IN ALL THE LAND'
in the National Gallery, London

And so much glittering finery did she wear
That she was rather vulgarly overdressed,
Though everything she wore was of the best.
But still, as women go, she was not bad ;
And though in turn five husbands she had had,
And worried them to death, she was full fain
To find a sixth and go to church again.
Withal, she was an easy, jolly dame,
Gay in her talk and careless of her fame ;
In all the arts of love there was, I trow,
Nothing whatever that she did not know.

Close to the good-wife a Physician rode,
Whose rich habiliments of crimson showed
What profit he had made in those two years
When the great plague filled all men's minds with fears.
Yet moderate he was in his expense,
Hoarding his profits from the pestilence.
Some say gold is a sovran remedy,
And this physician loved it certainly.
But by him came a Parson, poor in dress,
But rich in learning and in holiness.
He would not sue for tithes, but freely give—
To help his poor parishioners to live—
All his own substance, and his offerings too.
His wants were humble and his needs were few.
Wide was his parish, scattered was his flock,
But neither rain, nor snow, nor thunder shock
Prevented him from going to relieve
The sick, the poor, and all who mourn and grieve.
Trudging along, and leaning on his stave,
This fine example to his flock he gave—
That first he worked and afterwards he taught,
Which saying from the Bible he had caught.
He won his flock to love and worship God,
By following himself the path Christ trod.

Some way behind this poor and godly priest,
A Pardoner rode upon an ambling beast,
Singing, ' Come hither, love, to me.' From Rome
Loaded with red-hot pardons, had he come.
His equal was not to be found, I swear,
For trickery, from Berwick unto Ware.
Among the relics which he had for sale
There were a fragment of Our Lady's veil,
A cross of common metal set with stones,
And a glass case containing a pig's bones.
These he would sell to some poor, foolish priest
As something worth their weight in gold at least.
Such was the rubbish that he trafficked in :
A greater rogue than he was never seen.
A Steward and a Miller too, were there,
A Haberdasher and a Carpenter,
A Weaver, and a Dyer, and a Cook
Who, on our pilgrimage, great trouble took
To roast our meat and make and bake our pies ;
A right good cook he was for savouries.
With us to Canterbury now he came,
To cure his leg, for he had fallen lame.
The Miller was a man of brawn and might,
As ready for a frolic as a fight.
In every wrestling match he won the day,
And on his shoulders bore the ram away.
When to his mill the farmer's corn was sent,
It came back ground much smaller than it went.
No wheat he bought, no fields he ever tilled,
But all the year his corn bins were well filled.
And yet he was a jolly soul, I trow,
And honest in his way—as millers go.
Light was his heart, and nimble was his mind,
To music, song and merriment inclined.
When we assembled at the break of day,
He was the first to take the pilgrim way ;
Riding in front of all our company,

And blowing on a bagpipe merrily,
With puffing cheeks, and bagpipe strongly blown,
Gaily he played us out of Southwark town.

" Now," said the keeper of the Tabard Inn,
" I think, Sir Knight, you kindly might begin
A round of tales, to keep us blithe and merry
As we go riding on to Canterbury.
Let each of us now tell a tale in turn,
And then, when we to Southwark town return,
The teller of the tale that pleases most
Shall have a supper at the others' cost."
To this we all agreed with much delight,
And being wise and courteous, the old knight,
Sitting upon his horse, erect and bold,
Began to tell the tale that here is told.

The Knight's Tale

When Theseus, the Athenian monarch, came
To Thebes, and put the town to sword and flame,
Two brave young Thebans of the royal blood,
Arcite and Palamon, his power withstood.
Kinsmen they were and friends, and side by side
They fought, but could not turn the battle's tide ;
And so they fell at last, still combating,
Into the hands of the Athenian king.
And Theseus, fearing that the brave young knights
Would struggle to regain their royal rights,
Resolved to make them prisoners for life,
And keep the Thebans from renewing strife.
So, in a tower beside his palace wall
Arcite and Palamon were put, and all
The doors were bolted ; and a year went by,
And still in prison they were forced to lie.

And then as Palamon, upon a day,
At morning in the pleasant month of May,
Was gazing from the window of the tower,
He saw a maiden, fairer than a flower,
Walking in beauty in the garden ground
Below the tower, and singing as she bound
A garland of sweet roses white and red,
To place upon her shining golden head.
" Ye gods ! " cried Palamon, " captivity
Is in itself a bitter thing to dree !
Now love, now hopeless love, has come to fill
My heart with greater grief and misery still ! "
Hearing his cries, Arcite ran up in haste
To comfort him, but as his arms embraced
His friend he saw the maiden like a flower
Walking in beauty underneath the tower.
There was a silence.
And Arcite then said,
" Unless she love me I shall soon be dead ! "
" I saw and loved her first," cried Palamon.
" I swear she shall be mine, and mine alone !
And you, Arcite, my kinsman and my friend,
Are you not sworn to serve me to the end,
As I am sworn to serve you all my life ?
Then help me win this maiden for my wife."
" That will I not," Arcite replied ; " above
All power of friendship is the power of love.
Stronger than yours my passion is, and I
Must win her for myself, or fail and die.
And I am very like to die," said he,
" For there's no hope that our captivity
Will ever end."
But by strange hap, Arcite
Was set at liberty that very night.
A friend this favour from the king obtained,
Upon condition that Arcite remained
Away from Athens. " If Arcite is found,"
Said Theseus sternly, " on Athenian ground
He shall at once be killed."
At this Arcite
Cried unto Palamon, " Oh, bitter spite !
Why was I born to such a cruel fate ?
Happier are you, my friend, in your sad state.
Liberty only doubles all my pain ;
For I shall never see her face again,
While you can sit and watch her from the tower,
And may, by change of fortune, get the power
Of winning her. Farewell, Oh, Palamon,
Think kindly on me now that I am gone ! "

The god of love, the god of love ! ah me !
How mighty, and how great a lord is he !
There is no power on earth that can withstand
The miracles men work at his command.
Seven years went by, and Palamon still strove
To free himself, and follow his sweet love.
Though now he knew that she was Emily,
The sister of King Theseus—enemy
Of him and all his race—he loved her more
Each time he chanced to see her than before.
Finding at last a friend in his distress,
He broke out of the tower, and donned the dress
And armour of a man of his degree,
And waited in the fields where Emily
Was riding with her maids at break of day, [May.
To pluck green boughs and flowers, for it was

As he was hiding in the grass, a knight
Came singing down the road. It was Arcite !
Exile from Emily to him had seemed
Far worse than death, and now at length he deemed
That he had won her heart ; for he had come
In strange disguise, bold and adventuresome,
And won renown at the Athenian court.
Sweetly he sang of Emily ; but short
His song was.

Springing fiercely to his side,
Palamon seized his bridle rein and cried,
" Down, traitor, down ! And if you are a man
Fight for your life, and then sing if you can ! "
Arcite got down, and drew his sword, and then
They fought more like to tigers than to men.
Neither gave way, but still warred where he stood ;
And then, when all their armour streamed with blood,
Emily came riding by, arrayed in green,
And by her side was Theseus with his queen.
" Down with your swords ! " the king cried.
" If you give
Another stroke, neither of you shall live.
Are you both mad ? "

" May be," said Palamon,
" Seeing the thing that we are set upon.

We are your mortal foes. He is Arcite,
The Theban lord you vowed that you would smite
Dead if you ever found him in your lands.
And I deserve no pity at your hands,
For I am Palamon, your prisoner,
Broke out of prison, and now fighting here
With my dear friend and kinsman, as you see,
Instead of flying from captivity."
"Why do you fight?" the king said, with a frown.
"Love," Palamon replied, "has broken down
And utterly destroyed all friendly ties
Between us. Emily, since we were brought
Prisoners to Athens, love for you has wrought
Such rapture, misery, gladness, and despair
In our sad hearts, that we have ceased to care
Whether we lived or died. And now that I
Can never hope to win you, I would die."

Struck by his passion and sincerity,
Theseus said, turning unto Emily—
Who, with the queen, was kneeling at his feet,
And crying, "Pardon! Pardon them!"—"My sweet,
I pardon them right willingly, and now
It lies with you to reconcile them. How
Will you decide, fair sister, which to take
Of these two knights? For both you cannot make
Blest with your love in happy married life.
But hold! There is a way to end this strife
According to the rules of courtesy.
Arcite and Palamon must come to me,
Each with a hundred lords at his command,
And joust in knightly wise for Emily's hand."

At this, bold Palamon and brave Arcite
Were filled with hope and ardour and delight.
Great joy was there in Greece. Who would not ride
The lists, and help to win so fair a bride?
Crowds of great kings and conquerors were bent
On fighting in the famous tournament.
So when the knights their bannerets unfurled,
The flower of all the chivalry of the world
Rode at their side; and the earth seemed to rock
When the two hosts met in terrific shock.
Too close it grew for spears; and swords then flashed,
And down on helm and armour maces crashed.
Oh, what a havoc Palamon then made
To reach Arcite! But as he drove his blade
Clean at his foe, full twenty hostile lords
Closed in on him, and lashed him with their swords
And struck him to the earth. "Have done! have done!"
Cried Theseus, seeing the fall of Palamon.
"Arcite of Thebes has got the victory;
Arcite of Thebes shall now have Emily!"

But as Arcite rode up, with shining eyes
Fixed upon Emily, his lovely prize,
Holding his battered helmet in his hand,
His war-horse swerved close to the royal stand,
And down he fell on his uncovered head;
And where he fell he lay like one stone-dead.

GEOFFREY CHAUCER was born in 1340, son of a London vintner. As a lad he obtained employment as a page to Edward III, and in 1359 joined the army, being taken prisoner in France, and released in 1360. His wife Philippa, to whom he seems to have been married in or before 1366, was a maid of honour. A personable, cultured, well-read man with a familiar knowledge of Latin, French and Italian, Chaucer was employed on several diplomatic missions abroad, and held various appointments at home which for many years maintained him in affluence. Besides the Canterbury Tales, his most notable literary work includes a translation of Boethius's Consolation of Philosophy, and Troilus and Criseyde. He died October 25, 1400, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

"What is this world?" he then began to moan,
When Emily came to him, and Palamon,
"What is this world? What joy in it men have?
Now with their love, and now in the cold grave
Alone, and with no kindly company.
Farewell, my life, my love, my Emily!
Now take me gently in your arms, I pray,
For love of God, and list to what I say.
Here is my friend and kinsman, Palamon;
And now I say, there is not any one—
Though I have fought with him in jealousy—
More worthy to be loved by you than he.
If you will be his true and loving wife,
Loyally will he serve you all his life
In honour, knighthood, wisdom, truth and worth.
Noble he is by nature and by birth."
Then darkness fell upon him, and the breath
Of life went from his body; but in death
Still on his lady did he fix his eye;
His last word was, "Ah, mercy, Emily!"

Some time, both Emily and Palamon
Mourned for Arcite, but when a year had gone,
King Theseus in solemnity and state
United them in marriage. And thus fate
Gave, in the end, the bride Arcite had won
Unto his friend and kinsman, Palamon.

The Wife of Bath's Tale

In ancient times, in good King Arthur's days,
Our merry England was a faerie place.
The elf-queen with her jolly company
Then danced at night on many a flowery lea,
And rings of darker grass at morn were found
In every field where she had led a round.
But now the begging friars have chased away
Each pretty sprite and each delightful fay;
In every spot haunted of old by elves,
You now will find the begging friars themselves.

But in King Arthur's reign this was not so.
One of his knights was riding, sad and slow,
At evening through a meadow, and he spied
Some fairies dancing by a forest side.
Boldly he galloped up to them, to ask
Their help; for he was troubled with a task
Beyond the power of man; but all the fays
Vanished before he reached their dancing-place.
Only a woman, ugly, old and grim,
He found there. And she rose, and said to him,
"No path is here, Sir Knight. But can I be
Of help to you?" "Yes, Granny," then said he,
"And I must perish if you cannot aid.
For my unknightly conduct to a maid
I have been sentenced by Queen Guinevere
To come before her throne within a year,
And tell her and her angry damoiselles
What thing a woman wants above all else.
Long has this question set the court at strife,
And if I solve it not, I lose my life.
The year has now gone by; and I have laid
The case before each mother, bride, and maid
Whom I have met in my long wandering.
But none of them agrees upon the thing
They most desire. For some want flattery,
Some love, some marriage, and some jollity;
And others honour, wealth or rich array—
What is their secret wish I cannot say.
Reveal it, granny, and you shall not want
Aught that I have it in my power to grant."
"Sir Knight," she answered, "will you swear
Anything in the world I ask of you to do
If now I rede the riddle to you aright?"
"Yes, on my honour, granny!" said the knight.
"Take me to court," she said, "and on the way
I then will tell you what you have to say."

When they to court were come, Queen Guinevere
Summoned the knight that evening to appear
And tell her, at the peril of his life,
What thing it was that widow, maid and wife
Desired most in the world. "Great Queen," said he,
"What women most desire is—sovereignty.
Fain would each wife obtain complete command
Over her husband, house, and wealth and land.
Single or wed, your sex aspire to sway;
They to rule all, while men, like slaves, obey."
At this there was no widow, wife or maid,
Who disagreed with what the knight had said.
Even the queen, with blushing cheeks, confessed
That he had found what women love the best.

And then, as still before the throne he stood,
The beldam he had met beside the wood
Said to the queen, "'Twas I who taught this knight
In what it is we women most delight,
When he had sworn that I should never want
Aught that he had it in his power to grant.
And now I ask him, as I saved his life,
To keep his word, and take me for his wife."
In vain the knight endeavoured to escape,
And tried to treat the matter as a jape;
In vain he offered gold, and land beside,
To free himself from such a withered bride.
The beldam firmly held him to his oath.
And even though Queen Guinevere was loath
To see a young knight in King Arthur's court
Married unto a woman of this sort,
Rather than let him tarnish his fair name
She ordered him to wed the wretched dame.
I cannot tell the mirth and rich array,
And joy and feasting of their marriage day,
And all the splendour of the festival.
In sober truth, there was no feast at all.
It was the saddest moment in his life
When the young knight took home his aged wife.
"Never was knight," he said, "in such disgrace.
Medea's magic could not mend your face.
Not only are you ugly, old and lean;
But, in your birth, a creature poor and mean.
Were you but nobly born, at least I might
Bear my misfortune bravely like a knight."

"Is that," said she, "what vexes you so sore?
Nobility of blood is nothing more
Than ancient wealthiness. Your pride of birth,
I hold it for a thing of little worth.
If your ancestors by their virtues won
High honour, this belongs to them alone.
Nothing of price do you derive from them
But rank and wealth, on which to base your claim
To greatness and nobility of soul;
Which things no wealth can purchase or control.
Low-born and poor and old I am, and yet
I do not think myself the worse for it.
Christ is our pattern of nobility,
And where was there a poorer man than He?
He only is a true-born gentleman
Who always does what gentle deeds he can.
As for my ugliness and my old age,
Choose now, if you would have me old and sage,
Or young and inexperienced in life."
"Nay, choose yourself," he said, "my wise, old wife."
"Then have I got the mastery of you,"
She said, "since you permit me now to do
What I desire. Look, look, my love!" said she,
"And grieve and wonder at the change in me!"
The knight turned, and discovered at his side
The sweetest, loveliest and tenderest bride
That ever, since the race of men began,
Brought love and happiness unto a man.

The Prioress's Tale

There was in Asia, in a mighty town
Of Christian folk, a street for Jews to be,
Which had been given to them for their own
By a great lord, for gain and usury,
Hateful to Christ and to His company; [ride;
And through this street all men might walk or
Free was it, and unbarred at either side.

A little school of Christian people stood
Down at the farther end, in which there were
Some little children come of Christian blood,
Who studied in the school, from year to year,
The simple learning which was given there;
That is to say, reading and singing too,
As little children in their childhood do.

AMONG these children was a widow's son,
A little scholar scarcely seven years old,
Who through the street of Jewry used to run
Daily to school, with lightsome heart and bold;
And having by his mother oft been told
To pray unto Our Lady, he would say,
'Hail, Mary!' as he went upon his way.
Great joy this little child in singing took,
And though he was too young to join the choir,
When older children from their anthem book
Sang *Alma Redemptoris*, nigh and nigher
He used to creep, his little heart on fire,
Listening to every word and every note,
Until he got the anthem all by rote.

'*O Alma Redemptoris*,' then he sang,
As home he went, with childish voice and sweet.
'*O Alma Redemptoris*,' loud it rang
And echoed down the darksome Jewish street.
Day after day he sang it, and his feet
Moved lightly to each clear and liquid note
That sounded from his little tender throat.

Meeting this little child upon his path,
A Jew was filled with bitterness. "Oh, woe!
Woe upon Israel!" cried he in his wrath,
"That we should suffer this thing to be so!
What! shall this boy along our own street go
Singing, day after day, his hymns and saws,
Clean against our religion and our laws?"

With evil thoughts his fellows he inspired,
And filled their hearts with wickedness and hate;
Until at last a murderer they hired,
Who in a lonely alley lay in wait;
And as the child one evening, dark and late,
Came singing down the street, the villain slit
His throat, and threw his body in a pit.

The widowed mother waited all that night
After her little child, and he came not.
Then, at the earliest glimpse of morning light,
With face made pale by fear and anxious thought,
For her sweet child through all the town she sought,
Till in the end she learnt that he had been
In the Jew's street, and there he was last seen.
With woe and pity moving in her breast,
And working like to madness in her mind,
She wandered down the street, like one possessed,
Hoping in vain her little child to find;
And ever on Christ's Mother, meek and kind,
She cried for help; and then at last she prayed
The Jews to come in pity to her aid.

Yes, piteously and sadly did she pray
To every Jew and Jewess in that place
To tell her if her child had passed that way.
"No!" said they all. But Jesu of His grace
Guided her wandering steps, in little space,
Close to the pit in which her child was thrown;
And as she called on him with many a moan—

Oh, Thou great God that dost reveal Thy power
And wisdom by the mouth of Innocence!—
This jewel of chastity, this glorious flower
Of martyrdom, this child of excellence, [thence
Raised from the pit his mangled throat, and
'*O Alma Redemptoris*,' loudly sang,
Till with the sound the street of Jewry rang.
Full soon all Christian folk from far and near
Came to the pit to wonder at this thing.
They placed the murdered child upon a bier;
And all the time he never ceased to sing.
When to the church the body they did bring,
And blessed and sprinkled it with holy water,
It still sang, '*Alma Redemptoris Mater*.'

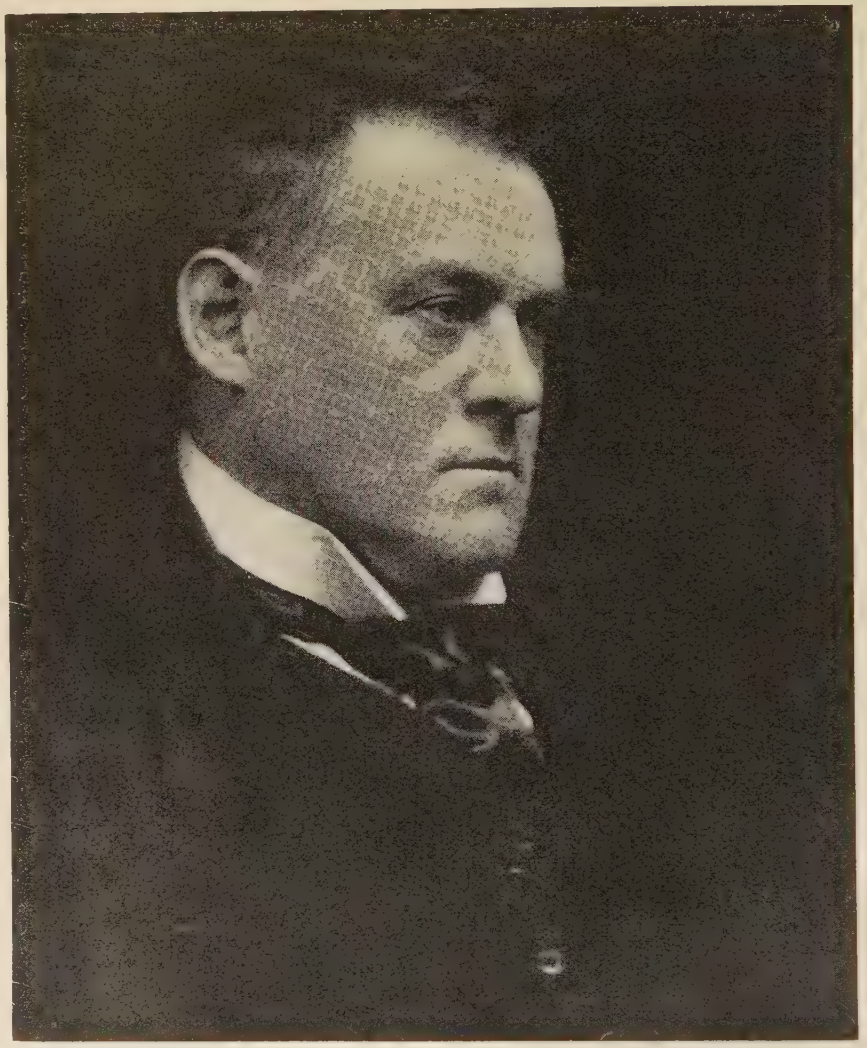
All wonder-stricken at this miracle,
The priest cried, "By the Holy Trinity,
I summon you, O little child, to tell
The reason of this wondrous mystery!
How can you still keep singing, clear and free,
The *Alma Redemptoris*, with your head
Nigh severed from your body? Are you dead?"

"My throat is cut unto the bone, I trow,"
Said the young child, "Yea, right unto the bone.
And by the law of nature, long ago
I should have died. But Jesus now has shown
His power, and made in me His glory known;
Letting me sing, *O Alma Redemptoris*,
In praise and worship of His Mother's glories.

"This was the hymn I sang when I was slain.
Then in the pit to me there did appear
Sweet Jesu's Mother, and she put a grain
Upon my tongue, and said, 'Have thou no fear,
My child, but sing my praises loud and clear,
Till from thy tongue the grain is taken, then
In Heaven thou shalt sing to me again.'"

THEN, in the silence of the wondering host,
From off his tongue the priest removed the grain;
And peacefully the child gave up the ghost,
While down his widowed mother's face like rain
The salt tears fell, and with a cry of pain
She dropped upon her face flat on the ground,
And lay as still as if she had been bound.
Then, having praised the Lord with solemn cheer,
For the great miracle that He had wrought,
The people knelt beside the little bier,
On which the child still lay; and having bought
A tomb for him of precious marble wrought,
His sweet and uncorrupted body, they
Enclosed therein, and then began to pray.

"O Martyr wedded to virginity!
Before the white-milk Lamb of Paradise,
Thou goest singing now eternally;
The light of innocence in thy young eyes,
And in thy heart the fire of sacrifice!
Pray, pray, that unto us it may be given
To hear thee singing by the Throne in heaven."



Hoppé

Hilaire Belloc born July 27, 1870, is one of the most accomplished and versatile of English men of letters. An essayist of lightest touch, deft artist in descriptive narrative, an engaging novelist, brilliant biographer, a writer of verse, learned exponent of French history, authoritative critic of military affairs, a student of politics—he is of the few who, in an age of narrow specialisation, have maintained the larger tradition of the finest periods of Literature by displaying a wide range of interest and confident power in many branches of the art. Perhaps his most notable gift is a humour that is at once urbane and hearty. It lights up all his works, and none more happily than The Path to Rome, which appeared in 1902. Although he has written more than two score books since then, that remains one of his most individual works and we are fortunate in being able to include a little version of it made by Mr. Belloc himself.

HILAIRE BELLOC

THE PATH TO ROME

Retold by the Author

FIRST published in 1902, The Path to Rome deservedly remains its author's most popular achievement. Comparable with Stevenson's Travels with a Donkey, it captivates all readers by its engaging style of narrative and its gay philosophy of life. The original work has gone through numerous editions and is published by Allen and Unwin at 7s. 6d. A cheap edition at 2s., containing the original text complete, is published by Nelson. The charming decorations have been drawn specially for *The World's Great Books* by Charles Robinson.

I—I Set Out Upon My Journey

IT was the very beginning of June, at evening, but not yet sunset, that I set out from Toul by the Nancy gate; but instead of going straight on past the parade-ground, I turned to the right immediately along the ditch and rampart, and did not leave the fortifications till I came to the road that goes up alongside the Moselle. For it was by the valley of this river that I was to begin my pilgrimage, since, by a happy accident, the valley of the Upper Moselle runs straight towards Rome, though it takes you but a short part of the way.

I walked along the valley of the Moselle, and as I walked, the long evening of summer began to fall. The sky was empty, and its deeps infinite; the clearness of the air set me dreaming. I passed the turn where we used to halt when we were learning how to ride in front of the guns. Everything about me conduced to reminiscence and to ease. A flock of sheep passed me with their shepherd, who gave me a good-night. I found myself entering that pleasant mood in which all books are conceived (but none written). I wasted in the contemplation of that silent hollow many miles of marching.

As I left the last house of the village I was not secure from loneliness, and when the road began to climb up the hill into the wild, I was wondering how the night would pass.

With every step upward a greater mystery surrounded me. A few stars were out, and the brown night mist was creeping along the water below; but there was still light enough to see the road, and even to distinguish the bracken in the deserted hollows. The highway became little better than a lane; at the top of the hill it plunged under tall pines, and was vaulted over with darkness. The kingdoms that have no walls, and are built up of shadows, began to oppress me as the night hardened. Had I had companions, still we would only have spoken in a whisper, and in that dungeon of trees even my own self would not raise its voice within me.

The air was full of midsummer, and its mixture of exaltation and fear cut me off from ordinary living. I now understood why our religion has made sacred this season of the year; why we have, a little later, the night of St. John, the fires in the villages, and the old perception of fairies dancing in the rings of the summer grass. A general communion of all things conspires at this crisis of summer against us reasoning men that should live in the daylight, and something fantastic possesses those who are foolish enough to watch upon such nights.

WHEN I awoke it was full eight o'clock, and the sun had gained great power. I saw him shining at me through the branches of my trees like a patient enemy outside a city that one watches through the loopholes of a tower, and I began to be afraid of taking the road. I looked below me down the steep bank between the trunks and saw the canal looking like black marble; and I heard the buzzing of the flies above it, and I noted that all the mist had gone. A very long way off,

the noise of its ripples coming clearly along the floor of the water, was a lazy barge and a horse drawing it. From time to time the tow-rope slackened into the still surface, and I heard it dripping as it rose. The rest of the valley was silent except for that under-humming of insects which marks the strength of the sun.

II—Landscapes from the Heights

THE delightful thing in Charmes is its name. Of this name I had indeed been thinking as I went along the last miles of that dusty and deplorable road—that a town should be called 'Charms.' Not but that towns, if they are left to themselves and not hurried, have a way of settling into right names suited to the hills about them and recalling their own fields.

I climbed, then, over slippery pine needles and under the charged air of those trees, which was full of dim, slanting light from the afternoon sun, till, nearly at the summit, I came upon a clearing which I at once recognized as a military road, leading to what we used to call a 'false battery'; that is, a dug-out with embrasures into which guns could be placed but in which no guns were. For ever since the French managed to produce a really mobile heavy gun they have constructed any amount of such auxiliary works between the permanent forts.

This false battery was on the brow of the hill, and when I reached it I looked down the slope, over the brushwood that hid the wire entanglements, and there was the whole valley of the Moselle at my feet.

As this was the first really great height, so this was the first really great view that I met with on my pilgrimage. I drew it carefully, piece by piece, sitting there in the declining sun and noting all I saw.

THIS is the peculiar virtue of walking to a far place, and especially of walking there in a straight line, that one gets these visions of the world from hill-tops.

When I call up for myself this great march, I see it all mapped out in landscapes, each of which I caught from some mountain, and each of which joins on to that before and to that after it, till I can piece together the whole road. The view here from the Hill of Archettes, the view from the Ballon d'Alsace, from Glovelier Hill, from the Weissenstein, from the Brienzer Grat, from the Grimsel, from above Bellinzona, from the Principessa, from Tizzano, from the ridge of the Apennines, from the Wall of Siena, from San Quirico, from Radicofani, from San Lorenzo, from Ronciglione, and at last from that lift in the Via Cassia, whence one suddenly perceives the city. They unroll themselves all in their order till I can see Europe, and Rome shining at the end. Then I went up to that valley of the Moselle over which I was gazing, until I came to the sources of the river deep in the fold of the great hills.

IT was my delight to lie upon a bank of the road and to draw what I saw before me, which was the tender stream of the Moselle slipping through fields quite flat and even and undivided by fences. Its banks had here a strange effect of Nature copying man's art; they seemed a park, and the river wound through it

full of the positive innocence that attaches to virgins; it nourished and was guarded by trees.

There was about that scene something of creation and of a beginning, and as I drew it, it gave me, like a gift, the freshness of the first experiences of living, and filled me with remembered springs. I mused upon the birth of rivers, and how they were persons and had a name—were kings, and grew strong and ruled great countries, and how at last they reached the sea.

The afternoon and the evening followed as I put one mile after another behind me. The frontier seemed so close that I would not rest. I was in a grand wonderment for

Switzerland, and I wished by an immediate effort to conquer the last miles before night. Also, I will confess to a silly pride in distances, and a desire to be out of France on my fourth day.

The light still fell, and my resolution stood, though my exhaustion undermined it. The line of the mountains rose higher against the sky, and there entered into my pilgrimage for the first time the loneliness and the mystery of meres. Something of what a man feels in East England belonged to this last of the plain under the guardian hills. Everywhere I passed ponds and reeds, and saw the level streak of sunset reflected in stagnant waters.

The marshy valley kept its character when I had left the lane and regained the high road. Its isolation dominated the last effort with which I made for the line of the Jura in that summer twilight, and, as I blundered on, my whole spirit was caught or lifted in the influence of the waste waters and of the birds of evening.

At last I came within one mile of the Swiss frontier. When I guessed that I had covered this mile, I saw a light in the windows on my left, a trellis and the marble tables of a café. I put my head in at the door.

"Am I in Switzerland?" said I.

A German-looking girl, a large heavy man, a Bavarian commercial traveller, and a colleague of his from Marseilles, all said together, in varying accents, "Yes!"

"Then," I said, "I will come in and drink."

III—The Vision of the Alps

This book would never end if I were to attempt to write down so much as the names of a quarter of the extraordinary things that I saw and heard on my enchanted pilgrimage, but let me at least mention the commercial traveller from Marseilles.

He talked with extreme rapidity for two hours. He had seen all the cities in the world, and he remembered their minutest details. He was extremely accurate, his taste was abominable, his patriotism large, his vitality marvellous, his wit crude but continual, and to his German friend, to the host of the inn, and to the blonde serving-girl, he was a familiar god. He came, it seems, once a year, and for a day would pour out the torrent of his travels like a waterfall of guide-books—for he gloried in dates, dimensions and the points of the compass in his descriptions; then he disappeared for another year, and left them to feast on the memory of such a revelation.

For my part I sat silent, crippled with fatigue, trying to forget my wounded feet, drinking stoup after stoup of beer and watching the Phocean. He was of the old race you see on vases in red and black—slight, very wiry, with a sharp, eager, but well-set face, a small, black, pointed beard, brilliant eyes like those of lizards, rapid gestures, and a vivacity that played all over his features as sheet lightning does over the flow of midnight in June.

The delta of the Rhône is something quite separate from the rest of France. It is a wedge of Greece and of the East thrust into the Gauls. It came north a hundred years ago and killed the monarchy. It caught the value in, and created, the great war song of the Republic.

I watched the Phocean. I thought of a man of his ancestry three thousand years ago sitting here at the gates of these mountains talking of his travels to dull, patient, and admiring northerners, and travelling for gain up into the Germanies, and I felt the changeless form of Europe under me like a rock.

Having passed the valley of the River Doubs and getting over into the heart of Switzerland, I got to the top of the ridge. A young man was chopping wood outside a house, and I asked him in French how far it was to Moutier. He answered in German, and I startled him by

a loud cry, such as sailors give when they see land, for at last I had struck the boundary of languages, and was with pure foreigners for the first time in my life. I also asked him for coffee, and, as he refused it, I took him to be a heretic, and went down the road making up verses against all such, and singing them loudly through the forest that now arched over me and grew deeper as I descended.

A little after this I saw between the branches of the trees in front of me a sight in the sky that made me stop breathing, just as great danger at sea, or great surprises in love, or a great deliverance will make a man stop breathing. In between the branches of the trees was a great promise of unexpected lights beyond.

I pushed left and right along the edge of the forest and along the fence that bound it, until I found a place where the pine-trees stopped, leaving a gap, and where on the right, beyond the gap, was a tree whose leaves had failed. There the ground broke away steeply before me, and the beeches fell, one below the other, like a vast cascade, towards the limestone cliffs that dipped down still further. I looked through this framing hollow and praised God. For there, thousands of feet below me, was what seemed an illimitable plain; at the end of that world was an horizon, and the dim bluish sky that overhangs an horizon.

There was brume in it and thickness. One saw the sky beyond the edge of the world getting purer as the vault rose. But right up—a belt in that empyrean—ran peak and field and needle of intense ice, remote, remote from the world. Sky beneath them and sky above them, a steadfast legion, they glittered as though with the armour of the immovable armies of Heaven. Two days' march, three days' march away, they stood up like the walls of Eden.

So little are we, we men; so much are we immersed in our muddy and immediate interests that we think, by numbers and recitals, to comprehend distance or time, or any of our limiting infinities. Here were these magnificent creatures of God—I mean the Alps—which now for the first time I saw from the height of the Jura; and because they were fifty or sixty miles away, and because they were a mile or two high, they were become somewhat different from us others, and could strike one motionless with the awe of supernatural things. Up there in the sky, to which only clouds belong and birds and the last trembling colours of pure light, they stood fast and hard; not moving as do the things of the sky. They were as distant as the little upper clouds of summer, as fine and tenuous; but in their reflection and in their quality, as it were, of weapons—like spears and shields of an unknown array—they occupied the sky with a sublime invasion; and the things proper to the sky were forgotten by me in their presence as I gazed.

IV—I Am Conquered By The Alps

Next let me describe how I attempted to cross the last Alpine snows from the northern to the southern side.

At three o'clock the guide knocked at my door, and I rose and came out to him. We drank coffee and ate bread. We put into our sacks ham and bread, and he white wine and I brandy. Then we set out. The rain had dropped to a drizzle, and there was no wind. The sky was obscured for the most part, but here and there was a star. The hills hung awfully above us in the night as we crossed the spongy valley. A little wooden bridge took us over the young Rhône, here only a stream, and we followed a path up into the tributary ravine which leads to the Nufenen and the Gries passes. In a mile or two it was a little lighter, and this was as well, for some weeks before a great avalanche had fallen.

Beneath the wide cap of frozen snow ran a torrent roaring. I remembered Colorado, and how I had crossed the Arkansaw on such a bridge as a boy. We went on in the uneasy dawn. The woods began to show, and there was a cross where a man had slipped from above that very April and been killed. Then, most ominous and disturbing, the drizzle changed to a rain, and the guide shook his

head and said it would be snowing higher up. We went on, and it grew lighter. Before it was really day (or else the weather confused and darkened the sky), we crossed a good bridge, built long ago, and we halted at a shed where the cattle lie in the late summer when the snow is melted.

The guide said it could not be done, but I said we must attempt it. I was eager, and had not yet felt the awful grip of the cold. We left the Nufenen on our left, a hopeless steep of new snow buried in fog, and we attacked the Gries. For half an hour we plunged on through snow above our knees. So far the guide knew we were more or less on the path, and he went on and I panted after him. Neither of us spoke, but occasionally he looked back to make sure I had not dropped out.

The snow began to fall more thickly, and the wind had risen somewhat. I was afraid of another protest from the guide, but he stuck to it well, and I after him, continually plunging through soft snow and making yard after yard upwards. The snow fell more thickly, and the wind still rose.

We came to a place which is, in the warm season, an alp; that is, a slope of grass, very steep but not terrifying; having here and there sharp little precipices of rock breaking it into steps, but by no means (in summer) a matter to make one draw back. Now, however, when everything was still Arctic, it was a very different matter. A sheer steep of snow whose downward plunge ran into the driving storm and was lost, whose head was lost in the same mass of thick cloud above, a slope somewhat hollowed and bent inwards, had to be crossed if we were to go any farther.

The guide said there was little danger, only if one slipped one might slide down to safety, or one might (much less probably) get over rocks and be killed. I was chattering a little with cold; but as he did not propose a return, I followed him. The surface was alternately slabs of frozen snow and patches of soft new snow. In the first he cut steps, in the second we plunged, and once I went right in and a mass of snow broke off beneath me and went careering down the slope. He showed me how to hold my staff backwards, and to use it as a kind of brake in case I slipped.

We had been about twenty minutes crawling over that wall of snow and ice; and it was more and more apparent that we were in for danger. Before we had reached the far side, the wind was blowing a very full gale, and roared past our ears. The surface snow was whirring like dust before it; past our faces and against them drove the snow-flakes, cutting the air; not falling, but making straight darts and streaks. They seemed like the form of the whistling wind; they blinded us.

The rocks on the far side of the slope, rocks which had been our goal when we set out to cross it, had long ago disappeared in the increasing rush of the blizzard. Suddenly, as we were still painfully moving on, these rocks loomed up over as large as houses, and we saw them through the swarming snow-flakes as great hulls are seen through a fog at sea. The guide crouched under the lee of the nearest; I came up close to him and he put his hands to my ear, and shouted to me that nothing further could be done—he had so to shout because in among the rocks the hurricane made a roaring sound, swamping the voice.

I asked how far we were from the summit. He said he did not know where we were exactly, but that we could not be more than 800 feet from it. I was but that from Italy, and I would not admit defeat. I offered him all I had in money to go on, but it was folly in me, because if I had had enough to tempt him, and if he had yielded we should both have died.

Luckily it was but a little sum. He shook his head. He would not go on, he broke out, for all the money there was in the world. He shouted me to eat and drink, and so we both did.

We returned and were ultimately safe, but it is a dreadful thing to give up one's sword. The Alps had conquered me. I went round over the Furka and then over the St. Gothard until, as I descended the southern slope of that pass, a hint or memory of gracious things ran in the slight breeze, the wreath of fogs would lift a little for a few yards, and in their clearings I thought to approach a softer and more desirable world. I was soothed as though with caresses, and when I began to see somewhat farther, and felt a vigour and fullness in the outline of the trees, I said to myself:

'I know what it is! It is the South, and a great part of my blood. They may call it Switzerland still, but I know now that I am in Italy, and this is the gate of Italy lying in groves.'

Then and on till evening I reconciled myself with misfortune, and when I heard again at Airolo the speech of civilized men, and saw the strong Latin eyes and straight forms of the race after all those days of fog and frost and German speech and the north, my eyes filled with tears, and I was as glad as a man come home again.

V—Wayside Adventures and Reflections

The wine of Airolo and its songs, how greatly they refreshed me! To see men with answering eyes and to find a salute returned; the noise of careless mouths talking all together; the group at cards, and the laughter that is proper to mankind; the straight carriage of the women, and in all the people something erect and noble as though indeed they possessed the earth. I made a meal here, talking to all my companions left and right in a new speech of my own, which was made up, as it were, of the essence of all the Latin tongues.

The Italian lakes have that in them and their air which removes them from common living. Their beauty is not the beauty which each of us sees for himself in the world; it is rather the beauty of a special creation; the expression of some mind.

To eyes innocent, and first freshly noting our great temporal inheritance—I mean to the eyes of a boy and girl just entered upon the estate of this glorious earth, and thinking themselves immortal—this shrine of Europe might remain for ever in the memory; an enchanted experience, in which the single sense of sight had almost touched the boundary of music. They would remember these lakes as the central emotions of their youth. To mean men also, who, in spite of years and of a full foreknowledge of death, yet attempt nothing but the satisfaction of sense, and pride themselves upon the taste and fineness with which they achieve this satisfaction, the Italian lakes would seem a place for habitation, and there such a man might build his house contentedly. But to ordinary Christians I am sure there is something unnatural in this beauty of theirs, and they find in it either a paradise only to be won by a much longer road or a bait and veil of sorcery, behind which lies great peril.

Now, for all we know, beauty beyond the world may not really bear this double aspect, but to us on earth—if we are ordinary men—beauty of this kind has something evil. Have you not read in books how men when they see even divine visions are terrified? So, as I looked at Lake Major in its halo, I also was afraid, and I was glad to cross the ridge and crest of the hill and to shut out that picture framed all round with glory.

I went across the Lombard Plain in cold weather, and wet; I struck the Apennines, and forded their rivers. I was imprisoned and let loose again, and I made for a pass in the Apennines which was on the right road to Rome. But the night before I came

to it the country was so deserted that I had to sleep out, and I was without food for nearly a day.

I have waited for the dawn a hundred times, attended by that mournful, colourless spirit which haunts the last hours of darkness, and influenced especially by the great timeless apathy that hangs round the first uncertain promise of increasing light. For there is an hour before daylight when men die, and when there is nothing above the soul or around it, when even the stars fail. And this long and dreadful expectation I had thought to be worst when one was alone at sea in a small boat without wind, drifting beyond one's harbour in the ebb of the outer channel tide, and sogging back at the first flow on the broad, confused movement of a sea without any waves. In such lonely mornings I have watched the Owers light turning, and I have counted up my gulf of time, and wondered that moments could be so stretched out in the clueless mind. I have prayed for the morning or for a little draught of wind, and this I have thought, I say, the extreme of absorption into emptiness and longing.

I HEARD no sound of animals or birds. I passed several fields, deserted in the half-darkness, and in some I felt the hay, but always found it wringing wet with dew; nor could I discover a good shelter from the wind that blew off the upper snow of the summits. For a little space of time there fell upon me that shadow of sleep which numbs the mind, but it could not compel me to lie down, and I accepted it only as a partial and beneficent oblivion which covered my desolation and suffering as a thin, transparent cloud may cover an evil moon.

Then, suddenly, the sky grew lighter upon every side. That cheating gloom—which I think the clouds in purgatory must reflect—lifted from the valley as though to a slow order given by some calm and good influence that was marshalling in the day. Their colours came back to things; the trees recovered their shape, life and trembling; here and there, on the face of the mountain opposite, the mists by their movement took part in the new life, and I thought I heard for the first time the tumbling water far below me in the ravine.

That subtle barrier was drawn which marks to-day from yesterday; all the night and its despondency became the past and entered memory. The road before me, the pass on my left (my last ridge, and the entry into Tuscany), the mass of the great hills, had become mixed into the increasing light, that is, into the familiar and invigorating present which I have always found capable of opening the doors of the future with a gesture of victory.

NEXT, I went down the Garfagnana to Lucca, and then on to Siena, until at last, when I was within a three days' march of Rome, I happened to come, in a very uninhabited plain, upon a farm. I saw lights shining in the large farmhouse, and I went in.

There, in a very large room, floored with brick and lit by one candle, were two fine old peasants, with faces like apostles, playing a game of cards. There also was a woman playing with a strong boy child, that could not yet talk; and the child ran up to me. Nothing could persuade the master of the house but that I was a very poor man who needed sleep, and so good and generous was this old man that my protests seemed to him nothing but the excuses and shame of poverty.

He asked me where I was going. I said: 'To Rome.' He came out with a lantern to the stable, and showed me there a manger full of hay, indicating that I might sleep in it. His candle flashed upon the great silent oxen standing in rows; their enormous horns, three times the length of

what we know in England, filled me with wonder.

Rather than seem to offend him, I lay down in that manger, though I had no more desire to sleep than has the flittermouse in our Sussex gloamings; also I was careful to offer no money, for that is brutality.

When he left me, I took the opportunity for a little rest, and lay on my back in the hay, wide awake and staring at darkness.

VI—At the Journey's End

THE rest is easily told. I went through Viterbo and Ronciglione—passing on my way a dark and lonely lake called the Pond of Venus—until I came to a little inn where again they let me sleep upon some hay.

But as I slept, Rome, Rome still beckoned me, and I woke in a struggling light as though at a voice calling, and slipping out, I could not but go on to the end.

The small, square paving of the Via Cassia, all even like a palace floor, rang under my steps. The parched banks and strips of dry fields showed through the fog —for its dampness did not cure the arid soil of the Campagna. The sun rose and the vapour lifted. Then, indeed, I peered through the thick air; but still I could see nothing of my goal, only confused folds of brown earth and burnt-up grasses, and farther off rare and un-northern trees.

I passed an old tower of the Middle Ages that was eaten away at its base by time or the quarrying of men; I passed a divergent way on the right where a wooden sign said, 'The Triumphal Way,' and I wondered whether it could be the road where ritual had once ordained that triumphs should go.

The road fell into a hollow where soldiers were manoeuvring. Even these could not arrest an attention that was fixed upon the approaching revelation. The road climbed a little slope where a branch went off to the left, and where there was a house with a plate to Pio Nono's visit, and an arbour under vines. It was now warm day; trees of great height stood shading the sun; the place had taken on an appearance of wealth and care. The mist had gone before I reached the summit of the rise.

There, from the summit, between the high villa walls on either side—at my very feet I saw the city.

AT the foot of the hill I prepared to enter the city, and I lifted up my heart. There was an open space; a tramway; a tram upon it about to be drawn by two lean and tired horses whom in the heat many flies disturbed. There was dust on everything around. A bridge was immediately in front. It was adorned with statues in soft stone, half-eaten away, but still gesticulating in corruption, after the manner of the seventeenth century. Beneath the bridge there tumbled and swelled a great confusion of yellow water—it was the Tiber. Far on the right were white barracks of hideous appearance; over these the Dome of St. Peter's rose and looked like something newly built. It was of a delicate blue, but made a metallic contrast against the sky.

Then, along a road perfectly straight and bounded by factories, mean houses and distempered walls—a road littered with many scraps of paper, bones and dirt—I went on for several hundred yards, having the old wall of Rome before me all the time, till I came right under it at last; and with the hesitation that befits all great actions I entered, putting the right foot first lest I should bring further misfortune upon that capital of all our fortunes.

And so the journey ended.

LUCIUS APULEIUS

THE GOLDEN ASS

LUCIUS APULEIUS was born about A.D. 125, at Madaura, in Africa. After studying at Athens, he practised as an advocate at Rome, and then wandered about Northern Africa, lecturing on philosophy and rhetoric. At Tripoli he was charged with having won by witchcraft the love of a rich widow who had left him her wealth. But he was acquitted after delivering an interesting defence, included among his extant works. He then settled in Carthage, where he died at an advanced age. Poor Apuleius! His good fame was darkened by the success of an amusing romance, The Golden Ass, which he wrote, by way of recreation, at Rome. He related the story of the adventures which befell a young Greek nobleman who, by an extreme curiosity in regard to witchcraft, got changed into a donkey. It was an age of wild superstition and foolish credulity; and his readers confused the author of The Golden Ass with the hero of it. Apuleius was credited with a series of impossible exploits, which he had not even invented. For his work is a Latin adaptation of a lost Greek romance by Lucius of Patræ which Lucian also copied. But Apuleius deserves our gratitude for preserving a unique specimen of the lighter literature of the ancient Greeks, together with the beautiful folk-tale of Cupid and Psyche.

I—Lucius Sets Out on His Wonderful Adventures

I SET out from Corinth in a fever of excitement and expectation, riding my horse so hard that it fell lame; so I had to do the remainder of the journey on foot. My heart was filled with joy and terror as I entered the town of Hypata.

"Here I am, at last," I cried, "in Thessaly! Thessaly, the land of magic and witchcraft, famous through the world for its marvels and enchantments!"

Carried away by my desire after strange and mystic knowledge, I gazed around with wonder and disquietude. Nothing in this marvellous city, I thought to myself, is really what it seems to be. The stones I stumbled over appeared to be living creatures petrified by magic. I fancied that the trees in the gardens and the birds that sang in their branches were men that had been transformed by Thessalian witches. The very statues seemed as if they were about to walk; every wall had ears; and I looked up into the blue, cloudless sky, expecting to hear oracles.

Entering the market place, I passed close to a noble lady who was walking with a crowd of servants in her train.

"By Hercules!" she cried. "It's Lucius!" I hung back, confused and blushing, and Byrrhena, for it was she, said to one of her companions:

"It's Salvia's boy! Isn't he the image of his modest, beautiful mother? Young, tall and fair, with just her bright, grey-blue eyes, and her alert glance. Every bit a Plutarch! Lucius, don't you remember your kinswoman, Byrrhena? Why, I brought you up with my own hands!"

I remembered Byrrhena very well, and loved her. But I did not want to meet her just then. However, I went with her to her house, a beautiful building of fine marble, containing some exquisite statuary.

"You will stay here, my dear Lucius, won't you?" she said.

I then told her that I had come to Hypata to see Milo and his wife Pamphila. My friend Demeas of Corinth had given me a letter of introduction.

"Don't you know that Pamphila is a witch?" she cried. "Do not go near her, my child, or she will practise her wicked arts on you. It is just handsome young men like you she enchants and destroys."

FAR from being terrified by Byrrhena's warning, I was delighted with it. I longed to become an apprentice to a witch as powerful as Pamphila. With a hasty excuse I left the house and set out to find Milo. Neither he nor Pamphila was in when I called. But their maid, who opened the door, was such a pretty wench that I did not regret their absence. Fotis, as she was called, was a graceful, sprightly little thing, with the loveliest hair I ever saw. I liked the way it fell in soft puffs on her neck, and rested on her neat linen tunic.

It was a case of love at first sight with both of us. But before I began to ask her about Pamphila, Milo returned. He welcomed me very warmly, and put the best room in his house at my disposal, and desired me to stay to dinner. But in spite of my ardent curiosity, I was, I must confess, rather afraid of meeting his wife. So I said that my kinswoman Byrrhena had already engaged me to dine with her.

On arriving at Byrrhena's mansion, I was surprised to find that a splendid banquet had been prepared and that all the best people in Hypata were present. We reclined on couches of ivory, covered with golden drapery, and a throng of lovely girls served us with exquisite dishes ; while pretty, curly-headed boys brought the wine round in goblets of gold and amber.

When the lights were brought in, the talk became freer and gayer ; everybody was bent on laughter.

" We are, you see, preparing for the great festival to-morrow," Byrrhena said to me. " Hypata is the only city that keeps the feast of the god of laughter. You must come, and invent some pleasantry to propitiate the merriest of all deities."

" By Hercules ! " I replied. " If the laughing god will only lend me inspiration to-night, I will do my best to entertain the townspeople to-morrow."

II—The Feast of the God of Laughter

It was the jolliest banquet I was ever at. Even in Corinth we did not do the thing so well. It was not until I got into the open air, and set out for Milo's house, that I knew how much wine I had taken. But though I was rather unsteady on my feet, I retained my presence of mind. I reached the house, and suddenly three great burly fellows sprang up, and battered furiously at the door. They were clearly robbers of the most desperate type, and I drew my sword, and, as they came at me one by one, I plunged it into their bodies. Fotis was aroused, and opened the door, and I entered, utterly worn out by the struggle, and went at once to bed and to sleep.

Early in the morning I was awakened by a great clamour. A throng of people burst into my bedroom, and two lictors arrested me and dragged me to the forum. But as they took me through the streets and squares, everybody turned out to see me, and the crowd grew so great that the forum was not large enough to hold the people, and I was led to the theatre.

There the lictors pushed me down through the proscenium, as though I were a victim for sacrifice, and put me in the centre of the orchestra.

" Citizens," said the prefect of the watch, " as I was going on my rounds late last night, I saw this ferocious young foreigner, sword in hand, slashing and stabbing three inoffensive creatures. When I arrived they were lying dead upon the ground. Their murderer, overwhelmed by his terrible crime, fled into a house and hid there, hoping, no doubt, to escape in the morning. Men of Hypata, you do not allow your own fellow-townsmen to commit murder with impunity. Shall, then, this savage, brutal alien avoid the consequences of his fearful crime ? "

For some time I could not reply. The suddenness of the whole thing terrified me, and it was with a voice broken with sobs that I at last managed to make my defence.

" They were robbers," I cried, " robbers of the most desperate and vilest character ! I caught them breaking into the house of my friend Milo, your esteemed fellow-townsman, oh citizens of Hypata ! There were three of them—three great, rough, burly rascals, each more than a match for a mere boy like myself. Yet I managed to kill them ; and I think I deserve praise at your hands, and not censure, for my public-spirited action."

Here I stopped, for I saw that all the vast multitude of people were laughing at me. And what grieved me most was to see my kinswoman Byrrhena and my host Milo among my mockers. The senior magistrate ordered the wheel and other instruments of torture to be brought forth.

" I cannot believe a mere boy like this could have slain three great strong men single-handed," he said. " He must have had accomplices, and we must torture him until he reveals the names of his partners in this most dastardly crime. But, first of all, let him look upon the bodies of the men he has foully murdered. Perhaps

they will melt his hard, savage nature."

The lictors then led me to the bier and forced me to uncover the bodies. Ye gods! The corpses were merely three inflated wine skins, and I observed that they were cut in the very spots in which I thought I had wounded the robbers. I had, indeed, invented a pleasantry for the festival of the god of laughter! The townspeople laughed with the inextinguishable laughter of the Olympian deities. They climbed up to the roof to get a good look at me; they swarmed up the pillars; they clung to the statues; they hung from the windows at the risk of their lives.

"Sir Lucius," the magistrate then said to me, "we are not ignorant of your dignity and your rank. The noble family to which you belong is famous throughout Greece. So do not take this pleasantry in honour of the joyful god of laughter as an insult. In return for your excellent services at this great festival, the city of Hypata has decreed that your statue shall be cast in bronze and erected in a place of honour."

By this time I had recovered somewhat of my good humour. But knowing how mercilessly I should be teased at the banquet Byrrhena wished to give in celebration of my exploits, I went quickly home with Milo, and after supping with him, retired at a very early hour to my bedchamber.

III—Lucius Becomes an Ass

In the middle of the night I heard a knock at my door. I opened it, and in came pretty Fotis, looking a picture of woe.

"I can't sleep without telling you everything," she said. "I was the cause of all the trouble that befell you to-day. As my mistress was coming from the baths yesterday, she saw a handsome young gentleman having his hair cut by a barber. Seized with a wild passion for him, she ordered me to get some of his hair. But the barber saw me and drove me away. I knew I should get a cruel whipping if I returned empty-handed. Close by was a man shaving some wine-bags of goat-skin; the hair was soft and yellow like the young gentleman's, so I took some of it to Pamphila. You know my mistress is a terrible witch, so you can guess what happened. She rose up in the night, and burnt the hair in her magic cauldron. As it burnt, the wine-bags from which it was taken felt the compulsion of the spell. They became like human beings. Rushing out into the street, they hurled themselves against the door of our house, as Pamphila expected the young gentleman would do. You came up—just a little intoxicated, eh?—and committed the horrible crime of bag-slaughter."

"Now, don't make fun of me, Fotis," I said. "This is a serious matter, this witchcraft. What is Pamphila doing to-night? I have come here to learn magic, and I am very anxious to see her practising her strange arts."

"Come, then, and look," said Fotis.

We crept to the room where Pamphila was, and peered through a chink in the door. The witch undressed herself, and then took some boxes of ointment out of a casket, and opened one box and smeared herself with the stuff it contained. In the twinkling of an eye feathers sprouted out of her skin, and she changed into an owl and flew out of the window.

"She has gone after that handsome young gentleman," said Fotis. "I have to wait here all night until she returns, and then give her a lotion of aniseed and laurel-leaves to restore her to her proper shape."

"Why, my dear Fotis," I exclaimed, in intense admiration, "you know as much about witchcraft as your mistress! Come, practise on me! Get me some of that ointment and change me into a bird. Oh, how I should like to fly!"

After some hesitation she entered the room, and took a box out of the casket. I stripped myself and smeared the ointment over my body. But never a feather appeared! Every hair on me changed into a bristle; my hands turned into hoofed forefeet; a tail grew out of my backbone; my face lengthened; and I found, to my horror, that I had become an ass.

"Oh, ye gods," said Fotis, "I've taken the wrong box! But no great harm's done, dear Lucius. I know the antidote. I'll get you some roses to crunch, and you will be restored to your proper shape."

Fotis, however, dared not go at once into the garden, lest Pamphila should

suddenly return and find me. So she told me to go and wait in the stable until daybreak, and then she would gather some roses for me. But when I got into the stable I wished I had waited outside. My own horse and an ass belonging to Milo conceived a strange dislike to me. They fell upon me with great fury, and bit me and kicked me, and made such a clamour that the groom came to see what was the matter. He found me standing on my hind legs trying to reach the garland of roses which he had placed on the shrine of the goddess Epona in the middle of the stable.

"What a sacrilegious brute!" he cried, falling upon me savagely. "Attacking the shrine of the divinity who guards over horses! I'll lame you, that I will!"

As he was belabouring me with a great cudgel, a band of fierce men armed with swords and carrying lighted torches appeared. At the sight of them the groom fled in terror.

"Help! Help! Robbers!" I heard Milo and Fotis cry.

But before the groom was able to fetch the watch, the robbers forced their way into the house and broke open Milo's strongbox. Then they loaded me and the horse and the ass with the stolen wealth and drove us out into the mountains. Unused to the heavy burden laid on me, I went rather slowly. This enraged the robbers, and they beat me until I was well-nigh dead. But at last I saw a sight which filled me with the wildest joy. We passed a noble country house, surrounded by a garden of sweet-smelling roses. I rushed open-mouthed upon the flowers. But just as I strained my curling lips towards them, I stopped. If I changed myself into a man the robbers would kill me, either as a wizard, or out of fear that I would inform against them! So I left the roses untouched, and in the evening we came to the cave in the mountains where the robbers dwelt, and there, to my delight, I was relieved of my grievous load.

Soon afterwards another band of robbers arrived, carrying a young and lovely maid arrayed as a bride. Her beautiful features were pale and wet with tears, and she tore her hair and her garments. "Take this girl," said the robbers to the old woman who waited upon them, "and comfort her. Tell her she's in no danger. Her people are rich, and will soon ransom her."

Charite, for such was the name of the beautiful bride, fell weeping into one of the old women's arms.

"They tore me away from Tlepolemus," she said, "when he was about to enter my bridal chamber. Our house was decked with laurel, and the bridal song was being sung, when a band of swordsmen entered with drawn swords and carried me off. Now I shall never see him again."

"Yes, you will, dearie," said the old woman. "But don't let us talk about it now. After all, you are not in so evil a plight as Psyche was when she lost her husband, Cupid. Now listen while I tell you that marvellous tale."

And here is the tale of Cupid and Psyche as the old woman related it to Charite.

IV—The Marvellous Tale of Cupid and Psyche

"There was once a king of a certain city who had three daughters. All of them were very beautiful, but Psyche, the youngest, was lovelier even than Venus. The people worshipped her as she walked the streets, and strewed her path with flowers. Strangers from all parts of the world thronged to see her and to adore her. The temples of Venus were deserted, and no garlands were laid at her shrines. Thereupon, the goddess of love and beauty grew angry. She tossed her head with a cry of rage, and called to her son, Cupid, and showed him Psyche walking the streets of the city.

"'Avenge me!' she said. 'Fill this maiden with burning love for the ugliest, wretchedest creature that lives on earth.'

"The king was thereupon commanded by an oracle to array his daughter in bridal robes and set her upon a high mountain, so that she might be wedded to a horrible monster. All the city was filled with grief and lamentation when Psyche was led out to her doom and placed upon the lonely peak. Then a mighty wind arose, and carried the maiden to an enchanted palace, where she was waited on by unseen spirits who played sweet music for her delight and fed her with delicious food.

But in the darkness of night someone came to her couch and wooed her tenderly, and she fell in love with him and became his wife. And he said : ' Psyche, you may do what you will in the palace I have built for you. But one thing you must not do—you must not attempt to see my face.'

" Her husband was very sweet and kind, but he came only in the night-time ; and in the day-time Psyche felt very lonesome. So she begged her husband to let her sisters come and stay with her, and her husband had them brought on a mighty wind. When they saw how delightfully Psyche lived in the enchanted palace they grew jealous of her strange happiness.

" ' Yes, this is a very pleasant place,' they exclaimed, ' but you know what the oracle said, Psyche. You are married to a monster ! That is the reason why he will not let you see his face.'

" In the night, when they had departed, Psyche lighted a lamp and looked at her bedfellow. Oh, joy ! It was Cupid, the radiant young god of love, reposing in his beauty. In her excitement Psyche let a drop of burning oil fall from the lamp upon his right shoulder. The god leaped up and spread out his wings and flew away, saying :

" ' Instead of marrying you to a monster, as my mother commanded, I wedded you myself. And this is how you serve me ! Farewell, Psyche ! Farewell ! '

" But Psyche set out to follow him, and after a long and toilsome journey she reached the court of Venus, where Cupid was now imprisoned. Venus seized her and beat her, and then set her on dangerous tasks, and tried to bring about her death. But Psyche was so lovely and gentle that every living creature wished to help her and save her. Then Venus, fearing that Cupid would escape and rescue his wife, said :

" ' Psyche, take this casket to Proserpine, in the Kingdom of the Dead, and ask her to fill it with beauty.'

" Psyche was in despair. No mortal had ever returned from the Kingdom of the Dead. She climbed a high tower, and prepared to throw herself down, and die. But the very stones took pity upon her.

" ' Go to the hill Taenarus,' they said,

'FAREWELL, PSYCHE! FAREWELL!'

From a painting of Cupid and Psyche, by Harold Speed

' and there you will find a way to the Underworld ; but go not empty-handed. Take two copper coins in your mouth, and two honey-cakes in your hands.'

" Psyche travelled to Taenarus, near Lacedaemon, and there she found a hole leading to the Underworld. A ghostly ferryman rowed her over the River of Death, and took one of her copper coins. Then a monstrous dog with three heads sprang out, but Psyche fed him with one of her honey-cakes, and entered the hall of Proserpine, Queen of the Dead, who filled the casket, and by means of the last honey-cake and the last copper coin Psyche returned to the green, bright earth.

" But, alas ! she was over-curious, and opened the casket to see the divine beauty

it contained. A deadly vapour came out and overpowered her. She fell to the ground, but Cupid, now escaped from his prison, found her lying on the grass, and wiped the vapour from her face. Taking her in his arms, he spread out his wings and carried her to Olympus ; and there they lived together in unending bliss, with their little child, who is known to us by the name of Joy."

V—The Further Strange Adventures of the Ass

WHILE the old woman was entertaining the beautiful captive with this charming tale, a tall, fierce young man in ragged clothes stalked boldly in among the robbers.

" Long life to you, brave comrades ! " he said. " Don't judge me by these rags, my boys. They're a disguise. Have you heard of Haemus, the famous Thracian brigand ? If so, you've heard of me. My band has been cut up, but I'm bringing what men I still have to you. Shall we join forces ? "

The robbers had just lost their own captain, so they received Haemus with great joy and made him their leader. Soon afterwards ten of his men came in, loaded with swollen wine-bags.

" Here's enough wine," he said, " to last a fortnight if we use it temperately. Let us celebrate this glorious day by finishing it at one sitting ! "

The robbers at once fell furiously to drinking, and their new captain forced Charite to come and sit beside him. After a little wooing, she began to cling to him and return his kisses.

" Oh, what a frail, fickle, faithless race are women ! " I said to myself. " Scarcely two hours ago she was crying her eyes out for her bridegroom ; now here she is, fondling a wretched assassin."

What an ass I was ! It was some time before I noticed that the new captain did not drink himself, and that the men he brought with him were only pretending to drink, while forcing the wine on the other robbers, who soon became too drunk to drink, and rolled over in a deep sleep.

" Up, boys, and disarm and bind these ruffians ! " said the new captain, who was none other than Tlepolemus, the bridegroom of the fair Charite. And leaving his servants to perform this task, he put Charite on my back and led me to his native town. All the inhabitants poured out into the street to see us pass, and they loudly acclaimed Tlepolemus for his valour and ingenuity in rescuing his lovely bride and capturing the robbers.

Charite did not forget me in the scenes of rejoicing. She patted my head and kissed my rough face, and bade the groom of the stud feed me well and let me have the run of the fields.

" Now I shall at last be able to get a mouthful of roses," I thought, " and recover my human shape."

But, alas ! the groom was an avaricious, disobedient slave, and he at once sold me to a troupe of those infamous, beggarly priests of Cybele, who cart the Syrian goddess about the public squares to the sound of cymbals and rattles.

THE next morning my new owners smeared their faces with rouge and painted their eyes with black grease ; then they dressed themselves in white tunics, and set their wretched goddess on my back, and marched out, leaping and brandishing great swords and axes. On coming to the mansion of a wealthy man, they raised a wild din, and whirled about, and cut themselves and scourged themselves until they were covered with blood. The master of the mansion was so impressed with this savage and degrading spectacle that he gave the priests a good sum of money, and invited them into his house. They took the goddess with them, and I scampered out into the fields searching for some roses.

But I was quickly brought back by the cook. His master had given him a fat haunch from an enormous stag to roast for the priests' dinner, and a dog had run off with it. In order to avoid being whipped for his carelessness, the slave resolved to let the priests dine off a haunch of their own ass. He locked the door of the kitchen, so that I could not escape, and then took a long knife and came to kill me. But I had no mind to perish in this way ; and I dashed upstairs to where the master was busy worshipping the

goddess in the company of the priests, and knocked the table over, and the goddess and many of the worshippers.

"Kill the wretched thing," said the master. "It has gone mad."

But the priests did not care to lose their saleable property, and they locked me in their bedroom, and sold me next day to a poor gardener who needed an ass to cart his stuff to market. But as the gardener was taking me home a soldier came tramping along the road. He, too, wanted an ass to carry his heavy kit. So he struck the gardener down with his sword and seized me by right of conquest; then he took me to the town to which he was travelling and disposed of me for a small sum to two confectioners.

By this time I had grown very feeble and thin. Though I was changed into an ass, I could not relish hay and grass and food of that sort, and I derived scarcely any nourishment from it. I still had human tastes, as well as human thoughts and feelings. Happily, I was very well off with my new masters. Every evening, they brought home the remains of the banquets they had served—bits of chicken, pork, fish and meat, and various cakes; and these they put in their room while they went for a bath before dinner. I used then to creep in and take all the best bits, and when my two masters returned they began to reproach each other with having filched the choicest pieces. In the meantime, I grew plump and glossy and broad-backed, and as my masters observed I ate no hay, they spied on me one evening.

They forgot their quarrel when they saw their ass picking out the best bits like an epicure: and, bursting open the door, they cried: "Let us try him with wine!" Naturally, I drank it very readily.

"We have got a treasure here," they said. They soon found that I was intelligent, and understood human language. And after training me they took me to Corinth, and exhibited me there and made a great deal of money. In a short time I became famous throughout Greece as the Golden Ass, and I was bought by the town for use in the public show.

And one evening I succeeded in escaping and fled to a lonely spot on the seashore.

VI—The Miracle of Isis and the Fate of Lucius

As I nestled down on the soft sand, the full moon rose above the eastern waves, and shone with a glorious radiance. My heart opened to the mysteries of the sacred night, and I sprang up and bathed seven times in the cleansing water of the sea. Then, with tears, I prayed to Isis, to restore me to my rightful shape.

Sleep fell swiftly upon my eyes, and in my sleep the goddess visited me. She rose up, a vision of light, from the waters.

"See, Lucius," she said, with a voice that breathed sweetness over me, "I am come in pity of your lot to show favour to you. To-morrow my priest will descend to the seashore to celebrate my festival, and in his left hand he will carry a crown of roses. Go forth without fear, and take the crown of roses, and then put off the shape of a beast, and put on the form of a man. Serve me well all the days of your life, and when you go down to the grave you shall be lifted up into the fields of Paradise, and there you shall worship and adore me for all eternity."

The saviour goddess then vanished, and I awoke, and dawn was in the sky and the waves danced in the golden light. A long procession was winding down from the city to the shore to the sound of flutes and pipes.

First came a great multitude of people carrying lamps and torches and tapers; then a choir of sweet-voiced boys and girls in snowy garments; and next a train of men and women luminous in robes of pure white linen; these were the initiates; and they were followed by the prelates of the sacred mysteries; and behind them all walked the high priest, bearing in his right hand the mystic rattle of Isis, and in his left hand the crown of roses. By divine intervention, the crowd parted and made a way for me; and when I came to the priest he held out the roses, and I ate them, and was changed into a man. The people raised their hands to heaven, wonder-stricken by the miracle, and the fame of it went out over all the world. The priest initiated me into the mysteries of Isis and Osiris, and I shaved my head, and entered the College of Pastors, and became a servant of the high gods.

KARL MARX

CAPITAL: A CRITICAL ANALYSIS

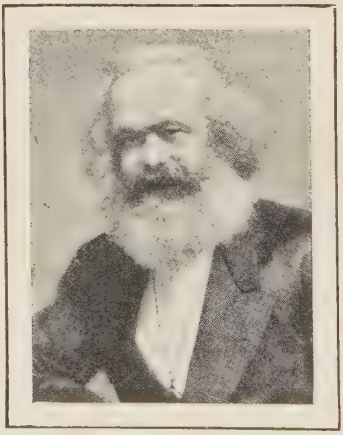
From the German Original

MARX'S famous work, Capital: A Critical Analysis of Capitalist Production (Das Kapital), appeared in 1867. A penetrating historical survey, its analysis of the economic development of modern society has influenced the labour movement more than any other composition in literature. This epitome has been expressly prepared for this work from the German text. Apart from an English translation edited by Dr. F. Engel, Marx's theories may be studied conveniently in The Students' Marx, by E. B. Aveling.

I—The Genesis of Capitalist Production

MONEY and commodities are not capital, any more than are the means of production and of subsistence. They need to be transformed into capital. This transformation can only take place under conditions that separate labourers from all property, and from the means by which they can realize the profits of their labour; *i.e.* from their possession of means of production. The process of this separation clears the way for the capitalist system.

The economic structure of capitalistic society has developed from the economic structure of feudal society. The dissolution of the latter set free the elements of the former. The immediate producer, the labourer, could only dispose of his own person after he had ceased to be attached as a serf to the soil. Then, to be able to sell his labour wherever he could find a market, he must further have escaped from the medieval guilds and their rules and regulations, as from so many fetters on labour. But these new freedmen, on the other hand, only thus made merchandise of their labour after they had been deprived of their own means of production, and of all the guarantees of existence furnished under the old feudalism. And the history of this, their expropriation, is written in characters of blood and fire.



HEINRICH KARL MARX was born at Trèves, May 5, 1818. After the failure of the revolutionary movement of 1848 in Germany he settled in London, where he died March 14, 1883.

The industrial capitalists, the new potentates, had to displace not only the guild-masters of handicrafts, but also the feudal lords, who were in possession of the sources of wealth. But though the conquerors thus triumphed, they have risen by means as opprobrious as those by which, long before, the Roman freedman overcame his *patronus*. The servitude of the labourer was the starting point of the development which involved the rise of the labourer and the genesis of the capitalist. The form of this servitude was changed by the transformation of feudal exploitation into capitalist exploitation.

The inauguration of the capitalist era dates from the sixteenth century. The process consisted in the tearing of masses of men from their means of subsistence, to be hurled as free proletarians on the labour market. The basis of the whole process is the expropriation of the peasant from the soil. The history of this expropriation, differing in various countries, has the classic form only in England.

The prelude of the revolution which founded the capitalist mode of production was played at the beginning of the sixteenth century by the breaking up of the bands of feudal retainers, who, as Sir James Steuart well says, 'everywhere uselessly filled house and castle.' The old nobility had been devoured by the

great feudal wars; the new was a child of its time, for which money was the power of all powers. Transformation of arable land into sheep-walks was therefore its cry, and an expropriation of small peasants was initiated which threatened the ruin of the country. The English working-class was precipitated without any transition from its golden into its iron age.

To the evictions a direct impulse had been given by the rapid increase of the Flemish wool manufactures, and the corresponding rise in the price of wool in England. At length such a deterioration ensued in the condition of the common people that Queen Elizabeth, on a journey through the land, exclaimed, '*Pauper ubique jacet,*' and in the forty-third year of her reign the nation was constrained to acknowledge the terrible pauperism that had arisen by introducing the poor-rate.

Even at the end of the seventeenth century, the yeomanry, or independent peasants, outnumbered the farmers, and they formed the main strength of Cromwell's army. About 1750 the yeomen had vanished, and not long afterwards was lost the common land of the agricultural labourer.

COMMUNAL property was an old institution which had lived on under the aegis of feudalism. Under the 'glorious revolution' which brought William of Orange to England, the landlord and capitalist appropriators of surplus value inaugurated the new era by thefts of land on a colossal scale. Thus was formed the foundation of the princely domains of the English oligarchy. In the eighteenth century the law itself became the instrument of the theft of the people's land, and the transformation of communal land into private property had for its sequel the parliamentary form of robbery in shape of the Acts for the Enclosure of Commons.

Immense numbers of the agricultural population were by this transformation 'set free' as proletarians for the manufacturing industry.

THE question remains, Whence came the capitalists originally? The capitalist farmer developed very gradually, first as a bailiff, somewhat corresponding to the old Roman *villicus;* then as a *métayer*, or semi-farmer, dividing stock and product with the landowner; next as the farmer proper, making his own capital increase by employing wage-labourers, and paying part of the profit to the landlord as rent. The agricultural revolution of the sixteenth century enriched the farmer in proportion as it impoverished the mass of the agricultural people. The continuous rise in the price of commodities swelled the money capital of the farmer automatically, and he grew rich at the expense of both landlord and labourer. It is thus not surprising that at the close of the sixteenth century England had a class of capitalist farmers who were wealthy, considering the conditions of the age.

II—The Genesis of the Industrial Capitalist

BY degrees the agricultural population was transformed into material elements of variable capital. For the peasants were constrained, now that they had been expropriated and cast adrift, to purchase their value in the form of wages from their new masters, the industrial capitalists. So they were transformed into an element of constant capital.

Consider the case of Westphalian peasants who, in the time of Frederic II, were all spinners of flax, and were forcibly expropriated from the soil they had owned under feudal tenure. Some, however, remained and were converted into day-labourers for large farmers. At the same time arose large flax-spinning and weaving factories in which would work men who had been 'set free' from the soil. The flax looks just the same as before, but a new social soul has entered its body, for it now forms a part of the constant capital of the master manufacturer.

The flax which was formerly produced by a number of families, who also spun it in retail fashion after growing it, is now concentrated in the establishment of a single capitalist, who employs others to spin and weave it for him. So the extra labour, which formerly realized extra income to many peasant families now brings profit to a few capitalists. The spindles and the looms formerly scattered over the country are now crowded into great labour

barracks. The machines and raw material are now transformed from means of independent livelihood for the peasant weavers into means for mastering them and extracting out of them badly-paid labour.

The genesis of the industrial capitalist did not proceed in such a gradual way as that of the farmer, for it was accelerated by the commercial demands of the new world-market created by the great discoveries of the end of the fifteenth century. The Middle Ages had handed down two distinct forms of capital—the usurer's capital and the merchant's capital. For a time the money capital formed by means of usury and commerce was prevented from conversion into industrial capital, in the country by feudalism, in the towns by the guilds. These hindrances vanished with the disappearance of feudal society and the expropriation and partial eviction of the rural population. The new manufactures were established at points beyond the control of the old municipalities and their guilds. Hence, in England arose an embittered struggle of the corporate towns against these new industrial nurseries.

The power of the state, concentrating and organizing the force of society, hastened this transition.

The next development of the capitalist era was the rise of the stock exchange and the great banks. The latter were at first merely associations of private speculators, who, in exchange for privileges bestowed on them, advanced money to help the governments. The Bank of England, founded in 1684, began by lending money to the government at eight per cent. At the same time it was empowered by parliament to coin money out of the same capital, by lending it again to the public in the form of bank-notes.

By degrees the Bank of England became the eternal creditor of the nation, and so arose the national debt, together with an international credit system, which has often concealed one or other of the sources of primitive accumulation of this or that people. One of the main lines of international business is the lending out of enormous amounts of capital by one country to another. Much capital which to-day appears in America without any certificate of birth was yesterday in England, the capitalised blood of her children.

Terrible cruelty characterised much of the development of industrial capitalism, both on the Continent and in England. The birth of modern industry is heralded by a great slaughter of the innocents. Like the royal navy, the factories were recruited by the press-gang. Cottages and workhouses were ransacked for poor children to recruit the factory staffs, and these were forced to work by turns during the greater part of the night. As Lancashire was thinly populated, and great numbers of hands were suddenly wanted, thousands of little hapless creatures, whose nimble little fingers were specially wanted, were sent down to the north from the workhouses of London, Birmingham and other towns. These apprentices were flogged, tortured and fettered. The profits of manufacturers were enormous. At length Sir Robert Peel brought in his bill for the protection of children.

With the growth of capitalist production during the manufacturing period the public conscience of Europe had lost the last remnant of shame, and the nations cynically boasted of every infamy that reinforced capitalistic accumulation. Liverpool waxed fat on the slave trade. The child-slavery in the European manufactories needed for its pedestal the slavery, pure and simple, of the negroes imported into America. If money, according to Marie Augier, ' comes into the world with a congenital blood-stain on one cheek,' capital comes dripping from every pore with blood and dirt.

III—Commodities, Exchange and Capital

A commodity is an object, external to ourselves, which by its properties in some way satisfies human wants. The utility of a thing constitutes its use-value. Use-values of commodities form the substance of all wealth, and also become the material repositories of exchange-value. The magnitude of the value of any article is determined by the labour-time socially necessary for its production. So the value of a commodity would remain constant if the labour-time required for its

production also remained constant. But the latter varies with every variation in the productiveness of labour.

An article may have use-value, and yet be without value, if its utility is not due to labour, as in the case of air, or virgin soil, or natural meadows. If a thing be useless, so is the labour contained in it, for, as the labour does not count as such, it therefore creates no value. A coat is worth twice as much as ten yards of linen, because the linen contains only half as much labour as the coat. All labour is the expenditure of human labour-power in a special form and with a definite aim, and in this character of useful labour it produces use-values.

Everyone knows that commodities have a value form common to them all, and presenting a marked contrast with the varied bodily forms of their use-values. I mean their money form.

Every owner of a commodity wishes to part with it in exchange for other commodities, but only those whose use-value satisfies some want of his. To the owner of a commodity, every other commodity is, in regard to his own, a particular equivalent. Consequently his own commodity is the universal equivalent for all others. But, since this applies to every owner, there is, in fact, no commodity acting as a universal equivalent. It was soon seen that a particular commodity would not become the universal equivalent except by a social act. The social action, therefore, has set apart the particular commodity in which all values are represented, and the bodily form of this commodity has become the form of the socially recognized universal equivalent—money.

THE first chief function of money is to supply commodities with the material for the expression of their values. It thus serves as a universal measure of value, and only by virtue of this function does gold, the commodity *par excellence*, become money. But money itself has no price. As the measure of value and the standard of price, money has two distinct functions to perform. It is the measure of value inasmuch as it is the socially recognized incarnation of human labour; it is the standard of price inasmuch as it is a fixed weight of metal. As the measure of value it serves to convert the values of all the various commodities into prices or imaginary quantities of gold. As the standard of price it measures those quantities of gold.

The word pound was the money-name given to an actual pound weight of silver. When, as a measure of value, gold superseded silver, the word pound became, as a money-name, differentiated from the same word as a weight-name. The prices, or quantities of gold, into which the values of commodities are ideally changed are now expressed in the names of coins or in the legally valid names of the subdivisions of the gold standard. Hence, instead of saying, 'A quarter of wheat is worth an ounce of gold,' the English would say, 'It is worth £3 17s. 10½d.' In this fashion commodities express by their prices how much they are worth, and money serves as *money of account* whenever it is a question of fixing the value of an article in its money-form. When Anacharsis was asked for what purpose the Greeks used money, he replied, 'For reckoning.'

EVERY labourer in adding new labour also adds new value. In what way? Evidently, only by labouring productively in a particular way: the spinner by his spinning, the weaver by his weaving, the smith by his forging. Each use-value disappears, only to reappear under a new form in some new use-value. By virtue of its general character, as being expenditure of human labour-power in the abstract, spinning adds a new value to the values of cotton and spindle. On the other hand, by virtue of its special character, as being a concrete, useful process, the same labour of spinning both transfers the values of the means of production to the product and preserves them in the product. Hence at one time there is produced a twofold result.

By the simple addition of a certain quantity of labour, new value is added, and by the quality of this added labour the original values of the means of production are preserved in the product. That part of capital which is represented by the means of production, by the raw material, auxiliary material and the instruments of labour does not, in the process of production, undergo any quantitative alteration

of value. I therefore call it the constant part of capital, or, more briefly, *constant capital.*

On the other hand, that part of capital represented by labour-power does, in the process of production, undergo an alteration of value. It both reproduces the equivalent of its own value, and also produces an excess, a surplus value, which may itself vary. This part of capital is continually being transformed from a constant into a variable magnitude. I therefore call it the variable part of capital, or, shortly, *variable capital.*

IV—Accumulation of Capital

THE first condition of the accumulation of capital is that the capitalist must have contrived to sell his commodities and to re-convert the greater portion of the money thus received into capital. Whatever be the proportion of surplus-value which the industrial capitalist retains for himself or yields up to others, he is the one who first appropriates it.

The process of production incessantly converts material wealth into capital, into means of creating more wealth and means of enjoyment for the capitalist. On the other hand, the labourer, on quitting the process, is nothing more than he was when he began it. He is a source of wealth, but has not the slightest means of making wealth his own. The product of the labourer is incessantly converted not only into commodities, but into capital, into means of subsistence that buy the labourer, and into means of production that command the producers.

The capitalist as constantly produces labour-power; in short, he produces the labourer, but as a wage-labourer. This incessant reproduction, this perpetuation of the labourer, is the *sine qua non* of capitalist production.

From a social point of view the working-class is just as much an appendage of capital as the ordinary instruments of labour. The appearance of independence is kept up by a constant change of employers, and by the legal fiction of contract. Formerly, capital legislatively enforced its proprietary rights over the free labourer.

Capitalist production reproduces and perpetuates the condition for exploiting the labourer. The economical bondage of the labourer is both caused and hidden by the periodic sale of himself to changing masters. Capitalist production, under its aspect of a continuous connected process, produces not only commodities, not only surplus value, but it also produces and reproduces the capitalist relation; on the one side the capitalist, on the other the wage-labourer.

Capital presupposes wage-labour, and wage-labour presupposes capital. One is a necessary condition to the existence of the other. The two mutually call each other into existence. Does an operative in a cotton factory produce nothing but cotton goods? No, he produces capital. He produces values that give fresh command over his labour, and that, by means of such command, create fresh values.

Every individual capital is a larger or smaller concentration of means of production, with a corresponding command over a larger or smaller labour-army. The growth of social capital is affected by the growth of many individual capitals.

With the accumulation of capital, therefore, the number of capitalists grows to a greater or less extent. Two points characterise this kind of concentration which grows directly out of, or rather is identical with, accumulation. First, the increasing concentration of the social means of production in the hands of individual capitalists is, other things remaining equal, limited by the degree of increase of social wealth. Secondly, the part of social capital domiciled in each particular sphere of production is divided among many capitalists who face one another as independent commodity-producers competing with each other.

Accumulation and the concentration accompanying it are, therefore, not only scattered, but the increase of each functioning capital is thwarted by the formation of new and the subdivision of old capitals. Accumulation, therefore, presents itself on the one hand as the increasing concentration of the means of production and of the command over labour; and on the other hand, as repulsion of many individuals one from another.

DANIEL DEFOE

THE LIFE & STRANGE, SURPRISING ADVENTURES OF ROBINSON CRUSOE

WRITTEN when Defoe was fifty-eight, Robinson Crusoe was the first work of fiction in this country that represented the men and manners of its time as they were. The first part, here epitomised, was published in 1719 and had immense success. The second part appeared later in the same year, and the third, now seldom reprinted, in 1720. In the meantime, the story was republished serially in Heathcote's Intelligencer, and was probably the first work of fiction appearing in this form. The narrative was widely pirated and its authorship gave rise to wild rumours. The theory that Defoe had appropriated Alexander Selkirk's papers was only justified inasmuch as the story was partly founded on Selkirk's adventures and partly on Dampier's voyages. Robinson Crusoe may be obtained in many moderately priced editions.

I—I go to Sea

I WAS born of a good family in the city of York, where my father—a foreigner, of Bremen—settled after having retired from business. My father had given me a competent share of learning and designed me for the law; but I would be satisfied in nothing but going to sea. My mind was filled with thoughts of seeing the world, and nothing could persuade me to give up my desire.

At length, on September 1, 1651, I left home and went on board a ship bound for London. The ship was no sooner out of the Humber than the wind began to blow and the sea to rise in a most frightful manner; and as I had never been at sea before, I was most inexpressibly sick in body and terrified in mind. The next day, however, the wind abated, and for several days the weather continued calm. My fears being forgotten, and the current of my desires returned, I forgot the vows to return home that I made in my distress.

The sixth day of our being at sea we came into Yarmouth Roads and cast anchor. Our troubles were not yet over, however, for a few days later the wind increased till it blew a terrible storm indeed. I began to see terror in the faces even of the seamen themselves; and as the captain passed me, I could hear him softly to himself say, several times, 'We shall be all lost!'

My horror of mind put me into such a condition that I can by no words describe it. The storm increased, and the seamen every now and then cried out the ship would founder. One of the men cried out that we had sprung a leak, and all hands were called to the pumps; but the water increasing in the hold, it was apparent that the ship would founder. We fired guns for help, and a ship who had rid it out just ahead of us ventured a boat out. It was with the utmost hazard the boat came near us, but at last we got all into it, and got into shore, though not without much difficulty, and walked to Yarmouth.

HAVING some money in my pocket, I travelled to London, and there got acquainted with the master of a ship which traded on the coast of Guinea. This captain, taking a fancy to my conversation, told me if I would make a voyage with him I might do some trading on my own account. I embraced the offer, and went the voyage with him. With the help of some of my relations I raised £40, which I laid out in toys, beads and such trifles as my friend the captain said were most in demand on the Guinea Coast. It was a prosperous voyage. It made me both a sailor and a merchant, for my adventure yielded me on my return to London almost £300, and this filled me with those thoughts which have since so completed my ruin.

I was now set up as a Guinea trader, and made up my mind to go the same voyage again in the same ship; but this was the unhappiest voyage ever man made, for as we were off the African shore we were sur-

prised by a Moorish rover of Salee, who gave chase with all sail. About three in the afternoon he came up with us, and after a great fight we were forced to yield, and were carried all prisoners into the port of Salee, where we were sold as slaves.

I was fortunate enough to fall into the hands of a master who treated me with no little kindness. He frequently went fishing, and as I was dexterous in catching fish, he never went without me. One day he sent me out with a Moor to catch fish for him. Then notions of deliverance darted into my thoughts, and I prepared not for fishing, but for a voyage. When everything was ready, we sailed away to the fishing-grounds. Purposely catching nothing, I said we had better go farther out. The Moor agreed, and I ran the boat out near a league farther; then I brought to as if I would fish. Instead of that, however, I stepped forward, and, stooping behind the Moor, took him by surprise and tossed him overboard. He rose to the surface, and called on me to take him in. For reply I presented a gun at him, and told him if he came nearer the boat I would shoot him, and that he might easily swim ashore. So he turned about and swam for the shore, and I make no doubt but he reached it with ease.

About ten days afterwards, as I was steering out to double a cape, I came in sight of a Portuguese ship. On coming nearer, they hailed me, but I understood not a word. At last a Scotch sailor called to me, and I answered I was an Englishman, and had made my escape from the Moors of Salee. They then very kindly took me in, with all my goods.

We had a very good voyage to the Brazils, and the captain recommended me to an honest man who had a sugar plantation. Here I settled down for a while, and learned the planting of sugar. Then I took a piece of land and became a planter myself. My affairs prospered, and had I continued in the station I was now in, I had room for many happy things to have yet befallen me; but I was still to be the agent of my own miseries.

II—Lord of an Island and Alone

Some of my neighbours, hearing that I had a knowledge of Guinea trading, proposed to fit out a vessel and send her to Guinea to purchase negroes to work in our plantations. I was well pleased with the idea; and when they asked me to manage the trading part, I forgot all the perils and agreed to go. A ship being fitted out, we set sail on September 1, 1659.

We had very good weather for twelve days, but, after crossing the line, violent hurricanes took us and drove us out of the way of all human commerce. In this distress, one morning, there was a cry of 'Land!' and almost at the same moment the ship struck against a sandbank. We took to a boat and worked towards the land; but before we could reach it, a raging wave came rolling astern of us and overset the boat. We were all thrown into the sea, and out of fifteen who were on board, none escaped but myself. I managed somehow to scramble to shore, and clambered up the cliffs, and sat me down on the grass half-dead. Night coming on me, I took up my lodging in a tree.

When I waked, it was broad day, the weather clear, and the storm abated. What surprised me most was that in the night the ship had been lifted from the bank by the swelling tide, and driven ashore almost as far as the place where I landed. I saw that if we had all kept on board we had been all safe, and I had not been so miserable as to be left entirely destitute of all company, as I now was.

I swam out to the ship, and found that her stern lay lifted up on the bank. All the ship's provisions were dry, and, being well disposed to eat, I filled my pockets and ate as I went about other things, for I had no time to lose. We had several spare yards and planks, and with these I made a raft. I emptied three of the seamen's chests, and let them down upon the raft and filled them with provisions. I also let down the carpenter's chest, and some arms and ammunition—all of which, after much labour, I got safely to land.

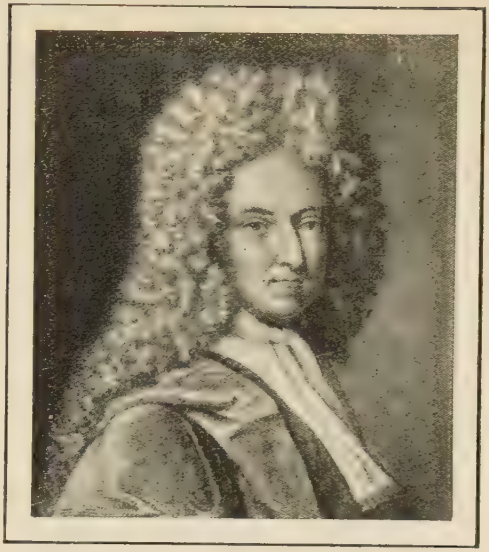
My next work was to view the country. Where I was I yet knew not, but after I had got to the top of a hill which rose up very steep and high, I saw my fate, to

my great affliction—viz. that I was in an island, uninhabited except by wild beasts.

I now began to consider that I might yet get a great many things out of the ship which would be useful to me; so every day at low water I went on board and brought away something or other until I had the biggest magazine that was ever laid up, I believe, for one man. I verily believe, had the calm weather held, I should have brought away the whole ship piece by piece; but on the fourteenth day it blew a storm, and next morning, behold, no more ship was to be seen. I must not forget that I brought on shore two cats and a dog. He was a trusty servant to me many years. I wanted nothing that he could fetch me, nor any company. I only wanted him to talk to me, but that he could not do. Later, I caught a parrot, which did much to cheer my loneliness. I taught him to speak, and it could have done your heart good to have heard the pitying tones in which he used to say, 'Robin—poor Robin Crusoe!'

I now went in search of a place where to fix my dwelling. I found a little plain on the side of a rising hill, which was there as steep as a house-side, so that nothing could come down to me from the top. On the side of this rock was a hollow space like the entrance of a cave, before which I resolved to pitch my tent. Before I set up my tent, I drew a half-circle before the hollow place, which extended backwards about twenty yards. In this half-circle I planted two rows of strong stakes, driving them into the ground like piles, above five feet and a half high, and sharpened at the top. Then I took some pieces of cable I had found in the ship, and laid them in rows one upon another between the stakes; and this fence was so strong that neither man nor beast could get into it or over it. The entrance I made to be by a short ladder to go over the top, and when I was in I lifted the ladder after me.

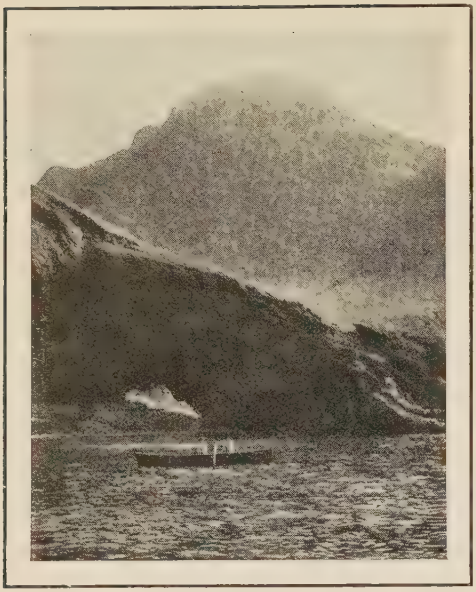
Inside the fence, with infinite labour, I carried all my riches, provisions, ammunition and stores. And I made me a large tent, also, to preserve me from the rains. When I had done this I began to work my way into the rock. All the earth and stones I dug out I laid up within my fence, and thus I made me a cave just behind my tent which served me like a cellar.



DANIEL DEFOE, pamphleteer, author and journalist, was born in London, about 1660, of a nonconformist family. He began writing on political subjects early in life and came under the protection of William III. His service in Scotland as an agent in the furtherance of the Union of 1707 was acknowledged as valuable, but he was regarded with suspicion by both Whigs and Tories on account of his unrestrained style which, indeed, brought him on occasion to prison and pillory. Captain Singleton was published in 1720; Moll Flanders and The Journal of the Plague Year were issued in 1722, and The Fortunate Mistress, in 1724. Defoe died April 26, 1731, insolvent and unbefriended.

In the middle of my labours it happened that, rummaging my things, I found a little bag with but husks of corn and dust in it. Wishing to make use of the bag, I shook it out on one side of my fortification. It was a little before the great rains that I threw this stuff away, not remembering that I had thrown anything there; about a month after, I saw some green stalks shooting up. I was perfectly astonished when, after a little longer time, I saw ten or twelve ears of barley. I knew not how it came there. At last it occurred to me that I had shaken out the bag there. Besides the barley there were also a few stalks of rice. I carefully saved the ears of this corn, you may be sure, and resolved to sow them all again. When my corn was ripe, I used a cutlass as a scythe, and cut off the ears and rubbed them out with my hands. At the end of my harvesting I had nearly two bushels of rice, and two bushels and a half of barley. I kept all this for seed, and bore the want of bread.

I soon found that I needed many things



CRUSOE'S ISLAND AS IT IS

Belonging to Chile, the Juan Fernandez group of islands lies in the southern Pacific about three hundred and fifty miles west of Valparaiso. Mas-à-tierra was discovered by Juan Fernandez in or about 1565, and it was on this island, which our photograph illustrates, that the Scotsman, Alexander Selkirk, whose adventures formed the groundwork of Defoe's great story, lived alone from 1704 till 1709.

to make me comfortable. First I wanted a chair and a table, for without them I must live like a savage. So I set to work. I had never handled a tool in my life, but I had a saw, an axe and several hatchets, and I soon learned to use them all. If I wanted a board, I had to chop down a tree. From the trunk of the tree I cut a log of the length my board was to be. Then I split the log and, with infinite labour, hewed it flat till it was as thin as a board. I made myself a table and a chair out of short pieces of board, and from the large boards I made some wide shelves. On these I laid my tools and other things.

From time to time I made many useful things. From a piece of ironwood, cut in the forest with great labour, I made a spade to dig with. Then I wanted a pick-axe, but for long I could not think how I was to get one. At length I made use of crowbars from the wreck. These I heated in the fire, and, little by little, shaped them till I made a pick-axe, proper enough, though heavy.

At first I felt the need of baskets in which to carry things, so I set to work as a basket-maker. It came to my mind that the twigs of the tree whence I cut my stakes might serve. I found them to my purpose as much as I could desire, and, during the next rainy season, I employed myself in making a great many baskets. Though I did not finish them handsomely, yet I made them sufficiently serviceable.

I HAD, however, one want greater than all the others—bread. My barley was very fine, the grains were large and smooth; but before I could make bread I must grind the grains into flour. I spent many a day to find out a stone to cut hollow and make fit for a mortar, and could find none; nor were the rocks of the island of hardness sufficient. So I gave it over and rounded a great block of hard wood and, with the help of fire, made a hollow in it. I made a great heavy pestle of the wood called ironwood.

The baking part was the next thing to be considered; for, first, I had no yeast. As to that, there was no supplying the want, so I did not concern myself much about it. But for an oven I was indeed in great pain. At length I found out an experiment for that also. I made some earthen vessels, broad but not deep, about two feet across, and about nine inches deep. These I burned in the fire till they were as hard as nails and as red as tiles, and when I wanted to bake I made a great fire upon a hearth which I paved with some square tiles of my own making.

When the fire had all burned I drew the embers forward upon my hearth, and let them be there till the hearth was very hot. My loaves being ready, I swept the hearth and set them on the hottest part of it. Over each loaf I placed one of the large earthen pots, and drew the embers all round to keep in and add to the heat. And thus I baked my barley loaves and became, in a little time, a good pastrycook into the bargain.

It need not be wondered at if all these things took up most part of the third year of my abode in the island. I had now brought my state of life to be much easier than it was at first, and I learned to look more upon the bright side of my condition and less on the dark.

Had anyone in England met such a man

as I was, it must have frightened them, or raised great laughter. On my head I wore a great, high, shapeless cap of goat's skin. Stockings and shoes I had none, but I had made a pair of somethings, I scarce know what to call them, to slip over my legs ; a jacket, with the skirts coming down to the middle of my thighs, and a pair of open-kneed breeches of the same, completing my outfit. I had a broad belt of goat's skin, and in this I hung, on one side, a saw, on the other, a hatchet. Under my arm hung two pouches for shot and powder; at my back I carried my basket, on my shoulder my gun, and over my head a great, clumsy goat's skin umbrella.

A stoic would have smiled to have seen me at dinner. There was my majesty, prince and lord of the whole island ! How like a king I dined, too, all alone, attended by my servants ! Poll, my parrot, as if he had been my favourite, was the only person permitted to talk to me. My old dog sat at my right hand, and two cats on each side of the table, expecting a bite from my hand as a mark of special favour.

III—The Footprint on the Sand

It was my custom to make daily excursions to some part of my island.

One day, walking along the beach, I was exceedingly surprised with the print of a man's naked foot plainly impressed on the sand. I stood like one thunderstruck. I listened, I looked around, but I could hear nothing nor see anything. I went up to a rising ground to look further ; I walked backwards and forwards on the shore, but I could only see that one impression.

I went to it again. There was exactly a foot—toes, heel, and every part of a foot. How it came thither I knew not ; but I hurried home, looking behind me at every two or three steps, and mistaking every bush and tree, fancying every stump to be a man. I had no sleep that night ; but my terror gradually wore off, and after some days I ventured down to the beach to take measure of the footprint by my own.

I found it much larger ! This filled me again with all manner of fears, and when I went home I began to prepare against an attack. I got out my muskets, loaded them, and went to an enormous amount of labour

'HAD THE CALM HELD . . . . I SHOULD HAVE BROUGHT AWAY THE WHOLE SHIP'

For the student of Defoe's great narrative this picture, the work of J. R. Gilfillan, has an unusual interest. The artist was a sailor, but from 1830 to 1840 devoted himself to painting. In the course of his voyages, he must have visited Mas-à-tierra and a comparison with our photograph in the opposite page, showing a portion of the same side of the island, at once reveals the remarkable truth, even in details, that the artist has retained in his impression. The painting hangs in the Euing Collection of the Glasgow Art Galleries

and trouble—all because I had seen the print of a naked foot on the sand. There seemed to me then no labour too great, no task too toilsome, and I made me a second fortification, and planted a vast number of stakes on the outside of my outer wall, which grew and became a thick grove of trees, concealing the place of my retreat and adding greatly to my security.

For many months the perturbation of my mind was very great ; in the day great troubles overwhelmed me, and in the night I dreamed often of killing savages. About two years after I first knew these fears, I was surprised one morning by seeing five canoes on the shore. I could not tell what to make of it, so went and lay in my castle perplexed and discomforted. At length, becoming very impatient, I clambered up to the top of the hill and perceived, by the help of my perspective glass, no less than thirty men dancing round a fire with barbarous gestures. While I was looking, two miserable wretches were dragged from the boats. One was immediately knocked down, while the other, seeing himself a little at liberty, started away from them and ran along the sands directly towards me. I was dreadfully frightened, that I must acknowledge, when I perceived him run my way, especially when, as I thought, I saw him pursued by the whole body. But my spirits began to recover when I found that but three men followed him, and that he outstripped them exceedingly in running.

Presently he came to a creek and, making nothing of it, plunged in, landed, and ran on with exceeding strength. Two of the pursuers swam the creek, but the third went no farther, and soon after went back again. I immediately took my two guns, ran down the hill and clapped myself in the way between the pursuers and the pursued, hallowing aloud to him that fled. Then, rushing on the foremost of the pursuers, I knocked him down with the stock of my piece. The other stopped, as if frightened, but as I came nearer, I perceived he was fitting a bow and arrow to shoot at me ; so I was then obliged to shoot at him first, which I did, and killed him.

The poor savage who fled was so frightened with the noise of my piece that he seemed inclined still to fly. I gave him all the signs of encouragement I could think of, and he came nearer, kneeling down every ten or twelve steps. I took him up and made much of him, and comforted him. Then, beckoning him to follow me, I took him to my cave on the farther part of the island. Here, having refreshed him, I made signs for him to lie down to sleep, which the poor creature did. After he had slumbered about half an hour, he came out of the cave, running to me, laying himself down and setting my foot upon his head to let me know he would serve me so long as he lived.

In a little time I began to speak to him and teach him to speak to me ; and, first, I let him know his name should be Friday, which was the day I saved his life. I likewise taught him to say ' Master,' and then let him know that was to be my name. I made a little tent for him, and took in my ladders at night, so that he could no way come at me.

But I needed not this precaution, for never man had a more faithful, loving servant than Friday was to me. I made it my business to teach him everything that was proper to make him useful, especially to make him speak, and he was the aptest scholar that ever was. Indeed, this was the pleasantest year of all the life I led in this place. I began now to have some use for my tongue again, and, besides the pleasure of talking to Friday, I had a singular satisfaction in the fellow himself. His simple, unfeigned honesty appeared to me more and more every day, and I began to love the creature ; and I believe he loved me more than it was possible for him to love anything before.

IV—The End of my Captivity on the Lonely Island

I was now entered on the seven-and-twentieth year of my captivity on the island. One morning I bade Friday go to the seashore and see if he could find a turtle. He had not been gone long when he came running back like one that felt not the ground, or the steps he set his feet on, and cries out to me :

" O master ! O sorrow ! O bad ! "

" What's the matter, Friday ? " said I.

HOPING FOR SIGHT OF A SAIL, CRUSOE KEEPS HIS VIGIL ON THE DESERT ISLAND

After the painting by J. C. Dollman, R.W.S., by permission of the artist

"O yonder, there," says he; "one, two, three canoes!"

"Well," says I, "do not be frightened."

However, I saw that the poor fellow was most terribly scared, for nothing ran in his head but that the savages were come back to look for him, and would cut him in pieces and eat him. I comforted him, and told him I was in as much danger as he. Then I went up the hill and found quickly by my glass that there were one-and-twenty savages, whose business seemed to be a triumphant banquet upon three human bodies. I came down again to Friday and, going towards the wretches, sent Friday a little ahead to see what they were doing. He came back and told me that they were eating the flesh of a prisoner, and that a bearded man lay bound, whom he said they would kill next.

This fired the very soul within me, and, going to a little rising ground, I turned to Friday and said, "Now, Friday, do exactly as you see me do." So, with a musket, I took aim at the savages; Friday did the like, and we fired, killing three of them and wounding five more. They were in a dreadful consternation, and after we had fired again among the amazed wretches, I made directly towards the poor victim who was lying upon the beach. Loosing him, I found he was a Spaniard. He took pistol and sword from me thankfully, and flew upon his murderers, and, Friday pursuing the flying wretches, in the end but four escaped in a canoe.

I was minded to pursue them lest they should return with a greater force and devour us by mere multitude. So, running to a canoe, I bade Friday follow me, but was surprised to find another poor creature lying therein, bound hand and foot. I immediately cut his fastenings, and bade Friday tell him of his deliverance. But when Friday came to hear him speak and to look in his face, it would have moved anyone to tears to have seen how Friday kissed him, embraced him, hugged him, cried, danced, sung, and then cried again. It was a good while before I could make him tell me what was the matter, but when he came a little to himself he told me it was his father. He sat down by the old man and took his arms and ankles, which were numbed with the binding, and rubbed them with his hands.

My island was now peopled, and I thought myself rich in subjects. The Spaniard and the old savage had been with us above seven months sharing in our labours, when, being unable to keep means of deliverance out of my thoughts, I gave them leave to go over to the mainland, where some of the Spaniard's shipmates were cast away, giving them provisions sufficient for themselves and all the Spaniards, for eight days.

It was no less than eight days I had waited for their return when Friday came to me and called aloud, "Master, master, they are come!" I jumped up and climbed to the top of the hill, and with my glass plainly made out an English ship, and its long-boat standing in for the shore. I cannot express the joy I was in at seeing a ship, and one that was manned by my own countrymen; but yet I had some secret doubts, bidding me keep on my guard. Presently the boat was run upon the beach, and in all eleven men landed, whereof three were unarmed and bound, whom I could perceive using passionate gestures of entreaty and despair. Presently the seamen were all gone straggling in the woods, leaving the three distressed men under a tree a little distance from me. I resolved to discover myself to them, and called aloud in Spanish, "What are ye, gentlemen?" They started, and I perceived them about to fly from me, when I spoke to them in English.

"Gentlemen," said I, "do not be surprised at me; perhaps you may have a friend near, when you did not expect it. Can you not put a stranger in the way to help you?"

One of them, looking like one astonished, returned, "Sir, I was captain of that ship; my men have mutinied against me, and have set me on shore in this desolate place with my mate and a passenger."

He told me that if two among the mutineers, who were desperate villains, were secured, he believed the rest on shore would return to their duty. He anticipated my proposals in venturing their deliverance by telling me that both he and the ship, if recovered, should be wholly directed by me in everything. Then I gave them muskets, and, the mutineers returning, the two villains were killed, and the rest begged for mercy, and joined us. More of them coming ashore, we fell upon them at night, so that at the captain's call they laid down their arms, trusting to the mercy of the governor of the island, for such they supposed me to be.

It now occurred to me that the time of my deliverance was come, and that it would be easy to bring these fellows in to be hearty in getting possession of the ship. And so it proved, for, the ship being boarded, and the new rebel captain shot, the rest yielded without any lives lost.

When I saw my deliverance then put visibly into my hands, I was ready to sink down with the surprise, and it was a good while before I could speak a word to the captain, who was in as great an ecstasy as I. After some time, I came dressed in a new habit of the captain's, being still called governor. Being all met, and the captain with me, I caused the prisoners to be brought before me, told them I had got a full account of their villainous behaviour to the captain, and asked of them what they had to say why I should not execute them as pirates. I told them I had resolved to quit the island, but that they, if they went, could only go as prisoners in irons; so that I could not tell what was the best for them, unless they had a mind to take their fate in the island. They seemed thankful for this, and said they would much rather venture to stay than be carried to England to be hanged. So I left it on that issue. When the captain was gone I sent for the men to my apartment and let them into the story of my living there; showed them my fortifications, the way I made my bread, planted my corn; and, in a word, all that would make them easy. I told them also of the Spaniards that were to be expected, and made them promise to treat them in common with themselves.

I left the next day and went on board the ship with Friday. And thus I left the island the 19th of December, in the year 1686, after eight and twenty years; and, after a long voyage, I arrived in England, the 11th of June, 1687, having been, in all, thirty-five years absent.

HERODOTUS

'THE HISTORY' OF HERODOTUS

Translated by A. D. Innes from the Greek

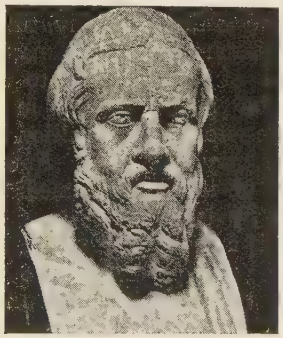
WHEN Cicero called Herodotus the Father of History he meant that the Greek was the first to conceive an historical work in an artistic and dramatically unified form; and, in fact, no one before Herodotus had succeeded in envisaging a great international theme. In subordination to this *motif* he worked up a vast mass of antiquarian and ethnological lore, mainly derived from his own far-reaching enquiries. The dramatic crisis of his History is the destruction of the power of Persia by a handful of Greeks at Thermopylae, Salamis and Mycale; and its lesson, that of the Nemesis that descends on those who, drunk with pride of power, forget the restrictions of mortality. If its author did not conceive history as an exact science, he at least made it a peculiarly engaging study, to which his simple, discursive style gives a sweet savour of archaism. Rawlinson's translation in two volumes is included in Everyman's Library.

I—The Westward Thrust of Persian Power

I WILL not dispute whether those ancient tales be true, of Io and Helen and the like, which one or another have called the sources of the war between the Hellenes and the barbarians of Asia; but I will begin with those wrongs whereof I myself have knowledge. In the days of Sadyattes, king of Lydia, and his son Alyattes, there was war between Lydia and Miletus. And Croesus made himself master of the lands bounded by the Halys, and he waxed in power and wealth, so that there was none like him. To him came Solon, the Athenian, but would not hail him as the happiest of all men, saying that none may be called happy until his life's end.

Thereafter trouble fell upon Croesus by the slaying of his son when he was hunting. Then Cyrus the Persian rose up and made himself master of the Medes and Persians, and Croesus, fearing his power, was fain to go up against him, being deceived by an oracle; but first he sought to make alliance with the chief of the states of Hellas. In those days, Pisistratus was despot of Athens; but Sparta was mighty, by the laws of Lycurgus. Therefore Croesus sent envoys to the Spartans to make alliance with them, which was done very willingly. But when Croesus went up against Cyrus, his army was put to flight, and Cyrus besieged him in the city of Sardis, and took it, and made himself lord of Lydia. He would have slain Croesus, but, finding him wise and pious, he made him his counsellor.

Now this Cyrus had before overthrown the Median king, Astyages, whose daughter was his own mother. For her father, fearing a dream, wedded her to a Persian, and when she bore a child, he gave order for its slaying. But the babe was taken away and brought up by a herdsman of the hill-folk. But in course of time the truth became known to Astyages, and to Harpagus, the officer who had been bidden to slay the babe, and to Cyrus himself. Then Harpagus, fearing the wrath of Astyages, bade Cyrus gather together the Persians — who in those days were a hardy people of the mountains — and make himself king over the Medians; which things Cyrus did, overthrowing his grandfather Astyages. And it was in this wise that the dominion of the Persians began.



HERODOTUS, the historian, was born at Halicarnassus, the centre of the Greek colony of Caria in Asia Minor, about 484 B.C., and he lived probably to the age of 60, dying about 425 B.C. Practically his whole life was spent in travelling and in making investigations in those classic lands whose story forms the theme of his great work, and his travels took him as far as Cyrene, in Libya, and Elephantine in Egypt. The above bust is in the collection of ancient sculptures in the National Museum at Naples.

The Ionian cities of Asia were zealous to make alliance with Cyrus when he had overthrown Croesus. But he held them of little account, and threatened them, and the Lacedaemonians also, who sent him messengers warning him to let the Ionians alone. And he sent Harpagus against the cities of the Ionians, of whom certain Phocaeans and Teians sailed away to Rhegium and Abdera rather than become the slaves of the barbarians; but the rest, though they fought valiantly enough, were brought to submission by Harpagus.

WHILE Harpagus was completing the subjugation of the West, Cyrus was making conquest of Upper Asia, and overthrew the kingdom of Assyria, of which the chief city was Babylon, a very wonderful city, wherein there had ruled two famous queens, Semiramis and Nitocris. Now, this queen had made the city wondrous strong by the craft of engineers, yet Cyrus took it by a shrewd device, drawing off the water of the river so as to gain a passage. Thus Babylon also fell under the sway of the Persian. But when Cyrus would have made war upon Tomyris, the queen of the Massagetae, who dwelt to the eastward, there was a great battle, and Cyrus himself was slain and the most part of his host. And Cambyses, his son, reigned in his stead.

Babylon falls to Persia

II—Cambyses Carries the Conquest into Egypt

CAMBYSES set out to conquer Egypt, taking in his army certain of the Greeks. But of what I shall tell about that land, the most was told to me by the priests whom I myself visited at Memphis and Thebes and Heliopolis. The Egyptians account themselves the most ancient of peoples. If the Ionians are right, who reckon that Egypt is only the Nile Delta, this could not be. But I reckon that the whole Egyptian territory is Egypt, from the Cataracts and Elephantine down to the sea, parted into the Asiatic part and the Libyan part by the Nile.

For the causes of the rising and falling of the Nile, the reasons that men give are of no account. And of the sources whence the river springs are strange stories told, of which I say not whether they be true or false; but the course of it is known for four months' journey by land and water, and in my opinion it is a river comparable to the Ister.

Rise and Fall of the Nile

The priests tell that the first ruler of Egypt was Menes, and after him were three hundred and thirty kings, counting one queen, who was called Nitocris. After them came Sesostris, who carried his conquest as far as the Thracians and Scythians; and later was Rhampsinitus, who married his daughter to the clever thief that robbed his treasure-house; and after him Cheops, who built the pyramid, drawing the stones from the Arabian mountain down to the Nile. Chephren also, and Mycerinus built pyramids, and the Greeks have a story—which is not true—that another was built by Rhodopis. And in the reign of Sethon, Egypt was invaded by Sennacherib the Assyrian, whose army's bowstrings were eaten by field-mice.

A thing more wonderful than the pyramids is the labyrinth near Lake Moeris, and still more wonderful is Lake Moeris itself, all which were made by the twelve kings who ruled at once after Sethon. And after them, Psammitichus made himself the monarch; and after him his great-grandson Apries prospered greatly, till he was overthrown by Amasis. And Amasis also prospered, and showed favour to the Greeks. But for whatever reason, in his day Cambyses made his expedition against Egypt, invading it just when Amasis had died, and his son Psammenitus was reigning.

CAMBYSES put the Egyptian army to rout in a great battle and conquered the country, making Psammenitus prisoner. Yet he would have set him up as governor of the province, according to the Persian custom, but that Psammenitus was stirred up to revolt and, being discovered, was put to death. Thereafter Cambyses would have made war upon Carthage, but that the Phoenicians would not aid him; and against the Ethiopians, who are called 'long-lived,' but his army could get no food; and against the Ammonians, but the troops that went were seen no more.

Now, madness came upon Cambyses, and he died, having committed many crimes, among which was the slaying of his brother Smerdis. And there rose up one among the Magi who pretended to be Smerdis, and was proclaimed king. But this false Smerdis was one whose ears had been cut off, and he was thus found out by one of his wives, the daughter of a Persian nobleman, Otanes. Then seven nobles conspired together, since they would not be ruled over by one of the Magi; and having determined that it was best to have one man for ruler, rather than the rule of the people or of the nobles, they slew Smerdis and made Darius, the son of Hystaspes, their king.

How Darius Became King

Then Darius divided the Persian empire into twenty satrapies, whereof each one paid its own tribute, save Persia itself, and he was lord of all Asia, and Egypt also.

In the days of Cambyses, Polycrates was despot of Samos, being the first who ever thought to make himself a ruler of the seas. And he had prospered marvellously. But Oroetes, the satrap of Sardis, compassed his death by foul treachery, and wrought many other crimes; whom Darius in turn put to death by guile, fearing to make open war upon him. And not long afterwards, he sent Otanes to make conquest of Samos. And during the same days there was a revolt of the Babylonians; and Darius went up against Babylon, yet for twenty months he could not take it.

Howbeit, Babylon was taken by the act of Zopyrus, who, having mutilated himself, went to the Babylonians and told them that Darius had thus evilly entreated him, and so, winning their trust, he made easy entry for the Persian army, and so Babylon was taken for the second time.

III—Darius and His Army Cross the Danube

Now, Darius was minded to make conquest of the Scythians—concerning which people, and the lands beyond those which they inhabit, there are many marvels told, as of a bald-headed folk called Argippaei; and the Arimaspians or one-eyed people; and the Hyperborean land where the air is full of feathers. Of these lands are legends only; nothing is known. But concerning the earth's surface, this much is known, that Libya is surrounded by water, certain Phoenicians having sailed round it. And of the unknown regions of Asia much was searched out by order of Darius.

The Scythians themselves have no cities; but there are great rivers in Scythia, whereof the Ister is the greatest of all known streams, being greater even than the Nile, if we reckon its tributaries. The great god of the Scythians is Ares; and their war customs are savage exceedingly, and all their ways barbarous. Against this folk Darius resolved to march.

His plan was to convey his army across the Bosporus on a bridge of boats, while the Ionian fleet should sail up to the Ister and bridge that, and await him. So he crossed the Bosporus and marched through Thrace, subduing on his way the Getae, who believe that there is no true death. But when he passed the Ister, he would have taken the Ionians along with him; but by counsel of Coes of Mitylene, he resolved to leave them in charge of the bridge, giving order that, after sixty days, they might depart home, but no sooner.

Then the Scythians, fearing that they could not match the great king's army, summoned the other barbaric peoples to their aid; among whom were the Sauromatians, who are fabled to be the offspring of the Amazons. And some were willing, but others not. Therefore the Scythians retired before Darius, first towards those peoples who would not come to their help; and so enticed him into desert regions, yet would in no wise come to battle with him.

Now, at length, Darius found himself in so evil a plight that he began to march back to the Ister. And certain Scythians came to the Ionians and counselled them to destroy the bridge, the sixty days being passed. And this Miltiades, the Athenian despot of the Chersonese, would have had them do, so that Darius might perish with all his army; but Histiaeus of Miletus dissuaded them, because the rule of the despots was upheld by Darius. And thus the Persian army was saved, Megabazus

Darius Retires from Scythia

being left in Europe to subdue the Hellespontines. When Megabazus had subdued many of the Thracian peoples, who, indeed, lack only union with each other to make them the mightiest of all nations, he sent an embassy to Amyntas, the king of Macedon, to demand earth and water. But because those envoys insulted the ladies of the court, Alexander, the son of Amyntas, slew them all, and of them or all their train naught was heard more.

Now Darius, with fair words, bade Histiaeus of Miletus abide with him at the royal town of Susa. Then Aristagoras, the brother of Histiaeus, having failed in an attempt to subdue Naxos, and fearing both Artaphernes, the satrap of Sardis, and the Persian general Megabazus, with whom he had quarrelled, sought to stir up a revolt of the Ionian cities; being incited thereto by secret messages from Histiaeus.

To this end, he sought alliance with the Lacedaemonians; but they would have nothing to do with him, deeming the venture too remote. Then he went to Athens, whence the sons of Pisistratus had been driven forth just before. For Hipparchus had been slain by Harmodius and Aristogiton, and afterwards Hippias would hardly have been expelled but that his enemies captured his children and so could make with him what terms they chose. But the Pisistratidae having been expelled, the city grew in might, and changes were made in the government of it by Clisthenes the Alcmaeonid. But the party that was against Clisthenes got aid from Cleomenes of Sparta; yet the party of Clisthenes won.

Then, since they reckoned that there would be war with Sparta, the Athenians had sought friendship with Artaphernes at Sardis; but since he demanded earth and water they broke off. But because Athens was waxing in strength, the Spartans bethought them of restoring the despotism of the Pisistratidae. But Sosicles, the Corinthian, dissuaded the allies of Sparta from taking part in so evil a deed. Then Hippias sought to stir up against the Athenians the ill-will of Artaphernes, who bade them take back the Pisistratidae, which they would not do.

Athens Rises in Power

Therefore, when Aristagoras came thither, the Athenians were readily persuaded to promise him aid. And he, having gathered the troops of the Ionians, who were at one with him, marched with them and the Athenians against Sardis and took the city, which by a chance was set on fire. But after that the Athenians refused further help to the Ionians, who were worsted by the Persians. But the ruin of the Ionians was at the sea-fight of Lade, where the men of Chios fought stoutly; but, they of Samos and Lesbos deserting, there was a great rout.

IV—The Knell of Persia's Hope at Marathon & Thermopylae

Thereafter King Darius, being very wroth with the Athenians for their share in the burning of Sardis, sent a great army across the Hellespont to march through Thrace against Athens, under his young kinsman Mardonius. But disaster befell these at the hands of the Thracians, and the fleet that was to aid them was shattered in a storm; so that they returned to Asia without honour. Then Darius sent envoys to demand earth and water from the Greek states; and of the islands the most gave them, and some also of the cities on the mainland; and among these were the Aeginetans, which were at feud with Athens.

But of those who would not give the earth and water were the Eretrians of Euboea. So Darius sent a great armament by sea against Eretria and Athens, led by Datis and Artaphernes, which sailed first against Eretria. The Athenians, indeed, sent aid; but when they found that the counsels of the Eretrians were divided, so that no firm stand might be made, they withdrew. Nevertheless, the Eretrians fought valiantly behind their walls, till they were betrayed on the seventh day. But the Persians, counselled by Hippias, sailed to the bay of Marathon.

Then the Athenians sent the strong runner Pheidippides to call upon the Spartans for aid; who promised it, yet for sacred reasons would not move until

the full moon. So the Athenian host had none to aid them save the loyal Plataeans, valiant though few. Yet in the council of their generals the word of Miltiades was given for battle, whereto the rest consented. Then the Athenians and Plataeans, being drawn up in a long line, charged across the plain nigh a mile, running upon the masses of the Persians; and, breaking them upon the wings, turned and routed the centre also after long fighting, and drove them down to the ships, slaying as they went; and of the ships they took seven. And of the barbarians there fell 6,400 men, and of the Athenians, 192. But as for the story that the Alcmaeonidae hoisted a friendly signal to the Persians, I credit it not at all.

Miltiades Counsels War

Now, Darius was very wroth with the Greeks when he heard of these things, and made preparation for a mighty armament to overthrow the Greeks, and also the Egyptians, who revolted soon afterwards. But he died before he was ready, and Xerxes, his son, reigned in his stead. Then, having first crushed the Egyptians, he, being ruled by Mardonius, gathered a council and declared his intent of marching against the Hellenes; which resolution was commended by Mardonius, but Artabanus, the king's uncle, spoke wise words of warning. Then Xerxes would have changed his mind, but for a dream which came to him twice, and to Artabanus also, threatening disaster if he ceased from his project; so that Artabanus was won over.

THEN Xerxes made vast provision for his invasion—for the building of a bridge over the Hellespont, and the cutting of a canal through the peninsula of Athos, where the fleet of Mardonius had been shattered. And from all parts of his huge empire he mustered his hosts first in Cappadocia, and marched thence by way of Sardis to the Hellespont. And because, when the bridge was a-building, a great storm wrecked it, he bade flog the naughty waves of the sea. Then, the bridge being finished, he passed over with his host, which took seven days to accomplish.

And when they were come to Doriscus he numbered them, and found them to be 1,700,000 men, besides his fleets. And in the fleet were 1,207 great ships, manned chiefly by the Phoenicians and the Greeks of Asia, having also Persian and Scythian fighting men on board. But when Demaratus, an exiled king of Sparta, warned Xerxes of the valour of all the Greeks, but chiefly of the Spartans, who would give battle, however few they might be, against any foe, however many, his words seemed to Xerxes a jest, seeing how huge his own army was.

NOW, Xerxes had sent to many of the Greek states heralds to demand earth and water, which many had given; but to Athens and Sparta he had not sent, because there the heralds of his father Darius had been evilly entreated. And if it had not been for the resolution of the Athenians at this time, all Hellas would have been forced to submit to the Great King; for they, in despite of threatening oracles, held fast to their defiance, being urged thereto by Themistocles, who showed them how those oracles must mean that, although they would suffer evil things, they would be victorious by means of wooden bulwarks, which is to say, ships; and thus they were encouraged to rely upon building and manning a mighty fleet. And all the other cities of Greece resolved to stand by them, except the Argives, who would not submit to the leadership of the Spartans. Nor were the men of Thessaly willing to join, since the other Greeks could not help them to guard Thessaly itself.

Support for Athens & Sparta

Therefore, the Greeks resolved to make their stand at Thermopylae on land, and at the strait of Artemisium by sea. But at the strong pass of Thermopylae only a small force was gathered to hold the barbarians in check, there being of the Spartans themselves only 300, commanded by the king Leonidas. And when the Persians had come thither and sought to storm the pass, they were beaten back with ease, until a track was found by which they might take the defenders in the rear. Then Leonidas bade the rest of the army depart except his Spartans. But the Thespians also would not go; and then those Spartans and Thespians went out into the open and died gloriously.

V—Final Destruction of the Persian Hosts

DURING these same days the Greek fleet at Artemisium fought three several engagements with the Persian fleet, in which neither side had much the better. And thereafter the Greek fleet withdrew, but was persuaded to remain undispersed in the bay of Salamis. The Peloponnesians were no longer minded to attempt the defence of Attica, but to fortify their isthmus, so that the Athenians had no choice but either to submit or to evacuate Athens, removing their families and their goods to Troezen or Aegina or Salamis. In the fleet, their contingent was by far the largest and best, but the commanding admiral was the Spartan Eurybiades. Then the Persians, passing through Boeotia, but, being dispersed before Delphi by thunderbolts and other portents, took possession of Athens, after a fierce fight with the garrison in the Acropolis.

Then the rest of the Greek fleet was fain to withdraw from Salamis, and look to the safety of the Peloponnese only. But Themistocles warned them that if they did so, the Athenians would leave them and sail to new lands and make themselves a new Athens; and thus the fleet was persuaded to hold together at Salamis. Yet he did not trust only to their goodwill, but sent a messenger to the Persian fleet that the way of retreat might be intercepted. For the Persian fleet had gathered at Phalerum, and now looked to overwhelm the Grecian fleet altogether, despite the adverse counsel of Queen Artemisia of Halicarnassus. When Aristides, called the Just, the great rival of Themistocles, told the Greeks that their retreat by sea was cut off, then they were no longer divided, but resolved to fight it out.

In the battle, the Aeginetans and the Athenians did the best of all the Greeks, and Themistocles best among the commanders; nor was ever any fleet more utterly put to rout than that of the Persians, among whom Queen Artemisia won praise unmerited. As for King Xerxes, panic seized him when he saw the disaster to his fleet, and he made haste to flee. He consented, however, to leave Mardonius behind with 300,000 troops in Thessaly, he being still assured that he could crush the Greeks.

The Débâcle at Salamis

When the winter and spring were passed, Mardonius marched from Thessaly and again occupied Athens, which the Athenians had again evacuated, the Spartans having failed to send succour. But when at length the Lacedaemonians, fearing to lose the Athenian fleet, sent forth an army, the Persians fell back to Boeotia. So the Greek hosts gathered near Plataea to the number of 108,000 men, but the troops of Mardonius were about 350,000. Yet, by reason of doubtful auguries, both armies held back, till Mardonius resolved to attack, whereof warning was brought to the Athenians by Alexander of Macedon.

Mardonius Conquers at Plataea

But when the Spartan Pausanias, the general of the Greeks, heard of this, he did what caused no little wonder, for he proposed that the Athenians instead of the Lacedaemonians should face the picked troops of the Persians, as having fought them at Marathon. But Mardonius, seeing them move, moved also. Then he sent some light horse against the Greeks by a fountain whence flowed the army's water; which, becoming choked, it was needful to move to a new position. The move being at night, most of the allies withdrew into the town. But the Spartans and Tegeans and Athenians, perceiving this, held each their ground till dawn.

NOW, in the morning the picked Persian troops fell on the Spartans, and their Grecian allies attacked the Athenians. But, Mardonius being slain, the Persians fled to their camp, which was stormed by the Spartans and Tegeans, and the Athenians, who also had routed their foes; and there the barbarians were slaughtered, so that of 300,000 men not 3,000 were left alive. But Artabanus, who, before the battle, had withdrawn with 40,000 men, escaped hurriedly to the Hellespont.

And on the same day was fought another fight by sea at Mycale in Ionia, where also the barbarians were utterly routed, for the fleet had sailed thither. And thence the Greeks sailed to Sestos, attacked and captured the place, and so went home.

JEREMY TAYLOR

THE RULE AND EXERCISES OF HOLY LIVING

NEXT to Thomas à Kempis's universally beloved Of the Imitation of Christ, Jeremy Taylor's Holy Living and Holy Dying have ever been held in honour as guides to the devotional life: but, apart from the matter, their many high literary qualities and their stately and impassioned style ensure for them a permanent niche in the treasure-house of English literature. In Holy Living as in Holy Dying much shrewd advice is mingled with a tender and quiet piety, and adorned by inspiriting outbursts of a natural yet lofty eloquence. Holy Living was published in 1650, and since that year has remained an established favourite; many good and moderately-priced editions have been published.

I—The Proper Care of Our Time

IF we consider how much of our lives is taken up by the needs of nature, how many years are wholly spent before we come to any use of reason, how many years more before that reason is useful to us to any great purposes, how imperfect our discourse is made by our evil education, false principles, ill company, bad examples and want of experience, how many parts of our wisest and best years are spent in eating and sleeping, in necessary business and unnecessary vanities, in worldly civilities and less useful circumstances, in the learning arts and sciences, languages or trades, that little portion of hours that is left for the practices of piety and religious walking with God is so short and trifling that were not the goodness of God infinitely great, it might seem unreasonable or impossible for us to expect of Him eternal joys in heaven, even after the well-spending those few minutes which are left for God and God's service, after we have served ourselves and our own occasions.

And yet it is to be considered that the fruit which comes of the many days of recreation and vanity is very little, and, although we scatter much, yet we gather but little profit; but from the few hours we spend in prayer and the exercises of a pious life the return is great and profitable, and what we sow in the minutes and spare portions of a few years grows up to crowns and sceptres in a happy and a glorious eternity.

Therefore, although it cannot be enjoined that the greatest part of our time be spent in the direct actions of devotion and religion, yet it will become a duty and also a providence to lay aside for the services of God and the businesses of the Spirit as much as we can, because God rewards our minutes with eternal happiness; and the greater portion of time we give to God the more we treasure up for ourselves, and no man is a better merchant than he that lays out his time upon God and his money upon the poor.

SO long as idleness is quite shut out from our lives there is but little room left for temptation, and, therefore, to a busy man temptation is fain to climb up together with his businesses, and sins creep upon him only by accidents and occasions, whereas, to an idle person they come in a full body and with open violence and the impudence of a restless importunity.

Idleness is the greatest prodigality in the world. To secure and improve our time we may practise in the following rules:

In the morning accustom yourself to think first upon God, and at night let Him close thine eyes.

Avoid all such as are apt to talk to little purpose.

Never talk merely to pass the time away.

In the midst of the works of thy calling, often retire to God in short prayers and ejaculations.

Let every one avoid curiosity, and all inquiry into things that concern them not.

As much as may be, cut off all impertinent and useless employments of unnecessary and fantastic visits; all vain meetings, all laborious trifles, and whatsoever spends time to no real, civil, religious or charitable purpose.

Let not your recreations be lavish spenders of your time, but choose such as are healthful, short, transient, recreative and apt to refresh you; for he that spends his time in sports, and calls it recreation, is like him whose garment is made of fringes.

Holy intention is to the actions of a man that which the soul is to the body, or the sun to the world.

II—Rules for Living the Christian Life

CHRISTIAN religion, in all its moral parts, is nothing else but the law of nature and reason, complying with the great necessities of all the world, and carrying us through all accidents of variety of chances to that end which God hath from eternal ages purposed. According to the apostle's arithmetic, it hath but three parts—sobriety, justice, religion.

Christian sobriety concerns ourselves in the matter of meat and drink, of pleasures and thoughts, and it hath within it the duties of temperance, chastity, humility, modesty and content.

It is a using of severity, denial and frustration of our appetite, when it grows unreasonable.

A longing after sensual pleasures is a dissolution of the spirit, and makes it loose, soft and wandering; unfit for noble, wise or spiritual employments.

The nature of sensual pleasure is vain, empty and unsatisfying, biggest always in expectation, and a mere vanity in the enjoying.

The precepts and advices of best use in the curing of sensuality are these:

Accustom thyself to cut off all superfluity in the provisions of thy life, reducing them to narrow scantlings and small proportions.

Divert your desires with some laudable employment, since the faculties of a man cannot at the same time, with any sharpness, attend to two objects.

Look upon pleasures not upon that side that is next the sun, or where they look beauteously, but behold them in their nakedness and weariness.

Sobriety is the bridle of the passions of desire, and temperance is the bit and curb of that bridle. I deny not that eating and drinking may be, and in healthful bodies always are, with pleasure. But when delight is the only end, and rests itself and dwells there long, then eating and drinking is not a serving of God, but an inordinate action.

Be severe in your judgement concerning your proportions, and let no occasion make you enlarge far beyond your ordinary quantity.

Come not to table but when thy need invites thee.

AS considerations against pride let us remember that our body is weak, our strength is inferior to that of many beasts, our beauty is in colour inferior to that of many flowers, and to be proud of learning is the greatest ignorance in the world; for our learning is so long in getting, and so very imperfect, that the greatest clerk knows not the thousandth part of what he is ignorant, and knows so uncertainly what he seems to know.

Remember that the spirit of man is light and troublesome; his body is brutish and sickly; he is constant in his folly and error, and inconsistent in his manners and good purposes; his labours are vain, intricate and endless; his fortune is changeable, but seldom pleasing, never perfect; his wisdom comes not till he be ready to die—that is, till he be past using it; his death is certain, always ready at the door, but never far off. Upon these or the like meditations if we dwell, or frequently retire to them, we shall see nothing more reasonable than to be humble, and nothing more foolish than to be proud.

The grace of humility is to be practised by these following rules:

Think not thyself better for anything that happens to thee from without.

Never be ashamed of thy birth, or thy parents, or thy trade, or thy present employment, for the meanness or poverty of any of them speak as readily and indifferently of thy meanness as of thy greatness.

Never speak anything tending to thy praise or glory ; that is, with the purpose to be commended, and for no other end.

When thou hast said or done anything for which thou receivest praise or estimation, take it indifferently and return it to God.

Secure a good name to thyself by living virtuously and humbly ; but let this good name be nursed abroad, and never be brought home to look upon it. Let others speak of it if they please, but do not thou at all use it. Let thy face, like Moses', shine to others, but make no looking-glass for thyself.

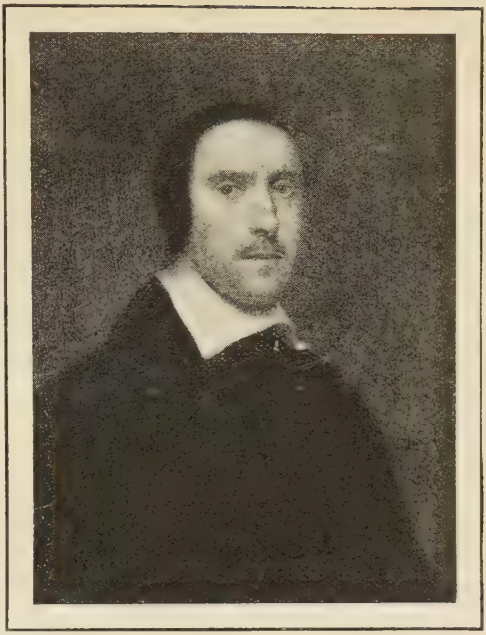
Use no stratagems and devices to get praise. Suffer others to be praised in thy presence, and entertain their good and glory with delight ; think not the advancement of thy brother is a lessening of thy worth.

Drive away all flatterers from thy company, and at no hand endure them.

The humble man patiently bears injuries, is a great lover of good men, and a praiser of wise men, and a censurer of no man. He is modest in his speech and reserved in his laughter ; is ingenuous, free and open in his actions and discourses.

Modesty is the appendage of sobriety, and is to chastity, to temperance and to humility as the fringes are to a garment.

Inquire not into the secrets of God, but be content to learn thy duty according to the quality of thy person or employment.



JEREMY TAYLOR was a divine of the Puritan age who, in a life of apparent restrictions and seeming failure, put forth a beautiful literary growth in his devotional works. Born in 1613, the son of a Cambridge barber, he died August 13, 1667, Bishop of Down and Connor, and of Dromore. He was chaplain to Charles I and Laud, and served as a military chaplain in the Civil War. After the defeat of the King's party, he took refuge in Wales under the protection of the Earl of Carbery, and it was there that his chief works, like Holy Living, the Life of Christ and Holy Dying, were written.

Let us not inquire into the affairs of others that concern us not, but be busied within ourselves and our own spheres.

III—The Value of Contentedness

God hath appointed one remedy for all the evils in the world, and that is a contented spirit. A wise man is placed in the variety of chances, like the nave or centre of a wheel in the midst of all the circumvolutions and changes of posture, without violence or change, save that it turns gently in compliance with its changed parts, and is indifferent which part is up and which is down.

God is the master of the scenes ; we must not choose what part we shall act.

We ourselves make our fortunes good or bad ; and when God lets loose a tyrant upon us, or a sickness, or scorn, or a lessened fortune, if we fear to die, or know not to be patient, or are proud or covetous, then the calamity sits heavy on us.

If thou fallest from thy employment in public, take sanctuary in an honest retirement. If thou art out of favour with thy prince, secure the favour of the King of kings, and then there is no harm come to thee. When the north wind blows hard and it rains sadly, none but fools sit down in it and cry. When a storm of a sad mischance beats upon our spirits, turn it into some advantage by observing where it can serve another end, either of religion or prudence, of more safety, or less envy. If it does any good to our souls, it hath made more than sufficient recompense.

There is no man hath blessings enough in present possession to outweigh the evils of a great affliction. Am I fallen into the hands of publicans and sequestrators, and

they have taken all from me: what now? Let me look about me. They have left me the sun and moon, fire and water, a loving wife, and many friends to pity me, and some to relieve me, and I can still discourse; and, unless I list, they have not taken away my merry countenance, and my cheerful spirit, and a good conscience; and they still have left me the providence of God, and all the promises of the gospel, and my religion, and my hopes of heaven, and my charity to them, too; and still I sleep and digest, I eat and drink, I read and meditate; I can walk in my neighbour's pleasant fields, and see the varieties of natural beauties, and delight in all that in which God delights—he that hath so many causes of joy, and so great, is very much in love with sorrow and peevishness who loses all these pleasures and chooses to sit down upon his little handful of thorns.

There are many accidents which are esteemed great calamities, and yet we have reason enough to bear them well and unconcernedly; for they neither touch our bodies nor our souls—our health and our virtue remain entire, our life and our reputation. It may be I am slighted, or I have received ill language; but my head aches not for it, neither hath it broke my thigh, nor taken away my virtue, unless I lose my charity or my patience. Inquire, therefore, what you are the worse, either in soul or in body, for what hath happened; for upon this very stock many evils will disappear, since the body and the soul make up the whole man.

It is but reasonable to bear that accident patiently which God sends, since impatience does but entangle us, like the fluttering of a bird in a net, but cannot at all ease our trouble, or prevent the accident; it must be run through, and therefore it were better we compose ourselves to a patient than to a miserable suffering.

But, however, if you will not otherwise be cured, time at last will do it alone; and then consider, do you mean to mourn always, or but for a time? If always, you are miserable and foolish. If for a time, then why will you not apply those reasons to your grief at first with which you will cure it at last?

IV—Further Thoughts and Rules for Life

God gave necessities to man, that all men might need; and several abilities to several persons, that men might join to fill up all wants, and so be knit together by justice, as the parts of the world are by nature.

Husbands must give to their wives love, maintenance, duty and the sweetness of conversation; and wives must pay to them all they have or can with the interest of obedience and reverence: and they must be complicated in affections and interest, that there be no distinction between them of mine and thine. And if the title be the man's or the woman's, yet the use must be common; only the wisdom of the man is to regulate all extravagances and indiscretions. In other things no question is to be made; their goods shall be as their children, not to be divided, but of one possession and provision; whatsoever is otherwise is not marriage, but merchandise.

It is the office of faith to believe nothing concerning God but what is honourable.

Love is the greatest thing that God can give us, the greatest thing we can give to God, for it will carry with it all that is ours. It is the old, and it is the new, and it is the great commandment, and it is all the commandments.

Love endeavours for ever to be present, to converse with, to enjoy, to be united with its object; loves to be talking of him, reciting his praises, telling his stories, repeating his words, imitating his gestures, transcribing his copy in everything; and it can endure anything but the displeasure and the absence of its beloved.

Love is careful of little things, of circumstances and measures and little accidents; not allowing to itself any infirmity which it strives not to master, aiming at what it cannot yet reach, and fears every offence; is afflicted at an idle word, and will not endure the impurity of a dream.

If anger arises in thy breast, instantly seal up thy lips and let it not go forth.

In contentions be always passive, receiving the furies and indiscretions of the other like a stone into a bed of moss and you shall find it fit down quietly.

JOHN GAY

THE BEGGAR'S OPERA

DEVELOPED from a suggestion by Swift for a Newgate pastoral, The Beggar's Opera is at once a social-political satire and a burlesque of the then popular Italian opera, already ridiculed by Addison in The Spectator. It is a prose farce in three acts, with the music for its 69 little songs arranged by Linley from popular airs of the day. John Rich produced it at Lincoln's Inn Fields, January 29, 1728, and its success was immediate. It 'made Rich gay and Gay rich.' Lavinia Fenton created the part of Polly and found in it a pathway to the peerage, as did two of her successors. Peg Woffington made her first stage appearance in the part when a child. The Beggar's Opera had a record revival in London in 1920, when Claude Lovat Fraser designed scenery and costumes, and it was broadcast for the first time in 1925. Among the many editions on sale those of Chapman & Dodd, 3s. 6d., and Martin Secker, 5s., may be mentioned.

PERSONS IN THE PLAY

Mr. Peachum, receiver of stolen goods
Mrs. Peachum, his wife
Polly, their daughter
Filch, a pickpocket
Lockit, gaoler at Newgate
Lucy, the gaoler's daughter
Captain Macheath, leader of a gang of highwaymen
Macheath's gang
Women of the town
Beggar
Player

Introduction

BEGGAR: If Poverty be a Title to Poetry, I am sure nobody can dispute mine. I own myself of the Company of Beggars; and I make one at their Weekly Festivals at St. Giles's.

Player: As we live by the Muses, it is but Gratitude in us to encourage Poetical Merit wherever we find it.

Beggar: I have introduced the Similes that are in all your celebrated Operas: The Swallow, the Moth, the Bee, the Ship, the Flower, etc. Besides, I have a Prison-Scene, which the Ladies always reckon charmingly pathetic. I hope I may be forgiven, that I have not made my Opera throughout unnatural, like those in vogue.

Player: I see it is time for us to withdraw; the Actors are preparing to begin. Play away the Overture. [*Exeunt.*

First Act

PEACHUM (*at home over his accounts*): A Lawyer is an honest Employment, so is mine. Like me too he acts in a double Capacity, both against Rogues and for 'em; for 'tis but fitting that we should protect and encourage Cheats, since we live by them.

Filch (*entering*): Sir, Black Moll hath sent word her Trial comes on in the Afternoon, and she hopes you will order Matters so as to bring her off.

Peachum: As the Wench is very active and industrious, you may satisfy her that I'll soften the Evidence. Let Betty Sly know that I'll save her from Transportation. I love to let Women escape. We and the Surgeons are more beholden to Women than all the Professions besides.

Filch: 'Tis Woman that seduces all Mankind, By her we first were taught the wheedling Arts: Her very Eyes can cheat; when most she's kind, She tricks us of our Money with our Hearts.

Peachum: But make haste to Newgate and let my friends know what I intend. [*Exit Filch.*

[Peachum resumes the reading of his account book. When one of his gang gets past work or becomes objectionable, Peachum secures the informer's reward. Mrs. Peachum enters and the two discuss their affairs.]

Peachum: Was Captain Macheath here this Morning, for the Bank-Notes he left with you last Week?

Mrs. Peachum: Yes, my Dear; and though the Bank hath stopt Payment, he was so cheerful and so agreeable! If he comes from Bagshot at any reasonable Hour, he hath promis'd to make one this Evening with Polly and me and Bob Booty at a Party of Quadrille (*a four-handed game at cards*). Pray, my Dear, is the Captain rich?

Peachum: The Captain keeps too good Company ever to grow rich.

Mrs. Peachum: I am sorry upon Polly's Account the Captain hath not more Discretion.

Peachum: Upon Polly's Account!

Mrs. Peachum: Captain Macheath is very fond of the Girl.

Peachum: And what then? You would not be so mad as to have the Wench marry him!

Mrs. Peachum: But if Polly should be in Love? Poor Girl, I am in the utmost Concern about her.

If Love the Virgin's Heart invade,
How like a Moth, the simple Maid
Still plays about the Flame!

Peachum: Look ye, Wife. I would indulge the Girl as far as prudently we can. In anything, but Marriage! After that, my Dear, how

shall we be safe? Are we not then in her Husband's power? My Daughter to me should be, like a Court-Lady to a Minister of State, a Key to the whole Gang. Married! If the affair is not already done, I'll terrify her from it.

[Mrs. Peachum wheedles the truth—that Polly and Macheath are married—from Filch.]

Mrs. Peachum (*to Polly*): You Baggage! you Hussy! you inconsiderate Jade! Had you been hang'd, it would not have vex'd me. The Wench is married, Husband.

Peachum: Married! The Captain will risk anything for Money; to be sure he believes her a Fortune. Baggage!

Mrs. Peachum: If you must be married, could you introduce nobody into our Family but a Highwayman?

Peachum: What, is she dumb? Speak, or I'll squeeze out an Answer from you. [*Pinches her.*

Polly (*screaming*): Oh!

Can Love be controll'd by Advice?
Will Cupid our Mothers obey?
Though my Heart were as frozen as Ice,
At his Flame 'twould have melted away.

When he kist me, so closely he prest,
'Twas so sweet that I must have comply'd:
So I thought it both safest and best
To marry, for fear you should chide.

Mrs. Peachum: Then all the Hopes of our Family are gone for ever and ever!

Peachum: And Macheath may hang his Father and Mother-in-Law, in hope to get their daughter's Fortune.

Polly: I did not marry him (as 'tis the Fashion) coolly and deliberately for Honour or Money. But, I love him.

Mrs. Peachum: Love him! Worse and worse! I thought the Girl had been better bred. [*Faints.*

[Peachum, since what is done cannot be undone, sees a way out of the difficulty by deciding to inform against Macheath, so that his plunder, when he had been hanged, would come to his widow.]

Mrs. Peachum: Ay, Husband, now you have nick'd the Matter. To have him peach'd is the only thing could ever make me forgive her.

Polly: O ponder well! be not severe;
So save a wretched Wife!
For on the Rope that hangs my Dear
Depends poor Polly's Life.

I know my Heart. I cannot survive him.

Mrs. Peachum: Why, Wench, thou art a Shame to thy very Sex.

Polly: But Mother—if you ever lov'd——

Mrs. Peachum: Those cursed Play-Books she reads have been her Ruin. One Word more, Hussy, and I shall knock your Brains out.

[Peachum sends Polly out, but she listens unseen while her parents decide to carry out the plan against Macheath. Peachum and Mrs. Peachum go out. Polly enters.]

Polly: Now I'm a Wretch, indeed. Methinks I see him already in the Cart, sweeter and more lovely than the Nosegay in his Hand! I hear the Crowd extolling his Resolution and Intrepidity! —What Vollies of Sighs are sent from the Windows of Holborn, that so comely a Youth should be brought to Disgrace!—I see him at the Tree! What then will become of Polly!—As yet I may inform him of their Design and aid him in his escape.

[Polly goes out and returns with Macheath from his place of concealment.]

Macheath: Pretty Polly, say,
When I was away,
Did your Fancy never stray
To some newer Lover?

Polly: Without Disguise,
Heaving Sighs,
Doting Eyes,
My constant Heart discover.
Fondly let me loll!

Macheath: O pretty, pretty Poll.

Polly: And are *you* as fond as ever, my Dear?

Macheath: Suspect my Honour, my Courage, suspect anything but my Love.

Polly: Nay, my Dear, I have no Reason to doubt you, for I find in the Romance you lent me none of the great Heroes were ever false in Love.

Macheath: My Heart was so free,
It rov'd like the Bee,
'Till Polly my Passion requited;
I sipt each Flower,
I chang'd ev'ry Hour
But here ev'ry Flow'r is united.

Is there any Power, any Force, that could tear me from thee? You might sooner tear a Pension out of the Hands of a Courtier, a Fee from a Lawyer, a pretty Woman from a Looking-Glass, or any Woman from Quadrille.—But to tear me from thee is impossible!

Polly: We must part.

Macheath: How! Part!

Polly: We must, we must. My Papa and Mama are set against thy Life.

Oh what Pain it is to part!
Can I leave thee, can I leave thee?
O what pain it is to part!
Can thy Polly ever leave thee?
But lest Death my Love should thwart,
And bring thee to the fatal Cart,
Thus I tear thee from my bleeding Heart!
Fly hence, and let me leave thee.

One Kiss and then—one Kiss—be gone—farewell. [*They part, looking back at each other with fondness.*

Second Act

MACHEATH joins his gang at a tavern near Newgate. They drink, and the men go off to 'the Road.' Macheath sends for the 'ladies,' and considers his dilemma.]

Macheath: What a Fool is a fond Wench! And a Man who loves Money might as well be contented with one Guinea, as I with one Woman. If the Heart of a Man is deprest with Cares, The Mist is dispell'd when a Woman appears; Like the Notes of a Fiddle, she sweetly, sweetly Raises the Spirits, and charms our Ears, Roses and Lilies her Cheeks disclose

But her ripe Lips are more sweet than those.
Press her,
Caress her,
With Blisses,
Her Kisses
Dissolve us in Pleasure, and soft Repose.

[The women of the gang enter.]

Macheath : Hark! I hear Music. The Harper is at the Door. If Music be the Food of Love, play on. Ere you seat yourselves, Ladies, what think you of a Dance? Come in. [The harper enters and they dance. Song and Chorus.]

Youth's the Season made for Joys,
Love is then our Duty,
She alone who that employs,
Well deserves her Beauty.
Let's be gay,
While we may,
Beauty's a Flower, despis'd in Decay,
Youth's the Season, etc.

Let us drink and sport to-day,
Ours is not to-morrow.
Love with Youth flies swift away,
Age is nought but Sorrow.
Dance and sing,
Time's on the Wing,
Life never knows the Return of Spring.

Chorus : Let us drink, etc.

[Macheath orders wine, and during the frolic some of the women take him about the neck, deprive him of his pistol, and betray him to Peachum and the constables. They then dispute over the blood-money. The scene changes to Newgate, where Lockit, the gaoler, exacts garnish from Macheath for securing him with the lighter fetters. Macheath persuades Lockit's daughter Lucy, whom he had promised to marry, that he is not married to Polly. Peachum and Lockit agree to 'go halves in Macheath.']

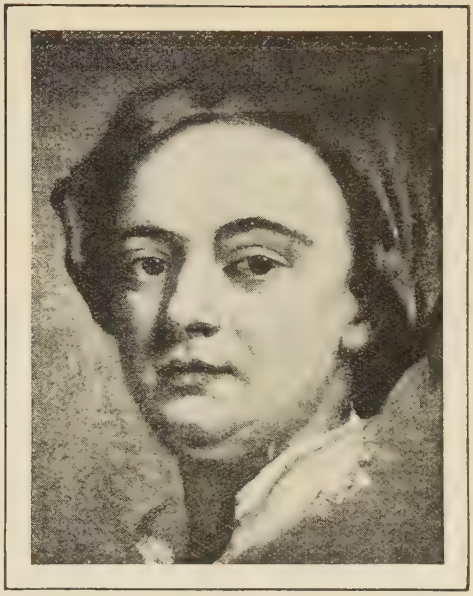
Peachum : In one respect our Employment may be reckon'd dishonest, because, like Great Statesmen, we encourage those who betray their Friends.

Lockit : Such Language, Brother, any where else, might turn to your Prejudice. Learn to be more guarded, I beg you.

When you censure the Age,
Be cautious and sage,
Lest the Courtiers offended should be:
If you mention Vice or Bribe,
'Tis so pat to all the Tribe;
Each cries—That was levell'd at me.

[They quarrel over the division of their information-money, but make it up again. 'Brother, brother,' says Peachum, 'we are both in the wrong. We shall be both losers in the dispute, for you know we have it in our power to hang each other.' Lucy is urged by her father to contemplate Macheath's hanging like a reasonable woman—buy weeds and be cheerful. Macheath suggests that Lucy shall try to bribe her father to permit his escape.]

Macheath : If I could raise a small Sum—would not twenty Guineas, think you, move him?



JOHN GAY, born at Barnstaple in 1685, was apprenticed to a London silk mercer, but soon took to letters, publishing Wine, his first poem, in 1708. Trivia, a clever review of town life, appeared in 1716, and after this Gay collaborated with Pope and Arbuthnot. An amiable and indolent spendthrift, he quickly lost by rash investment the proceeds of his work in verse, but The Beggar's Opera and Polly restored his finances and brought him renown and notoriety. From 1729 until his death, in 1732, he lived under the patronage of the Duke and Duchess of Queensberry.

Your Father's Perquisites for the Escape of Prisoners must amount to a considerable Sum in the Year. Money well tim'd, and properly apply'd, will do anything.

If you at an Office solicit your Due,
And would not have Matters neglected;
You must quicken the Clerk with the Perquisite too,
To do what his Duty directed.

Or would you the Frowns of a Lady prevent,
She too has this palpable Failing,
The Perquisite softens her into Consent;
That Reason with all is prevailing.

Lucy : What Love or Money can do shall be done: for all my Comfort depends upon your Safety.

Polly (*entering*) **:** Where is my dear Husband? Was a Rope ever intended for this Neck! O let me throw my Arms about it. Why dost thou turn away from me? 'Tis thy Polly—'Tis thy Wife!

Macheath : Was ever such an unfortunate Rascal as I am!

Lucy : Was there ever such another Villain!

Polly : O Macheath! Was it for this we parted? What means my Love? Not one kind word! Not one kind Look!

Macheath (*aside*) **:** I must disown her. (*aloud*) **:** The Wench is distracted.

Lucy : Sure Men were born to lie, and Women

to believe them! O Villain! Villain! Perfidious Wretch!

Polly : Barbarous Husband!

Lucy : Art thou then married to another? Hast thou two Wives, Monster?

Macheath : If Women's Tongues can cease for an Answer—hear me.

Lucy : I won't. Flesh and Blood can't bear my Usage.

Polly : Shall I not claim my own? Justice bids me speak.

Macheath : How happy could I be with either,
Were t'other dear Charmer away!
But while you thus teaze me together,
To neither a Word will I say;
But tol de rol, etc.

Polly : He must be distracted with his Misfortunes, or he could not use me thus.

Lucy : O Villain! Villain! Thou has deceiv'd me.

Macheath : Be pacified, my dear Lucy. This is all a Fetch of Polly's. Why, Polly, dost thou seek to aggravate my Misfortunes?

Lucy : Really, Miss Peachum, you but expose yourself. Besides, 'tis barbarous in you to worry a Gentleman in his Circumstances.

[While Polly and Lucy exchange epithets Peachum enters. He takes Polly away.]

Third Act

Lucy, having effected Macheath's escape, is upbraided by Lockit.]

Lockit : Thou wilt always be a vulgar Slut, Lucy. If you would not be look'd upon as a Fool, you should never do anything but upon the foot of Interest. Those that act otherwise are their own Bubbles.

Lucy : But in Love, Sir, we Women are all Fools alike. Notwithstanding all he swore, I am now fully convinc'd that Polly Peachum is actually his Wife. Polly will wheedle herself into his Money, and then Peachum will hang him, and cheat us both.

Lockit : Out of my sight, wanton Strumpet!
[*Exit Lucy.*

Peachum then intends to outwit me in this Affair; but I'll be even with him. Of all Animals of Prey, Man is the only sociable one. Every one of us preys upon his Neighbour, and yet we herd together. Peachum is my Friend. According to the Custom of the World, indeed, he may quote thousands of Precedents for cheating me. And shall I not make use of the Privilege of Friendship to make him a Return? Now, Peachum, you and I, like honest Tradesmen, are to have a fair Trial which of us can overreach the other.

[Macheath meets two of his friends at a gaming house.]

Macheath : I am sorry, Gentlemen, the Road was so barren. (*Gives them money.*) You see, I am not a mere Court Friend.

The Modes of the Court so common are grown,
That a true Friend can hardly be met;
Friendship for Interest is but a Loan,
Which they let out for what they can get.
'Tis true, you find
Some Friends so kind,
Who will give you good Counsel themselves to defend.
In sorrowful Ditty,
They promise, they pity,
But shift you for Money, from Friend to Friend.

[Peachum and Lockit, in friendly converse, with wine, brandy, pipes and tobacco, are visited by Mrs. Diana Trapes, a customer for stolen goods, who by accident gives them information as to Macheath's whereabouts. The scene changes again to Newgate, where Lucy is visited by Polly.]

Polly : I hope you will pardon my Passion, when I was so happy to see you last. A Man is always afraid of a Woman who loves him too well.

Lucy : Then our Cases, my dear Polly, are exactly alike. Both of us indeed have been too fond.

Polly : A Curse attend that Woman's Love,
Who always would be pleasing.

Lucy : The Pertness of the billing Dove,
Like Tickling, is but teasing.

Polly : What then in Love can Woman do?

Lucy : If we grow fond they shun us.

Polly : And when we fly them, they pursue:

Lucy : But leave us when they've won us.

[Lucy has prepared some poisoned cordial which she offers to Polly. Polly drops the glass on suddenly seeing Macheath brought in again.]

Polly : What do I see! Macheath again in custody! Now every Glimm'ring of Happiness is lost.

Lucy : Since things are thus, I'm glad the Wench hath escap'd.

Polly : Hither, dear Husband, turn your Eyes.

Lucy : Bestow one Glance to cheer me.

Polly : Think with that Look, thy Polly dies.

Lucy : O shun me not—but hear me.

Polly : 'Tis Polly sues.

Lucy : 'Tis Lucy speaks.

Polly : Is thus true Love requited?

Lucy : My Heart is bursting.

Polly : Mine too breaks.

Lucy : Must I——

Polly : Must I be slighted?

Macheath : What would you have me say, Ladies? You see this Affair will soon be at an end, without my disobliging either of you.

Peachum : But the settling this Point, Captain, might prevent a Law-Suit between your two Widows.

Macheath : Which way shall I turn me—
How can I decide? [Bride.
Wives, the Day of our Death, are as fond as a
One Wife is too much for most Husbands to hear,
But two at a time there's no mortal can bear.
This way, and that way, and which way I will,
What would comfort the one, t'other Wife would take ill.

[Polly and Lucy kneel in vain to their fathers for help. While Macheath, in the condemned cell, seeks consolation in the glass and the singing

POLLY AND LUCY PLEAD WITH THEIR FATHERS FOR MACHEATH'S RELEASE

From the drawing by F. Matania, done at the Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith

of a number of airs, he is visited by two members of his gang whom he informs that for having broken prison he is ordered immediate execution. The two go out and Polly and Lucy enter. Macheath advises his dear Lucy and his dear Polly to ship themselves off to the West Indies. While in a trio they sing their farewell a gaoler announces four women more with a child apiece.]

[*Enter women and children.*

Macheath : What—four Wives more ! This is too much ! Here—tell the Officers I am ready.

[*Exit Macheath guarded.*

[*To them enter* **Player** *and* **Beggar.**

Player : But, honest Friend, I hope you don't intend that Macheath shall be really executed.

Beggar : Most certainly, Sir. To make the Piece perfect, I was for doing strict poetical Justice. Macheath is to be hang'd ; and for the other Personages, the Audience must have suppos'd they were all either hang'd or transported.

Player : Why then, Friend, this is a downright deep Tragedy. The Catastrophe is manifestly wrong, for an Opera must end happily.

Beggar : Your objection, Sir, is very just, and is easily remov'd. So—you Rabble there—run and cry, A Reprieve !—let the Prisoner be brought back to his Wives in Triumph.

Player : All this we must do, to comply with the Taste of the Town.

Beggar : Through the whole Piece you may observe such a Similitude of Manners in high and low Life, that it is difficult to determine whether (in the fashionable Vices) the fine Gentlemen imitate the Gentlemen of the Road, or the Gentlemen of the Road the fine Gentlemen. Had the Play remained as I at first intended, it would have carried a most excellent Moral. 'Twould have shown that the lower Sort of People have their Vices in a degree as well as the Rich ; and that they are punish'd for them.

[*To them enter* **Macheath** *with* **Rabble,** *etc.*

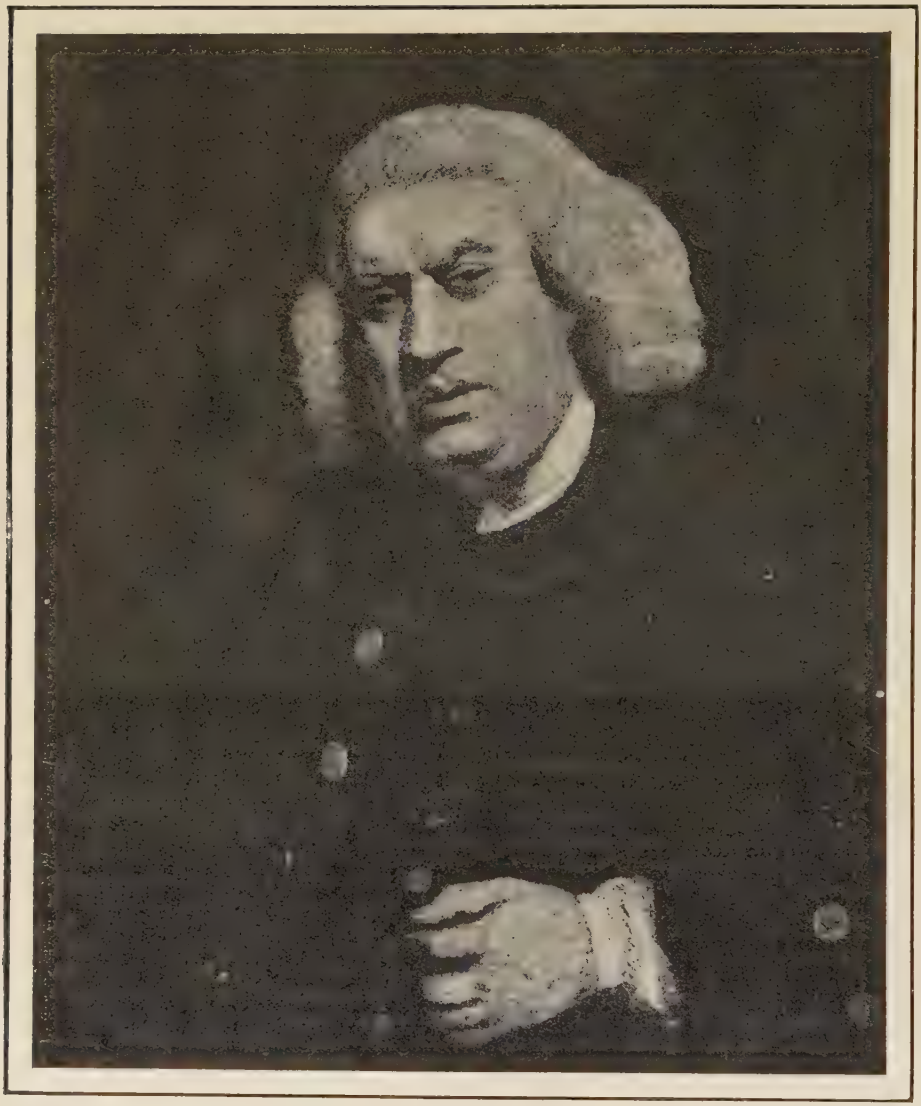
Macheath : So, it seems, I am not left to my Choice, but must have a Wife at last. Look ye, my Dears, we will have no Controversy now. Let us give this Day to Mirth, and she who thinks herself my Wife will testify Her Joy by a Dance.

All : Come a Dance—a Dance.

Macheath : Ladies, I hope you will give me leave to present a Partner to each of you. And (if I may without Offence) for this time, I take Polly for mine. [*To Polly.*] And for Life, you Slut, for we were really marry'd.

Thus I stand like the Turk, with his Doxies around ;
From all Sides their Glances his Passion confound ; [Desires ;
Each calls forth her Charms to provoke his
Though willing to all, with but one he retires.
But think of this Maxim, and put off your Sorrow, [morrow.
The Wretch of To-day, may be happy To-

Chorus : But think of this Maxim, etc.



Samuel Johnson 1709-1784, lexicographer, critic, moral essayist, philosopher and wit, holds a secure place in the admiration and affection of all Englishmen. He possessed a unique combination of powers of the most diverse kinds, his sound scholarship being accompanied by a rare sagacity and his grave morality by a ready wit. His position in the intellectual world of his time was supreme. A man of original genius and strong individuality, he expressed himself with equal vigour in his writings and in his conversation, and in his strength and solid qualities he represents the eighteenth-century Englishman at his best. Of no great figure of the past, it has been said, has so complete a portraiture been preserved from one age to another, his outward appearance being made familiar to posterity by the portrait, reproduced above, painted by one friend, Sir Joshua Reynolds, and the inward man being revealed by the faithful pen of another, James Boswell of Auchinleck.

JAMES BOSWELL

THE LIFE OF SAMUEL JOHNSON, LL.D.

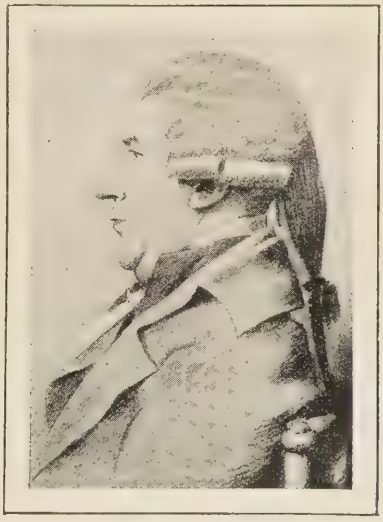
FROM the time of his first meeting with Dr. Johnson in 1763 James Boswell tells us he had the scheme of writing his life constantly in view, and throughout the twenty years that the friendship endured he sought out, collected and recorded every act and word of his hero, however trivial, with a view to its ultimate inclusion in the work that was destined to become the imperishable memorial of both its writer and its subject. The first edition was published in two quarto volumes, May 16, 1791, and Boswell was engaged upon the preparation of a third edition, completed later by Edmund Malone, when he died in 1795. Of the numerous modern editions of this English classic mention may be made of those published by Macmillan (Globe Edition) 4s. 6d., and in Everyman's Library in two volumes. An epitome of Boswell's complementary Journal of a Tour in the Hebrides appears in later pages of *The World's Great Books.*

I—Johnson's Ancestry and Upbringing

SAMUEL JOHNSON was born at Lichfield, in Staffordshire, on September 18, 1709, and was baptised on the day of his birth. His father was Michael Johnson, a native of Derbyshire, of obscure extraction, who settled in Lichfield as a bookseller and stationer. His mother was Sarah Ford, descended of an ancient race of substantial yeomanry in Warwickshire. They were well advanced in years when they were married, and never had more than two children, both sons—Samuel, their first-born, whose various excellences I am to endeavour to record, and Nathaniel, who died in his twenty-fifth year.

Mr. Michael Johnson was a man of a large and robust body, and of a strong and active mind; yet there was in him a mixture of that disease the nature of which eludes the most minute inquiry, though the effects are well known to be a weariness of life, an unconcern about those things which agitate the greater part of mankind, and a general sensation of gloomy wretchedness. From him, then, his son inherited, with some other qualities, 'a vile melancholy,' which, in his too strong expression of any disturbance of the mind, 'made him mad all his life—at least, not sober.'

Young Johnson had the misfortune to be much afflicted with the scrofula, or king's evil, which disfigured a countenance naturally well formed, and hurt his visual nerves so much that he did not see at all with one of his eyes, though its appearance was little different from that of the other.



JAMES BOSWELL was born in Edinburgh, October 29, 1740, the son of Alexander Boswell, advocate, of Auchinleck, Ayrshire. He studied civil law at Edinburgh university and on the Continent, but his interests were all in literature, and he found his life work when, in May, 1763, he was presented to Dr. Johnson, as whose biographer he won immortality. Boswell settled in London in 1786, in which year his Journal of a Tour in the Hebrides was published, and died there on May 19, 1795. He was buried at Auchinleck.

He was first taught to read English by Dame Oliver, a widow, who kept a school for young children in Lichfield. He began to learn Latin with Mr. Hawkins, usher, or under-master, of Lichfield School. Then he rose to be under the care of Mr. Hunter, the head-master, who, according to his account, 'was very severe, and wrong-headedly-severe. He used,' said he, 'to beat us unmercifully, and he did not distinguish between ignorance and negligence.'

Yet Johnson was very sensible how much he owed to Mr. Hunter. Mr. Langton asked him how he had

acquired so accurate a knowledge of Latin, in which, I believe, he was exceeded by no man of his time. He said, 'My master whipt me very well. Without that, sir, I should have done nothing.'

Indeed, upon all occasions, he expressed his approbation of enforcing instruction by means of the rod. 'The rod,' said he, 'produces an effect which terminates in itself. A child is afraid of being whipped, and gets his task, and there's an end on't; whereas, by exciting emulation and comparisons of superiority, you lay the foundation of lasting mischief.'

From his earliest years Johnson's superiority was perceived and acknowledged. He was from the beginning a king of men. His schoolfellow, Mr. Hector, has assured me that he never knew him corrected at school but for talking and diverting other boys from their business. He seemed to learn by intuition; for though indolence and procrastination were inherent in his constitution, whenever he made an exertion he did more than anyone else. He was uncommonly inquisitive; and his memory was so tenacious that he never forgot anything that he either heard or read. Mr. Hector remembers having recited to him eighteen verses, which, after a little pause, he repeated *verbatim.*

He never joined with the other boys in their ordinary diversions, for his defective sight prevented him from enjoying them; and he once pleasantly remarked to me 'how wonderfully well he had contrived to be idle without them.' Of this inertness of disposition Johnson had all his life too great a share.

After having resided for some time at the house of his uncle, Cornelius Ford, Johnson was, at the age of fifteen, removed to the school of Stourbridge, in Worcestershire, of which Mr. Wentworth was then master. At this school he did not receive so much benefit as was expected, and remaining there little more than a year, returned home, where he may be said to have loitered for two years. He had no settled plan of life, and though he read a great deal, he read only as chance and inclination directed him.

'What I read,' he told me, 'were not voyages and travels, but all literature, sir, all ancient writers, all manly; though but little Greek, only some of Anacreon and Hesiod. But in this irregular manner I had looked into many books which were not known at the universities, where they seldom read any books but what are put into their hands by their tutors; so that when I came to Oxford, Dr. Adams, now Master of Pembroke College, told me I was the best qualified for the university that he had ever known come there.'

II—Johnson's Early Literary Works

Compelled by his father's straitened circumstances, Johnson left Pembroke College in the autumn of 1731, without taking a degree, having been a member of it little more than three years. In December of this year his father died.

In this forlorn state of his circumstances, he accepted an offer to be employed as usher in the school of Market Bosworth, in Leicestershire. But he was strongly averse to the painful drudgery of teaching, and, having quarrelled with Sir Wolstan Dixie, the patron of the school, he relinquished after a few months a situation which all his life afterwards he recollected with the strongest aversion and even a degree of horror. Being now again totally unoccupied, he was invited by Mr. Hector, who was a surgeon, to pass some time with him at Birmingham, as his guest, at the house of Mr. Warren, with whom Mr. Hector lodged and boarded. Mr. Warren was the first established bookseller in Birmingham, and was very attentive to Johnson, who lent him his pen in furnishing some numbers of a periodical essay printed in the newspaper of which Warren was proprietor. Among the acquaintances he made in Birmingham at this period was Mr. Porter, a mercer, whose widow he afterwards married.

In what manner he employed his pen in 1733, or whether he derived from it any pecuniary advantage, I have not been able to ascertain. He probably got a little money from Mr. Warren for occasional work, and it is certain that he was occupied about this time in the translation of

Lobo's Voyage to Abyssinia, which was published in 1735, and brought him five guineas from this same bookseller. It is reasonable to suppose that his rendering of Lobo's work was the remote occasion of his writing, many years after, his admirable philosophical tale, Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia.

Miss Porter told me that when Mr. Johnson was first introduced to her mother his appearance was very forbidding —he was then lean and lank, so that his immense structure of bones was hideously striking to the eye, and the scars of scrofula were deeply visible. He also wore his hair, which was straight and stiff, and separated behind ; and he often had, seemingly, convulsive starts and odd gesticulations, which tended to excite at once surprise and ridicule. Mrs. Porter was so much engaged by his conversation that she overlooked all these external disadvantages, and said to her daughter, 'This is the most sensible man that I ever saw in my life.'

Though Mrs. Porter, now a widow, was double the age of Johnson, and her person and manner, as described to me by the late Mr. Garrick, were by no means pleasing to others, she must have had a superiority of understanding and talents, as she certainly inspired him with a more than ordinary passion ; and she having signified her willingness to accept his hand, the marriage took place at Derby, on July 9, 1736.

He now set up a private academy, for which purpose he hired a large house well situated near his native city. In The Gentleman's Magazine for 1736 there is the following advertisement :

'At Edial, near Lichfield, in Staffordshire, young gentlemen are boarded and taught the Latin and Greek languages, by Samuel Johnson.'

But the only pupils that were put under his care were the celebrated David Garrick and his brother George, and a Mr. Offely, a gentleman of fortune, who died early.

Johnson, indeed, was not more satisfied with his situation as the master of an academy than with that of the usher of a school ; we need not wonder, therefore, that he did not keep his academy more than a year and a half.

From Mr. Garrick's account he did not appear to have have been profoundly reverenced by his pupils. His oddities of manner and uncouth gesticulations could not but be the subject of merriment to them ; and in particular, the young rogues used to turn into ridicule his awkward fondness for Mrs. Johnson, whom he used to name by the familiar appellation of Tetty or Tetsey, which, like Betty or Betsey, is provincially used as a contraction for Elizabeth, her Christian name, but which to us seems ludicrous when applied to a woman of her age and appearance. Mr. Garrick described her to me as very fat, with swelled cheeks of a florid red produced by thick painting, and increased by the liberal use of cordials ; flaring and fantastic in her dress, and affected both in her speech and her general behaviour.

While Johnson kept his academy, I have not discovered that he wrote anything except a great portion of his tragedy of Irene. When he had finished some part of it, he read what he had done to his friend, Mr. Gilbert Walmsley, Registrar of the Prerogative Court of Lichfield, who was so well pleased with this proof of Johnson's abilities as a dramatic writer that he advised him to finish the tragedy and produce it on the stage. Accordingly, Johnson and his friend and pupil, David Garrick, went to try their fortunes in London in 1737, the former with the hopes of getting work as a translator and of turning out a fine tragedy-writer, the latter with the intention of completing his education and of following the profession of the law. How, indeed, Johnson employed himself upon his first coming to London is not particularly known.

In the course of this summer, indeed, he returned to Lichfield, where he had left his wife, and there he at last finished his tragedy. But in three months' time he removed to London with Mrs. Johnson, leaving her daughter, who had lived with them at Edial, with her relations in the country. At this time his tragedy, of which he had entertained such hopes, was submitted to Mr. Fleetwood, the patentee of Drury Lane Theatre, and rejected.

III—First Fruits of Literary Fame

JOHNSON'S first performance in The Gentleman's Magazine, which, for many years, was his principal source for employment and support, was a copy of Latin verses, in March 1738, addressed to the editor. He was now enlisted by Mr. Cave as a regular coadjutor in his magazine, by which he probably obtained a tolerable livelihood. What we certainly know to have been done by him in this way were the debates in both Houses of Parliament, under the name of The Senate of Lilliput, sometimes with feigned denominations of the several speakers, sometimes with denominations formed of the letters of their real names, in the manner of what is called anagram, so that they might easily be deciphered.

THUS was Johnson employed during some of the best years of his life, solely to obtain an honest support. But what first displayed his transcendent powers, and 'gave the world assurance of the Man,' was his London, a Poem in Imitation of the Third Satire of Juvenal, which came out in May this year (1738), and burst forth with a splendour the rays of which will for ever encircle his name. During the next five years, 1739–1743, Johnson wrote largely for The Gentleman's Magazine, and supplied the account of the parliamentary debates from November 19, 1740, to February 23, 1743, inclusive. It does not appear that he wrote anything of importance for the magazine in 1744. But he produced one work this year, fully sufficient to maintain the high reputation which he had acquired.

This was The Life of Richard Savage, a man of whom it is difficult to speak impartially without wondering that he was for some time the intimate companion of Johnson; for his character was marked by profligacy, insolence and ingratitude; yet, as he undoubtedly had a warm and vigorous, though unregulated mind, had seen life in all its varieties, and been much in the company of the statesmen and wits of his time, he could communicate to Johnson an abundant supply of such materials as his philosophical curiosity most eagerly desired; and so his visits to St. John's Gate—the office of The Gentleman's Magazine—naturally brought Johnson and him together.

IV—The Preparation of the Famous Dictionary

IT is somewhat curious that Johnson's literary career appears to have been almost totally suspended in 1745 and 1746. But the year 1747 is distinguished as the epoch when Johnson's arduous and important work, his Dictionary of the English Language, was announced to the world, by the publication of its Plan or Prospectus.

The booksellers who contracted with Johnson, single and unaided, for the execution of a work which in other countries has not been effected but by the co-operating exertions of many were Mr. Robert Dodsley, Mr. Charles Hitch, Mr. Andrew Millar, the two Messieurs Longman and the two Messieurs Knapton. The price stipulated was fifteen hundred and seventy-five pounds.

The 'plan' was addressed to Philip Dormer, Earl of Chesterfield, then one of his majesty's principal secretaries of state, a nobleman who was very ambitious of literary distinction, and who, upon being informed of the design, had expressed himself in terms very favourable to its success. The plan had been put before him in manuscript. For the mechanical part of the work, Johnson employed, as he told me, six amanuenses. There were two Messieurs Macbean; Mr. Shiels, who afterwards wrote the Lives of the Poets, to which the name of Cibber is affixed; Mr. Stewart, son of Mr. George Stewart, bookseller at Edinburgh; and a Mr. Maitland. The sixth of these humble assistants was Mr. Peyton, who, I believe, taught French, and published some elementary tracts.

While the Dictionary was going forward Johnson lived part of the time in Holborn, part in Gough Square, Fleet Street; and he had an upper room, fitted up like a counting-house for the purpose, in which he gave to the copyists their several tasks. The words, partly taken

Donald McLeish

ST. CLEMENT DANE'S CHURCH, LONDON,
where Johnson was a regular worshipper

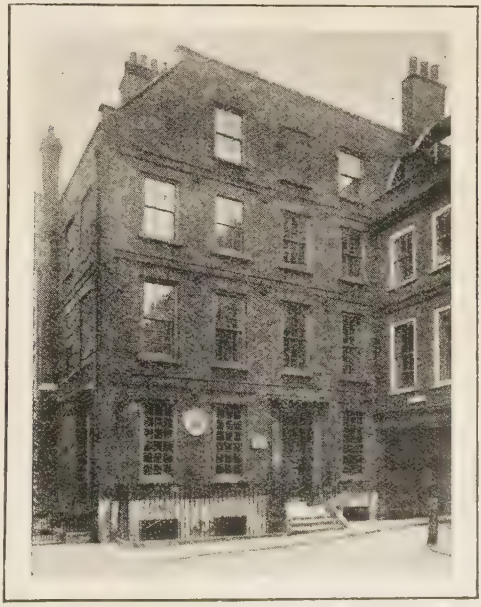
from other dictionaries, and partly supplied by himself, having been first written down with spaces left between them, he delivered in writing their etymologies, definitions and various significations. Moreover, it should not pass unobserved that he has quoted no author whose writings had a tendency to hurt sound religion and morality.

But though he is now to be considered as 'tugging at his oar,' his enlarged and lively mind could not be satisfied without more diversity of employment and the pleasure of animated relaxation. In The Gentleman's Magazine, for May 1748 he wrote a Life of Roscommon, with notes, which he afterwards much improved and inserted amongst his Lives of the English Poets. And this same year he formed a club in Ivy Lane, Paternoster Row, for literary discussion.

In January 1749 he published The Vanity of Human Wishes, being the Tenth Satire of Juvenal Imitated; and on February 6 Garrick brought out his tragedy at Drury Lane.

Notwithstanding all the support of such performers as Garrick, Barry, Mrs. Pritchard, and every advantage of dress and decoration, the tragedy of Irene did not please the public. Mr. Garrick's zeal carried it through for nine nights, so that the author had his three nights' profit; and from a receipt it appears that his friend Mr. Robert Dodsley gave him one hundred pounds for the copy, with his usual reservation of the right of one edition.

On the occasion of his play being brought upon the stage, Johnson had a fancy that as a dramatic author his dress should be more gay than he ordinarily wore; he therefore appeared behind the scenes, and even in one of the side boxes, in a scarlet waistcoat, with rich gold lace and a gold-laced hat. His necessary attendance while his play was in rehearsal, and during its performance, brought him acquainted with many of the performers of both sexes, which produced a more favourable opinion of their profession than he had harshly expressed in his Life of Savage. With some of them he kept up an acquaintance as long as he and they lived, and was ever ready to show them acts of kindness. He for a considerable time used to visit the green room, and seemed to take delight in dissipating his gloom by mixing in the sprightly chit-chat of the motley circle then to be found there. But at last—as Mr. David Hume related to me from Mr. Garrick—he denied himself this amusement from considerations of rigid virtue.



JOHNSON'S HOUSE IN GOUGH SQUARE
The Dictionary was compiled in the top room

V—Johnson's London Circle of Friends

In 1750 Johnson came forth in the character for which he was eminently qualified, a majestic teacher of moral and religious wisdom. The vehicle he chose was that of a periodical paper, which had, upon former occasions—those of the Tatler, Spectator, and Guardian—been employed with great success.

The first paper of The Rambler was published on Tuesday, March 20, 1750, and its author was enabled to continue it without interruption, every Tuesday and Friday, till March 17, 1752, on which day it closed. During all this time he received assistance on four occasions only, saying, 'A man may write at any time if he will set himself doggedly to it.'

Though Johnson's circumstances were at this time—1751—far from being easy, his humane and charitable disposition was constantly exerting itself. Mrs. Anna Williams, daughter of a very ingenious Welsh physician, and a woman of more than ordinary talents in literature, having come to London in hopes of being cured of a cataract in both her eyes, which afterwards ended in total blindness, was kindly received as a constant visitor at his house while Mrs. Johnson lived; and after her death, having come under his roof in order to have an operation upon her eyes performed with more comfort to her than in lodgings, she had an apartment from him during the rest of her life at all times when he had a house.

In 1752 he wrote the last papers of The Rambler, but he was now mainly occupied with his Dictionary. This year, soon after closing his periodical paper, he suffered a loss which affected him with the deepest distress. For on March 17 his wife died. That his sufferings upon her death were severe, beyond what are commonly endured, I have no doubt, from the information of many who were then about him, to none of whom I give more credit than to Mr. Francis Barber, his faithful negro servant, who came into his family about a fortnight after the dismal event.

Here I will mention another humble friend who subsequently became an inmate of his house. This was Mr. Robert Levett, an obscure practiser in physic among the lower people, his fees being sometimes very small sums, sometimes whatever provisions his patients could afford him.

Their acquaintance commenced about the year 1746, and ever since I was intimate with Dr. Johnson, and many years before, as I have been assured by those who knew him earlier, Mr. Levett had an apartment in his house, or his chambers, and waited upon him every morning through the whole course of his late and tedious breakfast. The circle of Johnson's friends, indeed, at this time was extensive and various, far beyond what has been generally imagined. To trace his acquaintance with each particular person were unprofitable. But exceptions are to be made, one of which must be a friend so eminent as Sir Joshua Reynolds, with whom he maintained an uninterrupted intimacy to the last hour of his life.

His acquaintance with Bennet Langton, Esq., of Langton, in Lincolnshire, another much valued friend, commenced soon after the conclusion of The Rambler, which that gentleman, then a youth, had read with so much admiration that he came to London chiefly with the view of endeavouring to be introduced to its author. By a fortunate chance he happened to take lodgings in a house where Mr. Levett frequently visited, who readily obtained Johnson's permission to bring Mr. Langton to him; as indeed, Johnson, during the whole course of his life, had no shyness, real or affected, but was easy of access to all who were properly recommended, and even wished to see numbers at his *levée*, as his morning circle of company might, with strict propriety, be called, for he received his friends when he got up from bed, which rarely happened before noon.

The meeting turned out fortunate. Langton, a Tory and a High Churchman, found Johnson's political and religious notions most congenial to him, and Johnson was not the less ready to love Mr. Langton for his being of a very ancient family. Mr. Langton afterwards went to pursue his studies at Trinity College,

Oxford, where a common love of literature brought him and a fellow-student, Mr. Topham Beauclerk, acquainted, though their opinions and modes of life were very different. Johnson, soon after this acquaintance began, passed a considerable time at Oxford, and though shocked at first by the looseness of Mr. Beauclerk's principles and practice, was by degrees fascinated. Mr. Beauclerk's being of the St. Albans family, and having, in some particulars, a resemblance to his great-grandfather, Charles II, contributed to throw a lustre upon his other qualities; and in a short time the moral, pious Johnson and the witty, gay Beauclerk were companions.

VI—Johnson Breaks a Lance with Lord Chesterfield

IN 1753 and 1754 Johnson relieved the drudgery of his Dictionary by taking an active part in the composition of The Adventurer, a new periodical paper which his friends Dr. Hawkesworth and Dr. Bathurst had commenced.

Towards the end of the latter year, when the Dictionary was on the eve of publication, Lord Chesterfield, who, ever since the plan of this great work had been addressed to him, had treated its author with cold indifference, attempted to conciliate him by writing two papers in The World in recommendation of the undertaking. This courtly device failed of its effect, and Johnson, indignant that Lord Chesterfield should, for a moment, imagine that he could be the dupe of such an artifice, wrote him that famous letter, dated February 7, 1755, which I have already given to the public. I will quote one paragraph.

'Is not a patron, my lord, one who looks with unconcern on a man struggling for life in the water, and, when he has reached ground, encumbers him with help? The notice which you have been pleased to take of my labours, had it been early, had been kind; but it has been delayed till I am indifferent, and cannot enjoy it; till I am solitary, and cannot impart it; till I am known, and do not want it. I hope it is no very cynical asperity not to confess obligations where no benefit has been received, or to be unwilling that the public should consider me as owing that to a patron which Providence has enabled me to do for myself.'

Thinking it desirable that the two letters intimating possession of the master's degree should, for the credit both of Oxford and of Johnson, appear after his name on the title page of his Dictionary, his friends obtained for him from his university this mark of distinction by diploma dated February 20, 1755; and the Dictionary was published on April 15 in two volumes folio.

It won him much honour at home and abroad; the Academy of Florence sent him their Vocabulario, and the French Academy their Dictionnaire. But it had not set him above the necessity of 'making provision for the day that was passing over him,' for he had spent during the progress of the work all the money which it had brought him.

He was compelled, therefore, to contribute to the monthly periodicals, and during 1756 he wrote a few essays for The Universal Visitor, and superintended and contributed largely to another publication entitled The Literary Magazine, or Universal Review. Among the articles he wrote for the magazine was a review of Mr. Jonas Hanway's Essay on Tea, to which the author made an angry answer. Johnson, after a full and deliberate pause, made a reply to it, the only instance, in the whole course of his life, when he condescended to oppose anything that was written against him.

His defence of tea was indeed made *con amore*. I suppose no person ever enjoyed with more relish the infusion of that fragrant leaf than Johnson. The quantities which he drank at all hours were so great that his nerves must have been uncommonly strong not to have been extremely relaxed by such an intemperance.

THIS year Johnson resumed the scheme of giving an edition of Shakespeare with notes. He issued proposals of considerable length, but his indolence prevented him from pursuing the undertaking, and nine years more elapsed before it saw the light.

On April 15, 1758, he began a new perodical paper entitled The Idler,

which came out every Saturday in a weekly newspaper called The Universal Chronicle, or Weekly Gazette. These essays were continued till April 5, 1760, and of the total of one hundred and three, twelve were contributed by his friends, including Reynolds, Langton and Thomas Warton. The Idler has less body and more spirit than The Rambler, and has more variety of real life, and greater facility of language. It was often written as hastily as its predecessor.

In 1759, in the month of January, Johnson's mother died at the great age of ninety, an event which deeply affected him, for his reverential affection for her was not abated by years. Soon after, he wrote his Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia, in order that with the profits he might defray the expenses of her funeral and pay some little debts which she had left. He told Sir Joshua Reynolds that he composed it in the evenings of one week, and sent it to the press in portions, as it was written. Mr. Strahan, Mr. Johnston and Mr. Dodsley purchased it for £100, but afterwards paid him £25 more when it came to a second edition.

Though Johnson had written nothing else this admirable performance would have rendered his name immortal in the world of literature. None of his writings has been so extensively diffused over Europe; for it has been translated into most, if not all, of the modern languages. Voltaire's Candide, written to refute the system of optimism, which it has accomplished with brilliant success, is wonderfully similar in its plan and conduct to Johnson's Rasselas; insomuch that I have heard Johnson say that if they had not been published so closely one after the other that there was not time for imitation, it would have been in vain to deny that the scheme of that which came latest was taken from the other. In this year my friend gave up his house in Gough Square, and retired to chambers in the Inner Temple.

Early in 1762, having been represented to the king as a very learned and good person, without any certain provision, his majesty was pleased to grant him a pension of £300 a year. The prime movers in the matter were Mr. Thomas Sheridan and Mr. Murphy.

HAVING, in his Dictionary, defined *pension* as 'generally understood to mean pay given to a state hireling for treason to his country,' Johnson at first doubted the propriety of his accepting this mark of the royal favour. But Sir Joshua having given his opinion that there could be no objection to his receiving from the king a reward for literary merit, and Lord Bute having told him expressly, 'It is not given you for anything you are to do, but for what you have done,' his scruples were soon removed.

VII—Boswell's First Meeting with Johnson

THE year 1763 is to me a memorable one, for in it I had the happiness to obtain the acquaintance of the extraordinary man whose memoirs I am now engaged in writing.

It was Mr. Thomas Davies, the actor who turned bookseller, who introduced me to Johnson. On Monday, May 16, I was sitting in Mr. Davies' back parlour at 8, Russell Street, Covent Garden, after having drunk tea with him and Mrs. Davies, when Johnson unexpectedly came into the shop. Mr. Davies mentioned my name, and respectfully introduced me to him. I was much agitated at my long-wished-for introduction to the sage, and recollecting his prejudice against the Scotch, of which I had heard much, I said to Davies, "Don't tell where I come from ——" "From Scotland!" cried Davies roguishly. "Mr. Johnson," said I, "I do indeed come from Scotland, but I cannot help it"—meaning this as light pleasantry to reconciliate him. But with that quickness of wit for which he was so remarkable he seized the expression 'come from Scotland,' and as if I had said that I had come away from it, or left it, remarked, "That, sir, I find, is what a very great many of your countrymen cannot help."

This stroke, and another check which I subsequently received, stunned me a good deal; but eight days later I boldly repaired to his chambers on the first floor of No. 1, Inner Temple Lane, and he

THE BIOGRAPHER'S FIRST ENCOUNTER WITH HIS HERO

From the painting by Eyre Crowe, A.R.A.

received me very courteously. His morning dress was sufficiently uncouth; his brown suit of clothes looked very rusty. He had on a little, old, shrivelled, unpowdered wig, which was too small for his head; his shirt-neck and the knees of his breeches were loose; his black, worsted stockings ill drawn up; and he had a pair of unbuckled shoes by way of slippers. But all these particularities were forgotten the moment that he began to talk.

The conversation, I remember, got upon madness, and upon Christopher Smart, the poet, showing the disturbance of his mind by saying his prayers in the street. Johnson resumed this subject, and when he said, "I did not think Kit Smart ought to be shut up. His infirmities were not noxious to society. He insisted on people praying with him; and I'd as lief pray with Kit Smart as anyone else. Another charge was that he did not love clean linen; and I have no passion for it," I could not but think of his untidy appearance at our first meeting.

In February of the following year was founded that club which existed long without a name, but at Mr. Garrick's funeral became distinguished by the title of The Literary Club. Sir Joshua Reynolds had the merit of being the first proposer of it, to which Johnson acceded, and the original members were Sir Joshua Reynolds, Dr. Johnson, Mr. Edmund Burke, Dr. Nugent (Mr. Burke's father-in-law), Mr. Beauclerk, Mr. Langton, Dr. Goldsmith, Mr. Chamier and Sir John Hawkins. They met at the Turk's Head in Soho, once a week, and continued their conversation late.

This year Johnson was revising his Shakespeare, but he published a review of Grainger's Sugar Cane: A Poem, in the London Chronicle, and also wrote in The Critical Review an account of Goldsmith's excellent poem, The Traveller. In July 1765, Trinity College, Dublin, surprised him with a spontaneous compliment of high academical honours, by creating him doctor of laws, and in October he at length gave to the world his Shakespeare.

This year was also distinguished by his being introduced into the family of Mr. Thrale, an eminent brewer, who was member for Southwark. Mr. Thrale was tall, well proportioned and stately. Mrs. Thrale, a lady of lively talents improved by education, was short, plump and brisk. Mr. Thrale understood and valued Johnson, from their first acquaintance to the day of his death. Mrs. Thrale was enchanted with Johnson's conversation for its own sake, and had also a very allowable vanity in appearing to be honoured with the attention of so celebrated a man. They were so much pleased with him that his invitations to their house were more and more frequent, till at last he became one of the family, and an apartment was appropriated to him, both in their house in Southwark and at Streatham.

VIII—Tours in the Hebrides and in Wales

In 1766 Johnson published nothing in his own name, but he furnished the preface and several of the pieces which compose a volume of Miscellanies by Mrs. Anna Williams, the blind lady who again had an asylum with him in the house he had taken in Johnson's Court. There was now a considerable difference in his way of living, as I noticed when I supped with him one night at the Mitre Tavern. Having had an illness, in which he was advised to leave off wine, he had, from that period, continued to abstain from wine, and drank only water or lemonade.

The following year was marked by no particular circumstance in his life except by a private conversation which he had with his majesty in the library at the queen's house; and in 1768 nothing of his writing was given to the public save the prologue to his friend Goldsmith's comedy of The Good Natur'd Man. This year he generously sent his negro servant, Barber, to school at Bishop Stortford.

After my marriage, in November 1769, I was unable to come up to London for some time, and so was entirely prevented from enjoying his company during the years 1770 and 1771.

In the former year he published a pamphlet entitled The False Alarm, intended to justify the conduct of the ministry in expelling Mr. Wilkes from the house of commons and declaring his opponent, Colonel Luttrell, duly elected; and in 1771 he brought out Thoughts on the Late Transactions respecting Falkland's Islands, in which he attacked Junius and defended the government's settlement of the dispute with Spain.

In his religious record of this year we observe that he was better than usual, both in body and mind, and better satisfied with the regularity of his conduct. Yet he charges himself with not rising early enough. "One great hindrance," says he, "is want of rest; my nocturnal complaints grow less troublesome towards morning, and I am tempted to repair the deficiencies of the night."

His friend, the Rev. Dr. Maxwell, speaks as follows on this subject, and on Johnson's general mode of life: 'About twelve o'clock I commonly visited him, and frequently found him in bed, or declaiming over his tea, which he drank very plentifully. He generally had a *levée* of morning visitors, chiefly men of letters—Hawkesworth, Goldsmith, Murphy, Langton, Stevens, Beauclerk, etc., etc., and sometimes learned ladies, particularly I remember a French lady of wit and fashion doing him the honour of a visit. He seemed to me to be considered as a kind of public oracle, whom everybody thought they had a right to consult; and doubtless they were well rewarded.

'I never could discover how he found time for his compositions. He declaimed all the morning, then went to dinner at a tavern, where he commonly stayed late, and then drank his tea at some friend's house, over which he loitered a great while, but seldom took supper. I fancy he must have read and wrote chiefly in the night, for I can scarcely recollect that he ever refused going with me to a tavern, and he often went to Ranelagh, which he deemed a place of innocent recreation.'

In 1773 Johnson's only publication was an edition of his folio Dictionary, with additions and corrections, and the preface to his old amanuensis, Macbean's, Dictionary of Ancient Geography. His

Shakespeare, indeed, was republished this year by George Stevens, Esq., a gentleman of acute discernment and elegant taste.

On April 23, 1773, I was nominated by Johnson for membership of the Literary Club, and a week later I was elected to the society. There I saw for the first time Mr. Edmund Burke, whose splendid talents had made me ardently wish for his acquaintance.

This same year Johnson made, in my company, his visit to Scotland, which lasted from August 14, on which day he arrived, till November 22, when he set out on his return to London ; and I believe one hundred days were never passed by any men in a more vigorous exertion. His various adventures, and the force and vivacity of his mind, as exercised during this peregrination upon innumerable topics, have been faithfully and, to the best of my ability, displayed in my Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides.

On his return to London his humane, forgiving dispositions were put to a pretty strong test by a liberty which Mr. Thomas Davies had taken, which was to publish two volumes, entitled Miscellaneous and Fugitive Pieces, which he advertised in the newspapers, 'By the Author of The Rambler.' In some of these Johnson had no concern whatever. He was at first very angry, but, upon consideration of his poor friend's narrow circumstances, and that he meant no harm, he soon relented.

Dr. Goldsmith died on April 4 of the following year, a year in which I was unable to pay my usual spring visit to London, and in which Johnson made a long autumn tour in Wales with Mr. and Mrs. Thrale. In response to some inquiries of mine about poor Goldsmith, he wrote: "Of poor, dear Goldsmith there is little to be told more than the papers have made public. He died of a fever, made, I am afraid, more violent by uneasiness of mind.

GOLDSMITH, BOSWELL AND JOHNSON AT THE OLD MITRE IN FLEET STREET

From the painting by Eyre Crowe, A.R.A.

His debts began to be heavy, and all his resources were exhausted. Sir Joshua is of opinion that he owed not less than £2,000. Was ever poet so trusted before ? '

This year, too, my great friend again came out as a politician, for parliament having been dissolved in September, and Mr. Thrale, who was a steady supporter of government, having again to encounter the storm of a contested election in Southwark, Johnson published a short political pamphlet, entitled The Patriot, addressed to the electors of Great Britain. It was written with energetic vivacity; and except those passages in which it endeavours to vindicate the glaring outrage of the house of commons in the case of the Middlesex election and to justify the attempt to reduce our fellow-subjects in America to unconditional submission, it contained an admirable display of the properties of a real patriot.

IX—Johnson's Physical Courage and his Fear of Death

THE Rambler's own account of our tour in the Hebrides was published in 1775 under the title of A Journey to the Western Islands of Scotland, and soon involved its author, who had expressed his disbelief in the authenticity of Ossian's poems, in a controversy with Mr. Macpherson. Johnson called for the production of the old manuscripts from which Mr. Macpherson said that he had copied the poems.

He wrote to me : ' I am surprised that, knowing as you do the disposition of your countrymen to tell lies in favour of each other, you can be at all affected by any reports that circulate among them.'

And when Mr. Macpherson, exasperated by this scepticism, replied in words that are generally said to have been of a nature very different from the language of literary contest, Johnson answered him thus :

' I received your foolish and impudent letter. Any violence offered me I shall do my best to repel, and what I cannot do for myself the law shall do for me. I hope I shall never be deterred from detecting what I think a cheat by the menaces of a ruffian.'

Mr. Macpherson knew little the character of Dr. Johnson if he supposed that he could be easily intimidated, for no man was ever more remarkable for personal courage. He had, indeed, an awful dread of death, or, rather, ' of something after death ' ; and he once said to me, " The fear of death is so much natural to man that the whole of life is but keeping away the thoughts of it," and confessed that " he had never had a moment in which death was not terrible to him." But his fear was from reflection; his courage was natural.

Many instances of his resolution may be mentioned. One day, at Mr. Beauclerk's house in the country, when two large dogs were fighting, he went up to them and beat them till they separated.

At another time, when Foote threatened to *take him off* on the stage, he sent out for an extra large oak stick ; and this mere threat, repeated by Davies to Foote, effectually checked the wantonness of the mimic.

On yet another occasion, in the playhouse at Lichfield, as Mr. Garrick informed me, Johnson having for a moment quitted a chair which was placed for him between the side scenes, a gentleman took possession of it, and when Johnson on his return civilly demanded his seat, rudely refused to give it up to its rightful occupant ; upon which Johnson laid hold of it, and tossed him and the chair into the pit.

IN the autumn of the year 1775 he made a tour to France with Mr. and Mrs. Thrale and Mr. Baretti, which lasted about two months. But he did not get into any higher acquaintance ; and Foote, who was at Paris at the same time with him, used to give a description of my friend while there, and of French astonishment at his figure, manner and dress, which was abundantly ludicrous. He was now a doctor of laws of Oxford, his university having conferred that degree on him by diploma in the spring.

In 1776, he wrote, so far as I can discover, nothing for the public. In the spring he made one of his rather frequent jaunts to Oxford, and I accompanied him, and having called on Dr. Adams, Master of Pembroke College, obtained many particulars of his academical life. From

Oxford, we went on to Stratford-upon-Avon, and thence to Birmingham, where we called on his old school-fellow Mr. Hector. At Lichfield we saw Johnson's stepdaughter, Mrs. Lucy Porter, and Garrick's brother, Peter; and here Johnson received news of the death of Mr. Thrale's only son. After spending a couple of days at Ashbourne with Dr. Taylor, whose manners and figure were those of a hearty English squire, we returned to town. My friend had now removed from No. 7, Johnson's Court to No. 8, Bolt Court, Fleet Street, and I could not help feeling a foolish regret that he had left a court which bore his name.

My desire of being acquainted with celebrated men of every description, a desire which has introduced me to men so contrary as Rousseau and General Paoli, had made me obtain an introduction, much about the same time, to Dr. Samuel Johnson and to John Wilkes, Esq. Two men more different could perhaps not be selected. They had even attacked one another with some asperity; yet I lived in habits of friendship with both of them. I could relish the excellence of each; for I ever delighted in that intellectual chemistry which can separate good qualities from evil in the same person.

I CONCEIVED, about this time, a wish, if possible, to bring Dr. Johnson and Mr. Wilkes together; and, after no little negotiation and management, contrived to gratify it by sitting down with them at the hospitable and well covered table of my worthy booksellers and friends, Messrs. Dilly, in the Poultry. This dinner took place on May 15, 1776, and at the end Johnson and Wilkes were both quite frank and easy, and rivalling one another in quick and lively sallies against Scotland. I had afterwards the satisfaction of hearing Dr. Johnson tell Mrs. Williams how much he had been pleased with Mr. Wilkes's company. Mr. Burke also gave me much credit for this successful negotiation; and pleasantly said that "there was nothing to equal it in the whole history of the Corps Diplomatique."

X—Johnson's Efforts for an Unfortunate Friend

A CIRCUMSTANCE which could not fail to be very pleasing to Johnson occurred in 1777. The tragedy of Sir Thomas Overbury, written by his early companion in London, Richard Savage, was brought out, with alterations, at Covent Garden Theatre, on February 1; and the prologue to it, written by Mr. Richard Brinsley Sheridan, introduced an elegant compliment to Johnson on his Dictionary. Johnson was pleased with young Mr. Sheridan's liberality of sentiment and, willing to show that he could acknowledge the brilliant merit of the author, he proposed and secured his election as a member of the Literary Club, observing that 'he who has written the two best comedies of his age (The Rivals and The Duenna) is surely a considerable man.'

In the autumn Dr. Johnson went to Ashbourne to stop with his friend, the Rev. Dr. Taylor, and I joined him there. I was somewhat disappointed in finding that the edition of the English Poets for which he was to write prefaces and lives was not directed by him, but that he was to furnish a preface and life to any poet the booksellers pleased. I asked him if he would do this to any dunce's works. Johnson: "Yes, sir, and *say* he was a dunce." My friend seemed now not much to relish talking of this edition; it had been arranged by the forty chief booksellers of London, and Johnson had named his own terms for the Lives, namely, two hundred guineas.

During this visit he put into my hands the whole series of his writings in behalf of the Rev. Dr. William Dodd, who, having been chaplain-in-ordinary to his majesty, and celebrated as a very popular preacher, was this year convicted and executed for forging a bond on his former pupil, the young Earl of Chesterfield. Johnson certainly made many exertions to save Dodd. He wrote several petitions and composed for the unhappy man not only his Speech to the Recorder of London, at the Old Bailey, when sentence of death was about to be pronounced upon him, and The Convict's Address to his Unhappy Brethren, a sermon delivered by Dr. Dodd at Newgate, but also Dr. Dodd's Last

Solemn Declaration, which he left with the sheriff at the place of execution.

THOUGH their having been at school and at Oxford together might, in some degree, account for it, Johnson and Taylor were so different from each other that I wondered at their preserving an intimacy. Johnson said to me while we were stopping with him: "Sir, I love him; but I do not love him more—my regard for him does not increase. As it is said in the Apocrypha, 'his talk is of bullocks.' I do not suppose he is very fond of my company. His habits are by no means sufficiently clerical. This he knows that I see; and no man likes to live under the eyes of perpetual disapprobation."

In 1778, I arrived in London on March 18, and next day met Dr. Johnson at his old friend's, in Dean's Yard, for Dr. Taylor was a prebendary of Westminster. On Friday, March 20, I found him at his own house, sitting with Mrs. Williams, and was informed that the room allotted to me three years previously was now appropriated to a charitable purpose, Mrs. Desmoulins, daughter of Johnson's godfather Dr. Swinfen, and, I think, her daughter, and a Miss Carmichael, being all lodged in it. Such was his generosity, that Mrs. Desmoulins herself told me he allowed her half-a-guinea a week.

On January 20, 1779, Johnson lost his old friend Garrick, and in 1780 another old friend, Mr. Beauclerk. In 1779 he gave the world a luminous proof that the vigour of his mind in all its faculties, whether memory, judgement and imagination, was not in the least abated, by publishing the first four volumes of his Prefaces, Biographical and Critical, to the Most Eminent of the English Poets. The remaining volumes came out in 1781. The poets were selected by the several booksellers who had the honorary copyright; but we have his own authority that by his recommendation the poems of Blackmore, Watts, Pomfret and Yalden were added to the collection.

IN connexion with this great work of his, I had an interesting conversation with him on Sunday, October 10. After dining in his company at Mr. Strahan's, I went home with him and read him a letter from Dr. Hugh Blair concerning Pope, in which Dr. Blair said that Lord Bathurst told him in 1763 that The Essay on Man was originally composed by Lord Bolingbroke in prose, that he had read Lord Bolingbroke's manuscript of the work and that Mr. Pope did no more than put it into verse.

Johnson: "Depend upon it, sir, this is too strongly stated. Pope may have had from Bolingbroke the philosophic stamina of his essay; and admitting this to be true, Lord Bathurst did not intentionally falsify. But the thing is not true in the latitude Dr. Blair seems to imagine; we are sure that the poetical imagery, which makes a great part of the poem, was Pope's own. It is amazing, sir, what deviations there are from precise truth in the account which is given of almost everything. I told Mrs. Thrale: 'You have so little anxiety about truth that you never tax your memory with the exact thing.'"

XI—Johnson's Universal Humanity

I WAS disappointed in my hopes of seeing Johnson in 1780, but I was able to come to London in the spring of 1781, and on Tuesday, March 20, I met him in Fleet Street, walking, or, rather, indeed, moving along—for his peculiar march is thus correctly described in a short life of him published very soon after his death: 'When he walked the streets, what with the constant roll of his head and the concomitant motion of his body, he appeared to make his way by that motion, independent of his feet.' That he was often much stared at while he advanced in this manner may easily be believed, but it was not safe to make sport of one so robust as he was.

I waited on him next evening, and he gave me a great portion of his original manuscript of his Lives of the Poets.

I found on visiting his friend, Mr. Thrale, that he was now very ill, and had removed—I suppose by the solicitation of Mrs. Thrale—to a house in Grosvenor Square. I was sorry to see him sadly changed in his appearance.

He told me I might now have the pleasure to see Dr. Johnson drink wine again, for he had lately returned to it. When I mentioned it, he said: "I drink it now sometimes, but not socially."

The first evening that I was with him at Thrale's, I observed he poured a large quantity of it into a glass and swallowed it greedily. Everything about his character and manners was forcible and violent; there never was any moderation; many a day did he fast, many a year did he refrain from wine; but when he did eat, it was voraciously; when he did drink wine, it was copiously. He could practise abstinence, but not temperance.

EARLY on the morning of Wednesday, April 4, Mr. Thrale expired. Johnson was in the house, and thus mentions the event: 'I felt almost the last flutter of his pulse, and looked for the last time upon the face that for fifteen years had never been turned upon me but with respect and benignity.'

Mr. Thrale's death was a very essential loss to Johnson, who, although he did not foresee all that afterwards happened, was sufficiently convinced that the comforts which Mr. Thrale's family afforded him would now in a great measure cease. He, however, continued to show a kind attention to his widow and children as long as it was acceptable; and he took upon him, with a very earnest concern, the office of one of his executors.

"I am not a severe man," Johnson once said; "as I know more of mankind I expect less of them, and am ready now to call a man *a good man* upon easier terms than I was formerly."

This kind indulgence—extended towards myself when overcome by wine—had once or twice a pretty difficult trial, but on my making an apology, I always found Johnson behave to me with the most friendly gentleness.

In fact, Johnson was not severe, but he was pugnacious, and this pugnacity and roughness he displayed most conspicuously in conversation. He could not brook appearing to be worsted in argument, even when, to show the force and dexterity of his talents, he had taken the wrong side. When, therefore, he perceived that his opponent gained ground, he had recourse to robust sophistry. Once when I was pressing upon him with visible advantage, he stopped me thus: "My dear Boswell, let's have no more of this. You'll make nothing of it. I'd rather have you whistle a Scotch tune."

Goldsmith used to say, in the witty words of one of Cibber's comedies, 'There is no arguing with Johnson, for when his pistol misses fire, he knocks you down with the butt end of it.'

Care, however, must be taken to distinguish between Johnson when he 'talked for victory,' and Johnson when he had no desire but to inform and illustrate. 'If you could contrive to have his fair opinion on a subject,' said an eminent friend of his, 'and without any bias from personal prejudice, or from a wish to be victorious in argument, it was wisdom itself, not only convincing, but overpowering.'

In 1782 his complaints increased, and the history of his life this year is largely a recital of variations in his illness.

But, although his health was tottering, the powers of his mind were in no ways impaired, as his letters and conversation showed. Moreover, during the last three or four years of his life he may be said to have mellowed. He dined out very often, he more frequently went to social gatherings, he seemed to enjoy with much more relish food and talk, his manners—save when illness made him irritable—became gentler and his opinions more tolerant.

HIS love of little children, which he discovered upon all occasions, calling them 'pretty dears,' and giving them sweetmeats, was an undoubted proof of the real humanity and gentleness of his disposition. His uncommon kindness to his servants, and serious concern, not only for their comfort in this world, but their happiness in the next, was another unquestionable evidence of what all who were intimately acquainted with him knew to be true.

I was not able to come to London either in the spring or autumn of 1782, and when I next saw Dr. Johnson—which was on Friday, March 21, 1783—it was in the character of a landed proprietor, for my father had died on August 30. I found

him at Mrs. Thrale's house in Argyle Street, appearances of friendship between them being still kept up. He looked pale, and was distressed with a difficulty of breathing; but after the common inquiries he assumed his usual strong, animated style of conversation. But when I set out for Scotland this year—which was on May 30—'twas with a fearful apprehension of what might happen before I returned, as his health was in a more precarious state than at any time when I had parted from him.

XII—The Last Year

EIGHTEEN days later Johnson had a paralytic stroke, which deprived him, for a time, of the powers of speech. But he recovered so quickly that in July he was able to make a visit to Mr. Langton, at Rochester, where he passed about a fortnight.

In the end of 1783, in addition to his gout and his catarrhous cough, he was seized with a spasmodic asthma of such violence that he was confined to the house in great pain, being sometimes obliged to sit all night in his chair, a recumbent posture being so hurtful to his respiration that he could not endure lying in bed; and there came upon him at the same time the oppressive disease of dropsy.

On Wednesday, May 5, 1784—the last year of Dr. Johnson's life—I arrived in London for my spring visit; and I had the pleasure to find him greatly recovered.

He had now a great desire to go to Oxford, as his first jaunt after his illness; we talked of it for some days, and on June 3 the Oxford post-coach took us up at Bolt Court, and we spent a fortnight with Dr. Adams at Pembroke College.

On Wednesday, June 16, Dr. Johnson and I returned to London; and on Tuesday, June 22, I dined with him at the Literary Club, the last time of his being in that respectable society. He looked ill, but he did not trouble the company with melancholy complaints; but, pleased with the evident marks of their kind concern, exerted himself to be as entertaining as his indisposition allowed him.

On Wednesday, June 30, I dined with him, for the last time, at Sir Joshua Reynolds', no other company being present; and on July 2 I left for Scotland.

Eleven days after I myself had left town, Johnson set out on a jaunt to Staffordshire and Derbyshire, flattering himself that he might be, in some degree, relieved; but towards the end of October he had to confess that his progress was slight. As, therefore, he had now very faint hopes of recovery, and as Mrs. Thrale was no longer devoted to him, it might have been supposed that he would naturally have chosen to remain in the comfortable house of his beloved wife's daughter, and to end his life where he began it. But there was in him an animated and lofty spirit, and such was his love of London that he languished when absent from it.

From Lichfield he came to Birmingham, where he passed a few days with his old schoolfellow, Mr. Hector. He then proceeded to Oxford, where he spent four or five days with Dr. Adams, at Pembroke, and arrived in London on November 16. Soon after his return both the asthma and the dropsy became more violent and distressful, though he was attended by Dr. Heberden and Dr. Brocklesby.

ON December 2, he sent directions for inscribing epitaphs for his father, mother and brother on a memorial slab in St. Michael's Church, Lichfield. On December 8 and 9 he made his will; and on Monday, December 13, he expired about seven o'clock in the evening, with so little apparent pain that his attendants hardly perceived when his dissolution took place. A week later he was buried in Westminster Abbey, his old schoolfellow, Dr. Taylor, reading the service.

I trust I shall not be accused of affectation when I declare that I find myself unable to express all that I felt upon the loss of such a 'Guide, Philosopher and Friend.' I shall, therefore, not say one word of my own, but adopt those of an eminent friend, which he uttered with an abrupt felicity: 'He has made a chasm, which not only nothing can fill up, but which nothing has a tendency to fill up. Johnson is dead. Let us go to the next best; there is nobody; no man can be said to put you in mind of Johnson.'

LAURENCE STERNE

A SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY THROUGH FRANCE AND ITALY

ILL health, aggravated by social dissipations following the whirlwind success achieved by the volumes of Tristram Shandy already published, compelled Laurence Sterne in the autumn of 1765 to go abroad, and he spent the next seven months in leisurely travel through France and Italy. On his return to the 'peaceful retreat' of Coxwold, his Yorkshire parish, he wrote the incomparable account of his simple adventures on his wanderings of which an outline is given here. The work appeared in 2 duodecimo volumes on February 27, 1768, less than three weeks before Sterne died. It had an immediate success and has permanently enhanced the author's reputation as a kind-hearted man with a highly-strung nature and qualities of humour and pathos so inextricably blended that the one provokes the other so that 'he can laugh at sorrow and find matter of sentiment in a comical mishap.' The whimsical egotism of the delightful writer is expressed with an exquisite felicity. The complete text is published in the Abbey Classics at 3s.

I—Across the Channel

"THEY order," said I, "this matter better in France!"

"You have been in France?" said my gentleman, turning quick upon me with the most civil triumph in the world.

"Strange!" quoth I, debating the matter with myself, "that one and twenty miles' sailing, for 'tis absolutely no farther from Dover to Calais, should give a man these rights—I'll look into them." So, giving up the argument, I went straight to my lodgings, put up half a dozen shirts and a black pair of silk breeches—"The coat I have on," said I, looking at the sleeve, "will do"—took a place in the Dover stage; and the packet sailing at nine the next morning, by three I had got sat down to my dinner upon a fricaseed chicken—incontestably in France.

When I had finish'd my dinner, and drunk the King of France's health, to satisfy my mind that I bore him no spleen, but, on the contrary, high honour for the humanity of his temper, I rose up, an inch taller for the accommodation.

"Just Heaven!" said I, kicking my portmanteau aside, "what is there in this world's goods which should sharpen our spirits, and make so many kind-hearted brethren of us fall out so cruelly as we do by the way?"

I had scarce uttered the words when a poor monk of the order of St. Francis came into the room to beg something for his convent. No man cares to have his virtues the sport of contingencies. The moment I cast my eyes upon him I was predetermined not to give him a single sou; and accordingly I put my purse into my pocket, button'd it up, set myself a little more upon my centre, and advanced up gravely to him; there was something, I fear, forbidding in my look. I have his figure this moment before my eyes, and there was that in it which deserved better.

The monk, as I judged from the break in his tonsure, a few scatter'd white hairs upon his temples being all that remained of it, might be about seventy—he was certainly sixty-five. It was one of those heads which Guido has often painted—mild, pale, penetrating, free from all commonplace ideas of fat, contented ignorance looking downwards upon the earth—it look'd forwards; but look'd as if it look'd at something beyond this world.

When he had entered the room three paces he stood still, and laying his left hand upon his breast, when I had got close up to him, he introduced himself

with the little story of the wants of his convent, and the poverty of his order, and did it with so simple a grace I was bewitch'd not to have been struck with it.

A better reason was, I had predetermined not to give him a single sou.

"'Tis very true," said I, "'tis very true; and heaven be their resource who have no other but the charity of the world, the stock of which, I fear, is in no way sufficient for the many *great claims* which are hourly made upon it."

As I pronounced the words 'great claims' he gave a single glance with his eye downwards upon the sleeve of his tunic. I felt the full force of the appeal.

"I acknowledge it," said I, "a coarse habit, and that but once in three years, with meagre diet, are no great matters; and the true point of pity is, as they can be earn'd in the world with so little industry, that your order should wish to procure them by pressing upon a fund which is the property of the lame, the blind, the aged and the infirm; and had you been of the order of mercy, instead of the order of St. Francis, poor as I am," continued I, pointing at my portmanteau, "full cheerfully should it have been open'd to you, for the ransom of the unfortunate." The monk made me a bow. "But of all others," resumed I, "the unfortunate of our own country, surely, have the first rights; and I have left thousands in distress upon our own shore."

The monk gave a cordial wave with his head, as much as to say, "No doubt there is misery enough in every corner of the world, as well as within our convent."

"But we distinguish," said I, laying my hand upon the sleeve of his tunic, "we distinguish, my good father, betwixt those who wish only to eat the bread of their own labour and those who eat the bread of other people's, and have no other plan in life but to get through it in sloth and ignorance, *for the love of God!*"

The poor Franciscan made no reply; a hectic of a moment pass'd across his cheek, but could not tarry. Nature seemed to have had done with her resentments in him; he showed none, but press'd his hands with resignation on his breast, and retired.

My heart smote me the moment he shut the door. "Psha!" said I, with an air of carelessness. But it would not do; every ungracious syllable I had utter'd crowded back into my imagination. I reflected I had no right over the poor Franciscan but to deny him. I consider'd his grey hairs, his courteous figure seem'd to re-enter and gently ask me what injury he had done me, and why I could use him thus. I would have given twenty livres for an advocate. "I have behaved very ill," said I, within myself; "but I have only just set out upon my travels and shall learn better manners as I get along."

II—An Exchange of Snuff-Boxes

Now, there being no travelling through France and Italy without a chaise, and nature generally prompting us to the thing we are fittest for, I walk'd out into the coachyard to buy or hire something of that kind to my purpose. Mons. Dessein, the master of the hotel, having just returned from vespers, we walk'd together towards his remise, to take a view of his magazine of chaises.

Suddenly I had turned upon a lady who had just arrived at the inn, and had followed us unperceived. I had already seen her in conference with the Franciscan. Monsieur Dessein had 'diabled' the key above fifty times before he found out he had come with a wrong one in his hand; we were as impatient as himself to have it open'd, when he left us together, with our faces towards the door, and said he would be back in five minutes.

"This, certainly, fair lady," said I, "must be one of fortune's whimsical doings, to take two utter strangers by their hands, and in one moment place them together in such a cordial situation as friendship herself could scarce have achieved for them." Then I set myself to consider how

I should undo the ill impressions which the poor monk's story, in case he had told it her, must have planted in her breast against me.

The good old monk was within six paces of us as the idea of him cross'd my mind; and was advancing towards us a little out of the line, as if uncertain whether he should break in upon us or no. He stopp'd, however, as soon as he came up to us, with a world of frankness; and, having a horn snuff-box in his hand, he presented it open to me. "You shall taste mine," said I, pulling out my box (which was a small tortoise one) and putting it into his hand.

"'Tis most excellent," said the monk.

"Then do me the favour," I replied, "to accept of the box and all, and, when you take a pinch out of it, recollect it was the peace offering of a man who once used you unkindly, but not from his heart."

The poor monk blush'd as red as scarlet.

"Mon Dieu!" said he, pressing his hands together, "you never used me unkindly."

"I should think," said the lady, "he is not likely."

I blush'd in my turn. "Excuse me, madame," replied I, "I treated him most unkindly, and from no provocations."

"'Tis impossible," said the lady.

"My God!" cried the monk, with a warmth of asseveration which seem'd not to belong to him, "the fault was in me, and in the indiscretion of my zeal." The lady opposed it, and I joined with her in maintaining it was impossible that a spirit so regulated as his could offend any.

WHILST this contention lasted the monk rubb'd his horn box upon the sleeve of his tunic, and as soon as it had acquired a little air of brightness by the friction, he made a low bow, and said 'twas too late to say whether it was the weakness or goodness of our tempers which had involved us in this contest. But, be it as it would, he begg'd we might exchange boxes. In saying this he presented his to me with one hand, as he took mine from me in the other; and having kissed it, he put it into his bosom, and took his leave.

I guard this box as I would the instrumental parts of my religion, to help my mind on to something better; in truth, I seldom go abroad without it; and oft and many a time have I called up by it the courteous spirit of its owner to regulate my own in the jostlings of the world; they had found full employment for his, as I learnt from his story, till about the forty-fifth year of his age, when upon some military services ill requited, and meeting at the same time with a disappointment in the tenderest of passions, he abandoned the sword and the sex together, and took sanctuary, not so much in his convent as in himself.

III—My French Valet

I HAD once lost my portmanteau from behind my chaise, and twice got out in the rain, and one of the times up to the knees in dirt, to help the postillion to tie it on, without being able to find out what was wanting. Nor was it till I got to Montreuil, upon the landlord's asking me if I wanted not a servant, that it occurred to me that that was the very thing.

"A servant! That I do most sadly," quoth I.

"Because, monsieur," said the landlord, "there is a clever young fellow who would be very proud of the honour to serve an Englishman."

"But why an English one more than any other?"

"They are so generous," said the landlord.

"I'll be shot if this is not a livre out of my pocket," quoth I to myself, "this very night."

The landlord then called in La Fleur, which was the name of the young man he had spoken of, saying only first, "That as for his talents, he would presume to say nothing. Monsieur was the best judge what would suit him; but for the fidelity of La Fleur he would stand responsible in all he was worth."

The landlord deliver'd this in a manner which instantly set my mind to the business I was upon; and La Fleur, who stood waiting without, in that breathless expectation which every son of nature of us have felt in our turns, came in.

I am apt to be taken with all kinds of people at first sight, but never more so

than when a poor devil comes to offer his service to so poor a devil as myself.

When La Fleur enter'd the room, the genuine look and air of the fellow determined the matter at once in his favour;

so I hired him first, and then began to inquire what he could do. "But I shall find out his talents," quoth I, "as I want them. A Frenchman can do everything."

Now, poor La Fleur could do nothing in the world but beat a drum and play a march or two upon the fife. I was determined to make his talents do, and can't say my weakness was ever so insulted by my wisdom as in the attempt. La Fleur had set out early in life, as gallantly as most Frenchmen do, with 'serving' for a few years, at the end of which, having satisfied the sentiment, and found, moreover, that the honour of beating a drum was likely to be its own reward, as it open'd no further track of glory for him, he retired, and lived *comme il plaisoit à Dieu;* that is to say, upon nothing.

"But you can do something else, La Fleur?" said I.

Oh, yes, he could make spatterdashes—leather riding gaiters—and play a little upon the fiddle.

"Why, I play a bass myself," said I. "We shall do very well. You can shave, and dress a wig a little, La Fleur?"

He had all the dispositions in the world.

"It is enough for heaven," said I, interrupting him, "and ought to be enough for me."

So supper coming in, and having a frisky English spaniel on one side of my chair, and a French valet, with as much hilarity in his countenance as ever nature painted in one, on the other, I was satisfied to my heart's content with my empire; and if monarchs knew what they would be at, they might be satisfied as I was.

As La Fleur went the whole tour of France and Italy with me, I must interest the reader in his behalf by saying that I had never less reason to repent of the impulses which generally do determine me than in regard to this fellow. He was a faithful, affectionate, simple soul as ever trudged after the heels of a philosopher; and notwithstanding his talents of drum-beating and spatterdash-making, which, though very good in themselves, happened to be of no great service to me, yet was I hourly recompensed by the festivity of his temper; it supplied all defects. I had a constant resource in his looks, in all difficulties and distresses of my own.

IV—The Passport—Paris

When I got home to my hotel, La Fleur told me I had been inquired after by the lieutenant of police. "The deuce take it!" said I. "I know the reason."

I had left London with so much precipitation that it never entered my mind that we were at war with France, and had reached Dover, and looked through my glass at the hills beyond Boulogne before the idea presented itself; and with this in its train—that there was no getting there without a passport.

Go but to the end of a street, I have a mortal aversion for returning back no wiser than I set out; and as this was one of the greatest efforts I had ever made for knowledge, I could less bear the thoughts of it; so hearing the Count de —— had hired the packet, I begg'd he would take me in his *suite.* The count had some little knowledge of me, so made little or no difficulty—only said his inclination to serve me could reach no farther than Calais, as he was to return by way of Brussels to Paris. However, when I had once passed there I might get to Paris without interruption, but that in Paris I must make friends and shift for myself.

"Let me get to Paris, Monsieur le Count," said I, "and I shall do very well." So I embark'd, and never thought more of the matter.

When La Fleur told me the lieutenant of police had been inquiring after me, the thing instantly recurred; and by the time

La Fleur had well told me, the master of the hotel came into my rooms to tell me the same thing, with this addition to it—that my passport had been particularly asked after. The master of the hotel concluded with saying he hoped I had one. "Not I, faith!" said I.

The master of the hotel retired three steps from me, as from an infected person, as I declared this; and poor La Fleur advanced three steps towards me, and with that sort of movement which a good soul makes to succour a distress'd one. The fellow won my heart by it; and from that single *trait* I knew his character as perfectly, and could rely upon it as firmly, as if he had served me with fidelity for seven years.

"*Mon seigneur!*" cried the master of the hotel; but recollecting himself as he made the exclamation, he instantly changed the tone of it. "If, monsieur," said he, "has not a passport, in all likelihood he has friends in Paris who can procure him one."

"Not that I know of," quoth I, with an air of indifference.

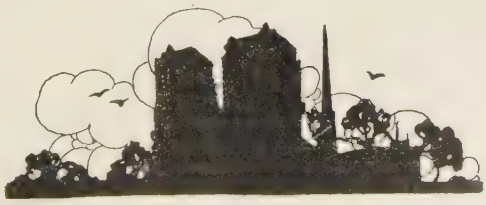
"Then, *certes*," replied he, "you'll be sent to the Bastille or the Chatelet, *au moins*."

"Pooh!" said I. "The king of France is a good-natur'd soul; he'll hurt nobody."

"*Cela n'empêche pas*," said he. "You'll certainly be sent to the Bastille to-morrow morning."

As I am at Versailles, thought I, why should I not go to the Count de B—— and tell him my story? So seeing a man standing with a basket on the other side of the street, as if he had something to sell, I bid La Fleur go up to him and inquire for the count's hotel.

La Fleur returned, a little pale, and told me it was a Chevalier de St. Louis selling *patés*. He had seen the *croix* set in gold, with its red riband, he said, tied to his buttonhole, and had looked into the basket and seen the *patés* which the chevalier was selling.



Such a reverse in

man's life awakens a better principle than curiosity. I got out of the carriage, and went towards him.

He was begirt with a clean linen apron, which fell below his knees, and with a sort of bib that went half-way up his breast. His basket of little *patés* was covered over with a white damask napkin, and there was a look of *propreté* and neatness throughout that one might have bought his *patés* of him as much from appetite as sentiment.

I went up to him, and begged he would explain the appearance which affected me.

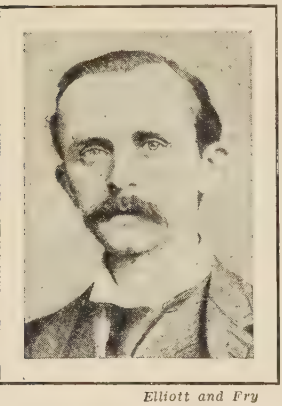
He told me in a few words that the best part of his life had pass'd in the service, in which he had obtained a company and the *croix* with it; but that, at the conclusion of the last peace, his regiment being re-formed and the whole corps left without any provision, he found himself in a wide world without friends, without a livre, and, indeed, said he, without anything but this (pointing, as he said it, to his *croix*). The king could neither relieve nor reward everyone, and it was only his misfortune to be amongst the number. He had a little wife, he said, whom he loved, who did his *patisserie;* and added he felt no dishonour in defending her and himself from want in this way, unless providence had offer'd him a better.

It would be wicked to pass over what happen'd to this poor chevalier of St. Louis about nine months after.

It seems his story reach'd at last the king's ears, who, hearing the chevalier had been a gallant officer, broke up his little trade by granting him a pension of fifteen hundred livres a year.

A Note on J. M. Barrie

If one were to write down the names of the six most eminent British authors of the present day that of Sir James Matthew Barrie, Bart., O.M., would surely be included; but it would not be there mainly on the strength of Auld Licht Idylls, 1887; A Window in Thrums, 1889; The Little Minister, 1891; and Sentimental Tommy, 1896. His eminence to-day is based upon his achievements in the theatre: his fame as a dramatist has eclipsed, and may outlive, his reputation as a writer of short stories and novels.



Elliott and Fry
J. M. Barrie in 1898

When J. M. Barrie, at the age of twenty-five, settled down in London to the career of letters early in 1885, after nearly two years of literary work on a Nottingham paper, we were on the eve of a revolution in public taste which has profoundly affected literary forms. The Nonconformist Conscience was still so potent that the word 'novel' smelled a little suspiciously, and the thing so designated could be read on a Sunday only under fear of divine displeasure. No one fit to partake of 'the ordinances of the Church' would set foot in the theatre.

But the Scotsman is popularly credited with managing to make the best of both worlds, and it might be said with truth that few things in modern literary history are more noteworthy than the way in which J. M. Barrie contrived to win to his standard the whole army of religiously-minded readers with his humorous and sentimental sketches of life in the most restricted of Scottish religious communities and then, making himself master of the very difficult art of the theatre, to march confidently to the conquest of an entirely antipathetic public. Nay, even the godless 'music halls' changed themselves into respectable 'variety theatres' so that on their vast stage this new Wizard of the North might be able to display his mastery of the short dramatic sketch to immense audiences of fellow citizens representing all shades of religious, moral and non-moral opinion.

It might be argued that Barrie's astonishing capacity to please with his art such widely differing audiences as are embodied in the Original Secession Church of Kirriemuir and the London Coliseum, implied some measure of compromise; but he has seldom trimmed his sails to catch a passing breeze of favour. The Admirable Crichton, 1902, is a rare instance, as that play originated in the high comedy of the mind, and was developed on lines that approached the farcical obviously 'to get the laugh.'

From his earliest years of literary effort it is evident that the passion for the play was stirring in him, and he was soon resolved to try his hand at dramatic writing, his first success dating from 1892, when he had the satisfaction of seeing John L. Toole produce and appear in Walker, London, a charming light comedy, fresh and amusing with a real foretaste of the Barriesque in the whimsical notion of the newly-married barber going on his honeymoon without his bride.

When he was fairly under way with the stage he had but small conceit of his story-telling gifts, and we have had no book that matters from him since The Little White Bird in 1902, and that is chiefly of interest as containing the germ of his great stage masterpiece, Peter Pan. But who shall chide him for abandoning book-writing in order to give to the stage that succession of comedies which includes The Professor's Love Story, 1894; The Little Minister, 1897; Quality Street, 1902; Alice Sit-by-the-Fire, 1905; What Every Woman Knows, 1908; A Kiss for Cinderella, 1916; Dear Brutus, 1917; and Mary Rose, 1920?

The success of all his plays is of the same essence as the success of his books—a quality of humour that is entirely free from artifice and is peculiar to J. M. Barrie. There is no recipe for it, as there is for the Gilbertian, or for that of Mark Twain. For that reason it is as difficult to define as to make a will-o'-the-wisp pose for a portrait. But it conforms to the everlasting definition of all true humour in disclosing a deep and abiding sympathy with all lowly forms of life. It is also a form of amused self-criticism, as though the author were 'chuckling' to himself not only about things around him and the fancies of his brain, but about his own ego whom, by virtue of a humorous outlook on the world, he can regard with an affectionate detachment.

In the days when Barrie's Auld Licht sketches and stories were first favourites with the reading public one of his many followers was Fergus Mackenzie, author of The Humours of Glenbruar, whose sketches were in every sense as true to Scottish life and character, but did not grip and charm us as those of Barrie did. Robertson Nicoll gave the explanation: 'they lack *that*,' he said, snapping finger and thumb. Barrie happens to possess *that*—and there you are!

Portrait study by Alvin Langdon Coburn

J. M. Barrie

To face page 127

J. M. BARRIE

PETER PAN: OR THE BOY WHO WOULDN'T GROW UP

The Story of the Play told by Harold Begbie

BECAUSE of its origin we must label Peter Pan as Drama, but our method of treating this modern classic of the stage differs from that followed in the other plays we outline, and we present it as a children's tale. For its high and enduring value lies in the originality of the fantasy conceived in an atmosphere of tender humour and an understanding of the mind of youth. The play, in three acts, was first produced at the Duke of York's Theatre, London, December 27, 1904, and has been re-staged annually ever since. No other work of the theatre in our time has won so enduring a place in the affections of the English-speaking race; many thousands of parents who as boys and girls were enchanted with its quaint fancies have lived to bring their own boys and girls to see it, and so to recapture and perpetuate at least one of their childhood's delights.

I—How Peter Found His Shadow

THERE was once upon a time a little girl named Wendy Moira Angela Darling. She lived in a house with her brothers, John Napoleon Darling and Michael Nicholas Darling. This house was an ordinary house of brick and slates, but one thing about it was quite extraordinary. It contained a Newfoundland dog whose name was Nana, and this dog acted as nurse to the three children.

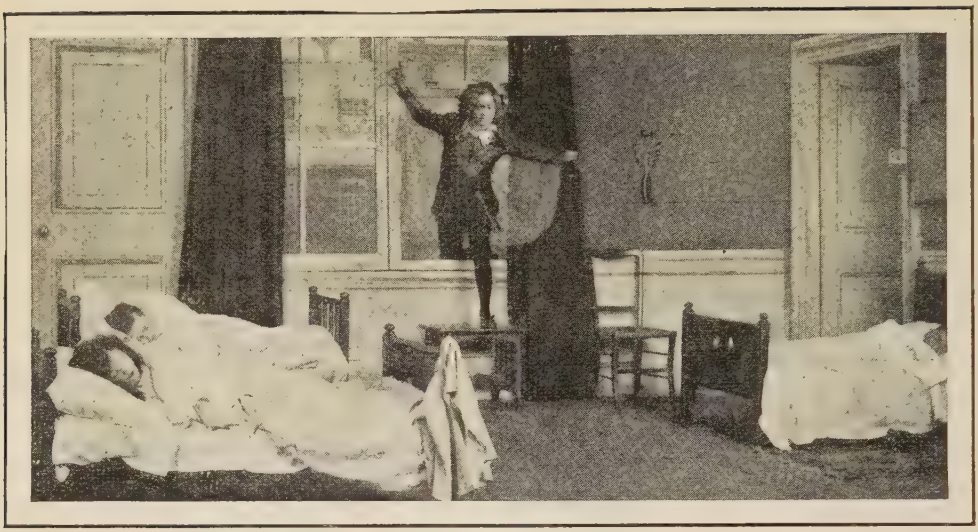
Nana was so clever that he never allowed the children to put on a flannel nightdress before it was aired at the fire; and he knew how to turn on the hot water when it was bath-time; and however the children might cry that they would *not* be bathed, or that they would *not* go to bed, Nana always insisted that they should.

Now, Mrs. Darling loved Nana, and she had a particular reason for keeping this brave and powerful dog as the children's nurse. One night, on visiting the nursery, she had seen a strange flitting Shape moving quickly to and fro in the dim glow of the nightlight. At sight of Mrs. Darling this Shape rushed to the window. Mrs. Darling darted towards it. Just as it sprang into the night Mrs. Darling pulled down the window with a bang. The Shape escaped; but something fell on the floor at Mrs. Darling's feet. *It was the shadow of this strange, flitting creature.* Mrs. Darling put the shadow in a drawer; but she felt very nervous for the safety of the children. She feared that the Shape might come back and do them some dreadful harm. The only comfort she had was the presence of Nana in the nursery. The big dog, she thought, would protect her children from all danger. But one night Mr. Darling was rather cross, and he said it was ridiculous to have a dog for a nurse; and he got so cross at last that he said Nana should sleep in a kennel in the yard. Mrs. Darling pleaded; the children cried; Nana barked. Mr. Darling however, was extremely cross, and Nana was led away to the yard, moaning and growling.

That night the window was thrust open, and into the room glided and skipped the mysterious Shape.

"Where is my shadow?" it cried; while Nana barked furiously outside. "I can't be happy without my shadow. Tinker Bell, Tinker Bell, where is my dear little shadow?"

Instantly a spot of light flicked into the room, and sprang round the walls, and over the ceiling, and down the beds, and across the carpet, making a tinkling sound wherever it flitted and whenever it settled for a moment. This was the fairy Tinker Bell, a little female fairy. She told the Shape where the shadow lay, and soon the drawer was open, the shadow



THE WINDOW WAS THRUST OPEN AND IN GLIDED THE MYSTERIOUS SHAPE

pulled forth, and the Shape skipped round the room with delight, singing, dancing, laughing in its joy, while Tinker Bell flashed round the room like a luminous butterfly. But, alas! when the Shape tried to make the shadow stick on, it refused, and so all the delight went, and the Shape burst into passionate tears.

Just at this moment Wendy awoke. She was not frightened, and asked the little Shape why it was crying. Then she asked it its name, and the Shape told her that it was Peter Pan. Wendy got needle and thread and stitched the shadow on to Peter Pan, and then Peter Pan danced with joy, for wherever he went the shadow followed him on the floor.

Peter Pan then told Wendy his story. He said that he lived in a place called Never-Never-Land, with a lot of little boys who had all been dropped out of their perambulators by careless nurses; and that they lived with fairies and would never grow up, but for always and always would remain happy boys in this enchanting Never-Never-Land.

He told her that when the first baby laughed, the laughter broke into little pieces, and each little piece became a fairy, and went dancing about the world. But whenever a child says that it does not believe in fairies, then one of the fairies dies. Peter Pan said it was dreadful for a child to say it did not believe in fairies. There was only one other thing that made them sad, he said, and this was the want of a mother; all the boys in Never-Never-Land wanted to have a mother very much indeed. Wendy asked if there was not a little girl among them who could pretend to be their mother; but Peter Pan shook his head and answered that *girls* never dropped out of their perambulators, they were far too clever. This pleased Wendy, and she loved Peter Pan.

"Oh, Wendy," cried Peter, "come and live with us and be our mother!"

The two boys woke up. Peter Pan said he would teach them all to fly if Wendy would only come and be their mother.

WHEN the children heard that they could learn to fly, they were quite excited, and immediately began to spring in the air. But every time, they fell and sprawled on the ground, or bumped flat on the beds.

"You must think beautiful thoughts," cried Peter Pan; and, so saying, soared up gracefully into the air, and sailed noiselessly round the room.

Soon the children learnt, and all began to fly round the room with cries of delight. Then the windows opened wide, and Peter Pan led the way into the night; and while Tinker Bell tinkled loudly and Nana barked warningly, the children soared towards the stars.

II—The Lost Boys in Never-Never-Land

THE boys in Never-Never-Land were beginning to get anxious about Peter Pan, who was their captain. He seemed to be a long time away, and they were frightened of wolves and pirates. While they were wondering what had happened to Peter, they saw what looked to them like a large white bird in the sky.

As they gazed at it, Tinker Bell suddenly shone on the trees, and, tinkling very loudly, told them that Peter Pan wanted them to shoot this bird at once. So they ran and got bows and arrows, and shot them into the air. Suddenly down fell—what do you think?—poor Wendy with an arrow in her breast. Little Tinker Bell, who was very jealous of Wendy, was responsible for this awful deed.

But Wendy was not killed. Soon she revived, and then with her brothers round her, and Peter Pan holding her hand, she promised all the boys to be their mother. Then they set to, and built Wendy a funny little house, with the silk hat of John Napoleon Darling for its chimney-pot; and everybody was wonderfully happy, except Tinker Bell, who was more and more jealous of Wendy.

Now, while they were so happy in their house, through the wood came the terrible pirates. The captain of this frightful gang was named Captain James Hook, and a more horrible villain never froze the blood in a child's veins. All his crew feared him and cowered before him. His long black hair was enough to make you shiver; his yellow skin made you go white; his coal-black eyes struck daggers of fear into your heart; but, far worse than all these, more awful even than his cackling laugh and his way of rolling his 'r's' so that they sounded like pistols, was his right hand. His right hand wasn't a hand at all, *it was an iron hook.* How he came to have that hook is part of the story.

Peter Pan had tripped the terrible pirate into the sea, and a crocodile, a tremendous *c-r-r-r-r-rocodile,* had snapped off his hand and part of his wrist. Nor was this all. The crocodile enjoyed the captain's hand and wrist so much that it wanted more, and so it haunted the captain wherever he went, longing to eat another bit of him, and dreaming of the happy day when it would gobble him all up. The captain always knew when his ferocious enemy was near, because on one occasion it had swallowed an alarm clock, and the

THEY SET TO AND BUILT WENDY A FUNNY LITTLE HOUSE

ticking of this clock could plainly be heard through its skin. But the captain feared, because he knew the clock would one day run down, and then the crocodile would be able to steal upon him unawares.

You can imagine how this pirate hated Peter, the cause of all his troubles, and how he longed to slay him.

One day, when some friendly Indians were guarding the boys, up came the pirates and made a great slaughter of the poor redskins. The boys did not hear the battle, for they were very interested in something that Wendy was telling them underground.

Wendy, you must know, had become the mother of these boys, and they all did exactly what she told them, and all adored her, because it was so delightful to have a mother after having lived so long without one. After she had seen mermaids and a bird that gave up its nest for Peter Pan to use as a boat, she settled down to be a real practical mother, giving the boys their medicine, teaching them how to behave nicely, and tucking them all up nice and comfy in their beds. Considering that she was only nine years of age, Wendy made a splendid mother.

Well, on this night, Wendy was telling them a story about her own father and mother—a beautiful story which showed how that mother and father must be weeping for their lost children. As she was finishing, John Napoleon and Michael Nicholas sprang up in their beds, and said :

" Wendy, we must go back ! "

" Yes," answered Wendy, " we must go back."

You can imagine how dreadfully sad all the motherless boys were when they heard that Wendy was going home. They cried so much that at last she told them they might come back with her and her brothers, and live in their house, and have Mr. and Mrs. Darling for their father and mother. All the boys accepted this offer with delight except Peter Pan. Peter Pan said he did not want to grow up. He did not want to live in a real house and go to school. He wanted to live always in Never-Never-Land, with the fairies and birds and mermaids. In his heart he was terribly sad at losing Wendy, whom he loved very much indeed ; but he refused to go away and grow up like an ordinary boy. So they all said good-bye to Peter Pan, and one by one went up the narrow tunnel which led from their underground home to the forest and the night. Wendy was the last to go, and before she went she poured out some medicine for Peter and made him promise her that he would take it when he woke up in the morning.

But instead of kind redskins keeping guard, the pirates were there. The boys were seized one by one as they stepped on ground ; a rough hand was clasped over their mouths to prevent them from crying out, and they were carried away prisoners to the pirate ship with Wendy.

III—How the Children Went Home Again

Peter Pan lay asleep in his bed. The rest of the boys were on board the pirate ship. Peter Pan was alone.

Captain Hook was creeping to the hole above. Now was his chance to slay his enemy.

Noiselessly the pirate chief crept down the hole. He arrived at the door, and peeped over the top. Peter Pan was fast asleep. He tried to open the door, and failed. Again and again his hook fumbled at the latch, but failed. Peter Pan was safe. But no ! The terrible captain espied the glass of medicine left by Wendy on a shelf ; he reached towards it, and then, taking a bottle of poison from his pocket, poured the contents into the glass.

Peter Pan woke up. He remembered his promise to Wendy, and went to drink the poison. At that moment Tinker Bell rushed in, crying :

" Don't drink ! Don't drink ! "

But her warning was useless.

" I have promised Wendy," answered Peter, and walked towards the glass with his hand outstretched.

In vain did Tinker Bell warn him ; but, just as Peter was about to drink, the little Shining Light popped into the glass and drained all its deadly contents. Then it flickered and paled and drooped towards its bed, dying.

Peter knew there was only one way in which he could possibly save it.

" Do you believe in fairies ? Oh, please say you believe in fairies ! " he cried to all the world. And back from the world, which was so sorry for poor little Tinker Bell, came the answer :

" We believe in fairies."

So Tinker Bell revived and was saved, and she told Peter Pan how the pirates had carried off the lost boys, with Wendy and her brothers, to their ship, and of the danger in which they stood.

Peter immediately started out. He arrived at the ship as the captain was going to flog his prisoners before making them walk the plank. Peter Pan had an alarm clock in his pocket ; he took it out, and at the first sound of that *tick-tick* the captain gave a great cry of horror, thinking that the cr-r-r-rocodile was near.

During the panic, Peter stole on board ship and hid himself in the cabin where the cat-o'-nine-tails was hidden.

The clock ran down. The captain grew brave again.

" Go and get the cat-o'-nine-tails ! " he ordered.

One of the ruffians went to obey. As he entered the cabin a terrible shriek resounded all over the ship. Another pirate was ordered to go and see what had happened. He, too, uttered a ghastly shriek, and did not come out. The rest of the crew were now in a state of panic. They refused to enter the cabin ; one threw himself into the sea.

Suddenly Peter Pan rushed out, sword in hand, and a terrible fight followed. Captain Hook was flung overboard, where the crocodile was waiting for him ; and all the rest of the wicked pirates were killed.

Then Wendy and all the boys went home, and you can imagine how glad Mrs. Darling and Mr. Darling and Nana were to see their lost children. Mr. Darling, we must tell you, had been so repentant for his crossness that he had made Nana live indoors and dine at the table while he himself slept in a kennel outside, and ate out of a dog's trough. Mrs. Darling had always kept the window open, hoping that the children would return ; and used to play and sing ' Home Sweet Home,' thinking that they might hear her and come back.

But Peter Pan, all alone in Never-Never-Land, longed for little Wendy ; and Mrs. Darling allowed Wendy to go every now and then to visit Peter, and see that his house was nice and tidy. Peter Pan always refused to grow up, and Wendy never forgot the fairies.

ABOARD THE PIRATE SHIP . . . PETER PAN TO THE RESCUE

ARISTOTLE

THE ETHICS

Condensed by A. D. Innes from the Greek Text

THE Nicomachean Ethics contain what may be termed the latest presentation of Aristotle's moral teaching, incorporating and supplementing that promulgated earlier in the Eudemian Ethics and the Ethica Megala or Great Ethics. The extreme condensation of the work suggests that it is a compilation of summaries of lectures rather than a finished treatise. Even so, it has profoundly influenced ethical thought ever since Aristotle's day, his classification of the virtues and his doctrine that virtue lies in a 'mean' having in particular dominated a vast amount of moral speculation. English translations by F. H. Peters and J. E. C. Welldon are published by Kegan Paul and Macmillan, and there is a translation by W. P. Chase in Everyman's Library. An outline of Aristotle's Politics is given in later pages of *The World's Great Books*.

I—The End of Life and the Meaning of Virtue

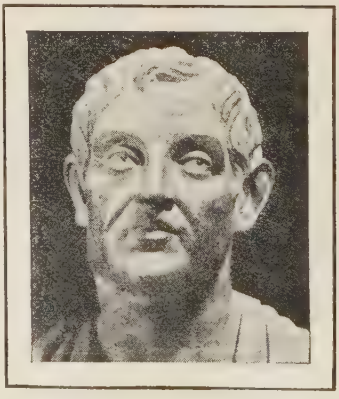
EVERY art and science, every action, has for its end some good, whether this be a form of activity or an actual product. The ends of minor arts are only means to the ends of superior arts. If there is one supreme end, this is The Good, inquiry into which belongs to the supreme social science [for which the Greek term is Politics]. The name given to this supreme good, the attainment of which is the object of politics, is happiness, good living or welfare.

But happiness itself is variously defined: some identify it with pleasure, others with honour—the first a degrading, and the second an inadequate view. Platonists find it in an abstract idea of good, a universal which precludes particulars. There is a great deal to be said against this doctrine, even as a question of logic or metaphysic; but apart from that, the theory is out of court, for the all-sufficient reason that its practical value is *nil*—knowledge of the universal good in the abstract is of no practical use in everyday life—a fundamental point for us.

If, then, there is a supreme dominating good to be aimed at, what are the essential characteristics it must display? The Good of all Goods, the Best, must be complete in itself, a consummation. Whatsoever is a means to some end beyond fails so far of completeness; when we say that our end must be 'complete,' it follows that it must always be an end, never a means. It is not merely one amongst others of which it is the best, but the one in which all the others are summed up. It is of itself quite sufficient for the individual, and that not merely in isolation, but as a member of society.

Let us then define happiness as man's *work*—the performance of his function as man. Everything has some specific function, the performance of which is its good, and man, too, must have a specific function. Now, this cannot be the kind of life which he shares with the vegetable or with the brute creation, therefore it must be the active life of his distinctive—*i.e.*, his rational—part, exercised in accordance with the virtue or virtues which perfect it, and in his life as a whole, not merely at moments.

Testing our conclusions by the judgements of common experience, we gather support from them.



ARISTOTLE was born at Stagira in Macedonia 384 B.C. He studied under Plato 367 to 350, acted as tutor to Alexander the Great when a boy, and from 334 to 323 conducted his own Peripatetic School at Athens. He died 322 B.C.

Goods external, and goods of the body, are reckoned inferior to goods of the soul, which is recognized as the seat of activities. The identification of happiness with virtue, however, necessitates the distinction between active virtue and virtuousness. As conducing to active virtue, the other kinds of goods are elements in happiness. We must assume it to be not something granted to us, outside our own control, but attainable by effort and education.

Virtues are of two kinds: of the intellect, acquired by study; and moral, acquired by practice. The moral virtues are not implanted by nature, but we have the capacity for them by nature and achieve them by practice, as by practice we acquire excellence in the arts, or control over our passions. Education, then, is of the utmost importance, since the state of virtue is the outcome of virtue in act.

The manner, the ' how ' of action, must be in accord with right reason. Here, be it understood, we are not laying down universal propositions, but general rules which are modified by circumstances. Our activities must lie in a mean between the two extremes of excess and defect, and this applies both to the process of generating virtue and to its manifestation. The virtues are concerned with pleasure and pain, because these act as inducements or opposing influences ; beauty, advantage and pleasure being the three standing inducements, and pleasure entering into both the others ; so that in one aspect virtue is the best action in respect to pleasure.

But it does not lie in the mere act ; the act must be born of knowledge, and of choice, done for its own sake, and persistently—the first, knowledge, being the least important ; to make it the most important is a speculative error.

Now, there are three modes of mind: feeling or passion, faculty and habit. We do not praise or blame passion in itself, or the faculty ; therefore virtue can lie in neither, but must be found in habit or condition. The virtuous habit or condition is what enables that whereof it is the virtue to perform its function, which, in the case of man, is the activity of the soul, preserving always a middle course between excess and deficiency, by choice.

In another sense, however, we must remember that there are qualities in themselves wrong, and that virtue may be presented as not something intermediate, but a consummation. But when we name each of these virtues—courage, temperance, liberality, etc ; the social virtues, or good manners ; the virtues concerned with the passions—we can name the corresponding excess or deficiency. Justice and the intellectual virtues demand a separate analysis.

Each virtue stands in opposition to each of the extremes, and each of these to the other extreme, though in some cases the virtue may be more antagonistic to one extreme than to the other ; as courage, for example, is more antagonistic to cowardice than it is to rashness.

Before proceeding with this analysis, we must examine the question of choice. To be praiseworthy, an act must be voluntary. An act is not voluntary if it is the outcome of external compulsion. Where there is a margin of choice, an act must still, on the whole, be regarded as voluntary, though done ' against our will.' Of properly involuntary acts, we must distinguish between the unintentional and the unwilling, meaning by the latter, in effect, what the agent would not have done if he had known.

Choice is not the same thing as a voluntary act ; nor is it desire, or emotion, or exactly ' wish,' since we may wish for, but cannot make choice of, the unattainable. Nor is it deliberation—rather, it is the act of decision following deliberation. If man has the power to say yes, he has equally the power to say no, and is master of his own action. If we make a wrong choice through ignorance for which we are ourselves responsible, the ignorance itself is culpable, and cannot excuse the wrong choice ; and so, when the choice is the outcome of a judgement disordered by bad habits, men cannot escape by saying they were made so—they made themselves so. To say they ' could not help ' doing wrong things is only an evasion.

II—The Moral Virtues Examined

VIRTUES, then, are habits, issuing in acts corresponding to those by which the habit was established, directed by right reason, every such act and the whole process being voluntary.

We may now turn to the analysis of the several virtues.

Courage has to do with fear. Not all kinds ; for there are some things we ought to fear, such as dishonour and pauperism, the fear of which is compatible with dauntless courage, while the coward may not fear them. Fearlessness of what is in our control, and endurance of what is not, for the sake of true honour, constitute the courageous habit. Its excess is rashness or foolhardiness, the deficiency cowardice.

Akin to it, but still spurious, is the courage of which the motive is not honour but honours or reputation. Spurious also is the courage which arises from the knowledge that the danger is infinitesimal ; so is that which is born of blind anger, or of elated self-confidence, or of mere unconsciousness of danger. True courage lies in resisting a temptation to pleasure or to escaping pain, and, above all, death, for honour's sake. The exercise of a virtue may be very far from pleasant, except, of course, in so far as the end for which it was exercised is achieved.

Temperance is concerned with pleasures of the senses ; mainly of touch, in a much less degree of taste ; but not of sight, hearing or smell, except indirectly. Of carnal pleasures, some are common to all, some have an individual application. Temperance lies in being content to do without them, and desiring them only so far as they conduce to health and comfort. The characteristic of intemperance is that it has to do with pleasures only, not with pains. Hence, it is more purely voluntary than cowardice, as being less influenced by perturbing outward circumstances as concerns the particular case, though not the habit.

Liberality is concerned with money matters, and lies between extravagance and meanness. Really it means the right treatment of money, both in spending and receiving it—the former rather than the latter. A man is not really liberal who lavishes money for baser purposes, or takes it whence he should not, or fails to take due care of his property. The liberal man tends to err in the direction of lavishness. Extravagance is curable, but is frequently accompanied by carelessness as to the objects on which the money is spent and the sources from which it is obtained. The habit of meanness is apt to be ineradicable, and is displayed both in the acquisition and in the hoarding of money.

Munificence is a virtue concerned only with expenditure on a large scale, and it implies liberality. It lies between vulgar ostentation and niggardliness. It is possible only for the wealthy, and is concerned mainly with public works, but also with private occasions of ceremony. The error of vulgar ostentation is misdirection of expenditure, not excess. Niggardliness abstains from a proper expenditure.

MAGNANIMITY is the virtue of the aristocrat ; its excess is self-glorification, its deficiency self-depreciation. The magnanimous man will bate nothing of his claim to honour, power and wealth, not as caring greatly for them, but as demanding what he knows to be his due. This character involves the possession of the virtues ; the man must act in the grand manner and on the grand scale. He knows his own superiority, does not conceal it, and acts up to it. Self-glorification overrates its own capacities ; self-depreciation underrates them and shuns responsibility, being the more reprehensible of the two.

There is a nameless virtue which stands to magnanimity in the same relation as that of liberality to munificence ; these being concerned with honours, as those with money. The excess is ambition, the deficiency is the lack of it.

Good temper is a mean between ill-temper—whether of the irascible, the sulky, or the cantankerous kind—and poor-spiritedness.

Friendliness comes between the excessive desire to please and boorishness. It is a social virtue which might be defined as goodwill *plus* tact. Sincerity [there is no English term quite corresponding

to the Greek] is the quality opposed on the one side to boastfulness, and on the other to mock-modesty; it is displayed by the man who acknowledges, but who never exaggerates, his own merits. In the social display of wit and humour there is a marked mean between the buffoon and the dullard or prig.

Shame is a term implying a feeling rather than a habit; like fear, it has a physical effect, producing blushes, and seems, in fact, to be fear of disrepute. To the young, it is a safeguard against vice; the virtuous man need never feel it; to be unable to feel it implies the habit of vice. Continence is not strictly a moral virtue.

III—Of Justice and Injustice

We come now to justice. A specific habit differs from a specific faculty or science, as each of the latter covers opposites, *e.g.* the science of health is also the science of sickness; whereas the habit of justice does not cover but is opposed to the habit of injustice. Justice itself is a term used in various senses; and the senses in which injustice is used vary correspondingly.

Injustice includes law-breaking, grasping and unfairness. Grasping is taking too much of what is good only; unfairness is concerned with both what is good and what is injurious. But in the legal sense, whatever law lays down is assumed to be just. Law, however, covers the whole field of virtuous action as it affects our neighbours, so that in this general sense justice is an inclusive term equivalent to righteousness. We, however, must confine ourselves to the specific sense of the terms. Grasping is, in fact, included in unfairness, which is the real opposite of specific justice; it includes law-breaking only so far as the law is broken for the sake of gain.

The justice with which we are concerned has two branches: distributive, of honours and the like among citizens by the State, and of private property by contract and agreement; and corrective, the remedying of unfair distribution. There are always two parties, and justice is the mean between the unfairness which favours A and the unfairness which favours B.

Distributive justice takes into consideration the merits of the parties; corrective justice is concerned only with restoring a balance which has been disturbed. The distribution is a question not of equality, but of right proportion; and this applies to retribution, which is recognized as one of its aspects, *e.g.*, the retribution for an officer striking a private and for a private striking an officer. Proportional requital is the economic basis of society, arrived at by the existence of a comparatively unfluctuating currency which provides a criterion.

In the State, as such, justice is obtained from the law and its administrators; justice is the virtue of the magistrate. Since he has nothing to gain or lose himself, it has been supposed that justice is 'another's good,' not our own. In the family, justice does not come in, the whole household being, in a sense, parts of the *pater familias;* and as you cannot be unjust to yourself, you cannot be unjust to your household. In the State, what is just is fixed partly by the nature of things, partly by law or convention.

As to individual acts, injury may arise from a miscalculation, or from an incalculable accident; it becomes a wrong when it was intentional but not premeditated, an injustice when premeditated. An act *prima facie* unjust is not so if done with the free consent of the person injured. It is the agent of distribution, not the recipient, who is unjust (when they are different persons); and similarly, the agent, not the instrument. And even the agent of unjust distribution is not really unjust unless he was really actuated by motives of personal gain.

The performance of a particular act is easy. To perform it rightly as the outcome of a right habit, is not; nor is it easy to be confident as to what is right in the particular case. The man who is just, having the habit, does not find it easy to act unjustly.

What we must call equity may be opposed to justice, but only in the legal sense of that term. It is justice freed from the errors incidental to the particular case, for which the law cannot provide. Injustice,

again, is found in self-injury or suicide; which the law penalises, not because the individual thereby treats himself unjustly, but because he does an injustice to the community. It is only by metaphor that a man may be called unjust to himself, an expression which means that the relation between one part of him and another part of him is analogous to the unjust relation between persons.

IV—Wisdom, Prudence and Continence

THE ensuing discussion of intellectual virtue requires some remarks on the soul. We distinguish in the rational part, that which knows, concerned with the unchanging; and that which reasons, concerned with the changing. Our intellects and our propensions—not our sense-perceptions, which are shared with animals—guide our actions and our apprehension of truth. Attraction and repulsion, in correspondence with affirmation and denial, combine to form right choice; the practical—as opposed to the pure—reason having an external object and being a motive power.

There are five modes of attaining truth: (1) Concerning things unalterable, defined as demonstrative science; (2) concerning the making of things changeable, art; (3) concerning the doing—not making—of things changeable, prudence; (4) intuitive reason, the basis of demonstrative science; (5) wisdom, the union of intuitive reason and science.

Wisdom and prudence are the two virtues of the intellect. Wisdom implies intuitive reason, which grasps undemonstrable first principles; it is concerned with the interests not of the moment, the individual, or the locality. Whereas prudence is concerned precisely with these; it is essentially practical. Wisdom cannot be identified with statesmanship; which, again, is not the same as prudence—which applies to the self and to the family as well as to the State; it differs from wisdom as requiring experience.

Wisdom, knowledge of the ultimate bases, is equally without practical bearing for those who have acquired a right habit and for those who have not; just as a knowledge of medical theory is of no use to the average man. But being an activity of the soul, *ipso facto*, it conduces to happiness. The general conclusion is that what we have called 'prudence' shows the means to the end which the moral virtues aim at. It is not a moral virtue, but the moral virtues accord with it. Both are necessary to the achievement of goodness.

We come now to a second group of qualities, concerned with conduct. We have dealt with the virtues and their opposing vices. We pass by the infra-human and the supra-human bestiality and holiness; but have still to deal with continence and its contrasted qualities, which are concerned with the passions.

In the popular view, continence, self-control, is adherence to our formed judgement. Incontinence is yielding to passion where we know it to be wrong, and may be indulged in the pursuit of vengeance, honour, or gain.

A number of *prima facie* contradictions are started out of the popular views. We find that a man does not act against complete knowledge or knowledge of which he is fully conscious. The knowledge may, so to speak, be there, but is in abeyance, a condition which is palpably exemplified in a drunken man.

NOW, incontinence is concerned with pleasures, which are necessary—as for sustenance of life—and unnecessary but, *per se*, desirable, as honour. Incontinence is a term applied only by analogy in the case of the latter; its proper concern—as with the moral vice, which we called intemperance—is with the former. It implies, however, violent desire, which intemperance does not. We have examples of such desires in a morbid or diseased form, species of mania; but here again the term incontinence is only applied by analogy. Its legitimate application, in short, is restricted to the normal.

Incontinence in respect of anger is not so bad as in respect of desire. It is often constitutional, it is in itself painful, and it is not wanton, being in all three points unlike the other. What we spoke of as bestiality is more horrible than vice or

incontinence, as being inhuman; but it does less harm. Incontinence means transgressing the ordinary standards in respect of pleasure and pain. Such transgression, when of set purpose, and not followed by repentance—consequently, incurable—is the moral vice of intemperance; which, being characterised by the absence of violent desire, is worse than incontinence. The latter is open, and is curable. The confusion between the two is due to their issuing in like acts; the passionate impulse is temporary; it is not a formed habit of wrong choice.

Continence is acting on conviction in resistance to passion; not merely sticking to any and every opinion, which is really rather more like incontinence. The other extreme, of actual apathy, is rare. Continence differs from temperance, as implying resistance to strong desires; whereas temperance implies that such desires are not active. Prudence—but not the acuteness which is sometimes confused with prudence—is incompatible with incontinence, which is least curable when the outcome of weakness.

HERE it becomes necessary to make some inquiry as to pleasure and pain. Some maintain that pleasure is never good, some that it is partly good and partly not; some that it is good, but not the best. But it cannot be bad *per se*, since it may be defined as the unimpeded activity of a formed faculty. Pleasure, as such, is not a hindrance to any activity, but its fulfilment; *e.g.*, the pleasure of speculative inquiry does not hinder it.

As a matter of fact, everyone does pursue pleasure; the denial that it is good results from thinking of it as meaning only bodily pleasures. And even they are not evil, but only the excessive pursuit of them. As to pleasure being fleeting, that is only because circumstances vary. The pleasure of the unchanging would be permanent.

V—Friendship: Its Foundations and Variants

A QUALITY rendered as 'friendship'—though the Greek and English terms are not identical in content—now comes under examination. It is a relation to some other person or persons without which life is hardly worth living. Some account for it on the principle of 'like to like,' others on the opposite theory. Now, loveableness comes of goodness, or pleasantness, or usefulness. Love is not bestowed on the inanimate, and it must be mutual; it is to be distinguished from goodwill or devotion, which need not be reciprocated.

Genuine friendship must be based on goodness; what rests on pleasantness (as with the young), or on utility (as with the old), is only to be recognized conventionally as friendship. In perfection it cannot subsist without perfect mutual knowledge, and only between the good; hence it is not possible for anyone to have many real friends. Of the conventional forms, that which is born of intellectual sympathy is more enduring than what springs from sexual attraction; while what comes of utility is quite accidental. The former may develop into genuine friendship if there be virtue in both parties. Companionship is a necessary condition, in any case.

Variants of friendship, however, may subsist between unequals, as between parents and children, princes and subjects, men and women, where there is a difference in the character of the affection of the two parties. A certain degree of inequality—though we cannot lay down the limitation—makes 'friendship' a misnomer. One would not desire the actual apotheosis of a friend, because that would take him out of reach; it would end friendship. Friendship lies rather in the active loving than in being loved, though most people are more anxious to be loved than to love.

Every form of social community—typified in the State—involves relationships into which friendship enters. The relationships in the family correspond to those in States; monarch to subjects as father to children, tyrant to subjects as master to slaves; autocratic rule to that of the husband, oligarchic rule to that of the wife; what we call timocracy to the fraternal relation, and democracy to the entirely unregulated household. In some kinds of association, friendship takes the

form of *esprit de corps*. Quarrels arise most readily in those friendships between equals which are based upon interest, and in friendships between unequals.

Friendship is a kind of exchange—equal between equals, and proportional between unequals; a repayment. This suggests various questions as to priority of claim—*e.g.*, between paying your father's ransom and repaying a loan, both being in a sort the repayment of a debt. No fixed law can be laid down—*i.e.*, it cannot be said that one obligation at all times and in all circumstances over-rides all others.

The dissolution of friendship is warranted when one party has become depraved, since he has changed from being the person who was the object of friendship. But he should not be given up while there is hope of restoring his character.

Friendship is not to be identified with goodwill, though the latter is a condition precedent; we may feel goodwill, but not friendship, towards a person we have never seen or spoken to. Unanimity of feeling —not as to facts, but as to ends and means—is a sort of equivalent to friendship in the body politic. The reason why conferring a benefit creates more affection than receiving it seems to be that the benefactor feels himself the maker of the other; we all incline to love what we produced—as parents their children, or the artist his own creations.

The good man is self-sufficing, but friends are desirable, if not actually necessary to him, as giving scope for the exercise of beneficent activities, not as conferring benefits upon him. Besides, man's highest activities must be exercised not in isolation, but as a member of society, and such life lacks completeness if without friends. Finally, friendship attains its completest realization where comradeship is complete; that is to say, in a common life.

VI—Conclusions Regarding Happiness

We must revert once more to the question of pleasure and pain. To say that pleasure is not good is absurd; he who does so stultifies himself by his own acts.

It is desired for its own sake; its opposite is admittedly undesirable. But since it may be added to other good things, it cannot be *the* good: though to say that what every one desires is not good at all is folly. That it is not a 'quality,' or that it is 'indeterminate,' are irrelevant arguments, both statements applying to what are admittedly among 'goods.'

The doctrine that it is a process, again, will not hold water. Pleasure is a thing complete; whereas a process is complete at no moment unless it be that of its termination. It is the completion of its appropriate activity; not in the sense that a habit makes the activity complete, but as its accompaniment and complement. Continuous it is not, just as the activity is not. It is not the complete life, but is inseparable from it.

Pleasures, however, differ specifically and in value, as do the qualities with whose activities they are associated. The pleasures proper to men are those associated with the activities proper to man as man, those shared with other animals being so only in a less degree.

It remains to recapitulate the sum of our conclusions regarding happiness. It is not a habit, but lies in the habitual activities—desirable in and for themselves not as means—exercised deliberately, excluding mere amusement. Man's highest faculty being intelligence, its activity is his highest happiness—contemplation; constant, sufficient, and sought not as a means but as an end.

This kind of happiness belongs to the gods also. Exclusively human, but below the other, is the fulfilment of the moral life, conditioned by human society, and more affected by environments and material wants. For contemplative activity, the barest material needs suffice. But this does not of itself induce the moral life, being apart from conduct.

To induce morality, not only knowledge, but the right habit of action—which does not follow from knowledge and may be implanted without it—is absolutely necessary. Compulsion may successfully establish the habit where argument might fail. Compulsion, therefore, is the proper course for the State to take.

R. D. BLACKMORE

LORNA DOONE

A Romance of Exmoor

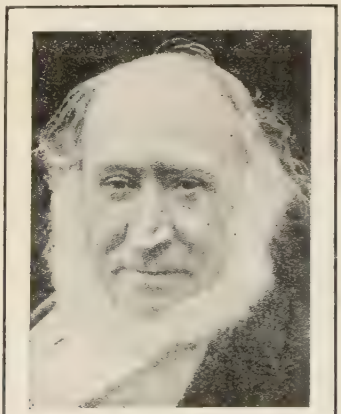
THE centenary of Blackmore's birth, although marked by no public ceremony, evoked sufficient attention in the press of the British Empire to prove that the charm and fame of his masterpiece still endure. It is on record that its original success in 1869 was due to a confusion in the public mind between the Lorna of the tale and the Lorne which became Princess Louise's name on marrying the Marquis of Lorne. The fictional Lady Lorna is the heiress of the Earl of Lorne, and on this most adventitious interest a masterpiece of romantic fiction, which was else sinking into oblivion, enjoyed a blaze of popularity. The marvel is that criticism and the affection of a later generation approved. The novelist himself put at least two of his other novels in front of Lorna Doone, but this fine tale remains his outstanding achievement, although he has depicted womanly girls equal in charm to Lorna in Cradock Nowell, Alice Lorraine and The Maid of Sker.

Our version is given by permission of his executors and his publishers, Sampson Low & Co.

I—An Adventure in Glen Doone

TWO miles below our farm at Oare, the Bagworthy water runs into the Lynn, but though I fished nearly every stream in our part of Exmoor in my boyhood, it was a long time before I dared go those two miles. For the water flowed out of Glen Doone, where the Doones had settled, and I had good reason to be afraid of this wild band of outlaws. It was an unhappy day for Exmoor when Sir Ensor Doone was outlawed by King Charles, and came with his tall sons and wild retainers to the Bagworthy water.

This befell in 1640. At first, the newcomers were fairly quiet, and what little sheep-stealing they did was overlooked. But in the troublous times of the Great Rebellion they grew bolder and fiercer; they attacked men and burnt farms and carried off women, and all Exmoor stood in fear and terror of them. None of the Doones was under six feet, and there were forty and more of them, and they were all true marksmen. The worst thing they did was to murder my father, John Ridd, in the year 1673, when I was twelve years of age. That was why I was afraid to fish the Bagworthy water. But I spent a good deal of time in learning to shoot straight with my father's gun; I sent pretty well all the lead gutter round our little church into our best barn-door, a thing which has often repented me since, especially as churchwarden. When, however, I was turned fourteen years, I set out with a loach-fork to explore the Bagworthy water. It was St. Valentine's day 1676, as I well remember. After wading along Lynn stream, I turned into the still more icy-cold current of Bagworthy water, where I speared an abundance of loaches. I was stopped at last by a great black whirlpool, into which a slide of water came thundering a hundred yards down a cliff. My bare legs were weak and numbed with cold, and twilight was falling in the wild, narrow glen. So I was inclined to turn back. But then I said to myself: "John Ridd, the place is making a coward of thee."



RICHARD DODDRIDGE BLACKMORE was born at Longworth, Berkshire, June 9, 1825, and educated at Blundell's School, Tiverton, and Exeter College, Oxford. About 1860 he settled at Teddington, and devoted himself to gardening and literature. He died there, January 20, 1900.

With that, I girt up my breeches anew, and slung the fish tighter round my neck, and began to climb up through the water-

slide. The green wave came down on me and my feet gave way, but I held with my loach-fork to a rock and got my footing. How I got up I cannot remember, but I fainted on reaching the top of the cliff.

When I came to, a little girl was kneeling by me, and rubbing my forehead tenderly with a dock-leaf.

"Oh, I am glad!" she said. "Now you will try to be better, won't you?"

I had never heard so sweet a sound as came from her red lips; neither had I ever seen anything so beautiful as the large, dark eyes intent upon me, in pity and wonder. Her long black hair fell on the grass, and among it—like an early star—was the first primrose of the year. And since that day, I think of her whenever I see an early primrose.

"How you are looking at me!" I said. "I have never seen anyone like you before. My name is John Ridd. What is your name?"

"My name is Lorna Doone," she replied, in a low voice, and hanging her head.

Young and harmless as she was, her name made guilt of her. Yet I could not help looking at her tenderly. And when she began to cry, what did I do but kiss her. This made her angry, but we soon became friends again, and fell to talking about ourselves. Suddenly a shout rang through the valley, and Lorna trembled, and put her cheek close to mine.

"Oh, they will find us together and kill us," she said.

"Come with me," I whispered. "I can carry you down the waterfall."

"No, no!" she cried, as I took her up. "You see that hole in the rock there? There is a way out from the top of it."

I hid myself just in time, and a dozen tall, fierce-looking men found Lorna seemingly lying asleep on the grass. One of them took her tenderly in his arms and carried her away. I then waited until it was full dark, and crept to the hole that Lorna had pointed out.

THE fright I had taken that night satisfied me for a long time thereafter; not that I did not think of Lorna and wish very often to see her. But I was only a boy and inclined, therefore, to despise young girls. Besides, our farm of five hundred acres was the largest in Oare, and I had to work very hard on it. But the work did me good; I grew four inches longer every year, and two inches wider, until there was no man of my size elsewhere upon Exmoor, and I also won the championship belt for wrestling in the West Counties.

II—John Ridd Goes A-Wooing

SEVEN years went by before I climbed up Glen Doone again. The occasion was a strange one. My uncle, Ben Huckaback, was robbed by the Doones on his way to our farm, and he was mighty vexed with their doings. This time the outlaws met their match, for Uncle Ben was one of the richest men in the West Counties, and, moreover, he was well acquainted with the most powerful and terrible man in England. I mean the famous Lord Chief Justice Jeffreys.

"I am going to London, my boy," he said to me, "to get these scoundrel Doones shot or hanged. I want you, while I am gone, to go to the place where they live, and see how the troops I shall bring can best attack them."

This put other thoughts in my head. I waited till St. Valentine's Day, and then I dressed myself in my best clothes, and went up the Bagworthy water. The stream, which once had taken my knees, now came only to my ankles, and with no great difficulty I climbed to the top of the cliff. Here I beheld the loveliest sight, one glimpse of which was enough to make me kneel in the coldest water. Lorna was coming singing towards me! I could not see what her face was, my heart so awoke and trembled; only that her hair was flowing from a wreath of white violets. She turned to fly, frightened, perhaps, at my great size; but I fell on the grass, as I had fallen seven years agone that day, and I just said: "Lorna Doone!"

"Master Ridd, are you mad?" she said. "The patrol will be here presently."

She led me, with many timid glances, to the hole in the rock which she had shown me before; by the right of this was a crevice, hung with green ivy, which opened into a mossy cave twenty feet across.

I BEHELD THE LOVELIEST SIGHT. LORNA WAS COMING SINGING TOWARDS ME
From the drawing by W. Hatherell, R.I.

"We shall be safe from interruption here," said Lorna, "for I begged Sir Ensor that this place might be looked on as my bower."

I had much ado, however, to get through the crevice, and, instead of being proud of my size, Lorna laughed. Thereupon it went hard with me not to kiss her, only it smote me that this would be a low advantage of her trust and helplessness. She seemed to know what I would be at, and she liked me for my forbearance, because she was not in love with me yet. As we sat in her bower, she talked about her dear self, and her talk was sad.

"Ah, Master Ridd," she said, "you have a mother who loves you, and sisters, and a quiet home. You do not know what loneliness is. I get so full of anger at the violence and wickedness around me that I dare not give way to speech. It is scarcely a twelve-month since my young cousin, Lord Alan Brandir, came from London and tried to rescue me. Carver Doone killed him before my eyes. Ah, you know Carver?"

Ay, I did. It was he who slew my father. I would not tell Lorna this, but in my slow way I began to look forward to meeting Carver Doone, not for my father's sake — I had forgiven that — but for Lorna's. I boded some harm to her, and before I left I arranged that if she were ever in need of help she should hang a

black mantle on a stone that I could see from a neighbouring hill.

When I got home, I found a king's messenger waiting for me, and, to the alarm of my dear mother and my sisters, I was taken to London to be examined by Chief Justice Jeffreys touching the Doones. He was a fierce-looking man, with a bull-head, but he used me kindly—maybe for Uncle Ben's sake — and I got back to Exmoor, none the worse for my journey to the great city of London. But I lost all delight in my home-coming when I went to the hill overlooking Glen Doone, and saw that the stone was covered with a mantle. Off I set to climb the cliff above the Bagworthy water, and there I found Lorna in a sad state of mind.

" Oh, John," she said, " Carver Doone is trying to force me to marry him. Where have you been ? 'Tis two months since I gave the signal."

Thereupon I told her of my travels to London, and when she learnt that my seeming negligence of her was nothing but my wretched absence far away, the tears fell from her eyes, and she came and sat so close beside me that I trembled as a folded sheep trembles at the bleating of her lamb.

" Dearest darling of my life ! " I whispered through her clouds of hair, " I love you more than heart can hold in silence ! I have waited long and long, and, though I am so far below you, I can wait no longer ! "

" You have been very faithful, John," she murmured to the fern and moss. " You are the bravest and the kindest and simplest of all men, and I like you very much."

" That will not do for me ! " I said. " I will not have liking ! I must have your heart of hearts, even as you have mine, Lorna ! "

She glanced up shyly, through her fluttering lashes. Then she opened wide upon me all the glorious depth and softness of her eyes, and flung both arms around my neck.

" Darling," she cried, " you have won it all ! I shall never be my own again. I am yours for ever and ever ! "

I am sure I know not what I did or said thereafter, being overcome with transport by her words and her eyes.

" Hush ! "" said Lorna suddenly, drawing me away from the entrance to her bower. " Here is Carver Doone ! "

A GREAT man was coming leisurely down the valley, and the light was still good enough for me to descry his features through the ivy screen. Though I am not a good judge of men's faces, there was something in his which gave me a feeling of horror. Not that it was an ugly face ; nay, rather, it seemed a handsome one, full of strength, and vigour and resolution ; but there was a cruel hankering in his steel-blue eyes. Yet, he did not daunt me. Here, I saw, was a man of strength yet for me to encounter, such as I had never met, but would be glad to meet, having found no man of late who needed not my mercy at wrestling or single-stick. My heart was hot against him. And, though he carried a carbine, I would have been at him, maybe ere he could use it, but for the presence of Lorna. So I crouched down until Carver Doone departed, and then, because she feared for my safety, I returned home.

III—Love Amid the Snows

I FOUND the king's messenger waiting again for me. He was a small, but keen-witted man called Jeremy Stickler, and I liked his company. He now came upon a graver business than conducting me to London. He held a royal commission to raise the train-bands of Somerset and Devon, and he brought a few troops with him, and made our farm his headquarters. He had been sent in hot haste by Chief Justice Jeffreys to destroy the Doones, who were likely now to pay dearly for robbing my Uncle Ben. I was not, however, as pleased with the arrival of Jeremy Stickler as he expected, for I bethought myself how Lorna would fare in the wild fighting.

The next evening, I went to her bower to tell her of the matter, but she was not there. Then the snow began to fall, and still I clambered up the cliff, and waited at the end of the valley every hour of the day and far into the night. But no light footstep came to meet me, and no sweet

voice was in the air. At last I resolved upon a desperate and difficult enterprise, for I was well-nigh mad with anxiety. I would go to Lorna's house, and find out at all costs what had befallen her. But though I knew fairly well where her house was in Doone village, I was perplexed how to get there. I could not even get to her bower; for in the night a great snow-storm broke over the country—the worst since 1625. Our farm was drifted up, and in some places the snow was thirty and fifty feet deep. Travel of any sort seemed impossible. But my elder sister, Lizzie, whom I looked down on because she was always reading books instead of helping my mother as Annie did, came to my help. She had a wonderful lot of book-learning—much more than I ever got, though father had sent me to the famous grammar school at Tiverton founded by Master Blundell. She now showed me how to make some strange contrivances called snow-shoes, which men use in very cold countries. Having learnt how to glide about in them, I set off to find Lorna.

By good fortune, when I got to Glen Doone, where the waterfall had frozen into rough steps, easy to climb, the snow came on again, thick enough to blind a man who had not spent his time among it as I had for days and days. The weather drove all the Doones indoors, and I found Lorna's house almost drifted up like our farm, but got at last to the door and knocked. I was not sure but that the answer might not be the mouth of a carbine; but Gwenny Carfax, a little Cornish maid attached to my Lorna, opened it, and said when she saw me:

"Master Ridd! I wish you was good to eat. Us be shut in here and starving."

The look of wolfish hunger in her eyes frightened me, and I strode in and found Lorna fainting for want of food. Happily, I had a good loaf of bread and a large mince-pie, which I had brought in case I had to bide out all night. When Lorna and her maid had eaten these, I heard the tale of their sufferings. Sir Ensor Doone was dead, and Carver Doone, now the leader, was trying to starve Lorna into agreeing to marry him.

"If I warrant to bring you safe and sound to our farm, Lorna, will you come with me?" I said.

"To be sure I will, dear," said my darling. "I must either starve or go with you, John."

Our plans were soon made. I went home with the utmost speed, and got out our light pony-sledd and dragged it to the top of the waterfall near my darling's bower. It was well I returned quickly. When I entered Lorna's house I saw, by the moonlight flowing in, a sight which drove me beyond sense. Lorna was crouching behind a chair in utter terror, and a drunken Doone was trying to draw the chair away. I bore him out of the house as lightly as I would a baby, but I squeezed his throat a little more than I would an infant's; then I pitched him into a snow-drift, and he did not move.

It was no time to linger. I ran with Lorna in my arms to the sledd, and Gwenny followed. Then, with my staff from rock to rock, I broke the sledd's too rapid way down the frozen waterfall, and brought my darling safely out of Glen Doone by the self-same path which first led me up to her. In an hour's time she was under my roof, and my dear mother and my sisters were tending her and Gwenny, for they both were utterly worn out by their cruel privations.

IV—A Night of Fire and Blood

It gave me no little pleasure to think how mad Carver Doone must be with me for robbing him of the lovely bride whom he was trying to starve into marriage. However, I was not pleased with the prospect of the consequences; but set all hands to work to prepare for the attack on the farm which I saw would follow when the paths were practicable. By the time the rain fell and cleared the snow away, I had everything ready. The outlaws waited till the moon was risen, as it was dangerous to cross the flooded valley in the darkness, and then they rode into our farmyard as coolly as if they had been invited. Jeremy Stickler and his troopers were waiting in the shadow of the house, and I stood with a club and a gun

in the mow-yard, for I knew the Doones would begin by firing our ricks.

"Two of you go"—it was the deep voice of Carver Doone—"and make us a light to cut their throats by."

As he spoke I set my gun against his breast. Yet—will you believe me?—I could not pull the trigger. Would to God I had done so! But I had never taken human life. I dropped my carbine, and grasped my club, which seemed a more straightforward implement. With this I struck down the first man that put a torch to the rick, and broke the collar-bone of the second. Then a blaze of light came from the house, and two of the Doones fell under the fire of the troopers, and the rest hung back. They were not used to this kind of reception from farmers; they thought it neither kind nor courteous. Unable any longer to contain myself, I came across the yard. But no one shot at me; and I went up to Carver Doone and took him by the beard, and said: "Do you call yourself a man?"

He was so astonished that he could not speak. He saw he had met his equal, or perhaps his master. He held a pistol at me; but I was too quick for him, and I laid him flat upon his back.

"Now, Carver Doone, take warning," I said to him. "You have shown yourself a fool by your contempt of me. I may not be your match in craft; but I am in manhood. Lay low there in your native muck."

Seeing him down, the others broke and ran, but one had a shot at me. And while I was feeling my wound—which was nothing much—Carver arose and strode away with a train of curses.

But he had his revenge in a short time. Jeremy Stickler brought up two train-bands to storm Glen Doone, and they were beaten off with considerable loss. Then I took the matter up, just when the Doones were emboldened by their victory to commit fresh crimes; or, rather, the leadership was thrust upon me. Carver Doone and one of his men entered the house of Kit Badcock, one of my neighbours, and killed his baby and carried off his wife. Kit wandered about half crazy, and the people came flocking about me, and asked me to lead them against the Doones. I resolved on a night-assault, and divided the men into two parties. The Doone-gate was, I knew, impregnable, and it was there that the train-bands had failed. I pretended to attack it, but led my best fighters up the waterfall. The earliest notice the Doones had of our presence was the blazing of the logwood house where lived that villain Carver.

By the time they came from Doone-gate all the village was burning, and as soon as they got into easy distance we shot them down in the light of the flaming houses. I did not fire. I cared to meet none but Carver, and he did not appear. He was the only Doone that escaped. Every man I had with me had some wrong to avenge; some had lost their wives, others their daughters; the more fortunate had had all their sheep and cattle carried off, and every man avenged his wrong.

I was vexed at the escape of Carver. It was no light thing to have a man of such power and resource and desperation left at large and furious. When he saw all the houses in the valley flaming with a handsome blaze, and throwing a fine light around, such as he had often revelled in when he was the attacker, he turned his great black horse, and spurred it through Doone-gate, and he passed into darkness before the yeomen I had posted there could bring him down.

V—The Duel at Wizard's Slough

The only thing which pleased me was that Lorna was taken to London before I led the assault on Glen Doone. Jeremy Stickler, a man with much knowledge of the law, discovered that she was a great heiress, and that her true title was Lady Lorna Dugal. She was related to the Doones, and they had carried her off when a little child, and on her all the ambition of Sir Ensor Doone had turned. The marriage he designed between her and Carver would have brought the outlaws the wealth necessary to retrieve their fortunes and recover their position in the world. This strange news explained many things in their conduct towards Lorna, but it made me feel rather sad. For it seemed to me that there was

too great a difference between John Ridd, the yeoman farmer, and Lady Lorna, the heiress of the Earl of Lorne. Besides, she was now a ward of Chancery, under the care of the great Lord Jeffreys, and I much doubted if he would consent to our marriage, even if she still remembered me amid the courtly splendour in which she moved. Judge then of my joy when Lorna returned in the spring to our farm, as glad as a bird to get back to its nest.

"Oh, I love it all," she said. "The scent of the gorse on the moors drove me wild, and the primroses under the hedges. I am sure I was meant to be a farmer's wife."

This, with a tender, playful look at me. Then she told the good news. Lord Jeffreys had, for a certain round sum, given his ward permission to marry me. There was a great to-do throughout the country about our wedding on Whit-Monday. People came from more than thirty miles around, upon excuse of seeing Lorna's beauty and my stature; but in good truth out of curiosity and a love of meddling.

It is impossible for any, who have not loved as I have, to conceive my joy and pride when, after the ring and all was done, and the parson had blessed us, she turned and gazed on me. Her eyes were so full of faith and devotion that I was amazed, thoroughly as I knew them. But when I stooped to kiss her, as the bridegroom is allowed to do, a shot rang through the church. My darling fell across my knees, and her blood flowed out on the altar-steps. She sighed a long sigh to my breast, and grew cold. I laid her in my mother's arms, and went forth for my revenge.

THE men fell back before me. Who showed me the course, I cannot tell. I only know that I leaped upon a horse and took it. Weapon of no sort had I. Unarmed, and wondering at my strange attire, I rode out to discover this: whether in this world there be or be not a God of justice. Putting my horse at a furious speed, I came upon Black Burrow Down, and there, a furlong before me, rode a man on a great black horse. I knew that man was Carver Doone, bearing his child, little Ensie, before him. I knew he was strong. I knew he was armed with gun, pistol and sword. Nevertheless, I had no more doubt of killing him than a cook has of spitting a headless fowl.

I came up with him at Wizard's Slough. A bullet struck me somewhere, but I took no heed of that. With an oak stick I felled his horse. Carver Doone lay on the ground, stunned. Leaping from my steed, I waited, and bared my arms as if in the ring for wrestling. Then the boy ran towards me, clasped my leg and looked up at me.

"Ensie, dear," I said, "run and try to find a bunch of bluebells for the pretty lady."

PRESENTLY Carver Doone gathered together his mighty limbs, and I closed with him. He caught me round the waist with such a grip as had never been laid upon me. I heard a rib go where the bullet had broken it. But God was with me that day. I grasped Carver Doone's arm, and tore the muscle out of it; then I had him by the throat, and I left him sinking, joint by joint, into the black bog.

I returned to the farm in a dream, and only the thought of Lorna's death, like a heavy knell, was tolling in the belfry of my brain. Into the old farmhouse I tottered, like a weakling child, with mother helping me along, yet fearing, except by stealth, to look at me.

"I have killed him," was all I said, "even as he killed Lorna."

"Lorna is still living, John," said my mother, very softly.

"Is there any chance for her?" I cried, awaking out of my dream. "For me, I mean; for me?"

Well, my darling is sitting by me now as I write, and I am now Sir John Ridd, if you please. Year by year, Lorna's beauty grows, with the growth of goodness, kindness and true happiness—above all, with loving. For change, she makes a joke of this, and plays with it and laughs at it. Then, when my slow nature marvels, back she comes to the earnest thing. If I wish to pay her out—as may happen when we become too gladsome—I bring her to sadness, and to me for the cure of it, by the two words, 'Lorna Doone.'

CARDINAL NEWMAN

APOLOGIA PRO VITA SUA

CHARACTERISED by a style which has been described as at once virile and virginal, John Henry Newman's Apology for His Own Life is the most lucid and sincere religious biography in the English language. It was provoked by a statement made by Charles Kingsley in a review of Froude's History of England, that 'Truth, for its own sake, has never been a virtue with the Roman Clergy. Father Newman informs us that it need not, and, on the whole, ought not to be.' To refute this attack on his veracity, which Kingsley declined to retract, Newman wrote his Apologia, which was published in bi-monthly parts in 1864. In virtue of its intellectual acuteness, tempered by gentle persuasiveness, and its exquisite spirituality, it is one of the most influential as it is the most beautiful of the books that ever emanated from the hot-bed of religious controversy. Numerous inexpensive editions are on the market.

I—History of My Religious Opinions to 1833

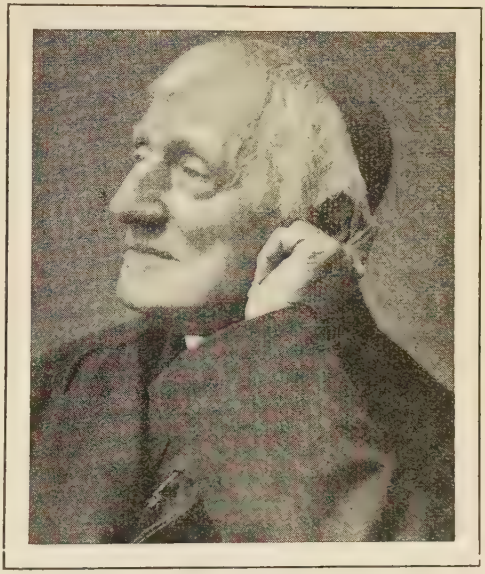
I WAS brought up to delight in the Bible, but I had no formed religious convictions till I was fifteen. Of course, I had a perfect knowledge of my Catechism. But when I was fifteen I fell under the influence of a definite creed, and believed that the inward conversion of which I was conscious, and of which I am still more certain than that I have hands and feet, would last into the next life, and that I was elected to eternal glory. This belief faded away at the age of twenty-one; but it had had some influence on my opinions, in isolating me from the objects which surrounded me, in confirming my mistrust of the reality of material phenomena, and in making me rest in the thought of two, and two only, absolute and luminously self-evident beings, myself and my Creator. At the age of fifteen also I was deeply impressed by the works of Thomas Scott, by Law's Serious Call, by Joseph Milner's Church History, and by Newton, On the Prophecies. Newton's book stained my imagination, till 1843, with the doctrine that the Pope was Antichrist. At the same time, the autumn of 1816, I realized that it would be the will of God that I should lead a single life, and this anticipation strengthened my feeling of separation from the visible world.

In 1822, at Oxford, I came under new influences. Dr. Hawkins, then vicar of St. Mary's, a man of most exact mind, led me to the doctrine of tradition, and taught me to anticipate that before many years there would be an attack made upon the books and the canon of Scripture. He gave me Sumner's Treatise on Apostolical Preaching, by which I was led to give up my remaining Calvinism and to receive the doctrine of baptismal regeneration. I now read Butler's Analogy, from which I learnt two principles which underlie much of my teaching: first, that the idea of an analogy between the separate works of God leads to the conclusion that the less important system is sacramentally connected with the more momentous system; and secondly, Butler's doctrine that probability is the guide of life led me to the question of the logical cogency of faith.

I owe much to Dr. Whately, who taught me the existence of the Church as a substantive corporation, and fixed in me those anti-Erastian views of Church polity which characterised the Tractarian movement. That movement, unknown to ourselves, was taking form. Its true author, John Keble, had left Oxford for a country parish, but his Christian Year had waked a new music in the hearts of thousands. His creative mind repeated, in a new form, Butler's two principles: that material phenomena are the types and instruments of real things unseen; and that, in religious certitude, faith and love give to probability a force which it has not in itself.

Hurrell Froude, one of his pupils and a man of high genius, taught me to venerate the Church of Rome and to dislike the Reformation. About 1830 I set to work on The Arians of the Fourth Century, and the broad philosophy of Clement and Origen, based on the mystical or sacramental principle, came like music to my inward ear.

Great events were now happening at home and abroad. There had been a revolution in France, and the reform agitation was going on around me as I wrote. The vital question was, how were we to keep the Church from being liberalised? I saw that reformation principles were powerless to rescue her. I ever kept before me that there was something greater than the Established Church, and that was the Church Catholic and Apostolic, of which she was but the local presence and the organ. She was nothing, unless she was this. I was now disengaged from college duties; my health had suffered from work; and in December 1832 I joined Hurrell Froude and his father, who were going to the south of Europe. I went to various coasts of the Mediterranean. I saw nothing but what was external; of the hidden life of Catholics I knew nothing. England was in my thoughts solely, and the success of the liberal cause fretted me. The thought came upon me that deliverance is wrought not by the many but by the few, not by bodies but by persons.



JOHN HENRY NEWMAN was born in London, February 21, 1801. A scholar of Trinity College, Oxford, and Fellow of Oriel, he became Vicar of St. Mary's, Oxford, where his sermons greatly reinforced the influence of the Tracts issued by himself and other leaders of the Oxford Movement. He was received into the Roman Catholic Church in 1845, and ordained priest in 1846. Commissioned by Pope Pius IX to introduce the institute of the Oratory into England, Newman founded the Oratory now at Edgbaston and, in 1850, the London Oratory. He was made a cardinal in 1879, and died at Edgbaston, August 11, 1890.

I began to think that I had a mission. I reached England on July 9, and on July 14 Mr. Keble preached in the university pulpit on 'National Apostasy.' This day was the start of the religious movement of 1833.

II—With the Tractarians

A MOVEMENT had begun in opposition to the danger of liberalism which was threatening the religion of the nation. Mr. Keble, Hurrell Froude, Mr. William Palmer, Mr. Arthur Perceval, Mr. Hugh Rose, and other zealous and able men had united their counsels. I had the exultation of health restored, a joyous energy which I never had before or since. And I had a supreme confidence in our cause; we were upholding that primitive Christianity which was delivered for all time by the early teachers of the Church. Owing to this supreme confidence, my behaviour had a mixture of fierceness and of sport, and on this account it gave offence to many.

The three propositions about which I was so confident were as follow: First was the principle of dogma; my battle was with liberalism—and by liberalism I mean the anti-dogmatic principle and its developments. I have changed in many things, but not in this; religion, as a mere sentiment, has been to me from childhood a dream and a mockery. Secondly, I was confident that there was a visible Church, with sacraments and rites which are the channels of invisible grace. Here, again, I have not changed. But, thirdly, I held a view of the Church of Rome which I have utterly renounced since.

The attack of liberalism upon the university and upon the old orthodoxy of England began in 1834. Thus, in a pamphlet by Dr. Hampden it was maintained that religion is distinct from theological

opinion, that it is but a common prejudice to identify theological propositions with the simple religion of Christ; and so on. The tracts were widely read and discussed, but the counter-attack against liberalism was not a power until Dr. Pusey joined us. He taught us that there ought to be more sense of responsibility in the tracts and in the whole movement. Under his influence I wrote a work defining our relation to the Church of Rome, namely, The Prophetical Office of the Church Viewed Relatively to Romanism and to Popular Protestantism. The subject of this volume, published in 1837, is the Via Media. This was followed by my Essay on Justification, and other works; and so I went on for years up to 1841. It was, in a human point of view, the happiest time of my life.

But the movement was to come into collision with the nation, and with the Church of the nation. In 1838 my bishop made some light animadversions on the tracts. But my tract on the Thirty-nine Articles, designed to show that the Articles do not oppose Catholic teaching, and but partially oppose Roman dogma, while they do oppose the dominant errors of Rome, brought down, in 1839, a storm of indignation throughout the country. I saw that my place in the movement was lost.

III—A Theological Death-Bed

In the long vacation of 1839 I began to study the history of the Monophysites, and was absorbed in the doctrinal question. It was during this course of reading that for the first time a doubt came upon me of the tenableness of Anglicism, and by the end of August I was seriously alarmed. My stronghold was antiquity; yet here, in the fifth century, I found Christendom of the sixteenth and nineteenth centuries reflected.

The drama of religion and the combat of truth and error were ever one and the same; the principles of the Roman Church now were those of the Church then; the principles of heretics then were those of Protestants now; there was an awful similitude. Be my soul with the saints! In the same month the words of St. Augustine were pointed out to me, '*Securus judicat orbis terrarum*'; they struck me with a power which I had never felt from any words before; the theory of the Via Media was absolutely pulverised.

In the summer of 1841, in retirement at Littlemore, I received three blows which broke me. First, in the history of the Arians I found the same phenomenon which I found in the Monophysites: the pure Arians were the Protestants, the semi-Arians were the Anglicans, and Rome now was what it was then. Secondly, the bishops, one after another, began to charge against me in a formal, determinate movement. Third, it was proposed by Anglican authorities to establish an Anglican bishopric in Jerusalem—a step which amounted to a formal denial that the Anglican Church was a branch of the Catholic Church, and to a formal assertion that the Anglican was a Protestant Church. The Jerusalem bishopric brought me to the beginning of the end.

From the end of 1841 I was on my death-bed, as regards my membership of the Anglican Church. My position at first was this: I had given up my place in the movement in the spring of 1841, but I could not give up my duties towards the many and various minds who had been brought into it by me; I expected gradually to fall back into lay communion; I never contemplated leaving the Church of England; I could not hold office in its service if I were not allowed to hold the Catholic sense of the Articles; I could not go to Rome while she suffered honours to be paid to the Blessed Virgin and the saints which I thought in my conscience to be incompatible with the supreme glory of the One, Infinite and Eternal; I desired a union with Rome under conditions, Church with Church; I called Littlemore my Torres Vedras and thought that some day we might advance again within the Anglican Church; I kept back all disposed to go to Rome with all my might.

The Via Media was now an impossible idea; I abandoned that old ground, and took another. I said, 'Much as Roman Catholics may denounce us at present as schismatical, they could not resist us if the Anglican communion had but that one

note of the Church upon it—sanctity.' I was pleased with my new view, but my friends were naturally offended at a novel line of argument which substituted a sort of methodistic self-contemplation for the plain and honest tokens of a divine mission in the Anglican Church.

In spite of my ingrained fears of Rome, in spite of my affection for Oxford and Oriel, yet I had a secret longing love of Rome, the Mother of English Christianity. It was the consciousness of this bias in myself which made me preach so earnestly against the danger of being swayed in religious inquiry by our sympathy rather than by our reason. I was in great perplexity and hardly knew where I stood; I incurred the charge of weakness from some men, and of mysteriousness and underhand dealing from the majority. But I have never had any suspicion of my own honesty.

In July 1844 I wrote to a friend: 'I am far more certain, according to the fathers, that we *are* in a state of culpable separation than that developments do *not* exist under the Gospel, and that the Roman developments are not the true ones.' I then saw that the principle of development was discernible from the first years of the Catholic teaching up to the present day. I came to the conclusion that there was no medium, in true philosophy, between atheism and Catholicity, and that a perfectly consistent mind must embrace either the one or the other. I saw that no valid reasons could be assigned for continuing in the Anglican Church, and that no valid objections could be taken to joining the Roman.

In February 1843 I had made a formal retraction of all the hard things which I had said against the Church of Rome, and in September I had resigned the living of St. Mary's, Littlemore included. I began my Essay on the Development of Doctrine in the beginning of 1845, and was hard at it till October. Before I got to the end, I resolved to be received into the Catholic Church. Father Dominic came to Littlemore on October 8, and did for me this charitable service. I left Oxford for good on February 23, 1846.

IV—The Faith of a Catholic

From the time that I became a Catholic, of course, I have no further history of my religious opinions to narrate. I do not mean that I have given up thinking on theological subjects, but that I have had no variations to record, and have had no anxiety of heart whatever. I have been in perfect peace; I never have had one doubt.

Nor had I any trouble about receiving those additional articles which are not found in the Anglican creed. I am far from denying that every article of the Christian creed is beset with difficulties, and it is simple fact that I cannot answer those difficulties. But ten thousand difficulties do not make one doubt. Of all points of faith, the being of a God is encompassed with most difficulty, and yet borne in upon our minds with most power.

Starting, then, with the being of a God, which is as certain to me as my own existence, I look out of myself into the world of men, and there I see a sight which fills me with unspeakable distress. The world seems simply to give the lie to that great truth, of which my whole being is so full; I look into this living, busy world, and see no reflection of its Creator. To consider the world in its length and breadth, its various history; the progress of things, as if from unreasoning elements, not towards final causes; the greatness and littleness of man, his far-reaching aims, his short duration, the curtain hung over his futurity, the defeat of good, the prevalence and intensity of sin, the dreary, hopeless irreligion—all this is a vision to dizzy and appal, and inflicts upon the mind the sense of a profound mystery which is absolutely beyond human solution. What shall be said to this heart-piercing, reason-bewildering fact? I can only answer that either there is no Creator, or this living society of men is in a true sense discarded from His presence.

And now, supposing it were the blessed will of the Creator to interfere in this anarchical condition of things, what would be the methods which might be necessarily or naturally involved in His purpose of mercy? What must be the face-to-face

antagonist, by which to withstand and baffle the fierce energy of passion and the all-corroding, all-dissolving scepticism of the intellect in religious inquiries? There is nothing to surprise the mind, if He should think fit to introduce a power into the world, invested with the prerogative of infallibility in religious matters. Such a provision would be a direct, immediate, active and prompt means of withstanding the difficulty; and when I find that this is the very claim of the Catholic Church, not only do I feel no difficulty in admitting the idea, but there is a fitness in it which recommends it to my mind.

I AM defending myself from the charge that I, as a Catholic, not only make profession to hold doctrines which I cannot possibly believe in my heart, but that I also believe in a power on earth, which at its own will imposes upon men any new set of *credenda*, when it pleases, by a claim to infallibility; and that the necessary effect of such a condition of mind must be a degrading bondage, or a bitter inward rebellion relieving itself in secret infidelity, or the necessity of ignoring the whole subject of religion in a sort of disgust, and of mechanically saying everything that the Church says. But this is far from borne out by the history of the conflict between infallibility and reason in the past, and the prospect in the future.

The energy of the human intellect thrives and is joyous, with a tough, elastic strength, under the terrible blows of the divinely fashioned weapon. Protestant writers consider that they have all the private judgement to themselves, and that we have the superincumbent oppression of authority. But this is not so; it is the vast Catholic body itself, and it only, which affords an arena for both combatants in that awful, never-dying duel. St. Paul says that his apostolical power is given him to edification, and not to destruction. There can be no better account of the infallibility of the Church. Its object is, and its effect also, not to enfeeble the freedom or vigour of human thought in religious speculation, but resist and control its extravagance.

I will go on in fairness to say what I think *is* the great trial to the reason when confronted with that august prerogative of the Catholic Church. The Church claims, not only to judge infallibility on religious questions, but to animadvert on opinions in secular matters which bear upon religion, on matters of philosophy, of science, of literature, of history, and it demands our submission to her claim. In this province, taken as a whole, it does not so much speak doctrinally, as enforce measures of discipline.

I will go on to say further, that, in spite of all the most hostile critics may urge about these verities of high ecclesiastics in time past, in the use of their power, I think that the event has shown, after all, that they were mainly in the right, and that those whom they were hard upon were mainly in the wrong. There is a time for everything, and many a man desires a reformation of an abuse, or the fuller development of a doctrine, or the adoption of a particular policy, but forgets to ask whether the right time is come.

THERE is only one other subject which I think it necessary to introduce here, as bearing upon the vague suspicions which are attached to the Catholic priesthood—the charge of reserve and economy. I come to the direct question of truth, and of the truthfulness of Catholic priests generally in their dealings with the world, as bearing on the general question of their honesty, and of their internal belief in their religious professions. First, I will say that when I became a Catholic, nothing struck me more at once than the English outspoken manner of the priests. Next, I was struck by the simple faith in the Catholic creed and system, of which the priests always give evidence, and which they never seemed to feel in any sense at all to be a burden.

Vague charges against us are drawn from our books of moral theology. St. Alfonso Liguori, for instance, lays down that an equivocation is allowable in an extraordinary case. I avow at once that in this department of morality, I like the English rule of conduct better. Yet, great English authors, Jeremy Taylor, Milton, Paley, Johnson, distinctly say that under extraordinary circumstances it is allowable to tell a lie. Would anyone

give ever so little weight to these statements, in forming an estimate of the veracity of the writers? And, in fact, it is notorious from St. Alfonso's life that he had one of the most scrupulous and anxious of consciences; and, further, he was originally in the law, and was betrayed on one occa ion by accident into what seemed a deceit, and this was the very occasion of his leaving the profession. If Protestants wish to know what our real teaching is, let them look at the Catechism of the Council of Trent. Let me appeal also to the life of St. Philip Neri: 'As for liars, he could not endure them, and he was continually reminding his spiritual children to avoid them as they would a pestilence.'

These are the principles on which I acted before I was a Catholic; these are the principles which, I trust, will be my stay and guidance to the end.

A Poem that won Instant and Enduring Fame

LORD BYRON

CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE

'I AWOKE one morning and found myself famous,' says Byron, alluding to the now almost incredible intensity of public interest evoked by the appearance of the first two cantos of Childe Harold in February 1812. These comprise the First Pilgrimage and are to-day less appealing than the third and fourth cantos which did not follow until four or six years later. When the First Pilgrimage appeared the Peninsular War was in progress, but Salamanca had not yet been fought, and Napoleon was planning his Moscow campaign. The third canto belongs to the year after Waterloo, and the fourth is two years later. The poem takes colour so much from the contemporary events that these dates are necessary for an appreciation of the variation in the points of view. The poem describes the travels of an imaginary wanderer, Childe Harold; but by the time the fourth canto is reached, the fiction is virtually stopped, and the pilgrim is Byron himself. The career of the poet is recorded in our abridgement of the Life by Thomas Moore.

I—The First Pilgrimage

WHILOME, in Albion's Isle there dwelt a youth,
. . . . . .
And he through Sin's long labyrinth had run,
. . . . . .
Nor made atonement when he did amiss. .

And now Childe Harold was sore sick at heart
And from his fellow bacchanals would flee;
'Tis said, at times the sullen tear would start,
But pride congeal'd the drop within his ee.
Apart he stalk'd in joyless reverie,
And from his native land resolved to go,
And visit scorching climes beyond the sea.
With pleasure drugg'd, he almost longed for woe,
And e'en for change of scene would seek the shades below.

In this mood, Childe Harold took ship for Spain, and sang his farewell.

Adieu, adieu! My native shore
Fades o'er the waters blue;
The night-winds sigh, the breakers roar,
And shrieks the wild sea-mew.
Yon sun that sets upon the sea
We follow in his flight;
Farewell awhile to him and thee,
My native Land—Good-night!

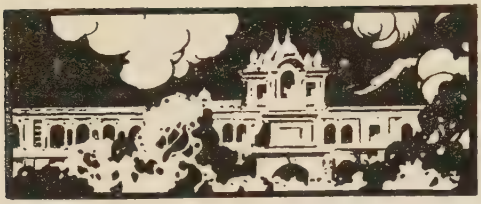
He landed in Portugal, whose people
[sword
. . . Lick yet loathe the hand that waves the
To save them from the wrath of Gaul's unsparing lord.

The populace of Lisbon inspired his contempt. Cintra, the scene of the 'Convention' at the beginning of the Peninsular War, awoke his indignation. With satisfaction he passed the border into
[land!
. . . . Lovely Spain; renown'd, romantic

Awake, ye sons of Spain! awake! advance!
Lo! Chivalry, your ancient goddess, cries,
But wields not, as of old, her thirsty lance,
Nor shakes her crimson plumage in the skies:
Now on the smoke of blazing bolts she flies,
And speaks in thunder through yon engine's roar:
In every peal she calls 'Awake! arise!'
Say, is her voice more feeble than of yore,
When her war-song was heard on Andalusia's [shore?

ON the fields of Talavera and Albuera he moralises on the vanity of the slaughter. He views the gaieties of Seville, rises to enthusiasm over the story of the heroic 'Maid of Saragoza.' Cadiz shows him a bull-fight.

Foil'd, bleeding, breathless, furious to the last,
Full in the centre stands the bull at bay,



Mid wounds, and clinging darts, and lances brast,
And foes disabled in the brutal fray ;
And now the Matadores around him play,
Shake the red cloak, and poise the ready brand :
Once more through all he bursts his thund'ring way—
Vain rage ! the mantle quits the conynge hand,
Wraps his fierce eye—'tis past—he sinks upon the sand.

But Cadiz had defied the usurper :

Such be the sons of Spain, and strange her fate !
They fight for freedom who were never free,
A Kingless people for a nerveless state ;
Her vassals combat when their chieftains flee,
True to the veriest slaves of Treachery.
Fond of a land which gave them nought but life,
Pride points the path that leads to Liberty ;
Back to the struggle, baffled in the strife,
War, war, is still the cry, 'War even to the knife !'

From Cadiz he sailed through the Straits, by 'Calypso's Isle,' Gozo, where 'sweet Florence,' a potential Calypso, failed to detain him. His objective was Albania, the ancient Epirus, passing through the Ionian islands, Ithaca and Leucadia, and Actium, the scene of Octavian's triumph over Antony and Cleopatra.

Land of Albania ! Where Iskander rose,
Theme of the young, and beacon of the wise,
And he his namesake, whose oft-baffled foes
Shrunk from his deeds of chivalrous emprise :
Land of Albania ! Let me bend mine eyes
On thee, thou rugged nurse of savage men !
The cross descends, thy minarets arise,
And the pale crescent sparkles in the glen
Through many a cypress grove, within each city's ken.

In Albania he visited the celebrated chief Ali Pasha in his luxurious palace. There also, when his vessel was driven ashore by adverse winds, he met with unlooked-for hospitality from the fierce Suliotes, saw their war-dance, and heard their war-song. Thence he journeyed to Greece.

Spirit of Freedom ! When on Phyle's brow
Thou sat'st with Thrasybulus and his train,
Could'st thou forebode the dismal hour which now
Dims the green beauties of thine Attic plain ?

Hereditary bondsmen ! know ye not
Who would be free themselves must strike the blow ?
By their right arms the conquest must be wrought ? . . . .

And yet how lovely in thine age of woe,
Land of lost gods and god-like men, art thou !

Where'er we tread, 't is haunted, holy ground ;
No earth of thine is lost in vulgar mould,
But one vast realm of wonder spreads around,
And all the Muse's tales seem truly told,
Till the sense aches with gazing to behold
The scenes our earliest dreams have dwelt upon ;
Each hill and dale, each deepening glen and wold
Defies the power which crush'd thy temples gone :
Age shakes Athena's tower, but spares grey Marathon.

The sun, the soil, but not the slave, the same ;
Unchanged in all except its foreign lord—
Preserves alike its bounds and boundless fame :
The Battle-field, where Persia's victim horde
First bow'd beneath the brunt of Hellas' sword
As on the morn to distant Glory dear,
When Marathon became a magic word ;
Which utter'd, to the hearer's eye appear
The camp, the host, the fight, the conqueror's career.

The flying Mede, his shaftless broken bow ;
The fiery Greek, his red pursuing spear ;
Mountains above, Earth's, Ocean's plains below ;
Death in the front, Destruction in the rear !
Such was the scene—what now remaineth here ?
What sacred trophy marks the hallow'd ground,
Recording Freedom's smile, and Asia's tear ?
The rifled urn, the violated mound,
The dust thy courser's hoof, rude stranger ! spurns around.

From the lament over the departed glories of Greece, the degeneracy of her modern sons who

. . . prate of war but skulk in peace,
The bondsman's peace, who sighs for all he's lost,
Yet with smooth smile his tyrant can accost,

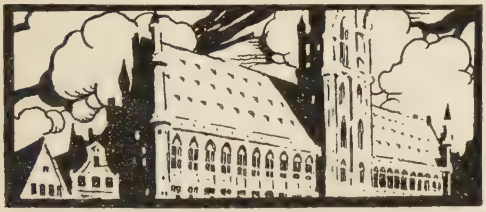
the wanderer turns to 'mourn o'er hours which we no more shall see,' heedless now of the 'strife for fading bays,' since all are gone whose approbation he cared to win, 'and none are left to please where none are left to love,' and he is now alone upon the earth.

II—Childe Harold's Second Pilgrimage

NAPOLEON has fallen, and Childe Harold resumes his pilgrimage, 'with nought of hope left, but with less of gloom,' having in the interval mixed again with mankind, in whose society he still fails to find satisfaction. So

Once more upon the waters! Yet once more!
And the waves bound beneath me as a steed
That knows his rider. Welcome to their roar!
Swift be their guidance, wheresoe'er it lead.

He visits the field of Waterloo, where the despot has been beaten, only that despotism might be more firmly riveted upon the nation.



There was a sound of revelry by night,
And Belgium's capital had gather'd then
Her Beauty and her Chivalry, and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men;
A thousand hearts beat happily; and when
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes look'd love to eyes which spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage-bell;
But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell! . . . .

Arm! Arm! It is—it is, the cannon's opening roar!

The stirring battle-piece follows, but it is 'for loftier harps than mine' to hymn the warriors' praise. Rather it is his to moralise on the broken hearts they have left which 'yet brokenly live on.'

There sunk the greatest, nor the worst of men.

Oh, more or less than man—in high or low,
Battling with nations, flying from the field;
Now making monarchs' neck thy footstool, now
More than thy meanest soldier taught to yield;
An empire thou could'st crush, command, rebuild,
But govern not thy pettiest passion, nor,
However deeply in men's spirits skill'd,
Look through thine own, nor curb the lust of war,
Nor learn that tempted Fate will leave the loftiest star.

FROM the contemplation of tremendous ambitions overthrown, Childe Harold turns again to Nature; to the majestic Rhine, with her streams, dells, crags, castles; introducing the song

The castled crag of Drachenfels
Frowns o'er the wide and winding Rhine,
Whose breast of waters broadly swells
Between the banks which bear the vine.

So he comes to Switzerland, saluting Morat, the scene of the Switzers' victory over Burgundy—Morat, a name to be coupled with Marathon. The solitude of the mountains calls to him; and he witnesses Lake Leman, in calm and storm.

All heaven and earth are still—though not in sleep,
But breathless, as we grow when feeling most:
And silent, as we stand in thoughts too deep:—
All heaven and earth are still: From the high host
Of stars to the lull'd lake and mountain-coast
All is concenter'd in a life intense,
Where not a beam, nor air, nor leaf is lost
But hath a part of being, and a sense
Of that which is of all Creator and defence.

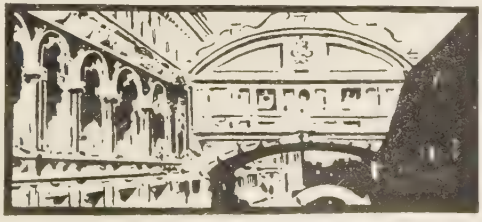
The sky is changed!—and such a change! Oh night,
And storm, and darkness, ye are wondrous strong,
Yet lovely in your strength, as is the light
Of a dark eye in woman! Far along
From peak to peak, the rattling crags among,
Leaps the live thunder! Not from one lone cloud,
But every mountain now hath found a tongue,
And Jura answers through her misty shroud
Back to the joyous Alps, who call to her aloud.

III—The Pilgrim in Italy

I STOOD in Venice, on the Bridge of Sighs;
A palace and a prison on each hand . .

I loved her from my boyhood; she to me
Was as a fairy city of the heart,
Rising like water-columns from the sea,
Of joy the sojourn, and of wealth the mart

Venice lies smitten; yet, from the example even of the brutes, we who are of a nobler clay may endure and shrink not. Thence to the mountain village of Arqua, that holds Petrarch's bones; Ferrara, the seat of the house of Este, whose cruel treatment of the great Torquato Tasso is her eternal shame; the abode of Ariosto, the bard of Chivalry; Florence, 'the Etrurian Athens,' the city of the Medicean Venus,



The loveliest dream
That ever left the sky on the deep soul to beam ;

Florence, where the graves of Santa Croce hold the dust of Michelangelo, Alfieri, Galileo, Machiavelli. ' From them I pass '—

For I have been accustomed to entwine
My thoughts with Nature.

At the falls of Velino :

How profound
The gulf ! And how the giant element
From rock to rock leaps with delirious bound,
Crushing the cliffs, which, downward worn and rent
With his fierce footsteps, yield in chasms a fearful vent

To the broad column which rolls on.

And now we are in sight of Rome—

The Niobe of Nations ! There she stands
Childless and crownless, in her voiceless woe ;
An empty urn within her wither'd hands,
Whose holy dust was scatter'd long ago.

What, then, of the great she-wolf, that suckles Romulus and Remus ? She still keeps guard ; but all her foster children are dead, unmatched by any since ; for ' one vain man ' alone, ' a kind of bastard Caesar,' has come near to their supremacy—Napoleon. Has Freedom now no champions ? Are tyrants overthrown only to make way for fresh tyrants ? No ; the seed of Freedom's tree survives yet in the bosom of the North. Cypress and ivy, weed and wallflower, cover the ruins on what was once the Imperial Mount. Where are the rock of triumph and Tarpeia's ? The fair fount of the nymph Egeria suggests meditations on the illusion of love. But most terrific in its suggestion is the Coliseum:

I see before me the Gladiator lie :
He leans upon his hand—his manly brow
Consents to death, but conquers agony,
And his droop'd head sinks gradually low—
And through his side the last drops, ebbing slow
From the red gash, fall heavy, one by one,
Like the first of a thunder-shower ; and now
The arena swims around him, he is gone—
Ere ceased the inhuman shout which hailed the wretch who won.

He heard it, but he heeded not—his eyes
Were with his heart, and that was far away ;
He reck'd not of the life he lost, nor prize ;
But where his rude hut by the Danube lay
There were his young barbarians all at play,
There was their Dacian mother—he, their sire,
Butcher'd to make a Roman holiday—
All this rush'd with his blood—Shall he expire,
And unavenged ? Arise, ye Goths, and glut your ire !

Yet, amid this decay, these ruins of Empire, shall not the Pantheon last—' simple, erect, severe, austere, sublime ' ?

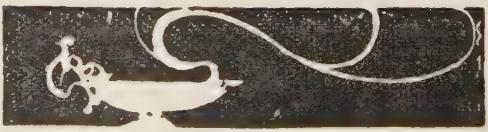
But the pilgrimage is over.

THERE is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
There is society, where none intrudes,
By the deep Sea, and music in its roar.
I love not Man the less, but Nature more
From these our interviews, in which I steal
From all I may be, or have been before,
To mingle with the Universe, and feel
What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal.

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue Ocean—roll !
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain ;
Man marks the earth with ruin—his control
Stops with the shore ; upon the watery plain
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
When for a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unknell'd, uncoffin'd, and unknown . . .

Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee—
Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are they ? [free,
Thy waters wash'd them power, while they were
And many a tyrant since ; their shores obey
The stranger, slave, or savage ; their decay
Has dried up realms to deserts :—not so thou ;—
Unchangeable, save to thy wild waves' play,
Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow :
Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now . . .

My task is done, my song hath ceased, my theme
Has died into an echo ; it is fit [
The spell should break of this protracted dream.
The torch shall be extinguish'd which hath lit
My midnight lamp—and what is writ is writ ;
Would it were worthier ! but I am not now
That which I have been—and my visions flit
Less palpably before me—and the glow [low.
Which in my spirit dwelt is fluttering, faint, and



SAMUEL RICHARDSON

PAMELA OR VIRTUE REWARDED

THIS, the first of the works indited by their author with the laudable purpose of dismissing the improbable and marvellous from the novel and promoting the cause of religion and virtue, was published in 1740 and had an immense success. It originated in a suggestion by two bookseller friends, Rivington and Osborne, that Richardson should compose a volume of familiar letters for illiterate country folk, and it is notable as being the first novel in which the story was told in a series of letters, a device very convenient for the sentimental analysis and minuteness of detail in which Richardson excelled. The complacent pietism of the precise and prudent moral reformer provoked from the more robust Henry Fielding what Richardson and his friends stigmatised as the 'lewd and ungenerous engraftment' of Joseph Andrews, of which an epitome is also given in *The World's Great Books*. The novel is procurable in cheap editions.

I—Pamela's Distress at Her Mistress's Death

MY DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER,—I have great trouble, and some comfort, to acquaint you with. The trouble is that my good lady died of the illness I mention'd to you, and left us all griev'd for the loss of her; for she was a dear good lady, and kind to all us her servants. Much I fear'd that as I was taken by her ladyship to wait upon her person, I should be quite destitute again, and forc'd to return to you and my poor mother, who have enough to do to maintain yourselves; and as my lady's goodness had put me to write and cast accounts, and made me a little expert at my needle, and otherwise qualify'd above my degree, it was not every family that could have found a place that your poor Pamela was fit for.

But God, Whose graciousness to us we have so often experienc'd, put it into my good lady's heart, on her deathbed, just an hour before she expir'd, to recommend to my young master all her servants, one by one; and when it came to my turn to be recommended (for I was sobbing and crying at her pillow) she could only say, "My dear son." and so broke off a little; and then recovering—"remember my poor Pamela!" and those were some of her last words! Oh, how my eyes overflow!

Well, but God's will must be done, and so comes the comfort, that I shall not be obliged to return back to be a burden to my dear parents! For my master said, "I will take care of you all, my good maidens; and for you, Pamela (and took me by the hand before them all), for my dear mother's sake I will be a friend to you, and you shall take care of my linen." God bless him! and pray with me, my dear father and mother, for a blessing upon him, for he has given mourning and a year's wages to all my lady's servants; and I, having no wages as yet, my lady having said she would do for me as I deserv'd, he ordered the housekeeper to give me mourning with the rest and gave me with his own hand four guineas and some silver, which were in my lady's pocket when she died; and said if I was a good girl, and faithful and diligent, he would be a friend to me, for his mother's sake.

And so I send you these four guineas for your comfort. I send them by John, our footman, who goes your way; but he does not know what he carries; because I seal them up in one of the little pill-boxes which my lady had, wrapp'd close in paper, and be sure you don't open it before him.

Pray for your Pamela; who will ever be—

YOUR DUTIFUL DAUGHTER.

I have been scared out of my senses, for just now, as I was folding up this letter in my late lady's dressing-room, in comes my young master! Good sirs,

how I was frightened: I went to hide the letter in my bosom, and he, seeing me tremble, said smiling, "To whom have you been writing, Pamela?" I said, in my confusion, "Pray, your honour, forgive me! Only to my father and mother." "Well then, let me see what a hand you write." He took it without saying more, and read it quite through, and then gave it me again. He was not angry, for he took me by the hand and said, "You are a good girl to be kind to your aged father and mother, tho' you ought to be wary what tales you send out of a family." And then he said, "Why, Pamela, you write a pretty hand, and *spell* very well, too. You may look into any of my mother's books to improve yourself, so you take care of them."

But I am making another long letter so will only add to it that I shall ever be your dutiful daughter,

PAMELA ANDREWS.

II—The Duplicity of the New Master

MY DEAR MOTHER,—You and my good father may wonder you have not had a letter from me in so many weeks; but a sad, sad scene has been the occasion of it.

O this angel of a master! This fine gentleman! This gracious benefactor to your poor Pamela, who was to take care of me at the prayer of his good, dying mother! This very gentleman (yes, I *must* call him gentleman, though he has fallen from the merit of that title) has degraded himself to offer freedoms to his poor servant; he has now showed himself in his true colours, and, to me, nothing appears so black and so frightful.

I have not been idle; but had writ from time to time, how he, by sly, mean degrees, exposed his wicked views, but somebody stole my letter, and I know not what is become of it. I am watched very narrowly; and he says to Mrs. Jervis, the housekeeper, "This girl is always scribbling; I think she may be better employed." And yet I work very hard with my needle upon his linen and the fine linen of the family; and am, besides, about flowering him a waistcoat. But, oh! my heart's almost broken; for what am I likely to have for my reward but shame and disgrace, or else ill words and hard treatment!

As I can't find my letter, I'll try to recollect it all. All went well enough in the main, for some time. But one day he came to see me as I was in the summer-house in the little garden at work with my needle, and Mrs. Jervis was just gone from me, and I would have gone out, but he said, "Don't go, Pamela; I have something to say to you, and you always fly me when I come near you, as if you were afraid of me."

I was much out of countenance, you may well think, and began to tremble, and the more when he took me by the hand; for no soul was near us.

"You are a little fool," he said hastily, "and know not what's good for yourself. I tell you I will make a gentlewoman of you if you are obliging, and don't stand in your own light." And so saying, he put his arm about me and kiss'd me.

Now, you will say, all his wickedness appear'd plainly. I burst from him in terror, and was getting out of the summer-house, but he held me back and shut the door.

I would have given my life for a farthing. And he said, "I'll do you no harm, Pamela; don't be afraid of me."

I sobb'd and cry'd most sadly. "What a foolish hussy you are!" said he. "Have I done you any harm?"

"Yes, sir," said I, "the greatest harm in the world: you have taught me to forget myself, and have lessen'd the distance that fortune has made between us, by demeaning yourself to be so free to a poor servant. I am honest, though poor; and if you were a prince I would not be otherwise than honest."

HE was angry, and said, "Who, little fool, would have you otherwise? Cease your blubbering. I own I have under-valued myself; but it was only to try you. If you can keep this matter secret, you'll give me the better opinion of your prudence. And here's something," added he, putting some gold in my hand, "to make you amends for the fright I put you

in. Go, take a walk in the garden, and don't go in till your blubbering is over."

"I won't take the money, indeed, sir," said I, and so I put it upon the bench. And as he seemed vexed and confounded at what he had done, I took the opportunity to hurry out of the summer-house.

He called to me, and said, "Be secret, I charge you, Pamela; and don't go in yet."

Oh, how poor and mean must those actions be, and how little they must make the best of gentlemen look, when they put it into the power of their inferiors to be greater than they!

Pray for me, my dear father and mother; and don't be angry that I have not yet run away from this house, so late my comfort and delight, but now my terror and anguish. I am forc'd to break off hastily.

YOUR DUTIFUL AND HONEST DAUGHTER.

III—Pamela in an Agony of Distress

MY DEAREST FATHER AND MOTHER, —Let me write and bewail my miserable fate, though I have no hope that what I write can be convey'd to your hands! I have now nothing to do but write and weep and fear and pray! But I will tell you what has befallen me, and some way, perhaps, may be opened to send the melancholy scribble to you. Alas, the unhappy Pamela may be undone before you can know her hard lot!

Last Thursday morning came, when I was to set out and return home to you, my dearest parents. I had taken my leave of my fellow-servants overnight, and a mournful leave it was to us all, for men, as well as women servants, wept to part with me; and for *my* part, I was overwhelmed with tears on the affecting instances of their love.

My master was above stairs, and never ask'd to see me. False heart, he knew that I was not to be out of his reach! Preserve me, heaven, from his power!

I look'd up when I got to the chariot, and I saw my master at the window, and I courtsy'd three times to him very low, and pray'd for him with my hands lifted up; for I could not speak. And he bow'd his head to me, which made me then very glad he would take such notice of me.

Robin drove so fast that I said to myself, at this rate of driving I shall soon be with my father and mother. But, alas! by nightfall he had driven me to a farmhouse far from home; and the farmer and his wife, he being a tenant of Mr. B., my master, while they treated me kindly, would do nothing to aid me in flight. And next day he drove me still farther, and when we stopped at an inn in a town strange to me, the mistress of the inn was *expecting* me, and immediately called out for her sister, Jewkes. Jewkes! thought I. That is the name of the housekeeper at my master's house in Lincolnshire.

Then the wicked creature appear'd, and I was frightened out of my wits. The wretch would not trust me out of her sight, and soon I was forced to set out with her in the chariot. Now I gave over all thoughts of redemption.

Here are strange pains, thought I, taken to ruin a poor, innocent, helpless young female. This plot is laid too deep and has been too long in the hatching to be baffled, I fear. About eight at

PAMELA ANDREWS

From the painting by G. A. Storey, by the artist's permission

night we entered the courtyard of this handsome, large, old, lonely mansion, that looked to me then as if built for solitude and mischief. And here, said I to myself, I fear, is to be the scene of my ruin, unless God protect me.

I was very ill at entering it, from fatigue and dejection of spirits. Mrs. Jewkes seem'd mighty officious to welcome me, and called me 'madam,' at every word.

"Pray, Mrs. Jewkes," said I, "don't 'madam' me so! I am but a silly, poor girl, set up by the gambol of fortune for a May-game. Let us, therefore, talk upon a foot together, and that will be a favour done me. I am now no more than a poor desolate creature, and no better than a prisoner."

"Ay, ay," says she, "I understand something of the matter. You have so great power over my master that you will soon be mistress of us all; and so I will oblige you, if I can. And I must and will call you 'madam,' for such are the instructions of my master, and you may depend upon it I shall observe my orders."

"You will not, I hope," replied I, "do a wicked thing for any master in the world.'

"Look ye!" said she. "He is my master, and if he bids me do a thing that I *can* do, I think I *ought* to do it; and let him who has power to command me look to the *lawfulness* of it."

"Suppose," said I, "he should resolve to ensnare a poor young creature and ruin her, would you assist him in such wickedness? And do you not think that to rob a person of her virtue is worse than cutting her throat?"

"Why, now," said she, "how strangely you talk! Are not the two sexes made for each other? And is it not natural for a man to love a pretty woman?" And then the wretch fell a-laughing, and talk'd most impertinently, and show'd me that I had nothing to expect either from her virtue or compassion.

SAMUEL RICHARDSON

From the painting by Mason Chamberlin in the possession of the Earl of Onslow

FRIDAY, THE THIRTY-SIXTH DAY OF IMPRISONMENT. Mercy on me! What will become of me? Here is my master come in his fine chariot! What shall I do? Where shall I hide myself?

He has entered, and come up!

He put on a stern and a haughty air.

"Well, perverse Pamela, ungrateful creature, you do well, don't you, to give me all this trouble and vexation?"

I could not speak, but sobb'd and sigh'd, as if my heart would break.

"Sir," I said, "permit me to return to my parents. That is all I have to ask."

He flew into a violent

passion. "Is it thus," said he, "I am to be answered? Begone from my sight!"

The next day he sent me up by Mrs. Jewkes his proposals. They were seven in number, and included the promise of an estate of £250 a year in Kent, to be settled on my father; and a number of suits of rich clothing and diamond rings were to be mine if I would consent to be his mistress.

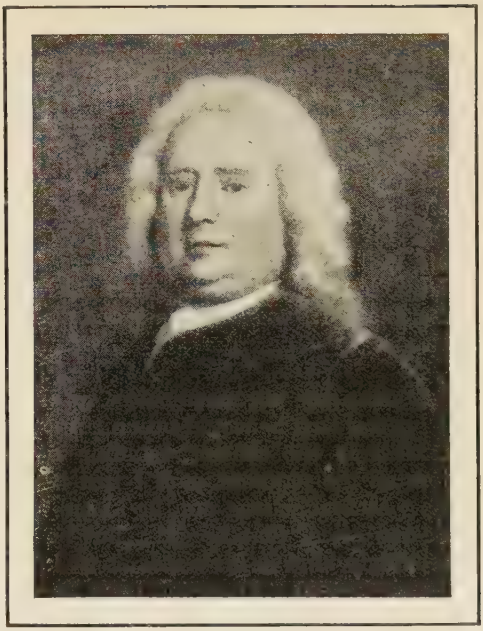
My answer was that my parents and their daughter would much rather choose to starve in a ditch or rot in a noisome dungeon than accept of the fortune of a monarch upon such wicked terms.

Mrs. Jewkes now tells me he is exceedingly wroth, and that I must quit the house, and may go home to my father and mother.

SUNDAY NIGHT. Well, my dear parents, here I am at an inn in a little village. And Robin, the coachman, assures me he has orders to carry me to you. Oh, that he may say truth and not deceive me again!

"I have proofs," said my master to Mrs. Jewkes, when I left the house, "that her virtue is all her pride. Shall I rob her of that? No; let her go, perverse and foolish as she is; but she deserves to go away virtuous, and she shall."

I think I was loth to leave the house.



SAMUEL RICHARDSON was born in Derbyshire in 1689. After serving his apprenticeship to John Wilde of Stationer's Hall, whose daughter he married, he established a stationer's business in Salisbury Court, London, and became printer of the Journals of the House of Commons. His novels, Pamela, Clarissa Harlowe and Sir Charles Grandison, appeared between the years 1740 and 1753, and thereafter Richardson enjoyed the adulation of a host of admirers until his death, July 4, 1761.

From the portrait by Joseph Highmore

Can you believe it? I felt something *so* strange and my heart was *so* heavy.

IV—Pamela's Virtue is Rewarded

MONDAY MORNING, ELEVEN O'CLOCK. We are just come in here, to the inn kept by Mr. Jewkes's relations.

Just as I sat down, before setting out to pursue my journey, comes my master's groom, all in a foam, man and horse, with a letter for me, as follows.

'I find it in vain, my Pamela, to struggle against my affection for you, and as I flatter myself you may be brought to *love* me, I begin to regret parting with you; but, God is my witness, from no dishonourable motives.

'You cannot imagine the obligation your return will lay me under to your goodness, and if you are the generous Pamela I imagine you to be let me see by your compliance the further excellency of your disposition. Spare me, my dearest girl, the confusion of following you to your father's, which I must do if you go on—for I find I cannot live without you, and I must be—

'Yours, and only yours.'

What, my dear parents, will you say to this letter? I am resolved to return to my master, and am sending this to you by the coachman.

It was one o'clock when we reach'd my master's gate. Everybody was gone to rest. But one of the helpers got the keys from Mrs. Jewkes, and open'd the gates. I was so tired when I went to get out of the chariot that I fell, and two maids coming soon after helped me to get up stairs.

It seems my master was very ill, and had been upon the bed most of the day; but being in a sleep, he heard not the chariot come in.

TUESDAY MORNING. Mrs. Jewkes, as soon as she got up, went to know how my master did, and he had had a good night.

She told him he must not be surprised—that Pamela was come back.

"Can it be?" said he. "What, already? Ask her if she will be so good as to make me a visit. If she will not, I will rise and attend her."

Mrs. Jewkes came to tell me, and I went with her. As soon as he saw me, he said, "Oh, my Pamela, you have made me quite well!"

How kind a dispensation is sickness sometimes! He was quite easy and pleased with me.

THE next day my master was so much better that he would take a turn after breakfast in the chariot, handing me in before all the servants, as if I had been a lady. At first setting out, he kissed me a little too often, that he did; but he was exceedingly kind in his words as well.

At last he said, "My sister, Lady Davers, threatens to renounce me, and I shall incur the censures of the world if I act up to my present intentions. For it will be said by everyone that Mr. B. has been drawn in by the eye to marry his mother's waiting maid. Not knowing, perhaps, that to her mind, to her virtue, as well as to the beauties of her person, she owes her well-deserved conquest; and that there is not a lady in the kingdom who will better support the condition to which she will be raised if I should marry her." And added he, putting his arm round me, "I pity my dear girl, too, for her part in this censure, for here she will have to combat the pride and slights of the neighbouring gentry all around us. Lady Davers and the other ladies will not visit you; and you will, with a merit superior to them all, be treated as if unworthy their notice. Should I now marry my Pamela, how will my girl relish all this?"

"Oh, sir," said I, "your poor servant has a much greater difficulty than this to overcome."

"What is that?" said he impatiently. "I will not forgive your doubts now."

"No, sir," said I, "I cannot doubt; but it is, how I shall *support*, how I shall *deserve*, *your* goodness to me!"

"Dear girl!" said he, and press'd me to his bosom, "I was afraid you would again have given me reason to think you had doubts of my honour, and this, when I was pouring out my whole soul to you, I could not easily have forgiven."

"But, good sir," said I, "my greatest concern will be for the rude jests you will have yourself to encounter for thus stooping beneath yourself. For as to *me* I shall have the pride to place more than half the ill will of the ladies to their envying my happiness."

"You are very good, my dearest girl," said he. "But how will you bestow your *time*, when you will have no visits to receive or pay? No parties of pleasure to join in? No card-tables to employ your winter evenings?"

"In the first place, sir, if you will give me leave, I will myself look into all such parts of the family management as may befit the mistress of it to inspect. Then, sir, if you will indulge me with your company, I will take an airing in your chariot now and then; and I have no doubt of so behaving as to engage you to fill up some part of my time in instructive conversation."

"Proceed, my dear girl," said he. "I love to hear you talk!"

"Music, which my good lady also had me instructed in, will also fill up some intervals if I should have any. Then, sir, you know, I love reading and scribbling, and tho' most of the latter will be employed in the family accounts, yet reading in proper books will be a pleasure to me, which I shall be unwilling to give up for the best company in the world when I cannot have yours."

"What delight do you give me, my beloved Pamela, in this sweet foretaste of my happiness! I will now defy the saucy, busy censures of the world."

TEN DAYS LATER. Your happy, thrice happy Pamela is at last married, my dearest parents.

This morning we entered the private chapel at this house, and my master took my hand and led me up to the altar. Mr. Peters, the good rector, gave me away, and the curate read the service. I trembled so, I could hardly stand.

And thus the dear, once naughty, assailer of Pamela's innocence, by a blessed turn of Providence, is become the kind, the generous protector and rewarder of it.

LORD CHESTERFIELD

LETTERS TO HIS SON

IT was a prime ambition of Lord Chesterfield's life that his natural son, Philip Stanhope, should develop into the finest flower of the civilization of his age and to this end he laid—to use his own phrase—'a prodigious amount of manure.' In a voluminous series of letters he directed the young man's classical and political studies and, above all, instructed him in that good breeding, polite learning and courtly deportment which gave him his own pre-eminence as a man of fashion. The letters were written with no thought of publication, but after Philip Stanhope's death his widow prepared them for the press—she sold them for £1,575—and they were published in 1774, to prove, as the event has shown, their author's single claim upon the grateful memory of posterity. Cynical and worldly-wise, they throw bright light upon the manners of the eighteenth century, and still have their use and value for a less artificial age. The Letters are published in several cheap editions.

I—On Manners and Address

LONDON, December 29, 1747. I have received two letters from you of the 17th and 22nd, by the last of which I find that some of mine to you must have miscarried; for I have never been above two posts without writing to you or to Mr. Harte, and even very long letters. I have also received a letter from Mr. Harte full of your praises, which gives me great satisfaction.

Your German will go on, of course; and I take it for granted that your stay at Leipzig will make you a perfect master of that language, both as to speaking and writing; for remember, that knowing any language imperfectly is very little better than not knowing it at all, people being as unwilling to speak in a language which they do not possess thoroughly as others are to hear them.

Go to the Duchess of Courland's as often as she and your leisure will permit. The company of women of fashion will improve your manners, though not your understanding; and that complaisance and politeness, which are so useful in men's company, can only be acquired in women's.

Remember always what I have told you a thousand times, that all the talents in the world will want all their lustre, and some part of their use, too, if they are not advanced with that easy good-breeding, that engaging manner and those graces, which seduce and prepossess people in your favour at first sight. A proper care of your person is by no means to be neglected; always extremely clean; upon proper occasions, fine; your carriage genteel, and your motions graceful. Take particular care of your manners and address when you present yourself in company. Let them be respectful without meanness, easy without too much familiarity, genteel without affectation, and insinuating without any seeming art or design. . . . Adieu!

II—On the Art of Pleasing

BATH, March 9, 1748. I must from time to time remind you of what I have often recommended to you, and of what you cannot attend to too much: sacrifice to the graces. Intrinsic merit alone will not do; it will gain you the general esteem of all, but not the particular affection, that is the heart, of any. To engage the affections of any particular person you must, over and above your general merit, have some particular merit to that person; by services done, or offered; by expressions of regard and esteem; by complaisance, attentions, etc., for him; and the graceful manner of doing all these things opens the

way to the heart, and facilitates, or rather, insures, their effects.

A thousand little things, not separately to be described, conspire to form these graces, this *je ne scais quoi*, that always pleases. A pretty person, a proper degree of dress, an harmonious voice, something open and cheerful in the countenance, but without laughing; a distinct and properly varied manner of speaking; all these things and many others are necessary ingredients in the composition of the pleasing *je ne scais quoi*, which everybody feels, though nobody can describe. Observe carefully, then, what displeases or pleases you in others, and be persuaded that, in general, the same things will please or displease them in you.

Having mentioned laughing, I must particularly warn you against it; and I would heartily wish that you may often be seen to smile, but never heard to laugh while you live. Frequent and loud laughter is the characteristic of folly and ill-manners; it is the manner in which the mob express their silly joy at silly things; and they call it being merry.

In my mind there is nothing so illiberal, and so ill-bred, as audible laughter. I am neither of a melancholy nor a cynical disposition, and am as willing and as apt to be pleased as anybody; but I am sure that since I have had the full use of my reason nobody has ever heard me laugh. Many people, at first, from awkwardness and *mauvaise honte*, have got a very disagreeable and silly trick of laughing whenever they speak.

THIS, and many other very disagreeable habits, are owing to *mauvaise honte* at their first setting out in the world. They are ashamed in company, and so disconcerted that they do not know what they do, and try a thousand tricks to keep themselves in countenance; which tricks afterwards grow habitual to them. Some put their fingers in their nose, others scratch their heads, others twirl their hats; in short, every awkward, ill-bred body has its tricks. But the frequency does not justify the thing, and all these vulgar habits and awkwardness are most carefully to be guarded against, as they are great bars in the way of the art of pleasing.

LONDON, September 5, 1748. I have received yours, with the enclosed German letter to Mr. Grevenkop, which he assures me is extremely well written, considering the little time that you have applied yourself to that language.

St. Thomas's Day now draws near, when you are to leave Saxony and go to Berlin. Berlin will be entirely a new scene to you, and I look upon it, in a manner, as your first step into the great world; take care that step be not a false one, and that you do not stumble at the threshold. You will there be in more company than you have yet been; manners and attentions will, therefore, be more necessary.

YOU will best acquire these by frequenting the companies of people of fashion; but then you must resolve to acquire them, in those companies, by proper care and observation. When you go into good company—by good company is meant the people of the first fashion of the place—observe carefully their turn, their manners, their address; and conform your own to them.

But this is not all neither; go deeper still; observe their characters, and pry into both their hearts and their heads. Seek for their particular merit, their predominant passion, or their prevailing weakness; and you will then know what to bait your hook with to catch them.

As women are a considerable, or, at least, a pretty numerous part of company; and as their suffrages go a great way towards establishing a man's character in the fashionable part of the world, which is of great importance to the fortune and figure he proposes to make in it, it is necessary to please them. I will, therefore, upon this subject, let you into certain *arcana* that will be very useful for you to know, but which you must, with the utmost care, conceal and never upon any occasion seem to know.

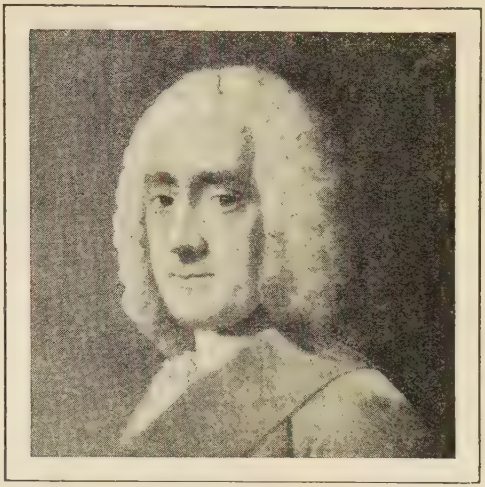
Women, then, are only children of a larger growth; they have an entertaining tattle, and sometimes wit; but for solid reasoning, good sense, I never knew in my life one that had it, or who reasoned or acted consequentially for four-and-twenty hours together. Some little passion or humour always breaks in upon their best

resolutions. Their beauty neglected or controverted, their age increased or their supposed understandings depreciated, instantly kindles their passions, and overturns any system of consequential conduct that in their most reasonable moments they have been capable of forming.

A MAN of sense only trifles with them, plays with them, humours and flatters them, as he does with a sprightly, forward child ; but he neither consults them about, nor trusts them with, serious matters ; though he often makes them believe that he does both, which is the thing in the world that they are proud of.

But these are secrets, which you must keep inviolably, if you would not, like Orpheus, be torn to pieces by the whole sex. On the contrary, a man who thinks of living in the great world must be gallant, polite and attentive to please the women. They have, from the weakness of men, more or less influence in all courts ; they absolutely stamp every man's character in the *beau monde,* and make it either current, or cry it down, and stop it in payment.

It is, therefore, absolutely necessary to manage, please and flatter them ; and never to discover the least mark of contempt, which is what they never forgive ; but in this they are not singular, for it is the same with men, who will much sooner forgive an injustice than an insult. These are some of the hints which my long experience in the great world enables me to give you, and which, if you attend to them, may prove useful to you in your journey through it. I wish it may be a prosperous one ; at least, I am sure that it must be your own fault if it is not.



PHILIP DORMER STANHOPE, fourth earl of Chesterfield, was born September 22, 1694. He was educated at Trinity Hall, Cambridge, and sat in the House of Commons as a Whig for some years before succeeding to the earldom in 1726. Between 1744 and 1748, under the Pelham administration, he was successively ambassador at The Hague, lord high steward, lord lieutenant of Ireland, and secretary of state. Chesterfield died March 24, 1775.

From the portrait by Allan Ramsay

III—The Secret of Good Breeding

LONDON, November 3, 1749. From the time that you have had life, it has been the principal and favourite object of mine to make you as perfect as the imperfections of human nature will allow. In this view, I have grudged no pains nor expense in your education, convinced that education, more than nature, is the cause of that great difference which you see in the characters of men. While you were a child I endeavoured to form your heart habitually to virtue and honour, before your understanding was capable of showing you their beauty and utility. Those principles, which you then got, like your grammar rules, only by rote, are now, I am persuaded, fixed and confirmed by reason.

My next object was sound and useful learning. All that remains for me then to wish, to recommend, to inculcate, to order, and to insist upon, is good breeding, without which all your other qualifications will be lame, unadorned and to a certain degree unavailing. And here I fear, and have too much reason to believe, that you are greatly deficient. The remainder of this letter, therefore, shall be—and it will not be the last by a great many—upon the subject of good breeding.

A friend of yours and mine has very justly defined good breeding to be the result of much good sense, some good nature, and a little self-denial for the sake of others and with a view to obtain the same indulgence from them. Taking this for granted, as I think it cannot be disputed, it is astonishing to me that

anybody who has good sense and good nature, and I believe you have both, can essentially fail in good breeding.

As to the modes of it, indeed, they vary according to persons and places and circumstances, and are only to be acquired by observation and experience; but the substance of it is everywhere and eternally the same. Good manners are, to particular societies, what good morals are to society in general; their cement and their security. And as laws are enacted to enforce good morals, or, at least, to prevent the ill-effects of bad ones, so there are certain rules of civility, universally implied and received, to enforce good manners, and punish bad ones.

Mutual complaisances, attentions and sacrifices of little conveniences are as natural an implied compact between civilized people as protection and obedience are between kings and subjects; whoever, in either case, violates that compact justly forfeits all advantages arising from it. For my own part, I really think that, next to the consciousness of doing a good action, that of doing a civil one is the most pleasing; and the epithet I should covet the most, next to that of Aristides, would be that of well-bred.

I will conclude with these axioms:

That the deepest learning, without good breeding, is unwelcome and tiresome pedantry, and of use nowhere but in a man's own closet; and, consequently, of little or no use at all.

That a man who is not perfectly well-bred, is unfit for good company, and therefore unwelcome in it; will consequently dislike it soon, afterwards renounce it, and be reduced to solitude, or, what is considerably worse, low and bad company.

IV—The Fruits of Observation

LONDON, September 22, 1752. The day after the date of my last, I received your letter of the 8th. I approve extremely of your intended progress. I would have you see everything with your own eyes, and hear everything with your own ears, for I know, by very long experience, that it is very unsafe to trust to other people's. Vanity and interest cause many misrepresentations, and folly causes many more. Few people have parts enough to relate exactly and judiciously; and those who have, for some reason or other, never fail to sink or to add some circumstances.

The reception which you have met with at Hanover I look upon as an omen of your being well received everywhere else, for it was the place that I distrusted the most. But in truth there is a certain conduct, there are *certaines manières*, that will, and must, get the better of all difficulties of that kind. It is to acquire them that you still continue abroad, and go from court to court; they are personal, local and temporal; they are modes which vary, and owe their existence to accidents, whim and humour. All the sense and reason in the world would never point them out; nothing but experience, intelligent observation and what is commonly called knowledge of the world can possibly teach them. This knowledge is the true object of a gentleman's travelling. By frequenting good company in every country he becomes of every country; he is no longer an Englishman, a Frenchman or an Italian; but he is a European. He adopts respectively the best manners of every country, and is a Frenchman in Paris, an Italian in Rome, an Englishman in London.

THIS advantage, I must confess, very seldom accrues to my countrymen from their travelling, as they have neither the desire nor the means of getting into good company abroad; for, in the first place, they are confoundedly bashful; and, in the next place, they either speak no foreign language at all, or, if they do, it is barbarously. You possess all the advantages that they want; you know the languages in perfection, and have constantly kept the best company in the places where you have been, so that you ought to be a European.

There is, in all good company, a fashionable air, countenance, manner and phraseology, which can only be acquired by being in good company, and very attentive to all that passes there. There is a certain distinguishing diction of a man of fashion; he will not content himself with saying, like John Trott, to a new-married man,

'Sir, I wish you joy'—or to a man who lost his son, 'Sir, I am sorry for your loss,' and both with a countenance equally unmoved; but he will say in effect the same thing in a more elegant and less trivial manner, and with a countenance adapted to the occasion. He will advance with warmth, vivacity and a cheerful countenance to the new-married man, and, embracing him, perhaps say to him, 'If you do justice to my attachment to you, you will judge of the joy that I feel upon this occasion better than I can express it.' To the other, in affliction, he will advance slowly, with a grave composure of countenance, in a more deliberate manner, and with a lower voice perhaps, say, 'I hope you do me the justice to be convinced that I feel whatever you feel, and shall ever be affected where you are concerned.'

V—On the Arts

MR. HARTE tells me that he intends to give you, by means of Signor Vincentini, a general notion of civil and military architecture; with which I am very well pleased. They are frequent subjects of conversation. I would also have you acquire a liberal taste of the two liberal arts of painting and sculpture. All these sorts of things I would have you know, to a certain degree; but remember that they must only be the amusements, and not the business, of a man of parts.

As you are now in a musical country [Italy], where singing, fiddling and piping are not only the common topics of conversation but almost the principal objects of attention, I cannot help cautioning you against giving in to those—I will call them illiberal—pleasures, though music is commonly reckoned one of the liberal arts, to the degree that most of your countrymen do when they travel in Italy. If you love music, hear it; go to operas, concerts, and pay fiddlers to play to you, but I insist upon your neither piping nor fiddling yourself. It puts a gentleman in a very frivolous, contemptible light, brings him into a great deal of bad company, and takes up a great deal of time which might be much better employed.

I confess I cannot help forming some opinion of a man's sense and character from his dress, and I believe most people do as well as myself. A man of sense carefully avoids any particular character in his dress; he is accurately clean for his own sake; but all the rest is for other people's. He dresses as well, and in the same manner, as the people of sense and fashion of the place where he is. If he dresses better, as he thinks, that is, more than they, he is a fop; if he dresses worse, he is unpardonably negligent; but of the two, I would rather have a young fellow too much than too little dressed—the excess on that side will wear off with a little age; but if he is negligent at twenty, he will be a sloven at forty, and stink at fifty years old.

As to the genius of poetry, I own, if Nature has not given it you, you cannot have it, for it is a true maxim that *Poeta nascitur, non fit.* It is much otherwise with oratory, and the maxim there is *Orator fit,* for it is certain that by study and application every man can make himself a pretty good orator, eloquence depending upon observation and care. Every man, if he pleases, may choose good words instead of bad ones, may speak properly instead of improperly, may be clear and perspicuous in his recitals instead of dark and muddy, may have grace instead of awkwardness in his motions and gestures, and, in short, may be a very agreeable instead of a very disagreeable speaker if he will take care and pains. And surely it is very well worth while to take great pains to excel other men in that particular article in which they excel beasts.

THAT ready wit, which you so partially allow me, and so justly Sir Charles Williams, may create many admirers; but, take my word for it, it makes few friends. It shines and dazzles like the noonday sun, but, like that, too, is very apt to scorch, and therefore is always feared. The milder morning and evening light and heat of that planet soothe and calm our minds. Never seek for wit; if it presents itself, well and good; but even then, let your judgement interpose, and take care that it be not at the expense of anybody.

A Masterly Study of Contemporary Life

H. G. WELLS

TONO-BUNGAY

Retold by the Author

IN this novel of contemporary life, we encounter Mr. Wells as a realist. Tono-Bungay not only expresses to the full the novelist's capacity for drawing psychological pictures, but also affords him an opportunity, as a social reformer with a keen disgust at the wrongs and muddles of modern life, for an attack, bitter in its implicit sarcasm and aloofness, on the strenuous falsities of the more unscrupulous class of modern commerce. In the patent medicine trade with its shameless imposition on the credulity of an ignorant public he dissects what is perhaps its most blatant form. Merciless as is his denunciation of fraudulent methods of accumulating wealth and of the gross materialism of the age, the author's wide human sympathy is revealed in some most charming delineations of character. Tono-Bungay, originally published in 1909 by Macmillan & Co., is now issued in a cheap edition by Collins & Co. This condensation of his famous novel has been specially prepared by Mr. Wells himself.

I—The Dawn

THE SECRET OF VIGOUR TONO-BUNGAY

THAT was all. It was simple, and yet in some way arresting. I found myself repeating the word after I had passed; it roused one's attention like the sound of distant guns. 'Tono'—what's that? and deep, rich, unhurrying: '*Bun*-gay!'

Then came my uncle's amazing telegram: 'Come to me at once; you are wanted. Three hundred a year certain.—Tono-Bungay.'

"By Jove!" I cried. "Of course! It's something! A patent medicine! I wonder what he wants with me?"

The next day I took an unsanctioned holiday. I discovered my uncle in a wonderfully new silk hat—oh, a splendid hat!—with a rolling brim that went far beyond the common fashion. He held out his plump, short hand.

"Here we are, George! What did I tell you? Needn't whisper it now, my boy. Shout it—*loud!* Spread it about! Tell everyone! Tono-*Tono*-TONO-BUNGAY!

"Come right into the sanctum," he said. And whisked me through the door. "Well, here we are, going strong! You see me at it! At it—hard!"

"Hard at what?"

"Read it." And he thrust into my hand a label—that label that has now become one of the most familiar objects of the chemist's shop, the greenish-blue, rather old-fashioned bordering, the legend, the name in good black type, very clear, and the strong man all set about with lightning flashes above the double column of skilful lies in red—the label of Tono-Bungay. "It's afloat," he said, as I stood puzzling at this. "It's afloat! Here we are at it!"

"It's—— What?" said I.

"It's the secret of vigour. Didn't you read the label?"

"Yes; but——"

"It's selling like hot cakes."

"And what is it?" I pressed.

"Well," said my uncle, and then leant forward and spoke softly under the cover of his hand, "it's nothing more or less——"

(But here an unfortunate scruple intervenes. After all, Tono-Bungay is still a marketable commodity and in the hand of purchasers, who bought it from—among other vendors—me. No, I'm afraid I cannot give it away.)

"You see," said my uncle, in a slow, confidential whisper, with eyes very wide and a creased forehead, "it's nice because of the "—(here he mentioned a flavouring matter and an aromatic spirit); "it's stimulating because of "—(here he mentioned two very vivid tonics, one with a

marked action on the kidneys). "And the "—(here he mentioned two other ingredients)—" make it pretty intoxicating. Cocks their tails. Then there's '—(but I touch on the essential secret). "And there you are. I got it out of an old book of recipes, all except the "—(here he mentioned the more virulent substance, the one that assails the kidneys)—" which is my idea. Modern touch! There you are!

"I want to let you into this, George," said my uncle, "for many reasons."

His voice grew lower and more cunning. He made explanations that to my inexperience did not completely explain. I retain an impression of a long credit and a prospective share with some pirate printers, of a third share for a leading magazine and newspaper proprietor.

"I played 'em off one against the other," said my uncle.

I TOOK his point in an instant. He had gone to each of them in turn and said the others had come in.

"I put up four hundred pounds," said my uncle, "myself and my all. And you know "—he assumed a brisk confidence—"I hadn't four hundred pence. At least——"

For a moment he *was* a little embarrassed.

"I *did*," he said, "produce capital. You see, there was that trust affair of yours. I ought, I suppose, in strict legality to have put that straight first. Zzzz——

"It was a bold thing to do," said my uncle, shifting the venue from the region of honour to the region of courage. And then, with a characteristic outburst of piety, "Thank God, it's all come right!

"Well, George, my boy," he said, after a time, quite happily unconscious of my silent criticism, "what do you think of it all?"

"Well," I said, "in the first place, it's a damned swindle!"

"Tut, tut!" said my uncle. 'It's as straight as—it's fair trading."

"So much the worse for trading," I said.

"It's the sort of thing everybody does. After all, there's no harm in the stuff, and it may do good. It might do a lot of good—giving people confidence, for instance, against an epidemic. See? Why not? I don't see where your swindle comes in."

"H'm!" I said. "It's a thing you either see or don't see."

"I'd like to know what sort of trading isn't a swindle in this way. Everybody who does a large advertised trade is selling something common on the strength of saying it's uncommon. Look at Lord Radmore, who did it on lying about the alkali in soap."

"You don't mean to say you think doing this stuff up in bottles and swearing it's the quintessence of strength, and making poor devils buy it at that, is straight?"

"Why not, George? How do we know it mayn't be the quintessence to them so far as they're concerned? There's faith. You put faith in 'em. I grant our labels are a bit emphatic. Christian Science, really. No good setting people against the medicine. Tell me a solitary trade nowadays that hasn't to be emphatic. It's the modern way. Everybody understands it, everybody allows for it."

"But the world would be no worse, and rather better, if all this stuff of yours was run down a conduit into the Thames."

"Don't see that, George, at all. 'Mong other things, all our people would be out of work. Unemployed! The point is, George—*it makes trade.* And the world lives on trade—commerce! There's a justice in these big things, George. I tell you the world wants trade. It's trade that makes the world go round! Argosies! Venice! Empire!"

MY uncle rose suddenly to his feet.

"You think it over, George, you think it over."

Yes; I thought it over thoroughly enough. Trade rules the world—wealth rather than trade. The thing was true; and true, too, was my uncle's proposition that the quickest way to get wealth is to sell the cheapest thing possible in the dearest bottle. He was right, after all. *Pecunia non olet*—a Roman emperor said that. They knew it then; everyone, except a few young fools, knows it now.

II—How We Made Tono-Bungay Hum

So I made my peace with my uncle, and we set out upon this bright enterprise of selling slightly injurious rubbish at one-and-three-halfpence and two-and-nine a bottle, including the Government stamp. We made Tono-Bungay hum! It brought us wealth, influence, respect, the confidence of endless people. All that my uncle promised me proved truth and under-statement. Tono-Bungay carried me to freedoms and powers that no life of scientific research, no passionate service of humanity could ever have given me.

It was my uncle's genius that did it. He wrote every advertisement; some of them he even sketched. You must remember his were the days before the 'Times' took to enterprise and the vociferous hawking of the 'Encyclopedia.' That alluring, button-holing, let-me-just-tell-you-quite-soberly-something-you-ought-to-know style of newspaper advertisement, with every now and then a convulsive jump of some attractive phrase into capitals, was then almost a novelty. Very early, too, was that bright little quarter column in the evening papers: 'HILARITY—TONO-BUNGAY. Like Mountain Air in the Veins.' The penetrating trio of questions: 'Are you bored with your business?' 'Are you bored with your dinner?' 'Are you bored with your wife?' was in our first campaign, when we worked London—south, central and west.

We discussed and worked out distribution together, we really worked infernally hard, and, I recall, we worked with a very decided enthusiasm, not simply on my uncle's part, but on mine. It was a game, an absurd but absurdly interesting game, and the points were scored in cases of bottles. By all modern standards the business was, as my uncle would say, 'absolutely bonâ-fide.' We sold our stuff and got the money, and spent the money honestly in lies and clamour to sell more stuff.

Section by section we spread it over the whole of the British Isles; first working the middle-class London suburbs, then the outer suburbs, then the home counties, then going (with new bills and a more pious style of 'ad') into Wales, a great field always for a new patent medicine, and then into Lancashire. My uncle had in his inner office a big map of England, and as we took up fresh sections of the local press and our consignments invaded new areas, flags for advertisements and pink underlines for orders showed our progress.

Under the shadow of our great leading line we were presently taking subsidiary specialities into action: 'Tono-Bungay Hair Stimulant' was our first supplement. Then came 'Concentrated Tono-Bungay' for the eyes, which didn't go.

But we did admirable things with our next subsidiaries, 'Tono-Bungay Lozenges' and 'Tono-Bungay Chocolate.' These we urged upon the public for their extraordinary nutritive and recuperative value in cases of fatigue and strain. I really do believe there was an element of 'kick' in the strychnine in these lozenges, especially in those made according to our earlier formula. For we altered all our formulae—invariably weakening them enormously as sales got ahead.

In a little while we were employing travellers and opening up Great Britain at the rate of a hundred square miles a day. My uncle's last addition to the Tono-Bungay group was the Tono-Bungay Mouthwash. The reader has probably read a hundred times that inspiring inquiry of his, 'You are Young yet, but are you Sure Nothing has Aged your Gums?' And, after that, we took over the agency for three or four good American lines that worked in with our own, and could be run with it: 'Texan Embrocation' and '23—to clear the system' were the chief.

I set down these bare facts. To me they are all linked with the figure of my uncle. I wish I could show you the short, fattening, small-legged man with stiff-cropped hair, disobedient glasses on a perky little nose, and a round stare behind them. I wish you could see him, breathing hard and a little through his nose as his pen scribbled out some absurd inspiration for a poster or a picture page, and make you hear his voice, charged with solemn import like the voice

of a squeaky prophet, saying, 'George! List'n! I got an idea, George!'

I never really determined whether my uncle regarded Tono-Bungay as a fraud, or whether he didn't come to believe in it in a kind of way by the mere reiteration of his own assertions. I think his average attitude was one of kindly, almost parental, toleration. I remember saying, "But you don't suppose this stuff ever did a human being the slightest good at all?" and how his face assumed a look of protest, as of one reproving harshness and dogmatism.

"You've a hard nature, George," he said. "You're too ready to run things down. How did one *tell?*"

As I look back at them now, those energetic years seem all compacted to a year or so; from the days of our first hazardous beginning with barely a thousand pounds' worth of stuff or credit all told—and that got by something perilously like snatching—to the days when my uncle went to the public on behalf of himself and me (one-tenth share) and our silent partners—the drug wholesalers and the printing people and the owner of that group of magazines and newspapers—to ask with honest confidence for £150,000.

One hundred and fifty thousand—think of it!—for the goodwill in a string of lies and a trade in bottles of mitigated water!

And the subscriptions came pouring in. My uncle was immensely proud of the flotation. "They've never been given such value," he said, "for a dozen years." The little man plumped up very considerably during the creation of the property, but with the increasing excitements of those magnificent years that followed his passage from trade to finance came dyspepsia and a certain flabbiness and falling away. His abdomen—if the reader will pardon my taking his features in the order of their value—had at first a nice full roundness, but afterwards it lost tone, without, however, losing size. He always went as though he was proud of it, and would make as much of it as possible.

There was, I seem to remember, a secular intensification of his features; his nose developed character, became aggressive, stuck out at the world more and more; the obliquity of his mouth, I think, increased. From the face that returns to my memory projects a long cigar that is sometimes cocked jauntily up from the higher corner, and sometimes droops from the lower; it was as eloquent as a dog's tail, and he removed it only for the more emphatic modes of speech. He assumed a broad black ribbon for his glasses, and wore them more and more askew as time went on.

He adopted an urban style of dressing with the onset of Tono-Bungay, and rarely abandoned it; he liked a frock-coat long and full, although that seemed to shorten him.

Of an evening he would wear white waistcoats and plain gold studs. He hated diamonds. "Flashy," he said they were. "Might as well wear an income-tax receipt. All very well for Park Lane. Unsold stock. Not my style. Sober financier, George."

Such was the figure that created and directed the great property of Tono-Bungay, and from the successful reconstruction of that company passed on to a slow crescendo of magnificent creations and promotions until the whole world of investors marvelled. I have already, I think, mentioned how, long before we offered Tono-Bungay to the public, we took over the English agency of certain American specialities. To this was presently added our exploitations of Moggs' Domestic Soap, and so he took up the Domestic Convenience Campaign, that, coupled with his equatorial rotundity and a certain resolute convexity in his bearing, won my uncle his Napoleonic title. It was this that recalled him to one of his dreams of his youth, the Ponderevo Patent Flat. "The thing, George," he said, "wants straightening up. Silly muddle! Things that get in the way. Got to organize it. We got to bring the home up to date! That's my idea, George."

And it was an immense success. The public was, I think, particularly attracted by the homely familiarity of his field of work. You never lost sight of your investment, they felt, with its name on the house-flannel and the shaving-strop—and its allegiance was secured by the Egyptian solidity of his apparent results.

WELL, I don't intend to write down here the tortuous financial history of Moggs and Sons, of how we prepared the way for our second flotation, Domestic Utilities—'Do Ut,' they rendered it in the City. And then came the reconstruction of Tono-Bungay, and then 'Household Services' and the boom!

That sort of development is not to be told in detail in a novel. It is, indeed, to be found set out at length, painfully at length, in my uncle's examination and mine in the Bankruptcy Court, and in my own various statements after his death.

All sorts of things came and offered themselves to my uncle. So much came to us, that it seemed to me at times as though the whole world of human affairs was ready to prostitute itself to our real and imaginary millions. We did the most extraordinary things; things that it seems absurd to me to leave to any casual man of wealth and enterprise who cares to do them. I had some amazing perceptions of just how modern thought and the supply of fact to the general mind may be controlled by money.

Among other things that my uncle offered for, he tried very hard to buy the 'British Medical Journal' and the 'Lancet,' and run them on what he called modern lines. That was a very magnificent idea indeed in its way; it would have given a tremendous advantage in the handling of innumerable specialities, and, indeed, I scarcely know how far it would not have put the medical profession in our grip. It still amazes me—I shall die amazed—that such a thing should be possible in the modern state. I suppose it is a lingering trace of Plutarch and my ineradicable boyish imagination that, at bottom, our state should be wise, sane and dignified, that makes me think a country which leaves its medical and literary criticism, or, indeed, any such vitally important criticisms, entirely to private enterprise and open to the advances of any purchaser, must be in a frankly hopeless condition.

WELL, we boomed, and for four years and a half we lived a life of mingled substance and moonshine. Until our particular unsoundness overtook us, we went about in the most magnificent motor-cars upon tangible high-roads, made ourselves conspicuous and stately in splendid houses, ate sumptuously, and had a perpetual stream of notes and money trickling into our pockets; hundreds and thousands of men and women respected us, saluted us and gave us toil and honour; I asked, and my worksheds rose, my aeroplanes swooped out of nothingness to scare the downland peewits; my uncle waved his hand, and Lady Grove and all its associations of chivalry and ancient peace were his; waved again, and architects were busy planning the great palace he never finished at Crest Hill, and an army of workmen gathered to do his bidding, blue marble came from Canada, and timber from New Zealand; and beneath it all, you know, there was nothing but fictitious values as evanescent as rainbow gold.

III—The Stick of the Rocket

I WAS down at Lady Grove on the day of my uncle's examination, winding up affairs at my flying-sheds. And afterwards I wandered up to the downs, and found myself looking down on the huge, abandoned masses of the Crest Hill house. It struck me suddenly as the compactest image and sample of all that passes for progress, of all the advertisement-inflated spending, the aimless building up and pulling down, the enterprise and promise of my age. This was our fruit; this was what we had done, I and my uncle, in the fashion of our time.

I was roused from such thoughts by the sound of footsteps behind me. It was my uncle. His face was white.

"It's all up," he said.

He stood swaying, and then came forward with a weak motion of his arms, like a man who cannot see distinctly, and caught at and leaned upon the stile. For a moment we were absolutely still. He made a clumsy gesture towards the great futility below and choked. I discovered that his face was wet with tears, that his wet glasses blinded him. He put up his little fat hand and clawed them off

clumsily, felt inefficiently for his pocket handkerchief, and then, to my horror, as he clung to me, he began to weep aloud, this little, old, world-worn swindler. It wasn't just sobbing or shedding tears, it was crying as a child cries. It was—oh, terrible!

"It's cruel!" he blubbered at last. "They asked me questions. They *kep'* asking me questions, George."

He sought for utterance, and spluttered.

"The —— bullies!" he shouted. "The —— bullies!"

He ceased to weep. He became suddenly rapid and explanatory.

"It's not a fair game, George. They tire you out. And I'm not well. My stomach's all wrong. And I been and got a cold. I always been li'ble to cold, and this one's on my chest. And then they tell you to speak up. They bait you, and bait you, and bait you. It's torture—the strain of it. You can't remember what you said. You're bound to contradict yourself. It's like Russia, George. It isn't fair play. I been bellowed at, I been bullied, I been treated like a dog. Dirty cads they are—dirty cads!

"They sprung things on me this morning that I didn't expect. They rushed me! I'd got it all in my hands, and then I was jumped. And there they are in London, doing what they like with me. I don't care!"

"But——" I said, looking down at him perplexed.

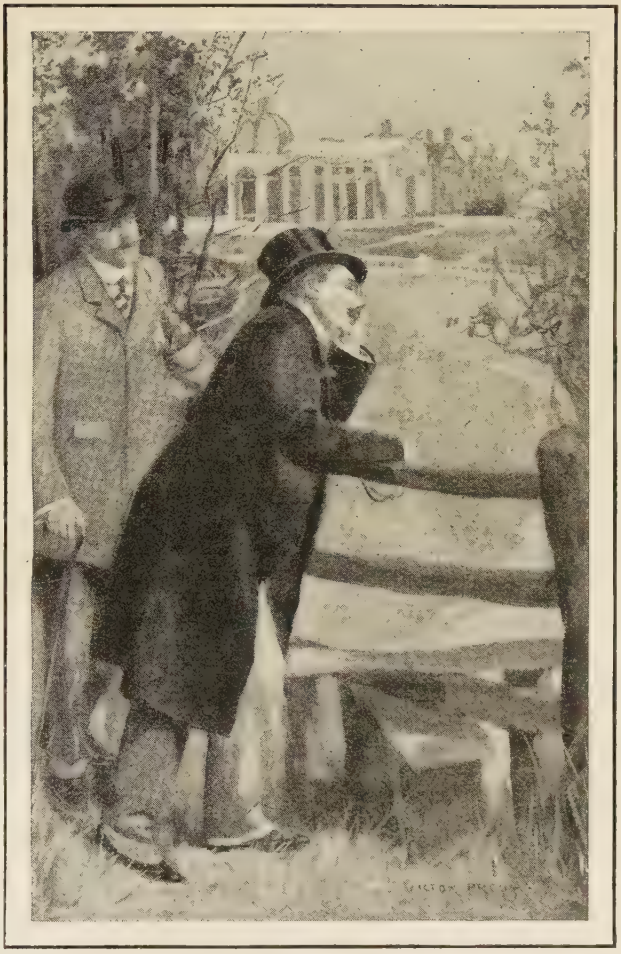
"It's abscondin'. They'll have a warrant."

"I don't understand," I said.

"It's all up, George—all up and over." He paused. "Writin' things down— I done something."

His little bloodshot eyes stared at Crest Hill.

"That chap Whitaker Wright," he said, "he had his stuff ready. I haven't. Now you got it, George. That's the sort of hole I'm in."



'IT'S ALL UP, GEORGE. . . . ALL UP AND OVER'
From the drawing by Victor Prout

. . . .

The incidents of our flight in Lord Roberts Beta do not arrange themselves in any consecutive order. My uncle grew more and more manifestly ill with every stage in our journey. Through most of the long night, when we hung over the Channel, struggling with the east wind, he dozed. Even when we landed in the marshes near Bordeaux, and lost the aeroplane, he only woke and fell asleep again; but he did not finally collapse until I had installed him in an inn at Luzon Gare, a little French frontier town, and organized a sick-room and found a nurse.

I have tried to make you picture my uncle time after time as the adventurer of the early days of Tono-Bungay, as the confident, prosperous plutocrat. And now I have to tell of him strangely changed under the shadow of oncoming death, with his skin lax and yellow and glistening with sweat, his eyes large and glassy, his countenance unfamiliar through the growth of a beard, his nose pinched and thin. Never had he looked so small as now. And he talked to me in a whispering, strained voice—of great issues, of why his life had been, and whither he was going. Poor little man! That last phase is, as it were, disconnected from all the other phases. It was as if he had crawled out of the ruins of his career and looked about him before he died.

He knew he was almost certainly dying. In a way, that took the burden of his cares off his mind.

"It has been a great career, George," he said; "but I shall be glad to rest—glad to rest, glad to rest!"

The little Protestant clergyman watched that first night. He had heard of the straits we were in, and he had come to help. In the small hours he raised the house with the alarm that my uncle was dying.

The stuffy little room was crowded when I reached it, and lit by three flickering candles. I felt I was back in the eighteenth century. There lay my poor uncle amidst indescribably tumbled bedclothes, weary of life beyond measure, weary of rambling, and the little clergyman trying to hold his hand and his attention.

Close at hand was the doctor, with one of those cruel and idiotic injection needles modern science puts in the hands of these half-educated young men, keeping my uncle flickeringly alive for no reason whatever. The *religieuse* hovered sleepily in the background with an overdue and neglected dose. In addition, the landlady had not only got up herself, but roused an aged crone of a mother and a partially imbecile husband. There they all were, wearily nocturnal, hastily and carelessly dressed, intent upon the life that flickered and sank, making a public and curious show of its going, queer shapes of human beings lit by three uncertain candles, and every soul of them keenly and avidly resolved to be in at the death.

And my uncle spoilt the climax, and did not die until the next night.

Near the end he suddenly became clear-minded and lucid, albeit very weak, and his voice was little, but clear.

"George," he said.

"I'm here," I said, "close beside you."

"George, you have always been responsible for the science. George, you know better than I do. Is—is it proved?"

"What proved?"

"Either way? Death ends all. After so much—such splendid beginnings. Somewhere—something."

I stared at him, amazed. His sunken eyes were very grave.

"It seems to me, George, always, there must be something in me that won't die."

He looked at me as though the decision rested with me.

"I think," he said—"something."

He became silent. For a time he struggled for breath. It seemed such nonsense that he should have to suffer so—poor, silly little man!

"George," he said, and his weak little hand came out, "perhaps——"

"Yes, I think so," I said stoutly.

"Aren't you sure?"

"Oh, practically sure!" said I. And I think he tried to squeeze my hand.

And there I sat, holding his hand tight, and trying to think what seeds of immortality could be found in all his being, what sort of ghost there was in him to wander out into the bleak immensities. Queer fancies came over me. He lay still for a long time, save for a brief struggle or so for breath; and ever and again I wiped his mouth and lips.

I fell into a pit of thought. I did not remark at first the change that was creeping over his face. He lay back on his pillow, made a faint zzzing sound that ceased, and presently, and quite quietly, he died, greatly comforted by my assurance.

I do not know when he died. His hand relaxed insensibly. Suddenly, with a start, with a shock, I found that his mouth had fallen open, and that he was dead.

Ernst Heinrich Haeckel

The Riddle of The Universe

Outlined by Joseph McCabe

Darwin's Origin of Species was published in 1859, and the theory of evolution there propounded won the immediate assent of Ernst Haeckel, then just embarking upon his long professional career. In 1866 Haeckel published his own first important work upon evolution, General Morphology of Organisms, and his other expositions of the subject include Natural History of Creation, 1868; The Last Link, 1898; and the Riddle of the Universe, 1901. This immensely popular work has been translated into at least seventeen languages, the English version being made by Joseph McCabe, who has prepared the following epitome of it. The book contains Haeckel's theory of monism, whereby he claims to have demonstrated the non-existence of a personal God, of free will and of the soul of man after death, and it is accepted as a popular text book of rationalism. A cheap edition is published by the Rationalist Press Association, by whose permission this outline is given.

I—The Story of Man's Development

The remarkable progress of knowledge which is distinctive of the nineteenth century has not contributed as much as it should have done to our general and philosophic views of the universe. Specialists have confined themselves too rigorously to their several branches of research, and the solution of the great riddles of the universe has been left to the unprofitable efforts of metaphysicians. I have always protested against this narrow concentration of scientists on the one hand, and the sterility of the purely philosophic method on the other. It is my intention, therefore, to sum up the discoveries made and see how far we have advanced toward a solution of the great problems of existence.

Two great truths may be indicated as established by the research of modern science. The first is the dual law of the constancy or indestructibility of matter and energy. The second great truth is that of evolution.

It is now generally accepted that the substance at the root of all things is imperishable, and is constantly changing its forms, owing to a process of evolution. Science points to the eternal unfolding of an infinite substance, which underlies all visible appearances. We seem, therefore, to be confronted to-day with one great riddle of the universe. Are there two distinct elements in the universe, matter and spirit, as the dualists assert, or can we reduce these to two different aspects of the one fundamental reality? The latter solution, which I term 'monism,' I hold to be the correct one.

As far as the bodily frame of man is concerned, there are now few who doubt that it is only the culmination of a gradual process of organic development. Anatomy shows a remarkable continuity of type throughout the whole animal world; and the body of man, like that of all animals, consists of millions of cells.

When we study the frame of man in these respects we find that he has all the characters of a vertebrate animal. A close comparison of the bones of his limbs with those of other vertebrates further discloses that he is, in essence and origin, a quadruped. Rising to the higher group of mammals, we learn, by comparative study, that man is a true mammal, and in the end we are able to trace his close relationship to the man-like apes. The differences between his frame and that of the large apes are very slight in comparison with the innumerable similarities.

From the bodily frame we turn to the life functions. Physiology has made such progress in explaining the life processes on mechanical principles that we have to discard the old theory of vitalism—the theory that life is an energy of an immaterial nature. Physiologically

considered, man is a mammal, and the higher apes are his nearest associates.

The embryonic development of man confirms this statement. Even in the early stages, man develops from the germ as other animals do. At successive stages the human embryo so closely resembles certain groups of the lower animals that only an expert can distinguish between them.

These analogies are fittingly explained in the discovery, by Lamarck and Darwin, of the fact of evolution. Charles Darwin provided a scientific basis for this theory by his scheme of 'natural selection,' and in various works I sought to carry out his idea by drawing up ancestral trees of the different groups of animals. These are constructed on the joint evidence of palaeontology, or the record of fossil remains in the past, of embryology and of comparative anatomy, or the comparison of the forms of existing animals. Here, again, we are forced to associate man with the higher apes. In 1894, indeed, we discovered the actual remains of the long-sought missing link. These bones are now regarded as relics of a being half way between the lowest man and the highest ape—the *Pithecanthropus*, or ape-man, of Java.

II—The Evolution of Mind

When we turn from the evolution of body to the evolution of mind we find less agreement. The monistic and dualistic schools are here in sharp contrast. Our monistic school holds that the mind, or soul, of man is a natural phenomenon, derived by evolution from the mind of lower animals. We regard it simply as a name for the group of mental activities, dependent, like all other phenomena, on a material substratum. The dualist believes that the soul is a spiritual substance and will survive the dissolution of the body.

The solution of this monistic problem is rendered difficult by the very speculative methods of psychology. Such confusion of ideas is engendered by this that some eminent thinkers, *e.g.* Kant, Virchow and Du Bois-Reymond, abandoned in later years their earlier dogmatic monism.

We must approach the problem with more positive methods. The most important of these is the method of comparative psychology, or the comparison of man's mental powers with those of the lower animals. With this must be coupled the study of what we may call the embryology of the soul. If, as we believe, the development of the individual roughly reproduces the series of forms which enter into his ancestral tree, the gradual growth of the child's mind should teach us much.

Another excellent method is the comparative study of the minds of the lower races of men. The best results, however, are to be expected from comparative animal psychology.

Surveying the animal world in this respect, we find a series of psychic gradations, corresponding to the graduated system of species. Our problem is to trace the unity of all the groups. The first hint that we get of this is the unity of the material foundation of mind, the psychoplasm, or nerve plasm, on which all psychic life depends. At the lowest level of microscopic life this peculiar form of plasm is not yet separately developed. The whole life is, as a rule, equally sensitive. At a higher stage nerve cells appear on the surface of the animal, and, higher still, these form into definite organs of sense, while a group within forms a rudimentary brain. The next step in advance is the integration of the nervous system, or the more effective communication between the central brain and the surface organs. With the appearance of this advanced central organ, blending the separate impressions of different organs, we reach conscious perception.

While the higher developments of consciousness are peculiarly advanced in man, reason is not confined to him. It is found in many of the higher insects and mammals. Language and emotion are also found in less developed forms among the lower animals, while the freedom of the will, which is claimed exclusively for man, is not only rejected by many distinguished psychologists and naturalists, but was not admitted by some eminent theologians.

We have to study the line of advance of

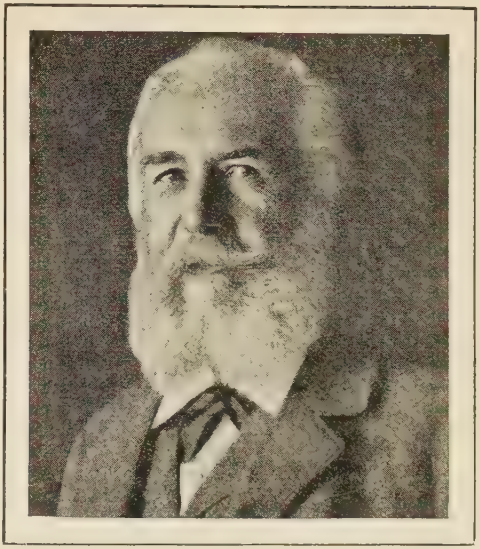
mind in the animal world in much the same way as we study the development of body. We must consult the fossil records, compare the different stages of the embryo with groups of lower animals, and further compare these groups with one another. These are the three great documents of evolution.

In this way we find that the germ of the human being corresponds to the one-celled microscopic animal, which has only a diffused sensitiveness. The single germ cell then splits up into a ball-like centre, which corresponds with certain animals at the lowest level of many-celled structure. At this stage we have a communal 'soul' as each cell retains its individual cell-soul. The cells of the germ then unite and spread out to form tissues, each of which may be said to have a communal soul. In the sense in which we take the word 'soul'—as the sum of psychic activities—we must award a soul to the plant; and, in point of fact, modern research has detected a wonderful sensitiveness in the vegetal world.

In the animal, however, as in the human embryo, some of the cells now develop into nerve, and we get a stage corresponding to the coral, or the jelly-fish. Organs of sense appear in the head, and the body elongates like that of a worm, which is the next stage in man's ancestry. A nerve cord appears in the back, the membranous (and, later, bony) sheath closes over to protect it, the upper end swells into a brain, and we get the lower vertebrate, or fish stage.

From this, through the amphibia, the primitive reptile and a kangaroo-like type, we rise to the lower apes, higher apes and finally the human level. The differences of brain structure and psychic faculty between man and the higher apes are slighter than between the higher apes and the lemurs. We therefore look to the process of evolution for the origin of the human mind.

Our conclusion is only confirmed when we come to study consciousness in itself.



ERNST HEINRICH HAECKEL was born at Potsdam, February 16, 1834. He qualified as a physician but abandoned medicine for natural history and specialised in zoology, becoming director of the zoological institute at Jena in 1862 and, in 1865, professor of zoology at Jena university. He held that chair for 48 years and on retiring in 1909 devoted himself to the establishment of a museum of evolution. A master of zoology and an authority on botany and embryology, Haeckel's industry produced something like half a hundred scientific works. He died at Jena, August 8, 1919.

We no longer admit Descartes's theory that it is peculiar to man, and resides in the pineal body. Personally, I admit consciousness wherever there is a centralised nervous system. Below that I regard the psychic processes as unconscious, and only in that sense ascribe 'soul' to the cell, and even to the atom.

Recent research has shown that the development of consciousness in man is connected with the greater size and complexity of the rind of grey nerve matter which covers the brain. Roughly, the part of this surface layer which underlies the upper part of the forehead seems to be the most important centre. When we further study the effect on mind of disease of the brain, of narcotics and anaesthetics, we are forced to conclude that consciousness is no more than a function of the brain.

III—Problems of the Cosmos

Now that we have brought man within the unity of the whole by proving the fact of his evolution, we ask ourselves what light we are in a position to throw on the broader problems which make up our riddle of the universe. The first of these is the question of the immortality of the soul.

Some of the greatest philosophers of ancient Greece and many French thinkers

of the eighteenth century denied the immortality of the soul. The great progress of our knowledge of the brain and of experimental physiology has, together with the theory of evolution, given a scientific basis to this denial.

No matter how we conceive the soul, whether in the more or less material way of popular belief, or in the metaphysical terms of spiritual philosophers, whether we liken it to ether, or to gas, or make it a pure abstraction, it remains a function of the brain, and disappears with the brain. Nearly all arguments for man's immortality have their origin in an emotional craving or a groundless belief.

When we learn how mental activities depend on physical and chemical processes, and how evolution traces the human mind down to the minds of the lower animals, we have to abandon the belief that there is anything in us that will survive the body.

We thus bring mind into the unity of the cosmos, and must now contemplate that unity in the light of recent physical discoveries. These are, as I said, mainly summed up in the two great laws of the conservation or indestructibility of matter and energy. These laws, however, merely relate to two different aspects of the cosmos. From the monistic point of view they are two applications of one law, which I call the law of substance.

Following Spinoza and Goethe, we conceive all existence as one fundamental and constant substance, of which matter and spirit are only two different aspects, or attributes. Mind is resolved into the ordinary energies of nature, which are focussed in the human brain. These energies, in turn, modern physics has reduced to one fundamental energy; just as it has reduced all forms of matter to one fundamental form.

The nature of this fundamental substance has been much illumined by recent physical research. The theory which seems most accordant with the facts, which answers best in biology, is that which regards atoms as condensations of a simple substance filling the whole of space with unbroken continuity. The concentrated centres give us the atoms of what is called ponderable matter. The thinner medium surrounding them is the imponderable ether. The strain laid on this ether by the condensation is the source of all forms of energy. The ether is probably a kind of elastic jelly, not divided into atoms, filling the infinite expanse of space.

In the question of the origin and development of this substance we have the greatest of all cosmic problems. It has generally been believed that we must ascribe the origin of things to a creative action, but the science of evolution has now restricted this action. Few scientific men now admit a series of creative acts, after the manner of Genesis or of Cuvier's catastrophic theory. A certain number would postulate separate creative acts for the inorganic world and for life; but the tendency now is to suppose that the material of the cosmos was made by one creative act, and that a process of natural evolution has given rise to life and mind and all the other contents of the universe.

Our monistic cosmogony does not admit creation, in the supernatural sense of making something out of nothing. The law of substance implies that matter and movement are neither destroyed nor created, and all that astronomy tells us about the evolution of worlds confirms this. It points only to an infinite substance in eternal evolution. The condensation of the primitive substance gives us matter and energy. Ponderable matter then gathers into nebulae, which, in turn, condense into suns, and throw off planets. When the planet has cooled down sufficiently, the waters settle on it and the first elementary living things appear.

In reducing the vital processes to mechanical and chemical energy, science has made it possible for us to admit the spontaneous generation, or abiogenesis, of life. Physiological chemistry has resolved living things into the ordinary elements of nature, and points to carbon, with its remarkable properties of combination, as the chief element in the natural evolution of life. The mechanical explanation—interpretation in terms of matter and energy—has displaced the older idea of purpose or design. There is purpose in living organisms only in the same sense as in machines,

not in the sense that they have a mysterious 'vital force.'

We thus come to the last great cosmic problem, the relation of God and the world. From every shade of polytheism the higher religions have passed to monotheism. In the higher forms of religion the Deity is conceived as a pure spirit; but the idea of His activity is still anthropomorphic. Pantheism, or monism, denies that God is distinct from the world, and so reaches the supreme unity of things. This idea began among the ancient Hindus, was very prevalent among the Greek philosophers, and in modern times found fine expression in Spinoza and Goethe. It coincides with our monistic view. Atheism is the negative aspect of the system. As Schopenhauer says, 'Pantheism is a polite form of atheism.'

IV—What is the True Religion?

All sound science aims to attain a knowledge of the truth. This knowledge ultimately consists of impressions made on our sense organs by the outer world, and is limited by the nature of those organs. As Locke said, 'There is nothing in the intellect which was not first in the senses.' However, the thinker is not content with the defective knowledge of the outer world which is obtained through our imperfect sense organs. He builds up the sense impressions into ideas, and he fills up the gaps of this knowledge with what may be called, in the broad sense, faith. Science cannot advance without the use of this faith, in the form of theories and hypotheses.

What usually goes by the name of faith, however, is belief in a miracle or in supernatural agencies, and contradicts the well known laws of nature. It is always anthropomorphic, is constantly changing, and has led in the past to an incalculable amount of cruelty and bloodshed. The only true revelation is found in the candid and patient study of nature.

The growth of this feeling in recent years led to an historic struggle between Christianity and science. In monism, which is a connecting link between religion and science, the modern struggle reaches its solution. It satisfies the ethical craving of the emotion no less than the logical demand of the reason.

The bitter struggle, or *Kulturkampf*, of Protestantism and Catholicism in Germany is a vivid illustration of a false vitality in religion. We need a peaceful and progressive religion, built on the study of nature and the cultivation of virtue. The monistic ideal of virtue is identical with that of pure Christianity; but we dissent wholly from the elements of asceticism and disdain of beauty in that system. The religion of the monist is the cult of the true, the good and the beautiful. His church is commensurate with the whole of glorious nature.

For the monist, therefore, the moral world is not a distinct reality from the physical world. Both are aspects of one reality. We find the origin of moral feeling in the social instincts of the animal, as Herbert Spencer has shown in founding monistic ethics on a basis of evolution.

In this way we come to adjust the claims of egoism and altruism, which are often wrongly opposed to each other in ethics. These social instincts lead us directly to the golden rule: 'Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself,' a rule which was formulated by Chinese and Greek moralists before the time of Christ. We avoid asceticism and are induced to behave kindly to animals, to seek the brightening of this life, to maintain the family as the foundation of society and to lay greater stress on the improvement of education.

One comprehensive riddle remains—the nature of substance. What is the real character of this mighty world-wonder, which the realistic scientist calls nature, or the universe, the idealist philosopher calls substance, or the cosmos, the pious believer calls creator, or God? We must grant that the innermost nature of this substance is still impenetrable, but we should leave brooding over this ideal phantom and rather rejoice in the progress we have made. Possibly the twentieth century will complete the task, and bring about the long-desired unity of world-conception.

Drollery that Set a New Fashion in Comedy

OLIVER GOLDSMITH

SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER

SENTIMENTAL comedy was still the fashion when, reluctantly and anticipating failure, George Colman yielded to pressure from Dr. Johnson and on March 15, 1773, produced Goldsmith's second comedy at Covent Garden. The drollery of the piece proved irresistible. The play was a hilarious triumph, ran to the end of the season, was revived in the following season and 'has made thousands of honest people merry ever since.' In the history of English drama the play is important as being one of the first effective blows against the artificial and meretricious 'genteel' or sentimental comedy of the eighteenth century. Goldsmith had led an unsuccessful assault against this with his first play, The Good Natur'd Man; with She Stoops to Conquer he stormed its position and its overthrow was accomplished by Sheridan's more brilliantly witty masterpiece, The School for Scandal. An outline of Oliver Goldsmith's Life as recorded by John Forster appears elsewhere in *The World's Great Books*.

PERSONS IN THE PLAY

Mr. Hardcastle	Tony Lumpkin	Constance Neville
Mrs. Hardcastle	Hastings	Sir Charles Marlow
Kate Hardcastle	Marlow	Servants

First Act

SCENE I.—Mr. Hardcastle's *house*. Mr. *and* Mrs. Hardcastle.

MRS. HARDCASTLE: I vow, Mr. Hardcastle, I hate such old-fashioned trumpery.

Hardcastle: And I love it; old friends, old times, old manners, old books, old wine, and I believe you'll own I've been pretty fond of an old wife.

Mrs. Hardcastle: Oh, you're for ever at your old wifes. I'm not so old as you'd make me. I was twenty when my son Tony was born, and he's not come to years of discretion yet.

Hardcastle: Nor ever will, I dare answer; you've taught him finely. Alehouse and stable are his only schools.

Mrs. Hardcastle: Poor boy, anyone can see he's consumptive. [Tony *is heard hallooing.*

Hardcastle: Oh, very consumptive!

[Tony *crosses, and* Mrs. Hardcastle *follows him out. Enter* Kate Hardcastle.

Hardcastle: Blessings on my pretty innocence! What a quantity of superfluous silk hast thou got about thee, girl!

Kate: But in the evening I am to wear my housewife's dress to please you; you know our agreement, sir.

Hardcastle: By the by, I shall have to try your obedience this very evening. In fact, Kate, I expect the young gentleman I have chosen to be your husband, this very day; and my old friend, his father, Sir Charles Marlow, soon after him. I shall not control your choice, but I am told that he is of an excellent understanding.

Kate: Is he?

Hardcastle: Very generous.

Kate: I believe I shall like him.

Hardcastle: Young and brave.

Kate: I'm sure I shall like him.

Hardcastle: And very handsome.

Kate: Say no more; he's mine.

Hardcastle: And, to crown all, he's one of the most reserved and bashful young fellows in the world.

Kate: That word has undone all the rest, still, I think I'll have him. (*Exit* Hardcastle.) Reserved and sheepish. Can't he be cured? (*Enter* Miss Neville.) I'm glad you came, my dear. I am threatened with a lover, the son of Sir Charles Marlow.

Miss Neville: The most intimate friend of Mr. Hastings, my admirer; and such a character. Among ladies of reputation the modestest man alive, but with others——

Miss Hardcastle: And has my mother been courting you for my brother Tony, as usual? I could almost love him for hating you so.

Miss Neville: It is a good-natured creature at bottom, and I'm sure would wish to see me married to anyone but himself. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*An alehouse.* Tony Lumpkin *carousing with the village riff-raff.* Marlow *and* Hastings *arrive, and inquire the way to* Mr. Hardcastle's *house.* Tony *tells them they cannot possibly reach the house that night, but directs them to it as an inn.*

Tony: The old Buck's Head on the hill, one of the best inns in the whole country. But the landlord is rich and just going to leave off business; so he wants to be thought a gentleman, and will be for giving you his company. Ecod, he'll persuade you that his mother was an alderman and his aunt a justice of the peace. I'll just step myself, and show you a piece of the way. [*Exeunt.*

Second Act

SCENE:—*The hall of* Hardcastle's *house.* Marlow *and* Hastings *have just arrived at the supposed inn, and the supposed innkeeper is paying hospitable attention to their belongings. Enter* Marlow *and* Hastings.

HASTINGS : Upon my word, a very well-looking house ; antique, but creditable.

Marlow : The usual fate of a large mansion. Having just ruined the master by good house-keeping, it at last comes to levy contribution as an inn.

Hastings : Good and bad, you have lived pretty much among them ; and yet, with all your experience you have never acquired any show of assurance. How shall you behave to the lady you have come down to visit ?

Marlow : As I behave to all other ladies. A barmaid, now, or a milliner—but to me a modest woman dressed out in all her finery is the most tremendous object in creation. An impudent fellow may counterfeit modesty, but I'll be hanged if a modest man can counterfeit impudence. I shall bow very low, answer yes and no, and I don't think I shall venture to look her in the face. The fact is, I have really come down to forward your affair, not mine. Miss Neville loves you, the family don't know you ; as my friend you are sure of a reception, and—— Here comes mine host to interrupt us.

[*Enter* Hardcastle.

Hardcastle : Heartily welcome once more, gentlemen ; which is Mr. Marlow ? Sir, you are heartily welcome.

Marlow : He has got our names from the servants already.

[Marlow and Hastings converse together, ostentatiously ignoring Hardcastle's attempts to join in with a story of Marlborough at the siege of Denain.]

Marlow : My good friend, a glass of that punch would help us to carry on the siege.

Hardcastle : Punch, sir ! (*Aside*) This is the most unaccountable kind of modesty I ever met with. Well, here, Mr. Marlow, here's to our better acquaintance.

Marlow : A very impudent fellow, but a character ; I'll humour him. Sir, my service to you. (*They drink.*) Well, now, what have you in the house for supper ?

Hardcastle : For supper ! (*Aside.*) Was ever such a request to a man in his own house !

Marlow : Yes, sir ; supper. I begin to feel an appetite.

Hardcastle : Sure, such a brazen dog—— Sir, I believe the bill of fare is drawn out ; you shall see it. (*The menu is produced and discussed in scathing terms. Then* Marlow *insists on seeing himself that the beds are properly aired.*) Well, sir, I will attend you. This may be modern modesty, but I never saw anything so like old-fashioned impudence.

[*Exeunt* Hardcastle *and* Marlow.

Hastings : This fellow's civilities begin to grow troublesome. (*Enter* Miss Neville.) Miss Neville, by all that's happy !

Miss Neville : My dear Hastings !

Hastings : But how could I have hoped to meet my dearest Constance at an inn ?

Miss Neville : An inn ! You mistake. My aunt, my guardian, lives here. How could you think this house an inn ?

Hastings : My friend, Mr. Marlow, and I were directed hither by a young fellow——

Miss Neville : One of my hopeful cousin's tricks.

Hastings : We must keep up the deception with Marlow ; else he will fly.

[Hastings has planned to elope with Miss Neville ; she wishes first to get into her own hands her jewelry, which is in Mrs. Hardcastle's possession. As they complete their plot Marlow enters.]

Hastings : My dear Marlow, the most fortunate event ! Let me present Miss Constance Neville. She and Miss Hardcastle have just alighted to take fresh horses. Miss Hardcastle will be here directly. Isn't it fortunate ?

Marlow : Oh, yes ; very fortunate, a most joyful encounter ; but our dresses, George ! To-morrow will be every bit as convenient. Let it be to-morrow.

Hastings : Pshaw, man ! Courage, courage ! It is but the first plunge.

[*Enter* Kate, *as from a walk.* Hastings *introduces them.*

Kate (*after a pause*) : I am glad of your safe arrival, sir. I am told you had some accidents by the way.

Marlow : A few, madam. Yes, we had some. Yes, a good many. But I should be sorry, madam —I mean glad—of any accidents that are so agreeably concluded. George, sure you won't go ?

Hastings : You don't consider, man, that we are to manage a little *tête-à-tête* of our own.

[*Exeunt* Hastings *and* Miss Neville.

Marlow : I am afraid, madam, I—hem—grow tiresome.

Kate : Not at all, sir ; there is nothing I like so much as grave conversation. You were going to observe——

Marlow : I was about to observe, madam—I was—I protest, I forget——

Kate : Something about hypocrisy—this age of hypocrisy.

Marlow : Ah, yes. In this age of hypocrisy there are few who—a—a—— But I see Miss Neville expects us ; shall I——

Kate : I'll follow you. If I could teach him a little confidence ! [*Exeunt.*

[Mrs. Hardcastle, Miss Neville, Hastings and Tony enter. In pursuance of their plot, Constance engages Tony in a determined flirtation, to his extreme disgust, while Hastings wins the heart of Mrs. Hardcastle by extravagant flatteries. On the pretext of bringing the 'dear, sweet, pretty, provoking, undutiful boy' to a better mind, Hastings gets rid of the ladies, and then offers to take Miss Neville off Tony's hands. Tony joyfully engages to help the elopement and procure Miss Neville's jewels.]

'ARE YOU A FAVOURITE AMONG THE LADIES?'

Our illustration shows Miss Ethel Irving as Kate Hardcastle and Mr. Robert Loraine as Charles Marlow in a revival of She Stoops to Conquer at the Haymarket Theatre, London, in 1909.

Third Act

SCENE.—*As before.* *Enter* **Tony** *with a casket.*

TONY: Ecod, I've got 'em. Cousin Con's necklaces, bobs and all. My mother shan't cheat the poor souls out of their fortin. (*Enter* **Hastings.**) Here's your sweetheart's jewels. If I hadn't a key to every drawer in my mother's bureau——Never you mind me. Zounds, here she comes. Keep 'em. Morrice! Prance!

[*Exit* **Hastings.** *Enter* **Miss Neville** *and* **Mrs. Hardcastle,** *who refuses to let her ward have her jewels.*

Mrs. Hardcastle: They are missing, I assure you. My son knows they are missing, and not to be found.

Tony: I can bear witness to that. I'll take my oath on't.

Mrs. Hardcastle: In the meantime, you can use my garnets. [*Exit.*

Miss Neville: I detest garnets.

Tony: Don't be a fool! If she gives 'em you, take what you can get. I've stolen your jewels out of the bureau. She's found it out, ecod, by the noise. Fly to your spark, and he'll tell you all about it. Vanish! [*Exit* **Miss Neville.**

[Kate has reported Marlow's bashfulness to Hardcastle, who has told another tale. She has since learnt Marlow's blunder, and that he has taken her in her 'housewife's dress' for the barmaid. She has resolved to test him in this character. She enters at the same time as Marlow, who is studying his notebook.]

Kate: Did you call, sir?

Marlow (*not looking up*): No, child.

Kate: Perhaps it was the other gentleman?

Marlow: No, no, child, I tell you! (*Looking up.*) That is—yes, I think I did call. I vow, child, you're vastly handsome.

Kate: Oh, la, sir, you'll make one ashamed!

Marlow: Suppose I should call for a taste of the nectar of your lips?

Kate: Nectar? Nectar? We keep no French wines. (*He tries to kiss her.*) Pray keep your distance. I'm sure you didn't treat Miss Hardcastle so. Are you a favourite among the ladies?

Marlow: Yes, my dear. At the ladies' club up in town they call me their Agreeable Rattle. Do you ever work, child?

Kate: Ay, sure. There's not a screen or a quilt in the house but bears witness to that.

Marlow: You must show me your embroidery.

[As he seizes her hand, Hardcastle enters. *Exit* Marlow. Kate persuades her father to give her an hour to clear Marlow's character.]

Fourth Act

SCENE.—*As before.* **Hastings** *has passed over the jewels to* **Marlow's** *care. The unconscious* **Marlow** *has told him that the servant by his order has placed them in charge of the landlady. Enter* **Hardcastle,** solus.

HARDCASTLE: My house is turned topsy-turvy. His servants are drunk already. For his father's sake, I'll be calm. (*Enter* **Marlow.**) Mr. Marlow, sir, the conduct of your servants is insufferable. Their manner of drinking is setting a very bad example.

Marlow: I protest, my good friend, that's no fault of mine. They had my positive orders to drink as much as they could.

Hardcastle: Zounds, I shall go distracted! I'll stand it no longer! I desire that you and your drunken pack shall leave my house directly.

Marlow: Leave your house? I never heard such cursed impudence. Bring me my bill.

Hardcastle: Nor I, confound me if ever I did!

Marlow: My bill, I say.

Hardcastle: Young man, young man, from your father's letter I expected a well bred, modest visitor, not a coxcomb and a bully. But he will be down here presently, and shall hear more of it. [*Exit.*

Marlow : How's this ? Surely I have not mistaken the house ? Everything looks like an inn. The barmaid, too. (*Enter* **Kate.**) A word with you, child. Who are you ?

Kate : A poor relation, sir, who looks after the guests.

Marlow : That is, you're the barmaid of this inn ?

Kate : Inn ? Oh, la ! What brought that into your head ? Old Mr. Hardcastle's house an inn !

Marlow : Mr. Hardcastle's house ? Mr. Hardcastle's ? So all's out. I shall be laughed at over the whole town. To mistake this house of all others—and my father's old friend. What must he think of me ! And may I be hanged, my dear, but I mistook you for the barmaid. I mistook—but it's over. This house I no more show my face in. By heaven, she weeps ! But the difference of our birth, fortune, education—an honourable connexion would be impossible, and I would never harbour a thought of any other. Farewell. [*Exit.*

Kate : He shall not go, If I have power to detain him. I will undeceive my father, and he shall laugh him out of his resolution. [*Exit.*

[The second couple are about to take flight without the jewels, by Tony's help, when he receives a note from Hastings, which—not knowing its source—he hands to his mother to decipher. She resolves to carry Miss Neville off forthwith, to place her in charge of her old Aunt Pedigree, in the coach prepared for the elopement. Tony being ordered to attend them on horseback, hits on an expedient which he does not reveal, but contents himself with bidding Hastings meet him two hours hence in the garden. The party start on their journey.]

Fifth Act

SCENE I.—Sir **Charles Marlow** *has arrived, and the two elders have been making merry over the blunder ; both are now eager for the marriage. But they are mystified by* **Marlow's** *assertion that he is indifferent to* **Miss Hardcastle,** *and his assertion is corroborated by what* **Hardcastle** *saw.*

SCENE II.—*The back of the garden. Enter* **Tony,** *booted and spattered, meeting* **Hastings.**

TONY : Ecod, five-and-twenty miles in two hours and a half is no such bad driving.

Hastings : But where are your fellow-passengers ? Where have you left the ladies ?

Tony : Why, where I found 'em ! Led 'em astray, man. There's not a pond or a slough within five miles of the place but they can tell the taste of ; and finished with the horse-pond at the back of the garden. Mother's confoundedly frightened, and thinks herself forty miles off. So now, if your own horses be ready, you can whip off with my cousin, and no one to budge an inch after you.

Hastings : My dear friend, how can I be grateful ? [*Exit.*

Tony : Here she comes—got up from the pond. [*Enter* **Mrs. Hardcastle.**

Mrs. Hardcastle : Oh, Tony, I'm killed—shook—battered to death ! That last jolt has done for me. Whereabout are we ?

Tony : Crackskull Common by my guess, forty miles from home. Don't be afraid. Is that a man galloping behind us ? Don't be afraid.

Mrs. Hardcastle : Oh, there's a man coming ! We are undone !

Tony (*aside*) : Father-in-law, by all that's unlucky ! Hide yourself, and keep close if I cough ; it will mean danger. [*Enter* **Hardcastle.**

Hardcastle : I'm sure I heard voices. What, Tony ? Are you back already ? (**Tony** *laughs.*)

Mrs. Hardcastle (*running forward*) : Oh, lud ; he'll murder my poor boy ! Here, good gentleman, whet your rage on me. Take my money, take my life, good Mr. Highwayman, but spare my child.

Hardcastle : Sure, Dorothy, you have not lost your wits ? This is one of your tricks, you graceless rogue. Don't you remember me, and the mulberry tree and the horse-pond ?

Mrs. Hardcastle : I shall remember it as long as I live. And this is your doing—you——

Tony : Ecod, mother, all the parish says you've spoilt me, so you may take the fruits on't. [*Exeunt.*

[Miss Neville thinks better of the elopement and resolves to appeal to Mr. Hardcastle's influence with his wife. This improved plan is carried to a successful issue, with great satisfaction to Tony Lumpkin.]

SCENE III.—*The hall.* **Sir Charles** *and* **Hardcastle** *witness, from concealment, the formal proposal of* **Marlow** *to make the supposed 'poor relation' his wife. They break in.*

Sir Charles : Charles, Charles, how thou hast deceived me ! Is this your indifference ?

Hardcastle : Your cold contempt ? Your formal interview ? What have you to say ?

Marlow : That I'm all amazement. What can it mean ?

Hardcastle : It means that you say and unsay things at pleasure ; that you can address a lady in private and deny it in public ; that you have one story for us and another for my daughter.

Marlow : Daughter ? This lady your daughter ? Oh, the devil ! Oh—— !

Kate : In which of your characters may we address you ? The faltering gentleman who looks on the ground and hates hypocrisy, or the bold, forward Agreeable Rattle of the ladies' club ?

Marlow : Zounds, this is worse than death ! I must be gone.

Hardcastle : But you shall not ! I see it was all a mistake. She'll forgive you ; we'll all forgive you. Courage, man ! And if she makes as good a wife as she has a daughter, I don't believe you'll ever repent your bargain So now to supper. To-morrow we shall gather all the poor of this parish about us : the mistakes of the night shall be crowned with a merry morning.

JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU

CONFESSIONS

THE first five books of Rousseau's Confessions were written at Wootton in Derbyshire, where the philosopher secured a house when he took refuge in England in 1766. The work was completed after his return to France and first published in 1782. The autobiography is unique as the candid and unashamed exposure of the follies and vices of a man of melancholy temperament and weak will completely self-deluded with regard to his own imperfections. Rousseau was the literary originator of what came to be called sentimentalism. He preached the doctrine that man should return to nature, that political society should be based on social contract, that education should teach only the useful arts, and that the affections and emotions should be given perfect freedom. These principles are expounded alike in his novels, his philosophical treatises, his essays and his autobiographies, and on literature, politics, manners and morals Rousseau's influence was immense. There are various popular editions of the Confessions in English.

I—A Man Unveiled

I AM undertaking a task for which there is no example, and one which will find no imitator. It is to exhibit a man in the whole truth of nature ; and the man whom I shall reveal is myself. Myself alone ; for I verily believe I am like no other living man. In this book I have hidden nothing evil and added nothing good; and I challenge any man to say, having unveiled his heart with equal sincerity, 'I am better than he.'

I was born at Geneva in 1712, son of Isaac Rousseau, watchmaker, and of Susanne, his wife. My birth, the first of my misfortunes, cost my mother her life, and I came into the world so weakly that I was not expected to live. My father's sister lavished on me the tenderest care, and he, disconsolate, loved me with extreme affection.

Like all children, but even more than others, I felt before I thought ; and my consciousness was first awakened by reading stories with my father. Sometimes we read together until the morning light. But when I was seven we came to the end of my mother's old stock of romances, and we fell back on Bossuet, Molière, Plutarch, Ovid and the like. Plutarch went far to cure me of novels ; indeed, his Lives were the means of forming that free and republican spirit, intolerant of servitude, which has been my torment. To my aunt, who knew endless songs, and used to chant them with a sweet, tiny thread of a voice, I owe my passion for music.

These, then, were my first affections. These formed that heart of mine, so proud, yet so tender ; they fashioned that effeminate yet untameable character, which has ever drifted between weakness and virtue. For I have been in contradiction with myself, in such a way that abstinence and fruition, pleasure and wisdom, have escaped me equally.

My father having left Geneva, I remained under the care of my uncle Bernard, and was placed, with his son of my own age, in the house of M. Lambercier, protestant minister at Bossey, to learn all the trivialities that are called education. Here I gained my keen love of country pleasures and tasted, with my cousin, the delights of simple friendship. But a cruel punishment for a fault which I had not committed put an end to my childish simplicity, and soon I left Bossey without regret. There followed some years of indolence at Geneva.

AFTER a brief and luckless trial of a notary's office I was apprenticed to an engraver, a petty tyrant, whose injustice taught me to lie and to steal. Dissatisfied, and in perpetual terror of my master's savagery, I here reached my sixteenth year. But one day, finding the city gates closed on my return from a country excursion, I determined, rather than face the inevitable thrashing, to seek my fortune in the unknown world.

II—My First Meeting With Madame de Warens

How fair were the illusions of freedom and of the future! I asked little—only a manor where I should be the favourite of the lord of the land, his daughter's lover, her brother's friend, and protector of the neighbourhood. I roamed the countryside, sleeping at nights in hospitable cottages, and on arriving at Confignon I called, out of curiosity, on M. de Ponteverre, the parish priest. He gave me a dinner which convinced me, even more than his arguments, of the advantages of the Catholic faith; and I was willing enough to set off, with his introduction, to Annecy. Here I was to seek Mme. de Warens, assured that her benevolence would support me for the present. Three days later I was at Annecy.

This introduction fixed my character and destiny. I was now in my sixteenth year, doubtless of engaging though not striking appearance; I had the timidity of a loving nature, always afraid of giving offence; and I was quite without knowledge of the world or of manners. I arrived on Palm Sunday, 1728. Mme. de Warens had left the house for church. I ran after her, saw her, spoke to her—how well do I remember the place, so often in later days wet with my tears and covered with kisses!

I saw an enchanting form, a countenance full of graciousness, a dazzling colour, blue eyes beaming kindness; you may imagine that my conversion was from that moment decided. Smiling, she read the good priest's letter, and sent me back for breakfast.

Louise Eléonore de Warens, daughter of a noble family of Vevey, in the Vaud country, had early married M. de Warens, of Lausanne. The marriage was childless and otherwise unfortunate; and the young wife, exasperated by some domestic difficulty, had abandoned her husband and her country, and, crossing the lake, had thrown herself at the feet of the king. He took her under his protection, gave her a moderate pension, and for fear of scandal sent her to Annecy, where she renounced her errors at the Convent of the Visitation.

She had been six years at Annecy when I met her, and was now twenty-eight years of age. Her beauty was still radiant, and her smile was angelic. She was short of stature, but it is impossible to imagine more beautiful features or hands.

Her education had been very desultory; she had learned more from lovers than from teachers. She had a strong taste for empirical medicine and for alchemy, and was always compounding elixirs, tinctures and balms, some of which she regarded as valuable secrets. So it was that charlatans, trading on her weakness, made her consume amid drugs and furnaces a genius which might have distinguished her in the highest societies.

Yet her loving and sweet character, her compassion for the unhappy, her inexhaustible goodness and her open and gay humour never changed; and even when old age was coming on, in the midst of poverty and varied misfortunes, her inward serenity preserved to the end the charming gaiety of her youth. All her mistakes arose from her activity, which demanded incessant occupation. She thirsted, not for intrigues, but for enterprises.

Well, the first sight of Mme. de Warens inspired me not only with the liveliest attachment, but with an entire trust, which was never disappointed. Her presence filled my whole being with peace and confidence.

III—My Sojourn in Turin and Return to Annecy

My situation was discussed with the bishop, and it was decided that I should go to Turin and remain for a time at an institution devoted to the instruction of catechumens. Thither I went, regarding myself as the pupil, the friend, and almost the lover, of Mme. de Warens. The great doors closed upon me, and here I was instructed for several weeks in very indifferent company. At length having been received into the Church, I found myself in the street with twenty francs in my pocket, and the counsel that I should be a good Christian.

I took a lodging in Turin, and was presently introduced, by the kindness of my hostess, to the service of a countess. But this lady died shortly afterwards,

and I left her house bearing with me lasting remorse for an atrocious action: I had accused a fellow-servant of a theft which I had committed, and thus may well have caused the poor child's ruin.

Returning to my old lodging, I spent my days in wandering about the town, often offending the public by my depravities. But I had kept certain acquaintances made during my situation with the countess, and one of these, a M. Gaime, whom I sometimes visited, gave me most valuable instruction in the principles of morals. He was a priest, and one of the most honest men I have known. I had cherished false ideas of life; he gave me a true picture of it, and showed me that happiness depends only on wisdom and that wisdom is to be found in every rank.

Then followed a new situation in the house of the Count de Gouvon, where, nominally a footman, I was soon treated more as a pupil or even as a favourite. His son, a priest, did his best to teach me Latin, and I have since realized that it was the purpose of this noble family, who had considerable political ambition, to train a talented dependant who might serve them in offices of great responsibility. But my fatal inconstancy frustrated this good fortune, my flagrant disobediences led to my dismissal, and presently I was on the road to Geneva with a gay lad from thence who had found me out in Turin.

I happened to own a mechanical toy, a little fountain, and our mad project was nothing less than to pay our way throughout the world by showing its performances in every village. We started in the highest spirits, but the fountain was never remunerative, and soon its works went wrong. This threw no gloom over our merry, fantastic journey, and it was only when Annecy was near that I became a little thoughtful, for my benefactress supposed that my last place had established me for life.

I came trembling to her door. The adorable woman showed little surprise, and no sorrow. I told my story and was forgiven. Henceforth her home was mine.

IV—My Adventures in Search of a Career

THE house was an old one, but spacious and comfortable, and the window of my room looked out, over garden and stream, to the open country. The *ménage* was by no means magnificent, but was abundant in a patriarchal way; Madame de Warens had no idea of economy, and with her hospitalities and speculations was ever running more deeply into debt. The household, besides herself and me, consisted of housemaid, cook, and a footman named Claude Anet.

From the first day, the sweetest familiarity reigned over our intercourse. She called me 'little one,' I called her my 'little mother,' and these names express the relation of our hearts. She sought always my good, never her own pleasure; she was deeply attached to me, and lavished on me her maternal caresses. I was now about nineteen years old, but was only occupied about the house in writing for her, or in helping her in her pharmaceutical experiments.

But madame was thinking of my future, and sent me on some pretext to see M. d'Aubonne, a relative of hers, to find out what might be made of me. His report of me was that I was a poor-spirited creature, narrow, ignorant and clownish, and that the career of the village priest was the best that could be hoped for. Once more, therefore, I was set to Latin at the seminary; but after some months I was returned by the bishop and rector as incapable of learning.

In the meantime I had been taken with a strong taste for music, and it was arranged that I should spend the winter at the house of M. Le Maitre, director of music at the cathedral; he was a young man of great talent, and lived only twenty paces from my little mother. There I spent one of the most pleasant times of my life.

But it was cut short by a quarrel between Le Maitre and the cathedral chapter, who had, as he thought, put a slight upon him. His revenge was to desert his post on the eve of the elaborate Easter services, and madame desired me to assist him in his flight. I was to attend him to Lyons, and remain with him as long as he should need me. Her purpose was, as I have since learned, to detach me

from the plausible M. Venture, a man of great musical talent who had turned up at Annecy, and had engaged my fancy.

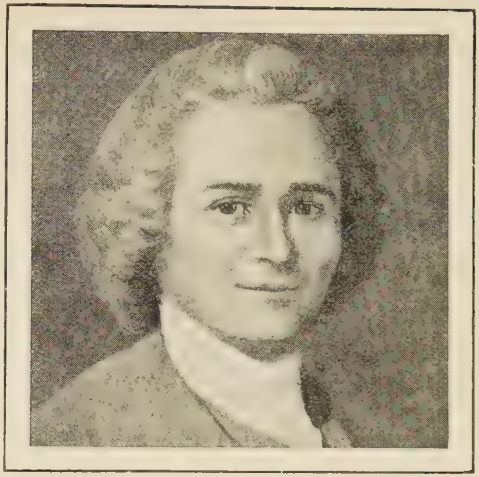
Our flight was successful. But on the second day after our arrival at Lyons, Le Maitre fell ill with a sudden seizure in the street, and I, after telling the bystanders the name of his inn, and begging them to carry him thither, slipped round the nearest corner and disappeared. I returned at once to Annecy, only to find that madame had left for Paris.

M. Venture, however, was still there, and had turned the heads of all the ladies in the place, and for a time I shared his lodging. Then, after travelling with Merceret, the housemaid, as far as her home at Fribourg—for she had to return thither and could find no other attendant —I turned aside to Lausanne, with the idea of seeing the lake. I arrived here without a penny, and it occurred to me to play Venture's game on my own account. I took a false name, secured a lodging and set up as teacher of music, though I knew next to nothing of the art. There was a professor of law in the town who was an amateur of music and held concert parties; to this man I had the effrontery to propose a symphony of my own.

I WORKED a fortnight at this production, wrote out the parts, and on the appointed evening stood up before the orchestra and audience, tapped my desk, raised my baton, and—never since music began has there been such an orgy of discords. The musicians could hardly sit in their chairs for laughing, yet played even louder and louder as the fun took hold of them; the audience sought to stop their ears; and I, sweat pouring down my face, conducted this atrocity to the end. But the end was a little minuet which Venture had taught me; I had appended it to my symphony, calling it my own work. Its magic put the whole room in good humour, and I was felicitated on my taste in melody.

Next day one of my orchestra came to see me, and in my despair and broken spirit I told him my whole story. By nightfall it was known to all Lausanne. But at Neufchâtel next winter I gradually learned music by teaching it.

My next occupation was that of interpreter to a Greek prelate and archimandrite of Jerusalem, whom I met when dining in a little restaurant. He was collecting money throughout Europe for the restoration of the Holy Sepulchre; and accompanying him from city to city, I was of much service to him.



JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU was born at Geneva, June 28, 1712. After severing relations with Madame de Warens he settled in Paris in 1741 and devoted himself to literature. Religious and political heresies propounded in his works necessitated his withdrawal to Switzerland and, in 1766, to England. He returned to Paris in 1770, and died July 2, 1778. Our portrait is from the original in the Musée Carnavalet, Paris.

Unfortunately for my employer, he addressed himself to the Marquis de Bonac, who had been ambassador to the Porte and knew all about the Holy Sepulchre. I don't know what passed at their interview, but the archimandrite disappeared and I was detained. In my desolation I told the marquis the history of my life, and by him was sent to Paris, with money in my pocket, to enter the service of a young military friend of his.

My first sight of the city was a disappointment which I have never got over, and the proposed engagement fell through. Coming to the end of my resources, I set out by way of Lyons, to find Mme. de Warens, who was now at Chambéry. I came to her house and found the intendant-general with her. Without addressing me, she said, "Here, sir, he is; protect him as long as he deserves it, and his future is assured." And to me, "My child, you belong to the king." And thus I became a secretary in the ordnance survey.

V—Golden Hours at Les Charmettes

It was in 1732, and I was nearly twenty-one years old, when I began the life of the office. I lived with the little mother in a dismal house, which she had rented because it belonged to the financial secretary who controlled her pension. The faithful Claude Anet was still with her.

My passion for music increased this year until at last the work at the office grew so intolerable to me that I determined to resign my place, and threw myself into the teaching of music.

I soon had as many pupils as I needed, and the constant intercourse with these ladies was very pleasant to me. But from the stories which I carried home of our interviews the little mother apprehended danger. The course which she took was a singular one. She had rented a little garden outside the town, and here she invited me to spend the day with her. Thither we went, and from the drift of her conversation I gradually perceived the degree of her goodness towards me. The compact involved conditions, and my answer was to be given on that day week.

Thus was established among the three of us a society to which there is perhaps no parallel. All our wishes, our cares, our interests were in common. But our little circle was broken all too soon. Claude Anet, on a botanical excursion, fell a victim to pleurisy, and died, notwithstanding all her care. He had been a most watchful economist of her pension and a restraint on her enterprises, and his loss was felt not only in our diminished party, but also in the wasting of her resources. For the next three years these went from bad to worse; and to complete our anxieties, I fell ill nearly to death. Her care and utter devotion saved me, and from that time our very existence was in common.

I was ordered to the country. We found near Chambéry a little house, Les Charmettes, set in a garden among trees, as retired and solitary a home as if it had been a hundred miles from the town. There we took up a new life towards the autumn of 1736. There we were all in all to one another; together we roamed the country, worked in the garden, gathered fruit and flowers, lay under the trees and listened to the birds. Golden hours, your memory is my only treasure.

Even a sudden illness, which affected my heart and has made me a constant sufferer from insomnia, turned out to be a heavenly blessing. Thinking myself a dead man, I only then began to live, and applied myself very eagerly to learning. With my little mother as my teacher, I turned to the study of religion. I sought books and philosophy; the sciences and Latin followed in their turn. Nature, learning, leisure and our ineffably sweet companionship—I thought, poor fool, that these joys would be with me to the end. It was otherwise decreed.

My bodily condition had become pitiable, and it was determined that I should go to Montpellier to consult a physician. I fell in, on the way thither, with the Marquis de Torignan and his party, who were travelling in the same direction. We struck up acquaintance, and I joined them. Becoming intimate with a Madame de Larnage, who was among them, I continued to travel with her day by day, after the others had reached their destination. She was a woman of infinite charm. Mme. de Warens was forgotten utterly, and I willingly agreed to settle down in her vicinity. However, after two pleasurable months in that city, when I found myself at the stage where the road divided—one road going to Mme. de Larnage, the other to Les Charmettes—I balanced love against pleasure and, finding an equipoise, I decided by reason.

The little mother knew by my letter at what hour I should arrive. I came to the garden; no one came out to meet me. I entered; the servants seemed surprised to see me. I ran upstairs and found her; her welcome was restrained and cold. The truth burst upon me. My place was taken!

Darkness flooded my soul, and from that moment onwards my sensibilities have been but half-alive. I took a situation as tutor in a private family, but all my thoughts were of Charmettes and of our innocent life together, now gone for ever. O dreadful illusion of human destiny!

FLORA ANNIE STEEL

ON THE FACE OF THE WATERS

Retold by the Author

DURING her twenty-two years residence in India Mrs. Steel devoted her great intellectual powers to studying the languages, religions, customs and folk-lore of the natives, and acquired a knowledge and understanding of the native mind that give her books importance quite independent of their fine literary quality. Her masterpiece undoubtedly is On the Face of the Waters, of which an epitome, prepared by Mrs. Steel herself, is given here. To gather information for this book, which was first published in 1896, Mrs. Steel lived in various native towns of the Punjab, spent much time in Delhi, and studied every place connected with the Mutiny, and obtained access to many private papers and confidential reports. As impartial history and as a revelation of Indian life and character, the novel has permanent value. The same qualities are apparent in Mrs. Steel's later Indian novel The Hosts of the Lord. Both books were published by William Heinemann, with whose permission this Outline is printed here. A cheap edition of On the Face of the Waters is published by Eveleigh Nash and Grayson.

I—Thistledown and Gossamer

'GOING! Going! Gone!' What was going?

'All things!' thought the natives of India, watching a deposed prince's goods and chattels sold by auction.

'Nothing!' thought the English rulers, one of whom, Major Erlton, riding by with another man's wife, Alice Gissing, in sheer devilry outbid an old Mahomedan fanatic for the possession of a talking cockatoo.

The bird's cry, 'For the faith, victory to Mahomed!' was gibberish to him, since few Englishmen in those days understood Hindustani.

Herbert Erlton's wife, Kate, driving home from a missionary meeting for the conversion of heathens, failed to understand also, but then she was occupied with thoughts of her husband. Not that she loved him—even his infatuation for Mrs. Gissing failed to annoy her—but he was in the shadow of a disgrace which might cloud the future of her little son, long since sent home to escape his father's bad influence.

That must not be!

"Give my husband one more chance!" she pleaded to James Greyman, trainer to the deposed prince. "God gives all men a chance of atonement sometime—a spirit moves on the face of the waters, bringing healing with it. One more chance, and I will pray it may come quickly."

"Don't!" he cried sharply. "It may come all too soon—but let him have it—and you and I and all the world likewise!"

He stooped impulsively, and kissed her outstretched hand.

Afterwards he asked himself why he had given in to a pair of grey eyes. He had not entered an Englishwoman's drawing-room for the twelve years during which he had steeped himself in native life—in order to forget. The best part of that—little Zora's love—was over. She was dead. He had intended with the money he had forced from Major Erlton to go home; he was sick of India.

But now? Now he must take his chance!

"I should prefer my real name, sir," he said, when the Government official who appointed him secret newswriter was writing his credentials. "James Sholto Douglas, late of the —— Regiment."

Elliott & Fry

FLORA ANNIE STEEL was born April 2, 1847. In 1867 she married Mr. Steel, a Bengal civilian, and lived until 1880 in India, where she took an active part in educational work. After her return from India, Mrs. Steel made her home in North Wales.

"So that's Jim Douglas!" remarked the military secretary. "He was cashiered for striking his major—drunken brute with a persecuted wife. Thought he was a service man by the set of his shoulders."

That night, as Jim Douglas stood on his house-top, the multitudinous hum of Lucknow city seemed like the rush of many waters. Were they bringing a chance for everyone? His mind reverted to a scene of that afternoon—a fair outside the city. A crowd around those outrageous caricaturists, Tiddu and Siddu, mimicking in costume a couple of English waltzers.

So, through the crowd, impelled by curiosity, came little Alice Gissing. Her swift, comprehending cry that checked her young escort's rage rang in her ears.

"Laugh! It is the only thing to do! Laugh!"

No wonder he, disguised as an Afghan in his new rule of spy, had called 'Bravo! Bravo!' The frail thing had grit in her! Would she have her chance, also?

Anyhow, the caricaturists might be useful to him; they had the mysterious Indian 'gift of many faces.'

As he left Lucknow with them at dawn, the *réveillé* was sounding, the English flag rising over the city—for how long?

II—The Blowing of the Bubble

THE old, half-drivelling King of Delhi was dreaming a dream of power amongst the golden domes, marble colonnades and green gardens of his rose-red palace-fort, where by day and by night whispering voices were busy over half a hundred grievances, half a hundred impossible, unbelievable outrages of the English. Falsehood and truth inextricably mixed, and, over all, weaving fine feminine plots like cobwebs, a young queen, the old king's darling. In the rose-red city beyond, the whispers grew to talk. What about this? What about that? Fearfulness was in the air.

But in the rose-red ridge of rock above the town, where the English dwelt apart, these voices were not heard. Christmas passed calmly, though the Christmas hymn echoed to startled heathen ears, and a grand Christmas tree set heathen minds agog with what this new thing might portend. There was calm even in the Erltons' house. He had migrated to Delhi on a new appointment which seemed to have given him a fresh start, and Alice Gissing, left a grass-widow by her merchant-husband's absence on business, came to occupy a little house close to the city.

Still, there was calm; all the more so, perhaps, because the talking cockatoo went as a Christmas present to little Sonny Seymour.

But as the green wheat began to tint the wide fields of India, something came to startle the sleepy villages amongst them. The solitary watchman of one would see the solitary watchman of another coming across the plain, and a common hearth-baked cake would be put into his hands.

'*From whom?*'

'*From the East to the West; from the North to the South.*'

'*Wherefore?*'

'*God knows.*'

That was all. Jim Douglas, steeped to his finger-tips in native lore, foretold trouble. The new scare, too, in the native army about grease-soaked cartridges was dangerous. Beef grease for the Hindu, pigs' grease for the Mahomedan; both alike defilement. But none listened.

Even Alice Gissing tried to put off her lover's concern with the old saw, *Delhi dur est* ('Delhi is still far'). She had been a mother once in far-off happy young wifehood, before she married Mr. Gissing; the thought of it now stirred her strangely.

So the May of the Indian Mutiny came.

JIM DOUGLAS saw the first sign upon the Meerut road.

"That is the yellow fakeer, Huzoor," said Tiddu, the many-faced, pointing to a motionless figure outlined yellow against the yellow sunrise. Yellow from head to foot, with the single eye of god Shiv-jee on its forehead, and folk as they passed dropped pence into its beggar's bowl.

And many folk came to Meerut that 9th of May, 1857, to see eighty-five of the smartest men in the smartest native regiment disgraced and ironed for refusing to touch those grease-soaked cartridges.

Clang! Clang! The forging of fetters to the limbs of eighty-five takes long, but

the assembled troops stood still, if tense, for nigh two hours.

"Damned inconceivable folly!" exclaimed Jim Douglas at last, flinging himself on to his horse. He must be off elsewhere; Meerut had two thousand British troops, enough for protection against the native ones, surely.

No, not when the painted lips of bazaar women gave the word, the word which began the great Indian Mutiny. Nothing very soul-stirring; no consideration of religion, patriotism or ambition.

Only this from painted lips to men raging inwardly at injustice to their comrades: 'We kiss no cowards!'

III—From Dawn to Dusk

'To the rescue, to the rescue!'

The troopers of the 3rd Cavalry said no more than that as they forced the gaol doors. The bells for evening church were chiming when the cry changed, as such cries will.

'Kill, brothers! Kill!'

There was no time.

'Steady, men, steady!' entreated the British officers, ere they fell, shot by their own men.

There was no time for steadiness; no time for anything save panic and a final stand of defence for the 2,000 British troops. No time even to think of Delhi, lying unwarned, almost unprotected, thirty miles off. No time even for that, though as the moon rose the mutinous troopers raced down the road in companies, raising the shout, 'To Delhi! To Delhi!'

Herbert Erlton, on special business at Meerut, had just finished writing a farewell to his wife, saying why he must leave her, and to headquarters resigning his commission, when he found himself face to face with action.

No matter how dilatory, how timid the authorities were, Delhi must be warned; someone very dear to him slept there. To mount and ride was instant; but he rode heavy—fourteen stone—and he had to be wary, for others were on the road.

Ay, others. Not only mutinous troopers, but Jim Douglas, unwitting of trouble behind him, on his midnight march back to Delhi; for his mare was tired. So, by chance, they met at a ford, and the breathless news was given.

"You ride four stone heavier than I," said Jim Douglas suddenly.

"Haven't I thought that ever since I saw your cursed face! And you know the lingo and the country. But it's my chance, not yours," was the reply.

"No, not ours! It is theirs—in Delhi."

Herbert Erlton gave an odd sound, between a sob and an oath, and flung himself from the saddle.

It was close on the dawn, and Delhi showed just across the river when Jim Douglas's mount, going cross country, put its foot in a rat hole and came down. As he fell, stunned for a time, the morning cry to prayer was rising on the chill air, 'Prayer is more than sleep.'

A pause; then another cry followed on it, as mutinous troopers thundered over the bridge: 'Close the gates! Rouse the guard!'

Too late! Taken by surprise, Delhi chose rebellion, and as dawn passed to daylight massacre began. But, as yet, there was peace in the little bungalow by the church where Kate Erlton had come, seeking explanation of her husband's letter.

"You don't understand," said Alice Gissing very softly, with a tender sternness in her face. "I don't wonder—such a man's way of putting it. My God! What's that?"

THE next instant, setting the frantic ayah, who had burst in on them, aside with a rough 'Don't be a fool!' she had bidden Kate, dazed by the sudden realization of the truth, stay where she was, had bolted the windows behind her, and was out in the sunshine. Through it rang a child's pitiful scream of terror, as Sonny Seymour, her neighbour's darling, his hands still helplessly holding the chain of the cockatoo Mrs. Erlton had given him, which, with its wide, white fluttering wings, was uttering its cry 'For the faith,' showed on the lawn. Behind him an old man, lance in hand, echoed the cry—surely the Lucknow fanatic?

What rose in this frail woman to make her face as relentless as his? Was it pure

motherhood? Perhaps. Anyhow, it was her chance.

"All right, Sonny, all right," rang her confident voice. She caught the child in her arms and ran for shelter. The levelled lance was close on her when she fell.

Too late? No! The quick report of a pistol, and Jim Douglas, leaping the hedge on his horse, was beside her, spurning the dead fanatic with his foot.

Too late? Yes. The lance had found its rest.

"Bravo, bravo!" she echoed, recognizing him quickly ere she died.

"Quick!" he cried to Kate, who had forced the bolted door. "Leave the child with the ayah. Remember, ayah, *she* died for him. And you—so! Slip down over my saddle-bow and scream—scream like the devil. I'll save you if I can."

So, bearing the supposed captive, he made his way to the Kashmir gate, where some English officers still held the city guard in hand. But not for long. No, not even though at noon a roar, a rush, a rending from the magazine close by shook the city, telling that nine Englishmen had become immortal by the bravest deed in the splendid annals of English history. No, not for long. Before sunset, weary of watching the Meerut road for that cloud of dust which meant reinforcement, the brigadier on the Ridge sent to the Kashmir gate for help—he had more women to defend than it had.

It was the action of helplessness; but it brought action.

"GOOD-BYE!" cried the officer commanding those who left, and was shot dead even as he spoke. So came massacre, and as darkness fell Kate Erlton, saved by a miracle, found her way, wrapped in a native blanket, back to Alice Gissing's house; there, in utter weariness, falling asleep, her head upon her dead rival's breast.

There Jim Douglas, returning at dawn to bury the poor dead lady whom he had promised Erlton to defend, found her.

"Come," he said; "the night is far spent—surely the day is at hand."

As they passed into the city unnoticed the cry 'Prayer is more than sleep' rose once more on the new day. The 10th of May, 1857, was over.

IV—Such Stuff as Dreams are Made of

EVER since that evening of May 10, when the brigadier at Delhi, weary of looking down the Meerut road for a cloud of dust, had, in the dim dusk of a dying day, ordered a last call to arms, and but one sepoy out of myriads had responded to it, the Ridge had been left to the sunshine and the little vipers, which lay on the hot rocks and stared unblushingly at the city. The dreaming city, after that first half-premeditated blow, had waited uncertain. Then came the wanton massacre of English women and children in the palace to bring conviction that here was no going back. The death pledge had been plighted for rebellion.

But where was the alien master? Day followed day without reprisal; was he dead?

The rose-red palace put the question by. There all dreamt dreams; and wherefore not, since the city filled daily with mutinous troops?

But Jim Douglas, restless, moody, asked it feverishly, incessantly. Were his countrymen mad? Three weeks, and not a blow struck in return! Tied as he was by the necessity of protecting Kate Erlton, he dared not seek news abroad. So, night after night he returned to sleep across the doorway of the roof where she lived, disguised as his, the Afghan horse-dealer's, sick wife.

With his knowledge of native life it was easy to install her thus with Tara, the widow, who had waited on poor dead Zora in Lucknow. She was his willing slave, tied to him by more than unrequited, almost unconscious, love. With her aid, and with Kate in native dress and dyed skin, all was safe so far.

"You had better wear these," he said to Kate one day, untying the knot of a small package. "They belonged once—to—to someone."

She looked at the pile of native woman's jewelry distastefully. "I'd rather not."

"As you like," he replied cynically. "I daresay it doesn't matter—the whole thing, from beginning to end, is chance."

"Your chance and mine," she murmured.

"Your chance and mine," he echoed. There lay the sting: could fate find him naught better than the saving of one woman?

He had a clearer face on June 5, when he told, not of yet one more miserable refugee discovered and killed, but of an English horseman seen on the Ridge that day. The army must be coming—the challenge was to be given at last.

And it was. On June 7, Englishmen, mad with revenge, waited all night for the order to advance. It was given at midnight; by dawn Budlekeserai was won, the enemy in flight, the way to Delhi clear. But once more fatal inaction seized on authority, and halt was called instead of pursuit. That evening Herbert Erlton, one of the relieving force, looked down, with tired, angry eyes full of scalding tears of wild, desperate pity for all women, at the dreaming city. He did not know that at the moment one of the women of whom he thought was looking piteously at a man who turned from a long watch Ridgeways to say recklessly, "My God! It is incredible. I tell you the city was waiting—was hoping for them."

So began those long three months, during which the Ridge watched the city, and the city watched the Ridge. Three long months, during which Jim Douglas felt as if he would go mad of inaction. Yet how many things happened? He did not know, he did not care. He managed to get through the lines one night, and was nearly shot by Major Erlton as he broke in on him to tell him his wife was alive. But he could not stop. He had to go back for Kate's sake. Then little Sonny Seymour, kept safe till then by the faithful ayah, was brought to the roof by her. "I have done my best," she said simply, "but now I am dying."

THE child's presence brought a touch of reality to that strange, unreal wedded life upon the roof until he had to go; since his English prattle spelt danger. Drugged with opium, it was arranged that the boy should be carried to the Ridge out of the city in a sack of corn; both Tara and Jim Douglas seeing him so far in safety, thus for once leaving Kate alone.

But when Jim Douglas returned to the roof the door was wide, and the roof was empty.

What had become of Kate? There was no rumour of her discovery in the city; could she have escaped?

Dressed in an old staff uniform he had picked up, Douglas took advantage of a skirmish one night to get out, but, being badly wounded, was forced for a time to remain on the Ridge, though he found no tidings of Kate.

V—There Arose a Man

THOSE three long months amid the hot red rocks of the Ridge had been like a bad dream. But now, at last, a man, tall, strong, dark-bearded, stood looking down on the rose-red city, and his very glance seemed to prick the bubble that the rose-red palace had blown. He was John Nicholson. 'Jan Nikalseyn,' a name to conjure with even now in India, 'Jan Nikalseyn,' whose rumoured arrival had already set the city shivering. No more hesitation with 'Jan Nikalseyn' there. What to him was cholera, lack of men, disease, even death? He meant to take Delhi, and he would take it. But six-and-thirty years younger than those in nominal command, his word must be law.

"Go to bed, sir, and sleep; I shall want good fighting men ere long," he said roughly to Major Erlton, when he found him out—watching the stars in his feverish desire to get within those devilish city walls, and Herbert Erlton went.

"You'd better stop and go in with the rest of us," he said to Jim Douglas, after a talk with him. "I give my personal staff plenty of work."

Jim Douglas met the bright eyes and the astounding offer squarely.

"Can't, sir; I was cashiered fifteen years ago."

"H'm! A woman, I expect. Well, stick to it, man. Save that poor lady—or kill somebody. I may get the sack myself—I'm insubordinate enough, God knows! But I shall have taken Delhi first!"

Ay, that was sure! The courage of the palace was crumbling hour by hour. Within three days a battle fought in the swamps beyond the city sent thousands of fugitives back to the last refuge.

'To Delhi! To Delhi!' The old cry, with a different meaning. So a week passed, and Jim Douglas, recovered, went back to find Kate; but fate was against him. That very same evening the Hindu saint with whom she had found refuge, after her forced flight from the roof during her guardian's brief absence, had arranged to send her to the Ridge. His position made him powerful, and Tara, the widow, was efficient aid.

Thus it came to pass that as the man who had missed many chances in saving her was, by John Nicholson's advice, 'sticking to it,' Kate Erlton was in her husband's tent. It was a strange scene. She in her native woman's dress, all jingling jewelry, bright colours and sodden scents; he, thinner, graver, a better man, yet still with ineffaceable memories of the past.

"You're miles too good for me, Kate," he said suddenly. "Well, I must be off on duty now. I'll do anything you wish—we'll talk it over to-morrow."

But to-morrow found her seated beside his dead body. He had been shot through the heart by a chance bullet.

Kate knelt and kissed her husband's dead hand. He also had taken his chance.

There was no time, however, for tears. The Ridge rang with bugle calls. September 14 was at hand, when Nicholson meant to take Delhi, even though he had to threaten open mutiny to his superior to gain his end. A sword held by one arm behind the simulacrum of many hung over the doomed city: it must fall.

It fell first when Home, of the Engineers, followed by Salkeld, blew up the Kashmir gate at dawn. Incredible daring! The mere sight of those men running lightly to almost certain death paralysed defence. Then scaling ladders, forlorn hopes, and then John Nicholson himself, in first, to lead men in wild onslaught through the narrow streets.

"Come on, men! Come on!"

That splendid figure ahead of all, instinct with passion, energy, vitality; and his men followed him—for a time.

"Come on, men! Come on!" But half his men were down. In that narrow lane lay fifty privates and seven officers.

"Come on, men! Come on, you——" The word was arrested on his lips. John Nicholson fell, mortally wounded.

But Delhi was taken. From the rose-red palace the drivelling old king was flying for his life; the great mutiny had, to all intents and purposes, come to an end.

And how many had found their chance and taken it? So many that for the time India seemed a dead level, since all the heads which had towered above their fellow-men were laid low.

Kate Erlton thought of many a heroic deed as a fortnight after she sat in the ruins of her old house on the Ridge looking down over Delhi. Despite all inquiries, nothing had been heard of Jim Douglas, and Kate had no means even of locating the roof whereon she had lived. He must be dead—dead without his chance—save that poor one of saving her!

Then suddenly Tara, the widow, stood before her. "Come," she said passionately. "I have given him all things the mem gave when he was ill, but he will not eat. Come!"

Half an hour afterwards she was standing on the roof again, listening to the almost dying man's half-delirious refusal.

"No, thanks, Tara. I don't want it; you needn't wait."

"It is time for your food, Mr. Greyman," Kate said quietly.

He turned and looked at her, puzzled.

"Then Delhi must have fallen. I suppose Nicholson took it," he said at last. "I'm glad he had his chance!"

She followed his thought. "And you spoilt yours—you saved me. I stood in your way. Why didn't you let them kill me? It would have been better—far better than—than this——"

She hid her face, with a sob, and there was silence. Then suddenly his hot, fever-struck hand found hers and held it.

"Give me some more wine, or something," he murmured. "I'll try and stop if I can!"

XENOPHON

ANABASIS

or The Going Up of the Ten Thousand

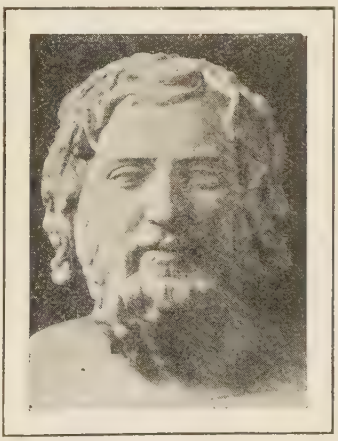
SOME historical documentation is needed in introducing Xenophon's history of the 'anabasis,' or up-country march, of the Greek army. Cyrus the Younger of Persia had assisted the Lacedaemonians against the Athenians in the Peloponnesian war, which ended in the victory of the former at Aegos Potami, 404 B.C. This year saw also the death of Cyrus's father and the succession of his brother, Artaxerxes II. Cyrus determined to make a bid for the Persian throne, and set out into Artaxerxes's territory with an army of 10,000 Greek mercenaries, now liberated through the cessation of civil strife in Hellas, whose fighting prowess and fine discipline Cyrus had learned to value highly. Most of Xenophon's narrative refers to the 'catabasis,' or retreat, from Cunaxa to the Euxine Our adaptation, made from the Greek text, is by A. D. Innes.

I—The Going up of Cyrus and his Host

CYRUS, the younger brother of Artaxerxes the king, began his preparations for revolt by gradually gathering and equipping an army on the pretext of hostile relations between himself and another of the western satraps, Tissaphernes. Notably, he secretly furnished Clearchus, a Lacedaemonian, with means to equip a Greek force in Thrace; another like force was ready to move from Thessaly under Aristippus; while a Boeotian, Proxenus, and two other friends were commissioned to collect more mercenaries to aid in the war with Tissaphernes.

Next, an excuse for marching up-country, at the head of all these forces, was found in the need of suppressing the Pisidians. He advanced from Sardis into Phrygia, where his musters were completed at Celaenae. A review was held at Tyriaeum, where the Cilician queen, who had supplied funds, was badly frightened by a mock charge of the Greek contingent. When the advance had reached Tarsus, there was almost a mutiny among the Greeks, who were suspicious of the intentions of Cyrus. But the diplomacy of their chief general, Clearchus, the Lacedaemonian, and promises of increased pay, prevailed, though it had long been obvious that Pisidia was not the objective of the expedition.

Further reinforcements were received at Issus, the eastern seaport of Cilicia; Cyrus then marched through the Syrian gate into Syria. At Myriandrus two Greek commanders, probably through jealousy of Clearchus, deserted. The whole force now struck inland to Thapsacus, on the Euphrates.



XENOPHON was born at Athens about 430 B.C., and died about 355. The turning-point in his life was his decision to join Cyrus's Greek army. His subsequent appointment as a general brought out all his qualities as a notable captain of *condottieri*. Though an Athenian he joined the Spartans on his return to Greece, and even fought against his native city-state. He lived some time at Scillus, where he indulged his tastes for literature and sport. His best works are the Anabasis, Memorabilia and Cyropedia.

At Thapsacus, Cyrus announced his purpose. The Greek soldiers were angry with their generals for having, as they supposed, wilfully misled them, but were mollified by promise of large rewards. One of the commanders, Menon, won the approval of Cyrus by being the first to lead his contingent across the Euphrates on his own initiative. The advance was now conducted through a painfully sterile country. In the course of this, the troops of Clearchus and Menon very nearly came to blows; the intervention of Proxenus only made matters worse; and order was restored by the arrival of

Cyrus, who pointed out that the whole expedition must be ruined if the Greeks fell out among themselves.

By this time, Artaxerxes had realized that the repeated warnings of Tissaphernes (who had in the first instance betrayed the intentions of Cyrus to Artaxerxes, his brother) and others were justified; and as the expedition neared Babylonia, signs of the enemy became apparent in the deliberate devastation of the country. Here Orontes, one of the principal Persian officers of Cyrus, was convicted of treason and put to death.

The army was again reviewed, the whole force amounting to some 100,000 barbarians and nearly 14,000 Greeks; the enemy were reputed to number over 1,000,000, though not so many took part in the engagement.

Cyrus now advanced, expecting battle immediately at an entrenched pass (near Cunaxa); but, finding this unoccupied, he did not maintain battle order; which was hurriedly taken up on news of the approach of the royal forces. The Greeks, under Clearchus, occupied the right wing, Cyrus being in the centre, and Ariaeus on the left. The king's army was so large that even its centre extended far beyond the left of Cyrus.

The Greeks advanced on the royalist left, which broke and fled almost without a blow. Thinking that the Greeks might be intercepted and cut off, Cyrus charged the centre in person with his bodyguard and routed the opposing troops; but dashing forward in the hope of capturing Artaxerxes, was himself pierced by a javelin and fell dead on the field. So ended the career of the most brilliant Persian since Cyrus the Great had established the Persian Empire; brave, accomplished, the mirror of honour, just, himself, and the rewarder of justice in others, generous and most loyal to his friends.

The magnanimity of his character may be illustrated by his natural graciousness. Often, when he had wine served which was of an unusually fine flavour, his habit was to send the half-emptied flasks to some of his acquaintances with a message in these or similar words: 'Cyrus has not in many years encountered a more pleasing wine than this; accordingly he sends some in this flask to you. He hopes that you will drink of it to-day with those friends whose acquaintance you cherish.'

The tragic event of his death served as proof, not only of his personal merit, but also of his ability in distinguishing such followers as were faithful, friendly and loyal. For when he died all his followers, and those who ate from his table, fell with their swords drawn in his defence, with the exception of one Ariaeus, who commanded the cavalry squadron on the left wing. But upon hearing of the fall of his leader, Ariaeus, with all the forces under his command, took flight from the field. And Artaxerxes and his troops fell upon him and pursued him in his retreat.

II—The Great Retreat to the Euxine

When Cyrus fell, the left wing, under Ariaeus, broke and fled. The Greeks had meantime poured on in pursuit of the royalist left, while the main body of the royalists were in possession of the rebel camp, though a Greek guard, which had been left there, held the Greek quarter. Artaxerxes, however, had no mind to give battle to the returning Greek column.

It was not till next day that Clearchus learned that Cyrus was slain, and that Ariaeus had fallen back to the last halting-place, where he proposed to wait twenty-four hours, and no more, before starting to retreat westward. Clearchus sent word that the Greeks, for their part, had been victorious, and that if Ariaeus would rejoin them they would win the Persian crown for him, since Cyrus was dead.

The next message was from Artaxerxes, inviting the Greeks to give up their arms; to which they replied that he might come and take them if he could, but, if he meant to treat them as friends, they would be no use to him without arms; if as enemies, they would keep them for defence.

Though no formal choice was made, the Greeks recognized Clearchus as their leader. They fell back to join Ariaeus, who declined the proposal to win him the Persian throne; and it was agreed to follow a new route in retreat to Ionia, the way of the advance being now impracticable.

Now, however, Artaxerxes began to negotiate through Tissaphernes, the Greeks maintaining a bold and even contemptuous front, warranted by the king's obvious fear of risking an engagement.

Finally, an offer came to conduct the Greeks back to Grecian territory, providing them, at their own cost, with necessaries. Prolonged delays, however, aroused suspicions of treachery among the Greeks, who distrusted Tissaphernes and Ariaeus alike; but Clearchus held it better not to break openly with the Persians. The march at last began along a northerly route towards the Black Sea, the Greeks keeping rigidly apart from the Persian forces which accompanied them, in readiness for an attack.

At the crossing of the Tigris suspicion was particularly active, the conduct of Ariaeus being especially dubious; but still no overt hostilities were attempted until the river Zabatus was reached, after three weeks of marching.

Here Clearchus endeavoured to end the extremely strained relations between the Greeks and the barbarian commanders by an interview with Tissaphernes. Both men carefully repudiated any idea of hostile intentions, and the Persian invited Clearchus and the Greek officers generally to attend a conference. Not all, but a considerable number—five generals, including Clearchus, Proxenus and Menon, with twenty more officers and nearly two hundred others—attended. At a given signal all were treacherously massacred; but a fugitive reached the Greek camp, where the men sprang to arms. Ariaeus, approaching with an escort, declared that Clearchus had been proved guilty of treason, but was received with fierce indignation, and withdrew.

Of the murdered generals, Clearchus was a man of high military capacity, but a harsh disciplinarian, feared and respected, but very unpopular; Proxenus, a particular friend of Xenophon, was an amiable but not a strong man; Menon, the Thessalian commander, was a crafty and hypocritical time-server, of whom no good can be spoken.

The ten thousand Greeks were now in an ugly predicament; they were a thousand miles from home, while between them and the Black Sea lay the mountains of Armenia. They were surrounded by hostile hordes, and were without cavalry. They had no recognized chief, and their most trusted leaders were gone. The whole company seemed paralysed under a universal despondency.

It was at this juncture that Xenophon, an Athenian gentleman-volunteer, was stirred to action by a dream. He rose and roused the officers of the contingent of Proxenus, to which he was attached. Heartened by an address, in which he pointed out that, on the one hand they had to depend on their own courage, skill and resourcefulness, and, on the other, were released from all obligation to the Persians, they unanimously chose him their leader, and at his instigation roused the senior officers of all the other contingents to assemble for deliberation.

The council thus summoned, inspired again by the words of Xenophon, vigorously backed up by other leaders, appointed new generals, among them Xenophon himself, and set about actively to organize a retreat to the sea. The contagion of resolute determination spread through the ranks of the whole force. Chirisophus the Lacedaemonian was given the chief command, the two youngest generals, Xenophon and Timerion, were placed in charge of the rearguard. A troop of slingers was organized; all horses with the army were sequestrated to form a cavalry squadron. The army started on its march through the unknown, formed in a hollow square, which was shortly so organized that the columns could be broadened or narrowed according to the ground without creating confusion.

They soon found themselves able to repulse without difficulty even attacks in force by the troops of Tissaphernes, the enemy being entirely outmatched in hand-to-hand fighting. The slingers and archers, however, proved troublesome, and hostile forces, though keeping out of reach, were never far off. At last Tissaphernes and Ariaeus drew off altogether, and the Greek generals having as alternative courses the march eastwards upon Susa, northwards upon Babylon, and westwards towards Ionia, decided to revert to the course northwards to the Black Sea.

III—The Sea! The Sea!

THIS route led at first through the country of the Carduchi, a very warlike folk who had never been subjugated. Here there was a good deal of hard fighting, the Carduchi being adepts in hill warfare and particularly expert archers. Such was the length and weight of their arrows that the Greeks collected them and used them as javelins. Seven days of this brought the retreating force to the river Centrites, which parts the Carduchian mountains from the province of Armenia.

With a barely fordable river, troops in evidence on the other side, and the Carduchi hanging on their rear, the passage offered great difficulties, solved by the discovery of a much shallower ford. A feint at one point by the rearguard drew off the enemy on the opposite bank, while the main body crossed at the shallows, which the rearguard also managed to pass by a successful ruse which misled the Carduchi on the south bank.

The Persian governor of Western Armenia, Tiribazus, offered safe passage through his province, but scouts brought information that large forces were collecting and would dispute the passage of a defile through which the army must pass. This point, however, was reached by a forced march, and the enemy were routed.

For some days after this, the marching was very severe; the men had to struggle forward on very nearly empty stomachs, through blizzards, suffering terribly from frost-bite and the blinding effect of the snow on their eyes, so that at times nothing short of actual threats from the officers could induce the exhausted men to toil forward; and all the time the enemy's skirmishers were harassing the troops and cutting off stragglers. These, however, were finally dispersed by a sudden onslaught of the rearguard, and after this a more populous district was reached, where food and wine abounded, and the Greeks made some days' halt to recuperate.

Here a guide was obtained for the next stages; but on the third night he deserted, because Chirisophus had lost his temper and struck him. This incident was the only occasion of a serious difference between Xenophon and the elder commander.

On the seventh day after this the river Phasis was crossed; but two days later, on approaching a mountain pass, it

was seen to be occupied in force. A council of war was held, at which some jesting passed, Xenophon remarking on the reputation of the Lacedaemonians as adepts in thieving, a jibe which Chirisophus retorted on the Athenians; as the business in hand was to 'steal a march' on the enemy, each encouraged the other to act up to the national reputation. In the night, a detachment of volunteers captured the ridge above the pass; the enemy beat a hasty retreat when they found their position turned.

Another five days brought the army into the country of the Taochi, where the Greeks had to rush a somewhat dangerous position in order to capture supplies. A space of some twenty yards was open to such a storm of missiles from above that it could only be passed by drawing the enemy's fire and making a dash before fresh missiles were accumulated. When this was accomplished, however, the foe offered no practical resistance, but flung themselves over the cliffs.

Eighteen days later the Greeks reached a town called Gymniae, where they obtained a guide. Their course lay through tribes towards whom the governor was hostile, and the Greeks had no objection to gratifying him by devastating on their way. On the fifth day after leaving Gymniae, a mountain pass was reached.

When the van reached the top of the mountain (Teches), a great shout arose. And when Xenophon heard it, and they of the rearguard, they supposed that other enemies were ranged against them, for the men of the land which had been ravaged were following behind; but when the clamour grew louder and nearer, and the new arrivals doubled forward to where the shouting was, so that it became greater and greater with the added numbers, Xenophon thought this must be something of moment. Therefore, taking Lycias and the horsemen, he rode forward at speed to give aid; and then suddenly they were aware of the soldiers' shout, the word that rang through the lines—'The sea! the sea!'

Then every man raced, rearguard and all, urging horses and the very baggage-mules to the top of their speed, and when they came to the top, they fell on each other's necks, and the generals, and officers, too, with tears of delight. And in a moment, whoever it was that passed the word, the men were gathering stones, and there they reared a mighty column.

And as for the lucky guide, he betook himself home laden with presents.

Of what befell between this point and the actual arrival of the army on the coast of the Black Sea at the Grecian colony of Trapezus (Trebizond) the most curious incident was that of the soldiers lighting upon great quantities of honey, which not only made them violently ill, but had an intoxicating effect, attributed to the herbs frequented by the bees in that district. This necessitated a halt of some days. The second day's march thence brought them to Trapezus, where they made sacrificial thank-offerings to the gods, and further celebrated the occasion by holding athletic games.

IV—The Warriors' Return to Thrace

But Trapezus was not Greece, and the problem of transport was serious. The men, sick of marching, were eager to accomplish the rest of their journey by sea. Chirisophus, the general, as being a personal friend of the Lacedaemonian admiral stationed at Byzantium, was commissioned to obtain ships from him to take the Greeks home.

Chirisophus departed. The army, which still numbered over ten thousand persons, was willing enough to maintain its military organization for foraging and for self-defence; also to make such arrangements as were practicable for collecting ships in case Chirisophus should fail them; but the men flatly refused to consider any further movement except by water.

So they stayed where they were, maintaining their supplies by raids on the natives; but time passed, and there were no tidings of Chirisophus. At last, they saw nothing for it but to put the sick and other non-combatants aboard of the vessels which had been secured, send them on by sea, and themselves march by the coast to Cerasus, another Greek colony.

Thence they continued their westward progress, in which they met with considerable resistance from the natives, who were barbarians of a primitive type, until they came to Cotyora.

This was another settlement from Sinope; but it received the Greeks very inhospitably, so that the latter continued their practice of ravaging the neighbouring territories. It was now eight months since the expedition had started on its homeward march. Here a deputation arrived from Sinope to protest against their proceedings; but Xenophon pointed out that while they were perfectly willing to buy what they needed and behave as friends, if they were not allowed to buy, self-preservation compelled them to take by force. Ultimately, the deputation promised to send ships to convey them to Sinope.

During the time of waiting there was some risk of the force breaking itself up, and some inclination to make attacks on the officers, including Xenophon. The formulation of charges, however, enabled him amply to justify the acts complained of, and order generally was restored. At last, however, a sufficient number of ships was collected to convey the force to Sinope, where also Chirisophus put in his long-delayed appearance.

Chirisophus came practically without ships and with nothing but vague promises from the admiral at Byzantium. At this point it occurred to the army that it would be better to have a single commander for the whole than a committee of generals each in control of his own division. Hence Xenophon was invited to accept the position. On consulting the omens he declined, recommending that since Chirisophus was a Lacedaemonian, it would be the proper thing to offer him the command, which was accordingly done.

The force now sailed from Sinope as far as Heraclea. Here the contingents from Arcadia and Achaea—more than half the force—insisted on requisitioning large supplies of money from Heraclea. Chirisophus, supported by Xenophon, refused assent; the Arcadians and Achaeans consequently refused to serve under their command any more, and appointed captains for themselves. The other half of the army was also parted in two divisions, commanded by Chirisophus and Xenophon respectively.

From Calpe the Arcadians and Achaeans made an expedition into the interior, which fared so ill that Xenophon, hearing by accident of what had happened, was obliged to march to their relief. To his satisfaction, however, it was found that the enemy had already dispersed, and the Greek column was overtaken on the way back to Calpe. The general effect of the episode was to impress upon the Arcadians and Achaeans that it was common sense for the whole force to remain united.

The usual operations were carried on for obtaining supplies, report having arrived that Cleander, the Lacedaemonian governor of Byzantium, was coming, which he presently did, with a couple of galleys but no transports. From information received, Cleander was inclined to regard the army as little better than a band of brigands; but this idea was successfully dissipated by Xenophon. Cleander went back to Byzantium, and the Greeks marched from Calpe to Chrysopolis, which faces Byzantium.

Here the whole force was at last carried over to the opposite shore, and once more found itself on European soil, having received promises of pay from the admiral Anaxibius. Suspicions of his real intentions were aroused, and Xenophon had difficulty in keeping his men from breaking loose and sacking Byzantium itself.

Ultimately, the greater part of the force took service with the Thracian king Seuthes. Seuthes, however, failed to carry out his promises as to payment and rewards. But now the Lacedaemonians were engaged in a quarrel with the western satraps, Tissaphernes and Artabazus; six thousand veterans so experienced as those who had followed this famous march into the heart of the Persian empire, had fought their way from Cunaxa to Trapezus, and had supported themselves mainly by their military prowess in getting from Trapezus to Europe, were a force by no means to be neglected, and the bulk of the troops were not unwilling to be incorporated in the Spartan armies. So ends the story of the retreat of the ten thousand Greeks.

CHARLES DICKENS

THE PICKWICK PAPERS

ON March 31, 1836, the first part of The Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club was issued by Chapman and Hall. The serial issue was completed in 20 instalments and when the work appeared in volume form at the end of 1837, Charles Dickens's fame was established. Intended originally only to amuse, the story, under the hands of the master, gradually acquired a greater value and in a preface to a later edition Charles Dickens recorded with satisfaction that 'legal reforms had pared the claws of Messrs. Dodson and Fogg,' that the laws relating to imprisonment for debt had been altered and the Fleet prison pulled down. Enshrined in the hearts of all English-speaking people, The Pickwick Papers is a masterpiece which definitely enlarged the boundaries of English humour and English fiction. The story of Charles Dickens's life, as told by his friend John Forster, is outlined elsewhere in *The World's Great Books.*

I—Mr. Pickwick Engages Sam Weller

MR. PICKWICK'S apartments in Goswell Street were of a very neat and comfortable description, peculiarly adapted for a man of his genius and observation and importance as General Chairman of the world-famed Pickwick Club.

His landlady, Mrs. Bardell, was a comely woman of bustling manners and agreeable appearance, with a natural gift for cooking. Cleanliness and quiet reigned throughout the house, and in it Mr. Pickwick's will was law.

To anyone acquainted with these things and with Mr. Pickwick's admirably regulated mind, his conduct on the morning previous to his setting out for Eatanswill seemed most mysterious and unaccountable. He paced the room, popped his head out of the window, and constantly referred to his watch. It was evident to Mrs. Bardell, who was dusting the apartment, that something of importance was in contemplation.

"Mrs. Bardell," said Mr. Pickwick at last, "your little boy is a very long time gone."

"Why, it's a good long way to the Borough, sir!" remonstrated Mrs. Bardell.

"Very true; so it is. Mrs. Bardell, do you think it's a much greater expense to keep two people than to keep one?"

"La, Mr. Pickwick!" said Mrs. Bardell, colouring, as she fancied she observed a species of a matrimonial twinkle in the eyes of her lodger. "La, Mr. Pickwick, what a question!"

"Well, but *do* you?" inquired Mr. Pickwick.

"That depends," said Mrs. Bardell, "a good deal upon the person, you know, Mr. Pickwick; and whether it's a saving and careful person, sir."

"That's very true," said Mr. Pickwick; "but the person I have in my eye (here he looked very hard at Mrs. Bardell) I think possesses these qualities. To tell you the truth, I have made up my mind. You'll think it very strange now that I never consulted you about this matter till I sent your little boy out this morning, eh?"

Mrs. Bardell had long worshipped Mr. Pickwick at a distance, and now she thought he was going to propose. A deliberate plan, too—sent her little boy to the Borough to get him out of the way! How thoughtful! How considerate!

"It'll save you a good deal of trouble, won't it?" said Mr. Pickwick. "And when I am in town you'll always have somebody to sit with you." Mr. Pickwick smiled placidly.

"I'm sure I ought to be a very happy woman," said Mrs. Bardell, trembling with agitation. "Oh, you kind, good, playful dear!" And, without more ado, she flung her arms round Mr. Pickwick's neck.

"Bless my soul!" cried the astonished Mr. Pickwick. "Mrs. Bardell my good woman! Dear me, what a situation! Pray

consider if anybody should come!"

"Oh, let them come!" exclaimed Mrs. Bardell frantically. "I'll never leave you, dear, kind soul!" And she clung the tighter.

"Mercy upon me," said Mr. Pickwick, struggling; "I hear somebody coming upstairs! Don't, there's a good creature, don't!" But Mrs. Bardell had fainted in his arms, and before he could gain time to deposit her on a chair, Master Bardell entered the room, followed by Mr. Pickwick's friends Mr. Tupman, Mr. Winkle and Mr. Snodgrass.

"What *is* the matter?" said the three Pickwickians.

"I don't know!" replied Mr. Pickwick; while the ever gallant Mr. Tupman led Mrs. Bardell, who said she was better, downstairs. "I cannot conceive what has been the matter with the woman. I merely told her of my intention of keeping a manservant, when she fell into an extraordinary paroxysm. Very remarkable thing."

MR. PICKWICK WITH HIS LOVELY BURDEN IN HIS ARMS
stood gazing vacantly on the countenances of his friends

From the drawing by Frank Reynolds

"Very," said his three friends.

"There's a man in the passage now," said Mr. Tupman.

"It's the man I've sent for from the Borough," said Mr. Pickwick. "Have the goodness to call him up."

Mr. Samuel Weller forthwith presented himself, having previously deposited his old white hat on the landing outside.

"Now, with regard to the matter on which I sent for you," said Mr. Pickwick.

"That's the pint, sir; out vith it, as the father said to the child ven he swallowed a farden."

"We want to know, in the first place," said Mr. Pickwick, "whether you are discontented with your present situation?"

"Afore I answers that 'ere question," replied Mr. Weller, "*I* should like to know whether you're a-goin' to purwide me vith a better."

Mr. Pickwick smiled benevolently as he said: "I have half made up my mind to engage you myself."

"Have you though?" said Sam. "Wages?"

"Twelve pounds a year."

"Clothes?"

"Two suits."

"Work?"

"To attend upon me, and travel about with me and these gentlemen here."

"Take the bill down," said Sam emphatically. "I'm let to a single gentleman, and the terms is agreed upon. If the clothes fit me half as well as the place, they'll do."

II—Bardell v. Pickwick

ACTING on the advice of Messrs. Dodson & Fogg, solicitors, Mrs. Bardell brought an action for breach of promise of marriage against Mr. Pickwick, and the damages were laid at £1,500. February 14 was the day fixed for the memorable trial.

When Mr. Pickwick and his friends reached the court, and the judge—Mr. Justice Stareleigh—had taken his place, it was found that only ten of the special jury were present, and a greengrocer and a chemist were caught from the common jury to make up the number.

"I beg this court's pardon," said the chemist, "but I hope this court will excuse my attendance. I have no assistant, and I can't afford to hire one."

"Then you ought to be able to afford it," said the judge, a most particularly short man, and so fat that he seemed all face and waistcoat.

"Very well, my lord," replied the chemist, "then there'll be murder before this trial's over, that's all. I've left nobody but an errand-boy in my shop, and I know that he thinks Epsom salts means oxalic acid, and syrup of senna, laudanum; that's all, my lord."

Mr. Pickwick was regarding the chemist with feelings of the deepest horror when Mrs. Bardell, supported by her friend, Mrs. Cluppins, was led into court.

Then Sergeant Buzfuz opened the case for the plaintiff, and when he had finished Elizabeth Cluppins was called.

"Do you recollect, Mrs. Cluppins," said Sergeant Buzfuz, "do you recollect being in Mrs. Bardell's back room on one particular morning last July, when she was dusting Pickwick's apartments?"

"Yes, my lord and jury, I do," replied Mrs. Cluppins.

"What were you doing in the back room, ma'am?" inquired the little judge.

"My lord and jury," said Mrs. Cluppins, "I will not deceive you."

"You had better not, ma'am," said the little judge.

"I was there," resumed Mrs. Cluppins, "unbeknown to Mrs. Bardell; I had been out with a little basket, gentlemen, to buy three pounds of red kidney pertaties, which was tuppence ha'penny, when I see Mrs. Bardell's street-door on the jar."

"On the what?" exclaimed the little judge.

"Partly open, my lord."

"She *said* on the jar," said the little judge with a cunning look.

"I walked in, gentlemen, just to say good mornin', and went in a permiscuous manner upstairs, and into the back room. There was a sound of voices in the front room, very loud, and forced themselves upon my ear."

Mrs. Cluppins then related the conversation we have already heard between Mr. Pickwick and Mrs. Bardell.

The next witness was Mr. Winkle, and after him came Mr. Tupman and Mr. Snodgrass, all of whom appeared on subpoena by the plaintiff's lawyers.

Sergeant Buzfuz then rose and said, with considerable importance, "Call Samuel Weller."

IT was quite unnecessary to call him, for Samuel Weller stepped briskly into the box the instant his name was pronounced.

"What's your name, sir?" inquired the judge.

"Sam Weller, my lord."

"Do you spell it with a 'V' or a 'W'?" inquired the judge.

"That depends upon the taste and fancy of the speller, my lord," replied Sam, "but I spells it with a 'V.'"

Here a voice in the gallery exclaimed aloud, "Quite right, too, Samivel; quite right. Put it down a we, my lord, put it down a we."

"Who is that that dares to address the court?" said the little judge, looking up.

"I rayther suspect it was my father, my lord," replied Sam.

"Do you see him here now?" said the judge.

"No, I don't, my lord," replied Sam, staring right up in the roof of the court.

"If you could have pointed him out, I would have committed him instantly," said the judge.

Sam bowed his acknowledgments.

"Now, Mr. Weller," said Sergeant Buzfuz. "I believe you are in the service of Mr. Pickwick; speak up, if you please."

"I mean to speak up, sir," replied Sam. "I am in the service o' that 'ere gen'l'man. and a wery good service it is."

"Little to do, and plenty to get, I suppose?" said Sergeant Buzfuz.

"Oh, quite enough to get, sir, as the soldier said ven they ordered him three hundred and fifty lashes," replied Sam.

"You must not tell us what the soldier said," interposed the judge, "it's not evidence."

"Wery good, my lord."

"Now, Mr. Weller," said Sergeant Buzfuz, "do you recollect anything particular happening on the morning when you were first engaged by the defendant?"

"Yes, I do, sir. I had a reg'lar new fit-out o' clothes that mornin', and that was a wery partikler and uncommon circumstance vith me in those days."

"Do you mean to tell me, Mr. Weller, that you saw nothing of the fainting of the plaintiff in the arms of the defendant?"

"Certainly not; I was in the passage till they called me up, and then the old lady wasn't there."

"Have you a pair of eyes, Mr. Weller?"

"Yes, that's just it," replied Sam. "If they wos a pair o' patent double million magnifyin' gas microscopes of hextra power, p'raps I might be able to see through a flight o' stairs and a deal door, but bein' only eyes, you see, my wision's limited."

"Do you remember going up to Mrs. Bardell's house one night last November? I suppose you went to have a little talk about this trial, eh, Mr. Weller?" said Sergeant Buzfuz, looking knowingly at the jury.

"I went up to pay the rent," said Sam; "but the ladies gets into a wery great state of admiration at the honourable conduct o' Mr. Dodson and Fogg, and said what a wery gen'rous thing it was o' them to have taken up the case on spec., and to have charged nothin' at all for costs, unless they got 'em out of Mr. Pickwick."

At this very unexpected reply the spectators tittered, and Mr. Sergeant Buzfuz said curtly, "Stand down, sir."

Sergeant Snubbin then addressed the jury on behalf of the defendant, and after that Mr. Justice Stareleigh summed up.

At the end of a quarter of an hour the jury brought in a verdict for the plaintiff with £750 damages.

In the court-room Mr. Pickwick encountered Messrs. Dodson and Fogg, rubbing their hands with satisfaction.

"Not one farthing of costs or damages do you ever get out of me, if I spend the rest of my existence in a debtor's prison," said Mr. Pickwick.

"We shall see about that," said Mr. Fogg, grinning.

Outside, Mr. Pickwick and his friends made their way to a hackney coach, and Sam Weller was just preparing to jump upon the box when his father stood before him. The old gentleman shook his head gravely and said in warning accents, "I know'd what 'ud come o' this here mode o' doin' bisness. Oh, Sammy, Sammy, vy worn't there a alleybi?"

"But surely, my dear sir," said Perker to his client the following morning, "you don't really mean, seriously now, that you won't pay these costs and damages?"

"Not one halfpenny," said Mr. Pickwick.

"Hooroar for the principle, as the moneylender said ven he vouldn't renew the bill," observed Mr. Samuel Weller.

III—In the Fleet Prison

Two months later Mr. Pickwick was arrested for the non-payment of costs and damages and taken to the Fleet Prison. And so Mr. Pickwick found himself within a debtor's gaol.

"Where am I to sleep to-night?" inquired Mr. Pickwick of the turnkey, and after some discussion it was discovered there was a bed to let.

"It ain't a large 'un, but it's an out-and-outer to sleep in. This way, sir," said the turnkey.

Mr. Pickwick, accompanied by Sam Weller, followed his guide up a staircase and along a gallery; at the end of this was an apartment containing eight or nine iron bedsteads.

Mr. Pickwick felt very low-spirited and

uncomfortable when he was left alone, and he went slowly to bed. He was awakened from his slumbers by the noise of his bedfellows, one of whom, wearing grey cotton stockings, was performing a hornpipe; while another, evidently very drunk, was warbling as much as he could recollect of a comic song; the third, a man with thick, bushy whiskers, was applauding both performers.

"My name is Smangle, sir," said the man with the whiskers to Mr. Pickwick.

"Mine is Mivins," said the man in the stockings.

"Well; but come," said Mr. Smangle, after assuring Mr. Pickwick a great many times that he entertained a very high respect for the feelings of a gentleman, "this is but dry work. Let's rinse our mouths with a drop of burnt sherry; the last-comer shall stand it, Mivins shall fetch it, and I'll help to drink it. That's a fair and gentleman-like division of labour, anyhow."

Mr. Pickwick, unwilling to hazard a quarrel, gladly assented to the proposition.

When Mr. Pickwick opened his eyes next morning, the first object upon which they rested was Samuel Weller, seated upon a small black portmanteau.

He soon learnt that money was in the Fleet just what money was out of it; and that if he wished it he could have a room to himself, if he was willing to pay for it.

"There's a capital room up in the coffee-room flight that belongs to a Chancery prisoner," said the turnkey. "It'll stand you in a pound a week. Lord! Why didn't you say at first that you was willing to come down handsome?"

SAM WELLER AND HIS FATHER

From the drawing by Fred. Barnard

The matter was soon arranged, and in a short time the room was furnished.

"Sam," said Mr. Pickwick, when his servant had done his best to make the apartment comfortable, and was now inspecting the arrangements, "I have felt from the first that this is not the place to bring a young man to."

"Nor an old 'un neither, sir."

"You're quite right, Sam," said Mr. Pickwick. "But old men may come here through their own heedlessness and unsuspicion. Do you understand me, Sam?"

"Vell, sir," rejoined Sam, after a pause, "I think I see your drift, and it's my 'pinion that you're a-comin' it a great deal too strong, as the mail-coachman said to the snowstorm ven it overtook him."

"For the time that I remain here," said Mr. Pickwick, "you must leave me."

"Now, I tell you vot it is," said Mr. Weller, in a grave and solemn voice. "This here sort o' thing won't do at all, so don't let's hear no more about it."

"I am serious, Sam," said Mr. Pickwick.

"You air, air you, sir?" inquired Mr. Weller. "Wery good, sir. Then so am I."

With that Mr. Weller fixed his hat on his head with great precision and left the room. Having found his father, Sam explained to the elder Mr. Weller that Mr. Pickwick must not be left alone in the Fleet.

"Vy, they'll eat him up alive, Sammy!" exclaimed the elder Mr. Weller. "Stop there by himself, poor creetur, without nobody to take his part! It can't be done, Samivel, it can't be done!"

"O' course it can't," asserted Sam.

"Well, then, I tell you wot it is. I'll trouble you for the loan of five-and-twenty pound. P'raps you may ask for it five minits artervards, p'raps I may say I von't pay, and cut up rough. You von't think o' arrestin' your own son for the money, and sendin' him off to the Fleet, will you, you unnat'ral wagabone ? "

The elder Mr. Weller, having grasped the idea, laughed till he was purple.

In the course of the day Sam was duly arrested at the suit of his father, and, having been formally delivered into the warden's custody, went straight to his master's room.

"I'm a pris'ner, sir," said Sam. "I was arrested this here wery arternoon for debt, and the man as put me in 'ull never let me out till you go yourself."

"Bless my heart and soul ! " ejaculated Mr. Pickwick. "What do you mean ? "

"Wot I say, sir," rejoined Sam. "If it's forty year to come, I shall be a pris'ner, and I'm very glad on it. He's a malicious, bad-disposed, vorldly-minded, windictive creetur wot's put me in, with a hard heart as there ain't no soft'nin', as the wirtuous clergyman remarked of the old gen'l'm'n with a dropsy, ven he said that upon the whole he thought he'd rather leave his property to his vife than build a chapel with it."

In vain Mr. Pickwick remonstrated.

"I takes my determination on principle, sir," remarked Sam, "and you takes yours on the same ground ; vich puts me in mind o' the man as killed hisself on principle."

IV—Mr. Pickwick Leaves the Fleet

THOSE enterprising lawyers. Messrs. Dodson and Fogg, having obtained no money from Mr. Pickwick, proceeded in July to arrest Mrs. Bardell, who, as a matter of form, had given them a *cognovit* for the amount of their costs.

Mr. Pickwick was taking his evening walk in the grounds of the Fleet when Mrs. Bardell was brought in, and Sam Weller, seeing the lady, took off his hat in mock reverence. Mr. Pickwick turned indignantly away.

"Don't bother the woman," said the turnkey to Weller ; "she's just come in."

"A pris'ner ! " said Sam. "Who's the plaintives ? Speak up, old feller ! "

"Dodson and Fogg," replied the man.

"Here, Job, Job ! " shouted Sam, dashing into the passage, and calling for a man who went errands for the prisoners. "Run to Mr. Perker's, Job ; I want him directly. Here's a game ! Hooray ! "

Mr. Perker was in Mr. Pickwick's room betimes next morning.

"Well, now, my dear sir," said Perker, "the first question I have to ask is whether this woman is to remain here ? It rests solely and wholly with you."

"With me ! " ejaculated Mr. Pickwick.

"Nobody but you can rescue her from this den of wretchedness, to which no man, and still more no woman, should ever be consigned if I had my will," resumed Mr. Perker. "I have seen the woman this morning. By paying the costs, you can obtain a full release and discharge from the damages ; and, further, a voluntary statement, under her hand, that this business was from the very first fomented and encouraged by these men, Dodson and Fogg. She entreats me to intercede with you, and implores your pardon."

Before Mr. Pickwick could reply, there was a murmur of voices outside, and Mr. Winkle, Mr. Tupman and Mr. Snodgrass entering, Mr. Pickwick was fairly argued out of his resolutions. At three o'clock that afternoon Mr. Pickwick took a last look at his little room, and made his way as well as he could through the throng of debtors who pressed eagerly forward to shake him by the hand, until he reached the lodge steps. He turned here to look about him, and his eye brightened as he did so. In all the crowd of wan, emaciated faces, he saw not one which was not the happier for his sympathy and charity.

As for Sam Weller, having dispatched Job Trotter to procure his formal discharge, his next proceeding was to purchase five-and-twenty gallons of mild porter, which he himself dispensed on the racket-ground to everybody who would partake of it. This done, he hurra'd in divers parts of the building until he lost his voice, and then quietly relapsed into his usual collected and philosophical condition, and followed his master out of the prison.

CHARLES DARWIN

ON THE ORIGIN OF SPECIES

By Means of Natural Selection

Abridgement by Dr. C. W. Saleeby

ACTING on the advice of scientific friends, Darwin confined his study for some years to certain specialised lines of inquiry. The result of his research was the publication, on November 24, 1859, of his masterpiece, which has for its sub-title: The Preservation of Favoured Races in the Struggle for Life. In its pages the theory which suggested a cause for evolution is stated first, the evidence for the existence of evolution being considered last. The entire work is over 150,000 words in length. The manner of presentation was doubtless deliberate, for until the advent of Darwin it was the lack of a reasonable cause motive that prevented the adoption of the otherwise rational phenomenon of evolution. In The Descent of Man the principles of the Origin of Species find the expression of their logical outcome. Many editions of the work, of which the first edition was exhausted on the day of issue, have subsequently been published.

I—How the Author's Conception of Evolution Arose

WHEN on board H.M.S. Beagle as naturalist, I was much struck with certain facts in the distribution of the organic beings inhabiting South America, and in the geological relations of the present to the past inhabitants of that continent. These facts seemed to throw some light on the origin of species—that mystery of mysteries, as it has been called by one of our greatest philosophers. On my return home, in 1837, it occurred to me that something might perhaps be made out on this question by patiently accumulating and reflecting on all sorts of facts which could possibly have any bearing on it.

In considering the origin of species, it is quite conceivable that a naturalist, reflecting on the mutual affinities of organic beings, on their embryological relations, their geographical distribution, geological succession and other such facts, might come to the conclusion that species had not been independently created but had descended, like varieties, from other species. Nevertheless, such a conclusion, even if well founded, would be unsatisfactory, until it could be shown how the innumerable species inhabiting this world have been modified so as to acquire that perfection of structure and co-adaptation which justly excites our admiration.

Naturalists continually refer to external conditions, such as climate, food, etc., as the only possible cause of variation. In one limited sense this may be true; but it is preposterous to attribute to mere external conditions the structure, for instance, of the woodpecker, with its feet, tail, beak and tongue so admirably adapted to catch insects under the bark of trees. In the case of the mistletoe, which draws its nourishment from certain trees, which has seeds that must be transported by certain birds, and which has flowers with separate sexes absolutely requiring the agency of certain insects to bring pollen from one flower to the other, it is as preposterous to account for the structure of this parasite, with its relations to several distinct organic beings, by the effects of external conditions, or of habit, or of the volition of the plant itself.

It is, therefore, of the highest importance to gain a clear insight into the means of modification and co-adaptation. At the beginning of my observations it seemed to me probable that a careful study of domesticated animals and of cultivated plants would offer the best chance of making out this obscure problem. Nor have I been disappointed; in this and in all other perplexing cases I have invariably found that our knowledge, imperfect though it be, of variation under domestication, afforded the best and safest clue. Although much remains, and

will long remain, obscure, I can entertain no doubt that the view which most naturalists until recently entertained, and which I formerly entertained—namely, that each species has been independently created—is erroneous. I am fully convinced that species are not immutable, but that those belonging to what are called the same genera are lineal descendants of some other and generally extinct species, in the same manner as the acknowledged varieties of any one species are the descendants of that species. Natural selection has been the most important, but not the exclusive, means of modification.

All Species are Allied

II—Variation and Selection in Plant and Animal Life

All living beings vary more or less from one another, and though variations which are not inherited are unimportant for us, the number and diversity of inheritable deviations of structure, both those of slight and those of considerable physiological importance, are endless.

No breeder doubts how strong is the tendency to inheritance; that like produces like is his fundamental belief. Doubts have been thrown on this principle only by theoretical writers. When any deviation of structure often appears, and we see it in the father and child, we cannot tell whether it may not be due to the same cause having acted on both; but when amongst individuals, apparently exposed to the same conditions, any very rare deviation, due to some extraordinary combination of circumstances, appears in the parent—say, once amongst several million individuals—and it reappears in the child, the mere doctrine of chances almost compels us to attribute its reappearance to inheritance.

Everyone must have heard of cases of albinism, prickly skin, hairy bodies, etc., appearing in members of the same family. If strange and rare deviations of structure are really inherited, less strange and commoner deviations may be freely admitted to be inheritable. Perhaps the correct way of viewing the whole subject would be to look at the inheritance of every character whatever as the rule and non-inheritance as the anomaly.

The laws governing inheritance are for the most part unknown. No one can say why the same peculiarity in different individuals of the same species, or in different species, is sometimes inherited and sometimes not so; why the child often reverts in certain characters to its grandfather or grandmother, or more remote ancestor; why a peculiarity is often transmitted from one sex to both sexes, or to one sex alone, more commonly but not exclusively to the like sex.

The fact of heredity being given, we have evidence derived from human practice as to the influence of selection. There are large numbers of domesticated races of animals and plants admirably suited in various ways to man's use or fancy—adapted to the environment of which his need and inclination are the most essential constituents. We cannot suppose that all the breeds were suddenly produced as perfect and as useful as we now see them; indeed, in many cases, we know that this has not been their history. The key is man's power of accumulative selection. Nature gives successive variations; man adds them up in certain directions useful to him. In this sense he may be said to have made for himself useful breeds.

Variations in Selection

The great power of this principle of selection is not hypothetical. Several of our eminent breeders have, within a single lifetime, modified their breeds of cattle and sheep. What English breeders have actually effected is proved by the enormous prices given for animals with a good pedigree; and these have been exported to almost every quarter of the world. The same principles are followed by horticulturists, and we see an astonishing improvement when the flowers of the present day are compared with drawings made only twenty or thirty years ago.

Study of the origin of our domestic races of animals and plants leads to the following conclusions. Changed conditions of life are of the highest possible importance in causing variability, both by acting directly on the organization, and indirectly by affecting the reproductive

system. Spontaneous variation of unknown origin plays its part. Some, perhaps a great, effect may be attributed to the increased use or disuse of parts.

The final result is thus rendered infinitely complex. In some cases the intercrossing of aboriginally distinct species appears to have played an important part in the origin of our breeds. When several breeds have once been formed in one country, their occasional intercrossing, with the aid of selection, has, no doubt, largely aided in the formation of new sub-breeds ; but the importance of crossing has been much exaggerated, both in regard to animals and to plants. Over all these causes of change, the accumulative action of selection, whether applied methodically and quickly, or unconsciously and slowly, but more efficiently, seems to have been the predominant power.

Selection a Vehicle of Life

III—Survival of the Fittest in the Struggle for Life

BEFORE applying these principles to organic beings in a state of nature, we must ascertain whether these latter are subject to any variation. We find variation everywhere. Individual differences, though of small interest to the systematist, are of the highest importance for us, for they are often inherited ; and they thus afford materials for natural selection to act and accumulate, in the same manner as man accumulates in any given direction individual differences in his domesticated productions. Further, what we call varieties cannot really be distinguished from species in the long run, a fact which we can clearly understand if species once existed as varieties, and thus originated. But the facts are utterly inexplicable if species are independent creations.

How have all the exquisite adaptations of one part of the body to another part, and to the conditions of life, and of one organic being to another being, been perfected ? For everywhere we find these beautiful adaptations.

Owing to the struggle for life, variations, however slight, and from whatever cause proceeding, if they be in any degree profitable to the individuals of a species in their infinitely complex relations to other organic beings and to their physical conditions of life, will tend to the preservation of such individuals and will generally be inherited by the offspring. The offspring, also, will thus have a better chance of surviving, for, of the many individuals of any species which are periodically born, but a small number can survive. I have called this principle, by which each slight variation, if useful, is preserved, by the term Natural Selection, in order to mark its relation to man's power of selection. But the expression, often used by Mr. Herbert Spencer, of the survival of the fittest, is more accurate.

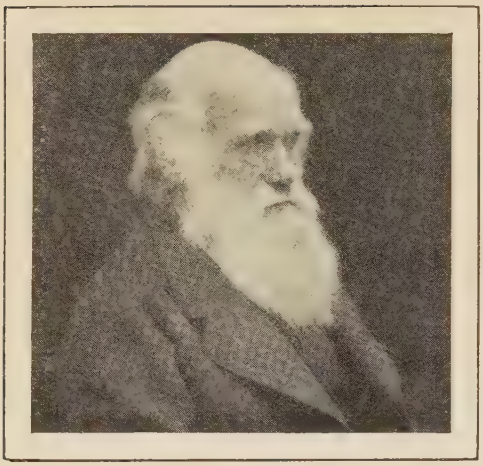
Man's Power Over Animals

We have seen that man, by selection, can certainly produce great results, and can adapt organic beings to his own uses, through the accumulation of slight but useful variations given to him by the hand of nature. Natural selection is a power incessantly ready for action, and is as immeasurably superior to man's efforts as the works of nature are to those of art.

ALL organic beings are exposed to severe competition. Nothing is easier than to admit in words the truth of the universal struggle for life, or more difficult—at least, I have found it so—than constantly to bear this conclusion in mind. Yet, unless it be thoroughly engrained in the mind, the whole economy of nature, with every fact of distribution, rarity, abundance, extinction and variation, will be dimly seen or quite misunderstood. We behold the face of nature bright with gladness ; we often see superabundance of food. We do not see, or we forget, that the birds which are idly singing round us mostly live on insects or seeds, and are thus constantly destroying life ; or we forget how largely these songsters, or their eggs, or their nestlings, are destroyed by birds or beasts of prey. We do not always bear in mind that, though food may be superabundant, it is not so at all seasons of each recurring year.

A struggle for existence, the term being used in a large, general and metaphorical sense, inevitably follows from the high rate at which all organic beings tend to increase.

Every being, which during its natural lifetime produces several eggs or seeds,



CHARLES ROBERT DARWIN was born at Shrewsbury, February 12, 1809, of a family distinguished on both sides in literature, science and art. In 1825 he went to Edinburgh to study medicine, but left in 1828 to read for the Church, at Cambridge University. Abandoning this in favour of natural science, he joined H.M.S. Beagle in 1831 on the five years' voyage which he describes in the introduction to his masterpiece. His return to London marked the beginning of exhaustive research, the chief results of which form the matter of The Origin of Species. It was his misfortune to live and die in ignorance of his contemporary, Mendel's, great discoveries in variation. Darwin died April 19, 1882, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

must suffer destruction during some period of its life, and during some season or occasional year; otherwise, on the principle of geometrical increase, its numbers would quickly become so inordinately great that no country could support the product. Hence, as more individuals are produced than can possibly survive, there must in every case be a struggle for existence, either one individual with another of the same species, or with the individuals of distinct species, or with the physical conditions of life. It is the doctrine of Malthus applied with manifold force to the whole animal and vegetable kingdoms; for in this case there can be no artificial increase of food, and no prudential restraint from marriage. Although some species may be now increasing, more or less rapidly, in numbers, all cannot do so, for the world would not hold them.

Malthus's Doctrine Applied

There is no exception to the rule that every organic being naturally increases at so high a rate that, if not destroyed, the earth would soon be covered by the progeny of a single pair. Even slow-breeding man has doubled in twenty-five years, and, at this rate, in less than a thousand years there would literally not be standing-room for his progeny. Linnaeus has calculated that if an annual plant produced only two seeds—and there is no plant so unproductive as this—and their seedlings next year produced two, and so on, then in twenty years there would be a million plants.

The elephant is reckoned the slowest breeder of all known animals, and I have taken some pains to estimate its probable minimum rate of natural increase. It will be safest to assume that it begins breeding when thirty, and goes on breeding until ninety years old, bringing forth six young in the interval, and surviving till one hundred years old. If this be so, after a period of from 740 to 750 years there would be nearly nineteen million elephants alive, descended from the first pair.

Nineteen Million Elephants!

The causes which check the natural tendency of each species to increase are most obscure. Eggs or very young animals seem generally to suffer most, but this is not invariably the case. With plants there is a vast destruction of seeds. The amount of food for each species gives the extreme limit to which each can increase; but frequently it is not the obtaining food, but the serving as prey to other animals, which determines the average number of a species. Climate is important; periodical seasons of extreme cold or drought seem to be the most effective of all checks.

THE relations of all animals and plants to each other in the struggle for existence are most complex, and often unexpected. Battle within battle must be continually recurring with varying success; and yet in the long run the forces are so nicely balanced that the face of nature remains for long periods of time uniform, though assuredly the merest trifle would give the victory to one organic being over another. Nevertheless, so profound is our ignorance that we marvel when we hear of the extinction of an organic being.

The struggle for life is most severe between individuals and varieties of the same species. The competition is most severe between allied forms which fill nearly the same place in the economy of

nature. But great is our ignorance on the mutual relations of all organic beings. All that we can do is to keep steadily in mind that each organic being is striving to increase in a geometrical ratio ; that each at some period of its life, during some season of the year during each generation or at intervals, has to struggle for life and to suffer great destruction. We may console ourselves with the full belief that the war of nature is not incessant, that no fear is felt, that death is generally prompt, and that the vigorous, the healthy and the happy survive and multiply.

IV—How the Struggle for Life Governs Variation

How will the struggle for existence act in regard to variation ? Can the principle of selection, which we have seen is so potent in the hands of man, apply under nature ? I think we shall see that it can act most efficiently. Let the endless number of slight variations and individual differences occurring in our domestic productions, and, in a lesser degree, in those under nature, be borne in mind, as well as the strength of the hereditary tendency. Under domestication, it may be truly said that the whole organization becomes to some degree plastic.

But the variability, which we almost universally meet with in our domestic productions, is not directly produced by man ; he can neither originate variations nor prevent their occurrence ; he can only preserve and accumulate such as do occur. Unintentionally he exposes organic beings to changing conditions of life, and variability ensues ; but similar changes of condition might and do occur under nature.

Let it also be borne in mind how infinitely complex and close-fitting are the mutual relations of all organic beings to each other and to their physical conditions of life, and consequently what infinitely varied diversities of structure might be of use to each being under changing conditions of life. Can it then be thought improbable, seeing what variations useful to man have undoubtedly occurred, that other variations, useful in some way to each being in the complex battle of life, should occur in the course of many successive generations ?

If such do occur, can we doubt, remembering that many more individuals are born than can possibly survive, that individuals having any advantage over others would have the best chance of surviving and of procreating their kind ? On the other hand, we may feel sure that any variation in the least degree injurious would be rigidly destroyed. This preservation of favourable individual differences and variations, and the destruction of those which are injurious, I have called natural selection, or the survival of the fittest.

Destruction of Injurious Variations

The term is too frequently misapprehended. Variations neither useful nor injurious would not be affected by natural selection. It is not asserted that natural selection induces variability. It implies only the preservation of such varieties as arise and are beneficial to the being under its conditions of life. Again, it has been said that I speak of natural selection as an active power or deity , but who objects to an author speaking of the attraction of gravity as ruling the movements of the planets ? It is difficult to avoid personifying the word nature ; but I mean by nature only the aggregate action and product of many natural laws, and by laws the sequence of events as ascertained by us.

As man can produce, and certainly has produced, a great result by his methodical and unconscious means of selection, what may not natural selection effect ? Man can act only on external and visible characters. Nature, if I may be allowed to personify the natural preservation or survival of the fittest, cares nothing for appearances, except in so far as they are useful to any being. She can act on every internal organ, on every shade of constitutional difference, on the whole machinery of life.

Man selects only for his own good ; nature only for that of the being which she tends. Every selected character is fully exercised by her, as is implied by the fact of their selection. Man keeps the natives of many climates in the same country ; he seldom exercises each selected character in some peculiar and fitting manner ; he feeds a long and a short-beaked pigeon on the same food ; he does not exercise a long-legged quadruped in any peculiar

manner; he exposes sheep with long and short wool to the same climate.

Man does not allow the most vigorous males to struggle for the females. He does not rigidly destroy all inferior animals, but protects during each varying season, as far as lies in his power, all his productions. He often begins his selection by some half-monstrous form; or at least by some modification prominent enough to catch the eye or to be plainly useful to him.

Dominant Features Preserved

But under nature the slightest differences of structure or constitution may well turn the nicely-balanced scale in the struggle for life, and so be preserved. How fleeting are the wishes and efforts of man! How short his time! And, consequently, how poor will be his results compared with those accumulated by nature during whole geological periods! Can we wonder that nature's productions should be far 'truer' in character than man's productions; that they should be infinitely better adapted to the most complex conditions of life, and should plainly bear the stamp of far higher workmanship?

It may metaphorically be said that natural selection is daily and hourly scrutinising, throughout the world, the slightest variations; rejecting those that are bad, preserving and adding up all that are good; silently and insensibly working, whenever and wherever opportunity offers, at the improvement of each organic being in relation to its organic and inorganic conditions of life. We see nothing of these slow changes until time has marked the lapse of ages, and then so imperfect is our view into long-past geological ages that we see only that the forms of life are now different from what they formerly were.

Natural selection will modify the structure of the young in relation to the parent, and of the parent in relation to the young. In social animals it will adapt the structure of each individual for the benefit of the whole community, if the community profits by the selected change. What natural selection cannot do is to modify the structure of one species, without giving it any advantage, for the good of another species; and though statements to this effect may be found in works of natural history, I cannot find one case which will bear investigation.

A structure used only once in an animal's life, if of high importance to it, might be modified to any extent by natural selection; for instance, the great jaws possessed by certain insects, used exclusively for opening the cocoon, or the hard tip to the beak of unhatched birds, used for breaking the egg. It has been asserted that of the best short-beaked tumbler pigeons a greater number perish in the egg than are able to get out of it; so that fanciers assist in the act of hatching. Now, if nature had to make the beak of a full-grown pigeon very short for the bird's own advantage, the process of modification would be slow, and there would be simultaneously the most rigorous selection of all the young birds within the egg, for all with weak beaks would inevitably perish; or easily broken shells might be selected, the thickness of the shell being known to vary like every other structure.

With all beings there must be much fortuitous destruction, which can have little or no influence on the course of natural selection. For instance, a vast number of eggs or seeds are annually devoured, and these could be modified through natural selection only if they varied in some manner which protected them from their enemies. Yet many of these eggs or seeds would perhaps have yielded individuals better adapted to their conditions of life than any of those which survived.

So, again, a vast number of mature animals and plants, whether or not they be the best adapted to their conditions, must be annually destroyed by accidental causes, which would not be in the least degree mitigated by certain changes of structure or constitution which would in other ways be beneficial to the species.

Irresistible Progression

But let the destruction of the adults be ever so heavy, if the number which can exist in any district be not wholly kept down by such causes—or, again, let the destruction of eggs or seeds be so great that only a hundredth or a thousandth part are developed—yet of those which do survive, the better adapted individuals, supposing there is any variability in a

favourable direction, will tend to propagate their kind in larger numbers.

On our theory the continued existence of lowly organisms offers no difficulty ; for natural selection does not necessarily include progressive development ; it only takes advantage of such variations as arise and are beneficial to each creature under its complex relations of life.

The mere lapse of time by itself does nothing, either for or against natural selection. I state this because it has been erroneously asserted that the element of time has been assumed by me to play the chief part in modifying species, as if all forms of life were necessarily undergoing change through some innate law.

Time Plays No Part

V—The Function of Sexual Selection in Life

THIS form of selection depends, not on a struggle for existence in relation to other organic beings or to external conditions, but on a struggle between the individuals of one sex, generally the males, for the possession of the other sex. The result is few or no offspring.

Sexual selection is, therefore, less rigorous than natural selection. Generally, the most vigorous males, those which are best fitted for their places in nature, will leave most progeny. But, in many cases, victory depends not so much on general vigour as on having special weapons, confined to the male sex. A hornless stag or spurless cock would have a poor chance of leaving numerous offspring. Sexual selection, by always allowing the victor to breed, might surely give courage, a long spur and wing strength to strike in the spurred leg, in the same manner as does the cock-fighter by the careful selection of his best cocks.

How low in the scale of nature the law of battle descends I know not. Male alligators have been described as fighting, bellowing and whirling round, like Indians in a war-dance, for the possession of the females ; male salmons have been observed fighting all day long ; male stag-beetles sometimes bear wounds from the mandibles of other males ; the males of certain other insects have been frequently seen fighting for a particular female who sits by, an apparently unconcerned beholder of the struggle, and then retires with the conqueror.

Phenomena of Sexual Life in Animals

The war is, perhaps, severest between the males of the polygamous animals, and these seem oftenest provided with special weapons. The males of carnivorous animals are already well armed, though to them special means of defence may be given through means of sexual selection, as the mane of the lion and the hooked jaw of the salmon. The shield may be as important as the spear.

AMONGST birds, the contest is often of a more peaceful character. All those who have attended to the subject believe that there is the severest rivalry between the males of many species to attract, by singing, the females. The rock-thrush of Guiana, birds of paradise, and some others congregate ; and successive males display with elaborate care, and show off in the best manner, their gorgeous plumage ; they also perform strange antics before the females, which, standing by as spectators, at last choose the most attractive partner.

VI—How the Species are Constantly Improved

UNDER domestication we see much variability, caused, or at least excited, by changed conditions of life ; but often in so obscure a manner that we are tempted to consider the variations as spontaneous. Variability is governed by many complex laws—by correlated growth, compensation, the increased use and disuse of parts and the definite action of the surrounding conditions.

There is much difficulty in ascertaining how largely our domestic productions have been modified ; but we may safely infer that the amount has been large, and that modifications can be inherited for long periods. As long as the conditions of life remain the same, we have reason to believe that a modification, which has already been inherited for many generations, may continue to be inherited for an almost infinite number of generations. But we have evidence that variability,

when it has once come into play, does not cease under domestication for long; nor does it ever cease, for new varieties are still occasionally produced by our oldest domesticated productions.

VARIABILITY is not actually caused by man; he only unintentionally exposes organic beings to new conditions of life, and then nature acts on the organization and causes it to vary. But man can and does select the variations given to him by nature, and thus accumulates them in any desired manner. He thus adapts animals and plants for his own benefit or pleasure. He may do this methodically, or he may do it unconsciously by preserving the individuals most useful or pleasing to him without an intention of altering the breed.

It is certain that he can influence the character of a breed by selecting, in each successive generation, individual differences so slight as to be inappreciable except by an educated eye. This unconscious process of selection has been the agency in the formation of the most distinct and useful domestic breeds. That many breeds produced by man have to a large extent the character of natural species is shown by the inextricable doubts whether many of them are varieties or aboriginally distinct species.

There is no reason why the principles which have acted so efficiently under domestication should not have acted under nature. In the survival of favoured individuals and races, during the recurrent struggle for existence, we see a powerful and ever-acting form of selection.

The struggle for existence inevitably follows from the high geometrical ratio of increase which is common to all organic beings. This high rate of increase is proved by calculation; by the rapid increase of many animals and plants during a succession of peculiar seasons and when naturalised in new countries. More individuals are born than can possibly survive. A grain in the balance may determine which individuals shall live and which die; which variety shall increase in number, and which shall decrease, or finally become extinct.

The Grain in the Balance

As the individuals of the same species come in all respects into the closest competition with each other, the struggle will generally be more severe between them; it will be almost equally severe between the varieties of the same species, and next in severity between the species of the same genus. On the other hand, the struggle will often be severe between beings remote in the scale of nature. The slightest advantage in certain individuals, over those with which they come into competition, or better adaptation, in however slight a degree, to the surrounding physical conditions, will, in the long run, turn the balance.

How the Balance is Turned

With animals having separate sexes, there will be in most cases a struggle between the males for the possession of the females. The most vigorous males, or those which have most successfully struggled with their conditions of life, will generally leave most progeny. But success will often depend on the males having special weapons, or means of defence, or charms; and a slight advantage will lead to victory.

As geology plainly proclaims that each land has undergone great physical changes, we might have expected to find that organic beings have varied under nature in the same way as they have varied under domestication. And if there has been any variability under nature, it would be an unaccountable fact if natural selection had not come into play.

IT has often been asserted, but the assertion is incapable of proof, that the amount of variation under nature is a strictly limited quantity. Man, though acting on external characters alone, and often capriciously, can produce within a short period a great result by adding up mere individual differences in his domestic productions; and everyone admits that species present individual differences. Besides such differences, naturalists admit that natural varieties exist, which are considered sufficiently distinct to be worthy of record in systematic works.

No one has drawn any clear distinction between individual differences and slight varieties, or between more plainly marked varieties and sub-species and species. On

separate continents, and on different parts of the same continent when divided by barriers of any kind, what a multitude of forms exist which some experienced naturalists rank as varieties, and others as distinct, though closely allied species!

If, then, animals and plants do vary, let it be ever so slightly or slowly, why should not variations or individuals, differences which are in any way beneficial, be preserved and accumulated through natural selection, or the survival of the fittest?

Man's Unbounded Power

If man can, by patience, select variations useful to him, why, under changing and complex conditions of life, should not variations useful to nature's living products often arise, and be preserved, or selected? What limit can be put to this power, acting during long ages and rigidly scrutinising the whole constitution, structure and habits of each creature—favouring the good and rejecting the bad? I can see no limit to this power, in slowly and beautifully adapting each form to the most complex relations of life.

In the future I see open fields for far more important researches. Psychology will be based on the foundation already well laid by Mr. Herbert Spencer—that of the necessary acquirement of each mental power and capacity by gradation.

Authors of the highest eminence seem to be fully satisfied with the view that each species has been independently created. To my mind it accords better with what we know of the laws impressed on matter by the Creator that the production and extinction of the past and present inhabitants of the world should have been due to secondary causes, like those determining the birth and death of the individual.

When I view all beings not as special creations, but as the lineal descendants of some few beings which lived long before the first bed of the Cambrian system was deposited, they seem to become ennobled. Judging from the past, we may infer that not one living species will transmit its unaltered likeness to distant futurity.

Of the species now living very few will transmit progeny of any kind to a far distant futurity; for the manner in which all organic beings are grouped shows that the greater number of species in each genus, and all the species in many genera, have left no descendants, but have become utterly extinct. We can so far look into futurity as to foretell that it will be the common and widely-spread species, belonging to the larger and dominant groups within each class, which will ultimately prevail and procreate new and dominant species.

As all the living forms of life are the lineal descendants of those which lived long before the Cambrian epoch, we may feel certain that the ordinary succession by generation has never once been broken, and that no cataclysm has desolated the whole world. We may look with some confidence to a secure future of great length. As natural selection works solely by and for the good of each being, all corporeal and mental endowments will tend to progress towards perfection.

It is interesting to contemplate a tangled bank, clothed with many plants of many kinds, with birds singing on the bushes, with various insects flitting about, and with worms crawling through the damp earth, and to reflect that these elaborately constructed forms, so different from each other, and dependent upon each other in so complex a manner, have all been produced by laws acting around us. These laws, taken in the largest sense, are growth with reproduction; inheritance, which is almost implied by reproduction; variability from the indirect and direct action of the conditions of life, and from use and disuse; a ratio of increase so high as to lead to a struggle for life, and, as a consequence, to natural selection, entailing divergence of character and the extinction of less improved forms.

Immutable Laws

Thus, from the war of nature, the most exalted object which we are capable of conceiving, namely, the production of the higher animals, directly follows.

There is grandeur in this view of life, with its several powers, having been originally breathed by the Creator into a few forms, or into one; and that, whilst this planet has gone cycling on according to the fixed law of gravity, from so simple a beginning endless forms most wonderful have been, and are being, evolved.

WAVERLEY: DONALD BEAN LEAN'S FASTNESS IN THE HIGHLANDS OF PERTHSHIRE

From the painting by Lockhart Bogle

SIR WALTER SCOTT

WAVERLEY

OR 'TIS SIXTY YEARS SINCE

IN 1813 when Byron and Scott were appearing to establish the supremacy of verse as the vehicle of the great romantic movement in English literature, the latter was forced, by the financial difficulties of his publishers, to turn his attention to prose and fiction as the means of expressing his genius. He chanced upon the manuscript of the opening chapters of Waverley written, and subsequently abandoned, in 1805. Within four weeks, early in 1814, the novel was completed, and the rich mine of the Waverley Novels was opened. The book was published anonymously, 'the reason being,' says Lockhart, 'that Scott contended that it was beneath the dignity of a poet to write novels.' Its sweeping narrative, virile dialogue and fine descriptive passages, which brought it immediate success at publication, have still their powerful appeal. A portrait of Sir Walter accompanies the abridgement of the famous biography of Scott, written by his son-in-law, John Gibson Lockhart, which appears in later pages of *The World's Great Books*.

I—In the Highlands

IT is sixty years since Edward Waverley took leave of his family, to join the regiment of dragoons in which he had lately obtained a commission. It was a melancholy day at Waverley-Honour when the young officer parted with Sir Everard, the affectionate old uncle to whose title and estate he was presumptive heir. "Edward, my dear boy," said Sir Everard, "remember that you are the last of our race, and the only hope of its revival depends upon you; therefore, as far as duty and honour will permit, avoid danger—I mean unnecessary danger—and keep no company with rakes, gamblers and Whigs, of whom it is to be feared there are but too many in the service into which you are going."

Then, not trusting himself with any further oratory, he carried his nephew to his stables to see the horses destined for his campaign. After inspecting the cavalry, Sir Everard again conducted his nephew to the library, where he produced a letter, addressed, with great formality, 'To Cosmo Comyne Bradwardine, Esq., of Bradwardine, at Tully-Veolan, in Perthshire,' an old friend of Sir Everard's, and a gentleman who had been in arms for the exiled family of Stewart in the year 1715.

With a feeling that he was in a great measure abandoned to his own guidance and direction, Edward Waverley departed from the Hall amid the blessings and tears of all the old domestics. After a short visit to London, he proceeded, on horseback to Edinburgh, and thence to Dundee, where his regiment was quartered.

He now entered upon a new world where, for a time, all was beautiful because all was new. Colonel Gardiner, the commanding officer of the regiment, though somewhat advanced in life, was handsome and active, and owing to his respectability Waverley escaped temptations to which he might otherwise have been exposed.

His military education proceeded, and with the arrival of summer came a curiosity to know something more of Scotland, and Waverley determined to request leave of absence for a few weeks. He resolved first to visit his uncle's ancient friend and correspondent, and, travelling on horseback, he gradually approached the Highlands of Perthshire.

It was about noon when Captain Waverley rode slowly through the rugged and flinty street of Tully-Veolan. At the entrance to the park he dismounted, and presently approached the manor-house and applied himself to the massive knocker of the hall door. But no answer was returned, and Waverley began to despair of gaining entrance, when a man of odd appearance advanced up one of the garden alleys. He led Waverley to the butler, who was busy with his spade in the garden, and presently, on hearing

the name of their visitor, Miss Bradwardine and her father, the Baron, as he was called, appeared.

Rose Bradwardine was but seventeen, and she was a very pretty girl with a profusion of hair of paley gold, and a skin like the snow of her own mountains in whiteness. The Baron of Bradwardine, a tall, thin, athletic figure, old indeed, and grey-haired, greeted Waverley warmly.

"Upon the honour of a gentleman," he said, "but it makes me young again to see you here, Mr. Waverley! And so ye have mounted the cockade? Right, right; though I cou'd have wished the colour different, and so I would ha' deemed might Sir Everard. But no more of that; I am old, and times are changed. Once again ye are most heartily welcome to my poor house of Tully-Veolan!"

II—Out with the Jacobites in the Forty-Five

At Tully-Veolan, Edward Waverley was induced to visit the castle of the Highland chieftain Fergus Vich Ian Vohr, who, like his sister Flora, was anxious to take up arms for the restoration of the Stewarts to the throne.

While they were still discussing this project a Highlander was ushered into the room, an ambassador from his chieftain to confirm the amity between the Clan Ivor and the house of Bradwardine. Waverley established friendly relations with the mountaineer and accepted his offer to guide him to his chieftain's castle.

They travelled over a mountain ridge to a lake across which a point of light could be seen twinkling in the distance. In response to a whistled signal from Waverley's guide, a boat, manned with four or five Highlanders, pulled across the water, took him aboard, and returned across the lake with great rapidity.

As the boat neared the shore, Waverley saw that the light came from a fire in the jaws of a cavern, lighted evidently as a beacon to the boatmen. Making their way to the platform of rocks on which it was blazing, the boatmen carried Waverley up into the cave, whereupon the beacon fire was immediately extinguished.

The interior of the Uaimh an Ri or King's Cavern, as the abode of the Highland robber was proudly called, was illuminated by pine torches assisted by the red glare of a large fire. Donald Bean Lean, the principal inhabitant of this singular mansion, received Waverley with a profusion of politeness and Scottish hospitality. A coarse but palatable meal of steaks roasted on the coals was supplied, as well as abundance of whisky. At length the scene began to swim before Waverley's eyes, and, covered with a plaid, he laid himself on a heath pallet prepared for him, and fell asleep.

Next morning he found his Highland attendant awaiting him, and under his guidance resumed his journey, ultimately arriving at Glennaquoich, where Fergus MacIvor maintained the state of an autocratic Highland chieftain.

Letters from home, announcing that his father was now in disgrace with the Government, and from Colonel Gardiner, ordering him peremptorily to rejoin his regiment, threw Waverley into indignation, and he resigned his commission.

His next step was to follow Fergus to Edinburgh, where the Chevalier had already set up his court in the ancient palace of Holyrood. Here Waverley found the old Baron of Bradwardine and his daughter Rose owning allegiance to the Stewart cause.

It was not till Fergus had brought Waverley into the presence-room of the Chevalier that the chieftain of the race of Ivor was assured of the Englishman's loyalty to the royal adventurer.

"Let me present to your Royal Highness——" said Fergus, bowing profoundly.

"The descendant of one of the most ancient and loyal families in England," said the young Chevalier, interrupting him. "I beg your pardon for interrupting you, my dear MacIvor; but no master of ceremonies is necessary to present a Waverley to a Stewart."

Thus saying, he extended his hand to Edward with the utmost courtesy, who could not, had he desired it, have avoided rendering him the homage which seemed due to his rank, and was certainly the right of his birth.

" If Mr. Waverley," continued Charles Edward, after a short pause, " should determine to embrace a cause which has little to recommend it but its justice, and follow a prince who throws himself upon the affection of his people, I can only say that among these nobles and gentlemen he will find worthy associates in a gallant enterprise, and will follow a master who may be unfortunate, but will never be ungrateful."

Unaccustomed to the manners of a polished court, in which Charles was eminently skilful, his words and his kindness penetrated the heart of our hero and easily outweighed all prudential motives. The time admitted of no deliberation, and Waverley, kneeling to Charles Edward, devoted his heart and sword to the vindication of his rights.

The prince raised Waverley from the ground, and embraced him with an expression of thanks too warm not to be genuine.

" How do you like him ? " was Fergus's first question, after leaving the presence-chamber.

" A prince to live and die under," was Waverley's enthusiastic answer.

In September came the battle of Preston Pans outside Edinburgh, and the defeat of the English forces under General Cope.

It was at the moment when the English infantry, deserted by the cavalry and the artillerymen, were in confusion and terror that Waverley remarked an English officer, standing alone and unsupported by a field-piece. Struck with his tall, martial figure, and eager to save him from inevitable destruction, Waverley called to him to surrender. The officer replied by a thrust with his sword, which Waverley received in his target, and in turning it aside the Englishman's weapon broke. At the same time the battle-axe of a Highlander was in the act of descending upon the officer's head. Waverley intercepted and prevented the blow, and the officer, perceiving further resistance unavailing, and struck with Edward's generous anxiety for his safety, resigned the fragment of his sword, and was committed by Waverley into the keeping of a Highlander, with strict charge to use him well and not to pillage his person.

After the battle the first occupation of Waverley was to go in quest of the officer

FERGUS MACIVOR PRESENTING WAVERLEY TO THE YOUNG CHEVALIER
From the painting by J. B. McDonald, A.R.S.A.

whose life he had saved. To Waverley's surprise he learnt that the officer was one Colonel Talbot, whom his Uncle Edward had formerly befriended and assisted.

They walked a few paces in silence; at length Colonel Talbot said: "Mr. Waverley, you have this day saved my life; and yet I would to God that I had lost it, ere I had found you wearing the uniform and cockade of these men. Are you aware, Mr. Waverley, of the distress and danger which your present conduct has occasioned to your nearest relatives?"

"Danger?"

"Yes, sir, danger. When I left England, your uncle and father had been obliged to find bail to answer a charge of treason. I came down to Scotland with the sole purpose of rescuing you from the gulf into which you have precipitated yourself. I am indebted to your uncle for benefits greater than those which a son owes to a father. I acknowledge to him the duty of a son; and there is no manner in which I can requite his kindness so well as by serving you. The personal obligation which you have this day laid me under adds nothing to my zeal on your behalf; nor can that zeal be abated by any coolness with which you receive it."

The Chevalier knew the value of Colonel Talbot as a prisoner, and entrusted the charge of him to Waverley. Talbot willingly gave his parole not to attempt any escape, and as he and Waverley were necessarily much together, the character of the colonel rose in Waverley's esteem.

In November, just before the young Chevalier resolved to peril his cause by marching into the centre of England at the head of about six thousand men at the utmost, Colonel Talbot received a free pass into England.

WAVERLEY'S sympathies were aroused for his friend at the distress of Talbot on receiving a letter informing him of his wife's serious illness. He at once hastened to the Chevalier's levee. "I told the Prince my own story and yours," said Waverley later to Talbot; "and asked him to judge what my feelings must be by his own. He has a heart, and a kind one, Colonel Talbot, you may say what you please. He took a sheet of paper, and wrote the pass with his own hand. 'Take the passport,' he said; 'I have added a condition—not to bear arms against the house of Stewart for a twelvemonth—for form's sake; but if the colonel objects to it, let him depart without giving any parole whatever. I come here to war with men, but not to distress women.' And now your baggage is packed, and a boat has been engaged to put you on a frigate at Leith. Farewell, Colonel; may you find all well."

"Adieu, my dear Waverley; I shall ever think on you with gratitude."

And thus they parted, Waverley returning to Edinburgh, before following the Chevalier's fortunes into England.

III—Colonel Talbot Returns the Favour

WAVERLEY went with the Chevalier as far as Derby, and when on December 5 the Highlanders, greatly to the dissatisfaction of their leader, positively determined to return northwards, our hero accompanied the retreat as far as Cumberland. Near Carlisle there was a skirmish with the English troops, and Waverley, cut off from the main body, escaped from the field of death and, under various disguises, made his way undetected to Colonel Talbot's house in London, anxious for news of his uncle.

The colonel welcomed him with open arms, passed him off as a nephew, and assured him that Sir Everard was gone down to Waverley-Honour, freed from all uneasiness. "But you are in peril yourself," added Talbot. "Your name is in every proclamation; warrants are out to apprehend you. Which way to direct your course is now, therefore, the immediate question."

"To Scotland," said Waverley.

"To Scotland?" said the colonel; "with what purpose? Not to engage again with the rebels, I hope?"

"No. I considered my campaign ended when, after all my efforts, I could not rejoin them; and now, by all accounts, they are gone to make a winter campaign in the Highlands, where I should be rather burdensome than useful. Besides, to confess the truth, I am heartily tired

of the trade of war. Having honourably got rid of the sword, I am quite satisfied with my military experience, and shall be in no hurry to take it up again. There are some seaports on the east coast of Scotland still in the hands of the Chevalier's friends; should I gain any of them I can easily embark for the Continent."

"Good! Your second reason?"

"Why, to speak the very truth there is a person in Scotland upon whom I now find my happiness depends, and about whose situation I am very anxious."

"Then my wife is right, and there is a love affair in the case after all? Miss Bradwardine?"

"Yes."

"Well, I don't discourage you; I think it will please Sir Everard, from what he said when I jested with him about it; though I think you might find as fitting a match in England. Yet if your heart be really set upon this Scotch rosebud, why, the baronet has a great opinion of her father, and he wishes much to see you married and settled."

One happy day Waverley spent in London, and then, with a talisman in the form of a passport made out to Colonel Talbot's nephew, which sufficiently answered all inquiries, he set out on horseback, and reached Scotland in time to hear tidings of the decisive battle of Culloden. It was no more than he had long expected. Yet it came upon him like a shock, by which he was, for a time, altogether unmanned. The generous, the courteous, the noble-minded adventurer was then a fugitive, with a price upon his head; his adherents, so brave, so enthusiastic, so faithful, were dead, imprisoned, or exiled.

The simple-minded, pure-hearted Baron of Bradwardine Waverley found hiding in a cave near Tully-Veolan. "My daughter's weel and safe, thank God!" said the baron, "at the Duchran. The laird's distantly related to us, and more nearly to my chaplain, Mr. Rubrick; and though he be of Whig principles, yet he's not forgetful of auld friendship."

Soon after, Waverley was enraptured by the receipt of a letter from Colonel Talbot, and a 'Protection by his Royal Highness to the person of Cosmo Comyne Bradwardine, Esq., of that ilk, commonly called Baron of Bradwardine.' A similar protection was enclosed in favour of Edward Waverley, Esq. Colonel Talbot's letter was in these words:

'My dear Edward,—I have waited upon his Royal Highness, and found him in no very good humour for my purpose. Three or four Scotch gentlemen had just wrung from him a present protection, with the promise of a future pardon, for Baron Bradwardine. "It's a little hard," he said, "to be forced in a manner to pardon such a mortal enemy to the House of Brunswick." I said I was rejoiced to learn that his Royal Highness was in the course of granting such requests, as it emboldened me to present one in my own name. He was very angry, but I persisted. He was embarrassed, but obstinate. I mentioned the obligations which I lay under to Sir Everard, and to you personally, and claimed, as the sole reward of my services, that he would be pleased to afford me the means of evincing my gratitude. I perceived that he still meditated a refusal, and, taking my commission from my pocket, I said—as a last resource—that as his Royal Highness did not think me worthy of a favour which he had granted to other gentlemen, whose services I could hardly judge more important than my own, I must beg leave to deposit, with all humility, my commission in his Royal Highness's hands, and to retire from the service. He was not prepared for this; he told me to take up my commission; said some handsome things of my services, and granted my request. You are, therefore, once more a free man, and I have promised for you that you will be a good boy in future. Thus, you see *my* prince can be as generous as *yours*. I do not pretend, indeed, that he confers a favour with all the foreign graces and compliments of your Chevalier errant; but he has a plain English manner, and the evident reluctance with which he grants your request indicates the sacrifice which he makes of his own inclination to your wishes.

'Ever, dear Waverley, yours,

'Philip Talbot.'

IV—A Happy Wooing

WAVERLEY, on receipt of Talbot's letter, at once went down the glen to acquaint the baron with the good news. He found the old man in his hiding-place, and with infinite joy communicated to him the happy tidings. The old man stood for a moment in silent devotion, then exclaimed, " Praise be to God ! I shall see my bairn again ! "

" And never, I hope, to part with her more," said Waverley. " And if there were a situation in life which would put Miss Bradwardine beyond the uncertainty of fortune, and in the rank to which she was born, would you object to it, my dear baron, because it would make one of your friends the happiest man in the world ? " The baron turned, and looked at him with great earnestness. " Yes," continued Waverley, " I shall not consider my sentence of banishment as repealed unless you will give me permission to accompany you to the Duchran and——"

The baron seemed collecting all his dignity to make a suitable reply. But his efforts were in vain ; the father was too mighty for the baron ; the pride of birth and rank were swept away. He threw his arms around Waverley's neck, and sobbed out, " My son, my son ! If I had been to search the world, I would have made my choice here."

Edward returned the embrace with great sympathy of feeling, and for a little while they both kept silence. At length it was broken by Edward. " But Miss Bradwardine ? "

" She had never a will but her old father's ; besides, you are a likely youth, of honest principles and high birth ; and in my proudest days I could not have wished a more eligible espousal for her than the nephew of my excellent old friend, Sir Everard. But I hope, young man, ye hae secured the approbation of your ain friends, particularly of your uncle, who is *in loco parentis ?* "

Edward assured him that Sir Everard would think himself highly honoured in the flattering reception his proposal had met with, and that it had his entire approbation.

The next day the baron and his young friend were conducted to the Duchran.

We shall not attempt to describe the meeting of the father and daughter—separated under such perilous circumstances. The baron took upon himself, the morning after their arrival, the task of announcing the proposal of Waverley to Rose, which she heard with a proper degree of maiden timidity. Fame does, however, say that Waverley had found five minutes to apprise her of what was coming.

The marriage took place on the appointed day, and the Reverend Mr. Rubrick, chaplain to the Baron of Bradwardine, had the satisfaction to unite them.

COLONEL TALBOT and his wife were in Scotland, and proposed being present at the wedding, but the lady's health, when the day approached, was found inadequate to the journey. In amends, it was arranged that Edward Waverley and his wife who, with the baron, proposed an immediate journey to Waverley-Honour, should on their way spend a few days at an estate which Colonel Talbot had been tempted to purchase as a very great bargain.

The nuptial party travelled in great style, with a coach and six after the newest pattern, which Sir Everard had presented to his nephew.

It turned out that the estate which Colonel Talbot had bought was none other than the baron's old property of Tully-Veolan, which the baron had lost by his treason, and which an unworthy kinsman to whom it had gone had promptly sold to Colonel Talbot. The colonel had, through the baron's faithful old steward, restored it to its former master, the money being advanced by Edward Waverley.

It is difficult to say whether the worthy baron was more delighted with the restitution of his family property, or with the delicacy and generosity which avoided as much as possible even the appearance of laying him under pecuniary obligation. Colonel Talbot was there to welcome him, and an excellent dinner was served.

A tear mingled with the wine which the baron filled, as he proposed a cup of gratitude to Colonel Talbot and ' The Prosperity of the united houses of Waverley-Honour and Bradwardine ! '

Sir Thomas Browne

RELIGIO MEDICI

At once his earliest and his greatest work, Sir Thomas Browne's beautiful confession of faith was written about 1635. Two editions were published surreptitiously in 1642 and the first authorised edition appeared in 1643. His Urn Burial, published in 1658, is a remarkable amalgam of curious learning exposed in a magnificent style and revealing great mental power and nobility. It is true, as Hallam says, that Sir Thomas Browne was far removed from real philosophy both by inclination and by the nature of his erudition. But read in the right spirit—as the expression of a singular and strikingly original mind, his work is among the richest in English literature—'full of uncommon thoughts and trains of meditation leading to the dimmest chambers of life and death, and full also of an eloquence sometimes fantastic, but always striking, not seldom pathetic, and in its greatest passages gorgeous with the emblazonry of a warm imagination.' Various cheap editions of Religio Medici are published.

I—The Broad-minded Christian

For my religion I dare, without usurpation, assume the honourable style of a Christian. Not that I merely owe this title to the font, my education, or the clime wherein I was born; but that having, in my riper years and confirmed judgement, seen and examined all, I find myself obliged, by the principles of grace and the law of mine own reason, to embrace no other name but this.

But, because the name of a Christian is become too general to express our faith—there being a geography of religion as well as lands—I am of that reformed, new-cast religion wherein I dislike nothing but the name: of the same belief our Saviour taught, the apostles disseminated, the fathers authorised and the martyrs confirmed; but, by the sinister ends of princes, the ambition and avarice of prelates and the fatal corruption of the times, so decayed, impaired and fallen from its native beauty, that it required the careful and charitable hands of these times to restore it to its primitive integrity.

Yet do I not stand at sword's point with those who had rather promiscuously retain all than abridge any, and obstinately be what they are than what they have been. We have reformed from them, not against them, for there is between us one common name and appellation, one faith and necessary body of principles common to us both; and therefore I am not scrupulous to converse and live with them, to enter their churches in defect of ours, and either pray with them or for them.

I am naturally inclined to that which misguided zeal terms superstition; at my devotion I love to use the civility of my knee, my hat, my hand, with all those outward and sensible motions which may express or promote my invisible devotion. At the sight of a crucifix I can dispense with my hat, but scarce with the thought or memory of my Saviour. I could never hear the Ave-Mary bell without an oraison, or think it a sufficient warrant, because they erred in one circumstance, for me to err in all—that is, in silence and dumb contempt.

I could never divide myself from any man upon the difference of an opinion; I have no genius to disputes in religion. A man may be in as just possession of truth as of a city, and yet be forced to surrender; 'tis therefore far better to enjoy her with peace than to hazard her upon a battle. If, therefore, there rise any doubts in my way, I do forget them, or at least defer them, till my better settled judgement be able to resolve them. In philosophy, where truth seems double-faced, there is no man more paradoxical than myself; but in divinity I love to keep the road and, though not in an implicit, yet an humble, faith follow the great wheel of the Church.

Heads that are disposed unto schism and complexionally propense to innovation, are naturally indisposed for a community, nor will be ever confined unto the

order or economy of one body; and, therefore, when they separate from others, they knit but loosely among themselves; nor contented with a general breach or dichotomy with their church, do subdivide and mince themselves almost into atoms.

As for those wingy mysteries in divinity and airy subtleties in religion which have unhinged the brains of better heads, they have never stretched the membranes of mine. Methinks there be not impossibilities enough in religion for an active faith; I love to lose myself in a mystery, to pursue my reason to an *O altitudo!* I can answer all the objections of Satan and my rebellious reason with that odd resolution of Tertullian: 'It is certain because it is impossible.'

II—Of the Divine Wisdom

In my solitary and retired imagination I remember I am not alone; and therefore forget not to contemplate Him and His attributes who is ever with me, especially those two mighty ones, His wisdom and eternity. With the one I recreate, with the other I confound, my understanding; for who can speak of eternity without a solecism, or think thereof without an ecstasy?

In this mass of nature there is a set of things that carry in their front, though not in capital letters, yet in short characters, something of divinity; which, to wiser reasons, serve as luminaries in the abyss of knowledge, and to judicious beliefs as scales to mount the pinnacles of divinity.

That other attribute wherewith I recreate my devotion is His wisdom, in which I am happy; and for the contemplation of this only, do not repent me that I was bred in the way of study. The advantage I have of the vulgar, with the content and happiness I conceive therein, is an ample recompense for all my endeavours in what part of knowledge soever. Wisdom is His most beauteous attribute; no man can attain unto it; yet Solomon pleased God when he desired it. He is wise because He knows all things; and He knows all things because He made them all; but His greatest knowledge is in comprehending that He made not—that is, Himself.

The wisdom of God receives small honour from those heads that rudely stare about and with a gross rusticity admire His works. Those highly magnify Him whose judicious inquiry into His acts, and a deliberate research into His creatures, return the duty of a devout and learned admiration. Every essence, created or uncreated, hath its final cause and some positive end both of its essence and operation. This is the cause I grope after in the works of nature; on this hangs the providence of God.

That nature does nothing in vain is the only indisputable axiom in philosophy. There are no grotesques in nature, nor anything framed to fill up unnecessary spaces. I could never content my contemplation with those general pieces of wonder, the flux and reflux of the sea, the increase of the Nile, the conversion of the needle to the north; but have studied to match and parallel those in the more obvious and neglected pieces of nature which, without further travel, I find in the cosmography of myself. We carry with us the wonders we seek without us; there is all Africa and her prodigies in us.

Thus there are two books from whence I collect my divinity: besides that written one of God, another of His servant, nature, that universal and public manuscript, that lies expansed unto the eyes of all. Surely the heathens knew better how to join and read these mystical letters than we Christians, who cast a more careless eye on these common hieroglyphics and disdain to suck divinity from the flowers of nature. Now, nature is not at variance with art, nor art with nature, they being both the servants of His providence. Art is the perfection of nature. Nature hath made one world, and art another. In brief, all things are artificial, for nature is the art of God.

This is the ordinary and open way of His providence, which art and industry have in good part discovered, whose effects we may foretell without an oracle. But there is another way, full of meanders and labyrinths, and that is a more particular and obscure method of His providence, directing the operations of individual and single essences. This we call fortune,

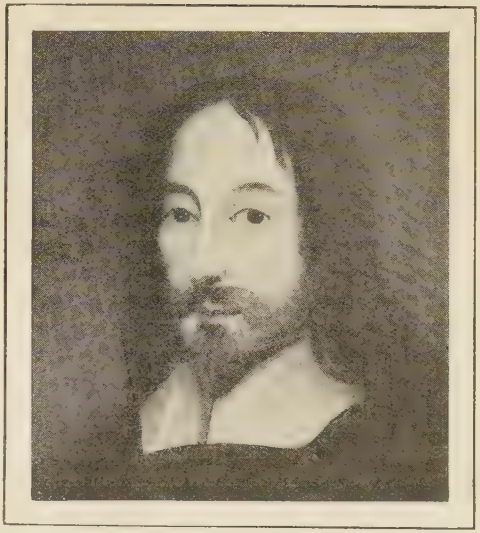
that serpentine and crooked line whereby He draws those actions His wisdom intends in a more unknown and secret way.

This cryptic and involved method of His providence have I ever admired ; nor can I relate the history of my life, the occurrences of my days, the escapes, or dangers, and hits of chance, with a bare grammercy to my good stars. Surely there are in every man's life certain rubs, doublings and wrenches, which pass a while under the effects of chance ; but at the last, well examined, prove the mere hand of God. 'Twas not dumb chance that, to discover the fougade, or powder plot, contrived a miscarriage in the letter. I like the victory of '88 the better for that one occurrence which our enemies imputed to our dishonour and the partiality of fortune : to wit, the tempests and contrariety of winds.

There is no liberty for causes to operate in a loose and straggling way, nor any effect whatever but hath its warrant from some universal or superior cause. 'Tis not a ridiculous devotion to say a prayer before a game at tables ; for even in sortileges and matters of greatest uncertainty there is a settled and pre-ordered course of effects. It is we that are blind, not fortune. Because our eye is too dim to discover the mystery of her effects, we foolishly paint her blind, and hoodwink the providence of the Almighty.

'Tis, I confess, the common fate of men of singular gifts of mind to be destitute of those of fortune ; which doth not any way deject the spirit of wiser judgements, who thoroughly understand the justice of this proceeding ; and, being enriched with higher donatives, cast a more careless eye on these vulgar parts of felicity. It is a most unjust ambition to desire to engross the mercies of the Almighty.

I have heard some with deep sighs lament the lost lines of Cicero ; others with as many groans deplore the combustion of the library of Alexandria ; for my own part, I think there be too many in the world, and could with patience behold the urn and ashes of the Vatican, could I, with a few others, recover the perished leaves of Solomon. Some men have written more than others have spoken.



SIR THOMAS BROWNE was born in Cheapside, London, October 19, 1605. Son of a prosperous mercer, he was educated at Winchester and at Broadgates Hall, later known as Pembroke College, Oxford. After studying medicine at Oxford, Montpellier, Padua and Leiden, he settled as a physician in Norwich, where he spent the rest of his life. A faithful royalist, he was knighted by Charles II in 1671. Sir Thomas Browne died October 19, 1682.

Of those three great inventions in Germany, there are two which are not without their incommodities. 'Tis not a melancholy wish of my own, but the desires of better heads, that there were a general synod—not to unite the incompatible difference of religion, but for the benefit of learning, to reduce it, as it lay at first, in a few and solid authors ; and to condemn to the fire those swarms and millions of rhapsodies, begotten only to distract and abuse the weaker judgements of scholars, and to maintain the trade and mystery of typographers.

As all that die in the war are not termed soldiers, so neither can I properly term all those that suffer in matters of religion, martyrs. There are many, questionless, canonised on earth that shall never be saints in heaven, and have their names in histories and martyrologies who, in the eyes of God, are not so perfect martyrs as was that wise heathen Socrates, that suffered on a fundamental point of religion—the unity of God. The leaven and ferment of all, not only civil but religious actions, is wisdom ; without which to commit ourselves to the flames is homicide, and, I fear, but to pass through one fire into another.

III—Of the Hope of Immortality

I THANK God I have not those strait ligaments or narrow obligations to the world as to dote on life or tremble at the name of death. Not that I am insensible of the horror thereof, or, by raking into the bowels of the deceased and continual sight of anatomies, I have forgot the apprehension of mortality; but that, marshalling all the horrors, I find not anything therein able to daunt the courage of a man, much less a well-resolved Christian. Were there not another life that I hope for, all the vanities of this world should not entreat a moment's breath from me. Those strange and mystical transmigrations that I have observed in silkworms turned my philosophy into divinity. There is in these works of nature something divine, that hath more in it that the eye of a common spectator doth discover.

Some, upon the courage of a fruitful issue, wherein, as in the truest chronicle; they seem to outlive themselves, can with greater patience away with death. This seems to me a mere fallacy, unworthy the desires of a man that can but conceive a thought of the next world; who, in a nobler ambition, should desire to live in his substance in heaven, rather than his name and shadow in the earth. Were there any hopes to outlive vice, or a point to be superannuated from sin, it were worthy our knees to implore the days of Methuselah. But age doth not rectify but brings on incurable vices, and the number of our days doth but make our sins innumerable. There is but one comfort left, that though it be in the power of the weakest arm to take away life, it is not in the strongest to deprive us of death.

There is no happiness within this circle of flesh, nor is it in the optics of these eyes to behold felicity. But besides this literal and positive kind of death, there are others whereof divines make mention, as mortification, dying unto sin and the world. In these moral acceptations, the way to be immortal is to die daily; and I have enlarged that common 'Remember death' into a more Christian memorandum—'Remember the four last things'—death, judgement, heaven and hell. I believe that the world grows near its end, but that general opinion, that the world grows near its end, hath possessed all ages past as nearly as ours.

There is no road or ready way to virtue; it is not an easy point of art to disentangle ourselves from this riddle or web of sin. To perfect virtue, as to religion, there is required a panoplia, or complete armour; that whilst we lie at close ward against one vice, we lie not open to the assault of another. There go so many circumstances to piece up one good action that it is a lesson to be good, and we are forced to be virtuous by the book.

Insolent zeals that do decry good works, and rely only upon faith, take not away merit; for, depending upon the efficacy of their faith, they enforce the condition of God, and in a more sophistical way do seem to challenge heaven. I do not deny but that true faith is not only a mark or token, but also a means, of our salvation; but where to find this is as obscure to me as my last end. If a faith to the quantity of a grain of mustard seed is able to remove mountains, that which we boast of is, at the most, but a remove from nothing.

FOR that other virtue of charity, without which faith is a mere notion and of no existence, I have ever endeavoured to nourish the merciful disposition and humane inclination I borrowed from my parents, and regulate it to the written and prescribed laws of charity. I give alms but to fulfil the command of God; I draw not my purse for his sake that demands it, but His that enjoined it. Again, it is no greater charity to clothe his body than to apparel the nakedness of his soul; and to this, as calling myself a scholar, I am obliged by the duty of my condition.

Bless me in this life with but the peace of my conscience, command of my affections, the love of Thyself and my dearest friends, and I shall be happy enoughto pity Caesar! These are, O Lord, the humble desires of my most reasonable ambition, and all I dare call happiness on earth: wherein I set no limit to Thy hand or providence; dispose of me according to the wisdom of Thy pleasure. Thy will be done, though in my own undoing.

MIGUEL DE CERVANTES SAAVEDRA

THE INGENIOUS HIDALGO DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA

POETRY and the drama occupied the literary genius of Miguel de Cervantes for some years after his escape from slavery in Algiers in 1580, but their material results were small, and in 1587 he obtained employment in the exchequer. Misfortune pursued him, and he suffered several terms of imprisonment for deficiencies in his accounts. During one of these periods he conceived the idea of Don Quixote, the first part of which appeared early in 1605. His original idea was to burlesque the extravagant romances of chivalry then in fashion, but as he proceeded the work developed into a picaresque novel rich in incident, comedy and humanity. In 1614 the publication of a supposititious continuation of the novel by one Alonzo de Avellaneda stimulated Cervantes into activity, and towards the end of 1615 he produced his own authentic Second Part, which, unlike most sequels, is even an improvement on the first. Don Quixote has been translated into nearly every language, and is indisputably one of the foremost of the world's great books.

I—How Don Quixote Turned Knight-Errant

IN a certain village of La Mancha, there lived one of those old-fashioned gentlemen who keep a lance in the rack, an ancient target, a lean horse, and a greyhound for coursing. His family consisted of a housekeeper turned forty, a niece not twenty, and a man who could saddle a horse, handle the pruning-hook and also serve in the house. The master himself was nigh fifty years of age, lean-bodied and thin-faced, an early riser and a great lover of hunting. His surname was Quixada, or Quesada.

You must know now that when our gentleman had nothing to do—which was almost all the year round—he read books on knight-errantry, and with such delight that he almost left off his sports, and even sold acres of land to buy these books. He would dispute with the curate of the parish, and with the barber, as to the best knight in the world. At nights he read these romances until it was day; a-day he would read until it was night. Thus, by reading much and sleeping little, he lost the use of his reason. His brain was full of nothing but enchantments, quarrels, battles, challenges, wounds, amorous plaints, torments and abundance of impossible follies.

Having lost his wits, he stumbled on the oddest fancy that ever entered madman's brain—to turn knight-errant, mount his steed and, armed *cap-à-pie*, ride through the world, redressing all manner of grievances and exposing himself to every danger, that he might purchase everlasting honour and renown.

The first thing he did was to secure a suit of armour that had belonged to his great-grandfather. Then he made himself a helmet, which his sword demolished at the first stroke. After repairing this mischief, he went to visit his horse, whose bones stuck out but who appeared to his master a finer beast than Alexander's Bucephalus. After four days of thought, he decided to call his horse Rozinante, and when the title was decided upon he spent eight days more before he arrived at Don Quixote as a name for himself.

And now he perceived that nothing was wanting save only a lady on whom he might bestow the empire of his heart. "If," said he, "for my honour I should engage with some giant and overthrow him in the field, will it not be highly proper that I should have a mistress to whom I may send my conquered foe to be disposed of according to her pleasure?"

There lived close at hand a hard-working country lass, Aldonza Lorenzo, on whom sometimes he had cast an eye, but who was quite unmindful of the gentleman. Her he selected for his peerless lady, and dubbed her with the sweet-sounding name of Dulcinea del Toboso.

II—How Don Quixote Received the Accolade

ONE morning, in the hottest part of July, with great secrecy, he armed himself, mounted Rozinante and rode out of his backyard into the open fields. He was disturbed to think that the honour of knighthood had not yet been conferred upon him, but determined to rectify this matter at any early opportunity, and rode on soliloquising, after the manner of knight-errants, as happy as a man might be.

Towards evening he arrived at a common inn, before whose door sat two wenches, the companions of some carriers bound for Seville. Don Quixote instantly imagined the inn to be a castle and the wenches to be fair ladies taking the air; and as a swineherd, getting his hogs together in a stubble-field near at hand, chanced at that moment to wind his horn, our gentleman imagined that this was a signal of his approach, and rode forward in the highest spirits.

The extravagant language in which he addressed them astonished the wenches as much as his amazing appearance, and they first would have run from him, but finally stayed to laugh. Don Quixote rebuked them, whereat they laughed the more, and only the innkeeper's appearance prevented the knight's indignation from carrying him to extremities. This man was for peace, and welcomed the strange apparition to his inn with all civility, marvelling much to find himself addressed as Sir Castellan. So the knight sat down to supper with strange company, and discoursed of chivalry to the bewilderment of all present, treating the inn as a castle, the host as a noble gentleman and the wenches as great ladies.

He presently sought the innkeeper alone in the stable and, kneeling, requested to be dubbed a knight, vowing that he would not move from that place till 'twas done. The host guessed the distraction of his visitor and complied, counselling Don Quixote—who had never read of such things in books of chivalry—to provide himself henceforth with money and clean shirts, and no longer to ride penniless.

That night Don Quixote watched his arms by moonlight, laying them upon the horse-trough in the yard of the inn, while from a distance the innkeeper and his guests watched the gaunt man, now leaning on his lance, and now walking to and fro, with his target on his arm. It chanced that a carrier came to water his mules, and was about to remove the armour, when Don Quixote in a loud voice called him to desist. The man took no notice, and Don Quixote, calling upon his Dulcinea to assist him, lifted his lance and brought it down on the carrier's pate, laying him flat. A second carrier came, and was treated in like manner; but now all the company of them came, and with showers of stones made a terrible assault upon the knight. It was only the interference of the innkeeper that put an end to this battle, and by careful words he was able to pacify Don Quixote and get him out of the inn.

ON his way the now happy knight found a farmer beating a boy and, bidding him desist, inquired the reason of this chastisement. The man, afraid of the strange armoured figure, told how this boy did his work badly in the field and deserved his flogging; but the boy declared that the farmer owed him wages and that whenever he asked for them his master flogged him. Sternly did the Don command the man to pay the lad's wages, and when the fellow promised to do so directly he got home, and the boy protested that he would surely never keep that promise, Don Quixote threatened the farmer, saying, "I am the valorous Don Quixote of La Mancha, righter of wrongs, revenger and redresser of grievances; remember what you have promised and sworn, as you will answer the contrary at your peril."

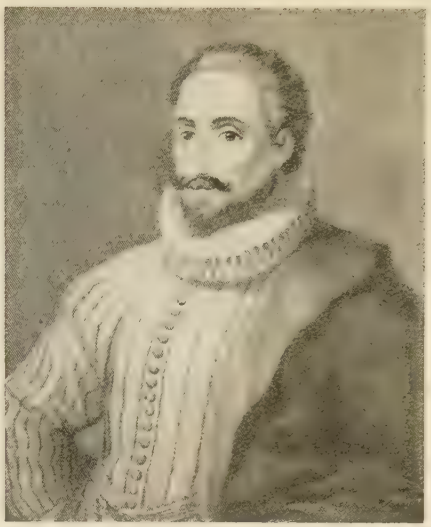
Convinced that the man dare not disobey, he rode forward, and the farmer very soon continued his flogging of the boy.

A company of merchants approaching caused Don Quixote to halt in the middle of the road, calling upon them to stand until they acknowledged Dulcinea del Toboso to be the peerless beauty of the world. This challenge was met with prevarication, which enraged Don Quixote, and clapping spurs to Rozinante he bore down upon the company with his lance couched.

A stumble of the horse threw him and as he lay on the ground, unable to move, one of the servants of the company came up and broke the lance across Don Quixote's ribs. It was not until a countryman came by that the Don was extricated, and then he had to ride back to his own village on the ass of the poor labourer, being so stiff and sore as to be quite incapable to mount Rozinante.

The curate and the barber, seeing now what havoc romances of chivalry were making in the wits of this good gentleman, ran through his library while he lay wounded in bed, burned all his noxious works and, securely locking the door, prepared the tale that enchantment had carried away the books and the very chamber itself.

None of the entreaties of his niece, nor the remonstrances of his housekeeper, could stay Don Quixote at home and he soon prepared for a second sally. He persuaded a good, honest country labourer, Sancho Panza by name, to enter his service as squire, promising him for reward the first island or empire which his lance should happen to conquer. Thus did things happen in books of chivalry, and he did not doubt that thus it would happen with him.



MIGUEL DE CERVANTES SAAVEDRA was born in Alcala de Henares in October 1547. He was for some time in the service of Cardinal de Acquaviva and in 1570 enlisted in the army commanded by Antonio Colonna and took part in Don John of Austria's victory at Lepanto, where he was severely wounded, and in other engagements. In 1576 he was captured by Barbary pirates and was a slave in Algiers until ransomed in 1580. Returning to Spain he earned a poor living as a dramatist, and was then employed as a purveyor to the army and to the Invincible Armada. His later life was one of much privation and bitterness, despite the world-wide fame that came to him as author of Don Quixote and of the admirable Novelas Ejemplares, or exemplary tales, published in 1613. Cervantes died at Madrid, April 23, 1616.

III—The Second Sally of the Worthy Knight

So it came to pass that one night Don Quixote stole away from his home, and Sancho Panza from his wife and children, and, with the master on Rozinante, the servant on his ass, Dapple, hastened away under cover of darkness.

As they travelled, "I beseech your worship," quoth Sancho, "be sure you forget not your promise of the island; for, I dare swear, I shall make shift to govern it, let it be never so big."

The knight, in a rhapsody, foreshadowed the day when Sancho might be made even a king, for in romances of chivalry there is no limit to the gifts made by valorous knights to their faithful squires.

But Sancho shook his head. "Though it rain kingdoms on the face of the earth, not one of them would fit well upon the head of my wife; for, I must needs tell you, she is not worth two brass-jacks to make a queen of."

As they were thus discoursing they espied some thirty windmills in the plain, which Don Quixote instantly took for giants. Nothing that Sancho said could dissuade him, and he must needs clap spurs to his horse and ride a-tilt at these great windmills, recommending himself to his mistress, Dulcinea. As he ran his lance into the sail of the first mill, the wind whirled it about with such swiftness that the motion broke the lance into shivers and hurled away both knight and horse along with it. When Sancho came upon his master the Don explained that some cursed necromancer had converted those giants into windmills to deprive him of the honour of victory.

When the knight was recovered they continued their way, and their next adventure was to meet two monks on mules riding before a coach, with four or five men on horseback, wherein sat a lady going

DON QUIXOTE AND HIS SQUIRE SANCHO ALIGHT AT AN INN

From the painting by E. Gamba, in the Victoria and Albert Museum

to Seville to meet her husband. Don Quixote rode forwards, addressed the monks as 'cursed implements of hell,' and bade them instantly release the lovely princess in the coach. The monks flew for their lives as Don Quixote charged down upon them, but Sancho was thrown down by the servants, who mauled him in every part of his body and then left him sprawling without breath or motion.

As for Don Quixote, he came off victor in this conflict, and only desisted from slaying his assailant on the plea of the lady in the coach, and on her promise that the conquered man should present himself before the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso. The recovered Sancho was gravelled to find that his master had no island to bestow upon him after this victory, wherein he himself had suffered so disastrously.

In a fierce encounter with some Yanguesian carriers, Don Quixote was wounded almost to death, and he explained to Sancho that he owed his defeat to fighting

with common people, bidding Sancho in future to fight such common fellows.

"Sir," said Sancho, "I am a peaceful man, a quiet fellow, do you see; I can make shift to forgive injuries as well as any man, having a wife to maintain and children to bring up. I freely forgive all mankind, high and low, lords and beggars, whatsoever wrongs they ever did or may do me, without the least exception."

At the next inn they came upon, Don Quixote, who was lying prone on Sancho's ass, groaning in pain, vowed that here was a worthy castle. Sancho swore 'twas an inn. Their dispute lasted till they reached the door, where Sancho marched straight in, without further argument.

It was here that surprising adventures took place. The knight, Sancho and a carrier were obliged to share one chamber. The maid of the inn, entering this apartment, was mistaken by Don Quixote for the princess of the castle and, taking her in his arms, he poured out a rhapsody to the virtues of Dulcinea del Toboso. The carrier resented this, and in a moment the place was in an uproar. Such a fight never took place before, and when it was over both the knight and the squire were as near dead as men can be. To right himself, Don Quixote concocted a balsam of which he had read and, drinking it off, presently was so grievously ill that he was like to cast up his heart and liver.

Being got to bed again, he felt sure that he was now invulnerable, and he woke early next day, eager to sally forth. When the host asked for his reckoning, "How! Is this an inn?" quoth the Don. "Yes, and one of the best on the road." "How strangely have I been mistaken then! Upon my honour, I took it for a castle, and a considerable one, too." Saying which, he added that knights never yet paid for the honour they conferred in lying at any man's house, and so rode away.

But poor Sancho Panza did not get off scot free, for they tossed him in a blanket in the backyard, where the Don could see the torture over the wall, but could by no means get to the rescue of his squire.

When they were together again, the gallant Don comforted poor Sancho Panza with hopes of an island, and explained away all their sufferings as the work of some cursed enchanters.

THE KNIGHT'S BLOOD WAS UP . . . AND HE DID FRIGHTFUL SLAUGHTER

From the painting by Roland Wheelwright, by permission of the artist

Their next adventure was begun by a cloud of dust on the horizon, which instantly made Don Quixote exclaim that a great battle was in progress. A nearer view revealed that the dust rose from a huge flock of sheep; but the knight's blood was up, and spurring forward he did frightful slaughter among the sheep, till the stones of the shepherd brought him to the earth.

"Lord save us!" cried Sancho, as he assisted the Don to his feet. "Your worship has left on his lower side only two grinders, and on the upper not one."

Later, they came upon a company of priests, with lighted tapers, carrying a corpse through the night. Don Quixote charged them, brought one of the company to the ground and scattered the rest. Sancho Panza, whose stomach cried cupboard, filled his wallet with the rich provisions of the priests, boasting to the wounded man that his master was the redoubtable Don Quixote of La Mancha, otherwise called the Knight of the Rueful Countenance. When the adventure was over, Don Quixote questioned his squire on this name, and Sancho replied, "I have been staring upon you this pretty while by the light of that unlucky priest's torch, and may I never stir if ever in my life I set eyes on a more dismal countenance."

The next enterprise was with a barber, who carried his new brass basin on his head, so that it suggested to Don Quixote the famous helmet of Mambrino. Accordingly, he bore down upon the barber, put him to flight and possessed himself of the basin, which he wore as a helmet.

More serious was the following adventure, when Don Quixote released from the king's officers a gang of galley slaves, because they assured him that they travelled chained much against their will. So gallantly did the knight behave that he conquered the officers and left them all but dead. Nevertheless, coming to an argument with the released convicts, he himself and Sancho, too, were as mauled by the convicts as even those self-same officers.

It now came to Don Quixote that he must perform a penance in the mountains, and sending Sancho with a letter to Dulcinea, he divested himself of much of his armour and underwear, and performed the maddest gambols and self-tortures ever witnessed under a blue sky.

However, it chanced that Sancho Panza soon fell in with the curate and the barber of Don Quixote's village, and these good friends, by a cunning subterfuge, in which a beautiful young lady played a part, got Don Quixote safely home and into his own bed. The lady, affecting great distress, made Don Quixote vow to enter upon no adventure until he had righted a wrong done against herself; and one night, as they journeyed on this mission, a great cage was made and placed over Don Quixote as he slept, and thus, persuaded that necromancy was at work against him, the valiant knight was borne back a prisoner to his home.

IV—How Sancho Panza Governed Barataria

Nothing short of a prison cell could keep Don Quixote from his sallies, and soon he was on the road again, accompanied by his faithful squire. To Sancho, who believed his master mad, and whose chief aim in life was filling his own stomach, these adventures of the Don had but one end, the governorship of the promised island. While he thought the knight mad, he believed in him; and while he was selfish, he loved his master.

It chanced that one day they came upon a frolicsome duke and duchess who had heard of their adventures, and who instantly set themselves to enjoy so rare a sport as that offered by the entertainment of the knight and his squire. The Don was invited to the duke's castle as a mighty hero, and there treated with all possible honour; but some tricks were played upon him which were certainly unworthy of the duke's courtesy. Nevertheless, this visit had the happiest culmination, since it was from the hands of the duke that Sancho at last received his governorship. Making pretence that a certain town on his estate, named Barataria, was an island, the duke dispatched Sancho to govern it; and after an affecting farewell with his master, who gave him the wisest possible

advice on the subject of statecraft, Sancho set out in a glittering cavalcade to take up his governorship, with his beloved Dapple led behind.

After a magnificent entry into the city, Sancho Panza was called upon to give judgement in certain teasing disputes, and this he did with such wit and such wholesome common sense that he delighted all who heard him.

Well pleased with himself, he sat down in a grand hall to a solitary banquet, with a physician standing by his side. No sooner had Sancho tasted a dish than the physician touched it with a wand, and a page bore it swiftly away. At first Sancho was confounded by this interference with his appetite, but presently he grew bold and expostulated; whereupon the physician said that his mission was to overlook the governor's health, and to see that he ate nothing which was prejudicial to his physical well-being, since the happiness of the state depended upon the health of its governor.

Sancho bore it for some time, but at length, starting up, he bade the physician avaunt, saying, "By the sun's light, I'll get me a good cudgel, and beginning with your carcase, will so belabour all the physic-mongers in the island, that I will not leave one of the tribe. Let me eat, or let them take their government again; for an office that will not afford a man his victuals is not worth two horse beans."

At that moment there came a messenger from the duke, who pulled a packet from his bosom and presented it to the governor. This message from the duke was to warn Sancho that a furious enemy intended to attack his island, and that he must be on his guard.

Sancho set out to inspect his defences; but with every step he took he was confronted by some problem of government on which he was called upon to adjudicate. Harassed by these appeals, and half famished, our governor began to think that governorship was the sorriest trade on earth, and before a week was over he addressed to Don Quixote a letter, concluding, "Heaven preserve you from ill-minded enchanters, and send me safe and sound out of this government."

One night he was awakened by the servants crying in affright that the enemy was approaching. Sancho rose, and was adjured by his subjects to lead them forth against their terrible foes. He asked for food, and declared that he knew nothing of arms. They rebuked him and, bringing him shields and a lance, proceeded to tie him up so tightly with shields behind and shields before that he could scarcely move. Then they bade him march and lead on the army.

"March!" quoth he. "These bonds stick so plaguy close that I cannot so much as bend my knees!"

"For shame!" they answered. "It is fear, not armour, that stiffens your legs."

THUS rebuked, Sancho endeavoured to move, but fell flat on the earth like a great tortoise; while in the darkness the others made a clash upon their swords and shields, and trampled upon the prone governor, who quite gave himself up for dead. But at break of day they raised a cry of 'Victory!' and, lifting Sancho up, told him that their enemies were driven off.

To this he said nothing save to ask for his old clothes. And when he was dressed he went down to Dapple's stall, and embraced his faithful ass with tears in his eyes. "Come hither, my friend and true companion," quoth he; "happy were my days, my months and years, when with thee I journeyed, and all my concern was to mend thy harness and find food for thy little stomach! But now that I have climbed to the towers of ambition, ten thousand tribulations have haunted my soul!" While he spoke he fitted on the pack-saddle, mounted his ass, bade farewell to the people, and so departed.

V—The Melancholy End of Don Quixote

MEANWHILE, Don Quixote had been fooled to the top of his bent in the duke's castle, and had endured tribulations from maids and men sufficient to deject the finest fortitude. He was now in the mood to forsake that great castle and to embrace once more the life of the open road, and so with Sancho Panza he started out to take up the threads of his old life. After adventures so miraculous

as to seem incredible, Don Quixote was laid low in an encounter with a friend of his disguised as a knight, and by this defeat was so broken and humiliated that he thought to turn shepherd and to spend the remainder of his days in a pastoral life. Sancho cheered him, and together they turned their faces towards home, leaving the future to the disposition of Providence.

As they entered the village, two boys fighting in a field attracted the knight's attention, and he heard one of them cry, "Never fret yourself, you shall never see her while you have breath in your body!"

The knight immediately applied these words to himself and Dulcinea, and nothing that Sancho could say had power to cheer his spirits. Moreover, the boys of the village, having seen them, raised a shout, and came laughing about them saying, "Oh, law! here is Gaffer Sancho Panza's donkey as fine as a lady, and Don Quixote's beast thinner than ever!" The barber and the curate then came upon the scene and saw their old friend, and went with him to his house.

MELANCHOLY increased with the poor knight, and he was seized with a violent fever. The physician and his friends did all they could to divert him, but in vain. One day he desired them to leave him, and for six hours he slept so profoundly that his niece thought he was dead. At the end of this time he wakened, and cried, "Blessed be Almighty God for this great benefit He has vouchsafed to me! His mercies are infinite; greater are they than the sins of men."

These rational words surprised his niece, and she asked what he meant by them. He answered that by God's mercy his judgement had returned, free and clear. "The cloud of ignorance," said he, "is now removed, which continuous reading of those noxious books of knight-errantry had laid upon me." He said that his great grief now was the lateness with which enlightenment had come, leaving him so little time to prepare his soul for death.

The others coming in, Don Quixote made his confession, and one went to fetch Sancho Panza. With tears in his eyes the squire sought his poor master's side, and when in the first clause of his will Don Quixote made mention of Sancho, saying afterwards, "Pardon me, my friend, that I brought upon you the shame of my madness," Sancho cried out, "Woe's me, your worship, do not die this bout; take my counsel, and live. For it is the maddest trick a man can play in his whole life to go out like the snuff of a candle, and die merely of the mulligrubs!"

The others admonished him in like spirit, but Don Quixote answered and said, "Gently, sirs! do not look in last year's nests for the birds of this year. I was mad, but now I have my reason. I was Don Quixote of La Mancha; but to-day I am Alonso Quizano the Good. I hope that my repentance and my sincerity will restore me to your former esteem. And now let Master Notary proceed."

So he finished writing his will, and then fell into a swooning fit and lay full length in his bed. But he lingered some days, and when he did give up the ghost, or, to speak more plainly, when he died, it was amidst the tears and lamentations of his family, and after he had received the last sacrament, and had expressed, in pathetic way, his horror at the books of chivalry.

WAR WEARY, THE VETERANS RETURN TO LA MANCHA
From the painting by Sir John Gilbert, in the Victoria and Albert Museum

JOHN BUNYAN

GRACE ABOUNDING TO THE CHIEF OF SINNERS

'I COULD have stepped into a style much higher than this in which I have discoursed, and could have adorned all things more than here I have seemed to do,' writes Bunyan in the preface to Grace Abounding; but had he done so the change would have been lamentable. In the book—itself a record of personal religious conflict—we have the man himself, with all his flashes of mother-wit, portrayed in the vigorous yet wholly admirable choice of phrase of this blacksmith of Elstow. The supplement to the work, called A Relation of the Imprisonment of Mr. John Bunyan, of which an outline appears herewith, after Grace Abounding, is believed to have been written by one George Cokayne, a London Baptist preacher. Many admirable editions of Bunyan's great autobiography have been published.

I—The Exceeding Mercy of God to His Poor Servant

IN this relation of the merciful working of God upon my soul I will in a few words give you a hint of my pedigree and manner of bringing up. My descent was, as is well known by many, of a low and inconsiderable generation, my father's house being of that rank that is meanest and most despised of all the families in the land. Though my parents put me to school, to my shame I confess I did soon lose that little I learnt.

As for my own natural life, for the time that I was without God in the world, it was indeed according to the course of this world, and the spirit that worketh in the children of disobedience; for from a child I had but few equals for cursing, lying and blaspheming. In these days the thoughts of religion were very grievous to me. I could neither endure it myself, nor that any other should. But God did not utterly leave me, but followed me with judgements, yet mixed with mercy.

Once I fell into a creek of the sea and hardly escaped drowning. Another time I fell out of a boat into Bedford river, but mercy yet preserved me alive. When I was a soldier, I with others were drawn to such a place to besiege it; but when I was ready to go, one of the company desired to go in my place, to which I consented. Coming to the siege, as he stood sentinel, he was shot in the head with a musket bullet, and died. Here were judgements and mercy, but neither of them did awaken my soul to righteousness.

Presently, after this I changed my condition into a married state, and my mercy was to light upon a wife whose father was counted godly. Though we came together so poor that we had not so much household stuff as a dish or a spoon betwixt us both, yet she had two books which her father left her when he died: The Plain Man's Pathway to Heaven, and The Practice of Piety. In these I sometimes read with her, and in them found some things that were pleasing to me, but met with no conviction. Yet through these books I fell in very eagerly with the religion of the times, to wit, to go to church twice a day, though yet retaining my wicked life.

But one day, as I was standing at a neighbour's shop-window, cursing after my wonted manner, the woman of the house protested that she was made to tremble to hear me, and told me I by thus doing was able to spoil all the youth in the whole town.

At this reproof I was put to shame, and that, too, as I thought, before the God of Heaven. Hanging down my head, I wished with all my heart that I might be a little child again. How it came to pass I know not, but I did from this time so leave off my swearing that it was a wonder to myself to observe it.

John Bunyan was born at Elstow, near Bedford, in 1628, and followed the calling of his father, as a 'braseyer', or maker of pots and kettles. In 1658, having now become a dissenting preacher of amazing popularity, he was indicted as 'a witch, a Jesuit, a highwayman,' and, in 1660, imprisoned. Book after book issued from Bedford county gaol, among them Grace Abounding, a religious autobiography rivalled only by St. Augustine's Confessions. The Declaration of Indulgence set him free in 1672, and the great period of his ministry followed. Imprisoned again in 1675, he composed the first part of The Pilgrim's Progress in Bedford Bridge gaol. His supreme masterpiece appeared in 1678, and was enormously successful. Bunyan accepted the world's verdict, and afterwards his great works of genius—The Holy War made by Shaddai upon Diabolus, the second part of The Pilgrim's Progress, The Life and Death of Mr. Badman—all assumed the form of allegory. Released again, Bunyan continued his ministry until his death in 1688.

Soon afterwards I fell in company with one poor man that made profession of religion. Falling into some liking to what he said, I betook me to my Bible, especially to the historical part. Wherefore I fell to some outward reformation, and did strive to keep the commandments, and thus I continued about a year, all which time our neighbours wondered at seeing such an alteration in my life. Though I was as yet nothing but a poor painted hypocrite, I loved to be talked of as one that was godly. Yet, as my conscience was beginning to be tender, I after a time gave up bell-ringing and dancing, thinking I could thus the better please God. But, poor wretch as I was, I was still ignorant of Jesus Christ, and was going about to establish my own righteousness.

But upon a day the good providence of God cast me to Bedford, to work on my calling, and in that town I came on three or four poor women sitting at a door in the sun and talking about the things of God. I listened in silence while they spoke of a new birth, the work of God on their hearts. At this I felt my own heart began to shake, for their words convinced me that I wanted the true tokens of a godly man.

I NOW began to look into my Bible with new eyes, and became conscious of my lack of faith, and was often ready to sink with faintness in my mind, lest I should prove not to be an elect vessel of the mercy of God. I was long vexed with fear, until one day a sweet light broke in upon me as I came on the words, ' Yet there is room.'

Still I wavered many months between hopes and fears, though as to act of sinning I never was more tender than now. I was more loathsome in my own eyes than a toad, and I thought I was so in God's eyes, too. I thought none but the devil could equalise me for inward wickedness; and thus I continued a long while, even some years together. But afterwards the Lord did more fully and graciously discover Himself to me, and at length I was indeed put into my right mind, even as other Christians are.

I remember that one day as I was travelling into the country, and musing on the wickedness of my heart, that Scripture came to my mind, ' He hath made peace by the blood of His cross.' I saw that the justice of God and my sinful soul could embrace each other through this blood. This was a good day to me. At this time I sat under the ministry of holy Mr. Gifford, whose doctrine was, by God's grace, much for my stability. My soul was now led from truth to truth, even from the birth and cradle of the Son of God to His ascension and His second coming to judge the world.

ONE day there fell into my hands a book of Martin Luther. It was his Comment on the Epistle to the Galatians, and the volume was so old that it was ready to fall to pieces. When I had but a little way perused it, I found that my condition was in his experience so handled as if his book had been written out of my heart. I do here wish to set forth that I do prefer this book of Martin Luther upon the Galatians (excepting the Holy Bible) before all the books I have ever seen, as most fit for a wounded conscience.

About this time I was beset with tormenting fears that I had committed the unpardonable sin against the Holy Ghost, and an ancient Christian to whom I opened my mind told me he thought so, too, which gave me cold comfort. Thus, by strange and unusual assaults of the tempter was my soul, like a broken vessel, tossed and driven with winds.

There was now nothing that I longed for but to be put out of doubt as to my full pardon. One morning when I was at prayer, and trembling under fear that no word of God could help me, that piece of a sentence darted in upon me: ' My grace is sufficient.' By these words I was sweetly sustained for about eight weeks, though not without conflict, until at last these same words did break in with great power suddenly upon me: ' My grace is sufficient for thee,' repeated three times, at which my understanding was so enlightened that I was as though I had seen the Lord Jesus look down from Heaven through the tiles upon me, and direct these words to me.

One day, as I was passing in the field, with some dashes on my conscience, fearing lest yet all was not right, suddenly

this sentence fell upon my soul: 'Thy righteousness is in Heaven.' I saw in a moment that my righteousness was not my good frame of heart, but Jesus Christ Himself, 'the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever.'

Now shall I go forward to give you a relation of other of the Lord's dealings with me. I shall begin with what I met when I first did join in fellowship with the people of God in Bedford. Upon a time I was suddenly seized with much sickness, and was inclining towards consumption. Now began I afresh to give myself up to serious examination, and there came flocking into my mind an innumerable company of my sins and transgressions, my soul also being greatly tormented between these two considerations: Live I must not, die I dare not. But as I was walking up and down in the house, a man in a most woeful state, that word of God took hold of my heart: 'Ye are justified freely by His grace, through the redemption that is in Jesus Christ.' But oh, what a turn it made upon me!

At this I was greatly lightened in my mind, and made to understand that God could justify a sinner at any time. And as I was thus in a muse, that Scripture also came with great power upon my spirit: 'Not by works of righteousness that we have done, but according to His mercy He hath saved us.' Now was I got on high; I saw myself verily within the arms of grace and mercy; and though I was before afraid to think of a dying hour, now I cried with my whole heart: 'Let me die.'

II—Bunyan's Call to the Work of the Ministry

And now I will thrust in a word or two concerning my preaching of the Word. For, after I had been about five or six years awakened, some of the ablest of the saints with us desired me, with much earnestness, to take in hand sometimes in one of the meetings or to speak a word of exhortation unto them. I consented to their request, and did twice at two several assemblies, though with much weakness, discover my gift to them. At which they did solemnly protest that they were much affected and comforted, and gave thanks to the Father of Mercies for the grace bestowed on me.

After this, when some of them did go into the country to teach they would also that I should go with them. To be brief, after some solemn prayer to the Lord with fasting, I was more particularly called forth and appointed to a more ordinary and public preaching of the Word.

Though of myself of all saints the most unworthy, yet I did set upon the work, and did according to my gift preach the blessed Gospel, which, when the country people understood, they came in to hear the Word by hundreds. I had not preached long before some began to be apprehensive of their need of Jesus Christ, and to bless God for me as God's instrument that showed the way of salvation.

In my preaching I took special notice of this one thing, that the Lord did lead me to begin where His Word begins with sinners—that is, to condemn all flesh, because of sin. Thus I went on for about two years, crying out against men's sins, after which the Lord came in upon my soul and gave me discoveries of His blessed grace, wherefore I now altered in my preaching, and did much labour to hold forth Christ in all His relations, offices and benefits unto the world. After this, God led me into something of the mystery of union with Christ. Wherefore that I discovered to them also. And when I had travelled through these three chief points of the Word of God, about five years or more, I was cast into prison, where I have lain above as long again, to confirm the truth by way of suffering, as before in testifying of it by preaching.

When I went first to preach the Word, the doctors and priests of the country did open wide against me. But I was persuaded not to tender railing for railing, but to see how many of their carnal professors I could convince of their miserable state by the law, and of the want and worth of Christ. I never cared to meddle with things that were controverted among the saints, especially things of the lowest nature.

I have observed that where I have had a work to do for God, I have had first, as it were, the going of God upon my spirit

to desire I might preach there. My great desire in my fulfilling my ministry was to get amongst those people that were furthest off of profession. But in this work, as in all other, I had my temptations attending me, and that of diverse kinds. Sometimes when I have been preaching I have been violently assailed with thoughts of blasphemy, and strongly tempted to speak the words with my mouth before the congregation. But, I thank the Lord, I have been kept from consenting to these so horrid suggestions. I have also, while found in this blessed work of Christ, been often tempted to pride and liftings up of heart, and this has caused hanging down of the head under all my gifts and attainments. I have felt this thorn in the flesh the very mercy of God to me.

But when Satan perceived that his thus tempting and assaulting of me would not answer his design—to wit, to overthrow my ministry—then he tried another way, which was to load me with slanders and reproaches. It began, therefore, to be rumoured up and down the country that I was a witch, a Jesuit, a highwayman, and the like. To all which I shall only say, God knows that I am innocent. Now, as Satan laboured to make me vile among my countrymen, that, if possible, my preaching might be of none effect, so there was added thereto a tedious imprisonment, of which I shall in the next place give you a brief account.

III—A Relation of the Author's Imprisonment

Upon November 12, 1660, I was desired by some of the friends in the country to come to teach at Samsell, by Harlington, in Bedfordshire, to whom I made a promise to be with them. The justice, Mr. Francis Wingate, hearing thereof, forthwith issued out his warrant to take me and bring me before him. When the constable came in we were with our Bibles in our hands, just about to begin our exercise. So that I was taken and forced to depart the room. But before I went away I spake some words of counsel and encouragement to the people; for we might have been apprehended as thieves or murderers. But, blessed be God, we suffer as Christians for well-doing; and we had better be the persecuted than the persecutors. But the constable and the justice's man would not be quiet till they had me away.

But because the justice was not at home on that day, a friend of mine engaged to bring me to the constable next morning; so on that day we went to him, and so to the justice. He asked the constable what we did, where we were met together, and what we had with us? I trow he meant whether we had armour or not; but when he heard that there were only a few of us, met for preaching and hearing the Word, he could not well tell what to say. Yet, because he had sent for me, he did adventure to out a few proposals to me, to this effect; What did I there? Why did I not content myself with following my calling? For it was against the law that such as I should be admitted to do as I did.

I answered that my intent was to instruct the people to forsake their sins and close in with Christ, lest they did perish miserably, and that I could follow my calling and also preach without confusion.

At which words he was in a chafe, for he said he would break the neck of our meetings. I said it might be so. Then he wished me to get sureties to be bound for me, else he would send me to gaol.

My sureties being ready, I called them in, and when the bond for my appearance was made, he told them that they were bound to keep me from preaching; and that if I did preach, their bonds would be forfeited. To which I answered that I should break them, for I should not leave preaching the Word of God. Whereat he told me that my mittimus must be made, and I sent to gaol till the quarter sessions.

After I had lain in the gaol for four or five days, the brethren sought means again to get me out by bondsmen (for so runs my mittimus—that I should lie there till I could find sureties). They went to a justice at Elstow, one Mr. Crumpton, to desire him to take bond for my appearing at quarter sessions. At first he told them he would; but afterwards he made a demur at the business, and desired first

BUNYAN'S BIRTHPLACE AT ELSTOW

to see my mittimus, which ran to this purpose: That I went about to several conventicles in this country, to the great disparagement of the government of the Church of England, etc. When he had seen it, he said there might be something more against me than was expressed in my mittimus; and that he was but a young man, and, therefore, he durst not do it.

This my gaoler told me; whereat I was not at all daunted, but rather glad, and saw evidently that the Lord had heard me; for before I went down to the justice, I begged of God that if I might do more good by being at liberty than in prison that then I might be set at liberty; but, if not, His will be done. For I was not altogether without hopes but that my imprisonment might be an awakening to the saints in this country, therefore I could not tell well which to choose; only I in that manner did commit the thing to God. And verily, at my return, I did meet my God sweetly in the prison again, comforting of me and satisfying of me that it was His will and mind that I should be there.

When I came back to prison, as I was musing at the slender answer of the justice, this word dropped in upon my heart with some life: 'For He knew that for envy they had delivered Him.'

Thus have I, in short, declared the manner and occasion of my being in prison, where I lie waiting the good will of God to do with me as He pleaseth; knowing that not one hair of my head can fall to the ground without the will of my Father.

IV—A Continuation of Mr. Bunyan's Life

THE continuation by an intimate friend of Bunyan, written anonymously.

READER—The painful and industrious author of this book has given you a faithful and very moving relation of the beginning and middle of the days of his pilgrimage on earth. As a true and long acquaintance of Mr. Bunyan's, that his good end may be known, as well as his evil beginning, I have taken upon me to piece this to the thread too soon broke off.

After his being freed from his twelve years' imprisonment, wherein he had time to furnish the world with sundry good books, etc., and by this patience to move Dr. Barlow, the then Bishop of Lincoln, and other churchmen, to pity his hard and unreasonable sufferings so far as to procure his enlargement, or there perhaps he had died by the noisomeness and ill-usage of the place. Being now, I say, again at liberty, he went to visit those who had been a comfort to him in his tribulation, giving encouragement by his example, if they happened to fall into affliction or trouble, then to suffer patiently for the sake of a good conscience, so that the people found a wonderful consolation in his discourse and admonition.

As often as opportunity would admit, he gathered them together in convenient places, though the law was then in force against meetings, and fed them with the sincere milk of the Word, that they might grow in grace thereby. He sent relief to such as were anywhere taken and imprisoned on these accounts. He took great care to visit the sick, nor did he spare any pains or labour in travel where any might stand in need of his assistance.

When in the late reign liberty of conscience was unexpectedly given, he gathered his congregation at Bedford, where he mostly lived and had spent most of his life. Here a new and larger meeting-house was built, and when, for the first time, he appeared there to edify, the place was so thronged that many were constrained to stay without, though the house was very spacious.

Here he lived in much peace and quiet of mind, contenting himself with that little God had bestowed on him, and sequestering himself from all secular employments to follow that of his call to the ministry.

During these things there were regulators sent into all the cities and towns corporate, to new model the government in the magistracy, etc., by turning out some and putting in others. Against this Mr. Bunyan expressed his zeal with some weariness, and laboured with his congregation to prevent their being imposed on in this kind. And when a great man in those days, coming to Bedford upon such an errand, sent for him, as it is supposed, to give him a place of public trust, he would by no means come at him, but sent his excuse.

When he was at leisure from writing and teaching, he often came up to London, and there went among the congregations of the Nonconformists, and used his talent to the great good-liking of the hearers.

But let me come a little nearer to particulars of time. After he was sensibly convicted of the wicked state of his life and converted, he was baptized into the congregation, and admitted a member thereof in the year 1655, and became speedily a very zealous professor. But upon the return of King Charles II to the Crown in 1660, he was on November 12 taken, as he was edifying some good people, and confined in Bedford Gaol for the space of six years; till the Act of Indulgence to dissenters being allowed, he obtained his freedom by the intercession of some in power that took pity on his sufferings; but was again taken up, and was then confined for six years more.

He was chosen to take care of the congregation at Bedford on December 12, 1671. In this charge he often had disputes with scholars that came to oppose him, as thinking him an ignorant person; but he confuted, and put to silence, one after another, all his method being to keep close to the Scriptures.

At length, worn out with sufferings, age and often teaching, the day of his dissolution drew near. Riding to Reading in order to plead with a young man's father for reconciliation to him, he journeyed on his return by way of London, where, through being overtaken by excessive rains and coming to his lodgings extremely wet, he fell sick of a violent fever, which he bore with much constancy and patience. Finding his vital strength decay, he resigned his soul into the hands of his most merciful Redeemer, following his Pilgrim from the City of Destruction to the New Jerusalem.

He died at the house of one Mr. Straddocks, a grocer, at the Star on Snow Hill, in the Parish of St. Sepulchre, London, in the sixtieth year of his age, after ten days' sickness; and was buried in the new burying-place near the Artillery ground.

THE GAOL ON BEDFORD BRIDGE WHERE BUNYAN WAS IMPRISONED

ANTHONY HOPE

THE PRISONER OF ZENDA

I—I Go to Ruritania

I HAD promised my sister-in-law, who was grieved by the uselessness of my life, to accept the post of attaché in six months' time, if it were offered to me, and cast about for a desirable way in which to spend the interval. Seeing in The Times that the new king of Ruritania, Rudolf V, was to be crowned in about three weeks' time, I determined to be present.

There was a remote connexion between my family and that of the House of Elphberg, and I was suddenly eaten up with curiosity to see the country. I spoke German as readily as English, was thoroughly at home in French and had a smattering of Italian and Spanish. I was a strong swordsman and a good shot, and my head was as cool a one as you could find, for all its flaming colour.

At the Ruritanian frontier I saw by the paper that, for some unexplained reason, the date of the coronation had been changed to the next day but one. The country seemed all in a stir about it, and Strelsau was thronged, the hotels overflowing. So I decided to stop at Zenda, a small town fifty miles short of the capital, spend the next day in a wander over the hills, have a look at the famous castle, and go over by train on the morning of the ceremony.

The inn people at Zenda seemed little interested in the grand doings; the new king, they said, was almost a stranger—he had lived so much abroad. He was now at the Duke Michael's shooting-lodge, and, for the landlady's part, she wished he would stop there, and suffer the duke to be crowned on Wednesday, and she added: 'There's many to think as I do.'

Next day I climbed the hill to the castle, an ancient fortress in good preservation, with a deep and broad moat running right round it; while, behind, stood a handsome modern château, connected with the old building by a drawbridge. Soon I entered the forest and walked for an hour or more, enchanted with its sombre beauty. I stretched myself on the ground, and gave myself up to contemplation and went off into the most delightful dreams. I was roused by a rough, strident voice, exclaiming, "Why, the devil's in it. Shave him, and he'd be the king!"

Two men were regarding me with curiosity. I rose slowly.

"He's the height, too," the elder muttered; then, with a cavalier touch of his cap, addressed me: "May I ask your name?"

The younger man stepped forward with a pleasant smile and said: "This is Colonel Sapt, and I am called Fritz von Tarlenheim; we are both in the service of the King of Ruritania."

I bowed and, baring my head, answered: "I am Rudolf Rassendyll, a traveller from England."

A RINGING voice sounded behind me: "Fritz, Fritz; where are you, man?"

Then a young man jumped out from behind the trunk of a tree, and I uttered an astonished cry, and he, seeing me, drew back in wonder. Saving the hair on my face, and a manner of conscious dignity his position gave him, the King of Ruritania might have been Rudolf Rassendyll, and I, Rudolf the king.

For an instant we both stood motionless, then I bared my head and bowed.

Old Sapt began to talk in a low growl to his majesty, whose eyes, as he listened, now and again sought mine. Soon he burst into the merriest fit of laughter, and stepped up to me.

"Well met, cousin!" he cried, clapping me on the back. "You must forgive me

for being taken aback; a man doesn't expect to see double at this time of day, eh, Fritz?"

"I must pray pardon, sire, for my presumption," said I. "I trust it will not forfeit your majesty's favour?"

"By Heaven, you'll always enjoy the king's countenance," he laughed, "whether I like it or not. May I enquire where are you travelling to?"

"To Strelsau, sire, for the coronation."

"Fritz, Fritz!" he cried. "A thousand crowns for a sight of brother Michael's face when he sees a pair of us!"

"He mustn't go!" growled old Sapt.

"Come, colonel, you mean I shall be in Mr. Rassendyll's debt, if——"

"Oh, ay, wrap it up in the right way," said Sapt, hauling a great pipe out of his pocket.

"Enough, sire," said I, "I'll leave Ruritania to-day."

"No, by thunder, you shan't; you shall dine with me to-night, happen what will. You don't meet a new relation every day."

He put his arm through mine and walked me off. We soon sat down to a plentiful meal; the king drained a bumper to his cousin Rudolf; the wine that we drank was above all praise, and we did it justice. Fritz at first tried to stay the king's hand, but soon we were all talking at once. At last the king set down his glass. "I have drunk enough," he said, but the servant set before him an old wicker-covered flagon and said the Duke of Strelsau prayed him to drink this wine for the love of his brother.

"Well done, Black Michael!" said the king. "I will drink it to the health of that—that sly knave, my brother, Black Michael!"

He drained the bottle, and laid his head on his arms on the table; we drank pleasant dreams to his majesty—and that is all I remember of the evening.

II—The King Keeps His Appointment

I AWOKE with a start and a shiver; my face, hair and clothes dripped water, and opposite stood old Sapt, with an empty bucket in his hand.

The king lay full length on the floor. His face was red as his hair, and he breathed heavily.

"We've spent half an hour on him," said Fritz.

"Was it drugged—that last bottle?" I asked, in a whisper.

"I don't know," said Sapt, "but if he's not crowned to-day, I'll lay a crown he's never crowned. As God's alive, man, the throne's lost if the king show himself not in Strelsau to-day. I know Black Michael. Has he no king ready? Has half Strelsau no other candidate?"

For a moment or two we were all silent; then Sapt took his pipe from his mouth, and said to me, "Fate sent you here; fate sends you now to Strelsau."

"Impossible!" I muttered. "I should be known."

"It's a risk—against a certainty," said Sapt. "If you shave, I'll wager you'll not be known. If you don't go, I'll swear Black Michael will sit to-night on the throne, and the king will lie in prison or in his grave. You'll go?"

"Yes, I'll go," said I, and I turned my eyes on the prostrate figure of the king.

I sat down in an armchair, and was clipped and scraped till my moustache and imperial were things of the past and my face was as bare as the king's. And when Fritz saw me thus he drew a long breath, and exclaimed, "By Jove, we shall do it!"

I dressed myself in the uniform of a colonel of the guard, put the king's helmet on my head and took the king's sword in my hand.

Then Fritz carried the king to the wine-cellar, and the plan was that at nightfall the king was to ride to Strelsau and I was to escape to the frontier.

On the way to the station, old Sapt told me the etiquette of the Ruritanian court and instructed me minutely in the history of the king's past life, family, tastes, friends and servants. We reached Strelsau, and the bells throughout the city broke out into a joyful peal, and the sound of a military band and of men cheering smote upon my ear.

"God save the king!" the people shouted.

King Rudolf the Fifth was in the good city of Strelsau! Presently we formed a

procession and were on our way to the cathedral.

Everything was in a mist as I dismounted, and the sudden sense of my audacity almost overcame me.

I knelt before the altar, and the cardinal anointed my head. Then I rose to my feet, and stretched out my hand and took from him the crown of Ruritania and set it on my head, and I swore the old oath of the king. The great organ pealed out, the marshal bade the heralds proclaim me, and Rudolf the Fifth was crowned king!

Then a lady with pale face and glorious hair stepped from her place and came to where I stood. And a herald cried, "Her Royal Highness the Princess Flavia!"

She curtsied low, and put her hand under mine and raised my hand and kissed it. And for an instant I thought what I had best do. Then I drew her to me and kissed her twice on the cheek, and she blushed red, and—why, then his eminence the Cardinal Archbishop slipped in front of Black Michael, and kissed my hand and presented me with a letter from the Pope—the first and last which I have ever received from that exalted quarter.

And then came Black Michael, the Duke of Strelsau. His step trembled, and he looked to the right and to the left, and his face was patched with red and white. I took my dear Michael by both hands and kissed him on the cheek. I think we were both glad when that was over.

But neither in the face of the princess nor in that of any other did I see the least doubt or questioning. So the likeness served, and for an hour I stood there, feeling as weary as though I had been a king all my life; and everybody kissed my hand, and the ambassadors paid me their respects.

Then, back we went through the streets to the palace, and I heard them cheering Black Michael. I was in a carriage now, side by side with the Princess Flavia.

"Do you know, Rudolf," said she, "you look somehow different to-day. You look more sober, more sedate, and, I declare, you're thinner!"

I wondered what the king was doing.

III—I Contend with Black Michael

That evening Sapt and I slipped out of the palace, leaving Fritz to give orders that the king was not to be disturbed till next morning. We reached the hunting lodge only to find the door open and the king not there. Black Michael had carried off the king and murdered the man we had left at the lodge.

"Lad," said old Sapt, "if you play the man you may save the king yet. Go back and keep his throne warm for him."

"But the duke knows—the villains he has employed know——"

"Ay, but they can't speak. We've got 'em. How can they denounce you without denouncing themselves? 'This is not the king, because we kidnapped the king, and murdered his servant.' Can they say that? We must have a king in Strelsau, or the city will be Michael's in four-and-twenty hours, and what would the king's life be worth then—or his throne? Lad, you must do it."

"Sapt, suppose they have killed the king?"

"Then, by Heaven, you're as good an Elphberg as Black Michael, and you shall reign in Ruritania! But I don't believe they have; nor will they kill him if you're on the throne."

It was a wild plan; but as I listened to Sapt I saw the strong points in our game; and then I was a young man, and loved action.

"Sapt," I cried, "I'll try it."

So we went back to the palace at Strelsau in the early hours of the morning.

And now began a duel with Black Michael. I could not expose him without exposing myself, and he could not help exposing himself if he tried to expose me. Six gentlemen whom he maintained in his household were in his secret. Three of them he kept in his castle at Zenda to guard the king whom he had imprisoned, and three of them attended the duke at Strelsau to get rid of the acting king should fortune favour them. Their plan was to kill me and take my body to a low quarter of the town, and let it be found there. Then Michael would proclaim a state of siege in Strelsau, have the king murdered at Zenda, and proclaim himself king and marry the Princess Flavia.

So much I learnt from a lady in Michael's confidence. But the days went by and I managed to escape the conspirators.

Sapt told me that the people of Strelsau were anxious for the king's marriage, and that I ought to make love to the Princess Flavia.

There was no difficulty about this, for I was already in love with the princess ; and on the night of the state ball I found, with mingled joy and shame, that I also was loved. We were alone. I forgot the king in Zenda, I forgot the king in Strelsau. She was a princess—and I an impostor. I said nothing, but pressed kisses on her lips.

She whispered, " How is it that I love you now, Rudolf ? I—I never did before."

It was I, then, I—Rudolf Rassendyll—who had won her !

" If I were not the king," I began, " if I were only a private gentleman——"

" If you were a convict in the prison of Strelsau, you would be my king," she said.

Just then Sapt appeared, and we went into the ballroom again.

To uphold the crown and beat Black Michael, that was Sapt's one resolve. Flavia and I were but pawns in his game, and pawns have no business with passions. But Sapt's devices and my own passion had forced me on, and passion still drove me in the same direction as the devices seduced me. I faced all Strelsau that night as the king and the accepted suitor of the Princess Flavia.

At three in the morning I was in my dressing-room, and Sapt alone with me.

" Lad, you're bound in honour," he said.

" Look here," I cried, " I could raise all Strelsau on you in an hour, and choke you with your mad lies. I could marry the princess and send Michael and his brother to——"

" I'm not denying it, lad," said he.

" Then, in God's name," I cried, " let us go to Zenda and crush this Michael, and bring the king back to his own again."

IV—If Love Were All !

ACCORDING to the official reports I had suffered a grievous hurt from an accidental spear-thrust ; and as the result of these bulletins the Princess Flavia herself must needs come to Tarlenheim, while Black Michael was persuaded that I was incapable of action.

The next day it was given out that I was gone on an hunting expedition in the woods of Zenda, and the scene was shifted from Strelsau to the château of Tarlenheim. The task before me was to get the king out of captivity alive. Force was impossible ; in some trick lay the chance. Michael would not be blinded by the feint of a boar-hunt ; he would understand very well what the real quarry was.

SURE enough, Michael quickly sent the sharpest of his bodyguard, Rupert Hentzau, to seek a private audience with me.

" The duke offers you a safe conduct across the frontier and a million crowns," he said.

I declined the offer, and on his taking his departure Rupert struck at me with a small dagger, and had I not swerved it would have gone to my heart. He leapt upon his horse and was off, pursued in vain by revolver shots.

I fell back bleeding, and lay unconscious ; and when I awoke I was in bed with Fritz beside me. He cheered me by saying that my wound would soon heal and, further, that one of the duke's keepers was in the house.

Safeguards and rewards were promised to this keeper, and he, being of opinion that the duke would not want any witnesses left when he had brought off his coup, was not sorry to be with us.

A day or two later the keeper explained the situation at Zenda.

He told us that the king was confined in a room and was always guarded by three of the duke's six. Should any attack be made on the castle the king was to be murdered, and his body dropped down a big pipe till it sank to the bottom of the moat twenty feet deep.

" It's a hard nut ! " said I.

" So hard," said old Sapt," that this time next year is like to find you still king of Ruritania ! "

keeper told us, grew ill under his rigorous confinement. Moreover, great rumours had arisen in Strelsau as to my continued absence from the city.

We made our plans. I was to get into the castle secretly, to defend the king from murder, and Sapt and his men were to be ready to march boldly in directly the keeper opened the gate. The time fixed was half-past two in the morning.

I had reconnoitred carefully, had learnt the position of the room where the king was confined, and effected my entrance at midnight. I killed two men that night, at least, in saving the king, but it was Rupert Hentzau who killed Duke Michael and so made our victory complete. A mortal quarrel between Michael and his henchman, the root of which lay in jealousy for a certain lady, culminated in violence, and Black Michael was slain; Rupert only escaped with difficulty. So these two passionate, lawless men accomplished our purpose; and though the king himself was wounded by one of Michael's six, I was in time to save his life.

It was Fritz who took me into the king's room in the castle two days later. He was lying there in bed, and held out his hand and shook mine.

I took the king's ring from my finger and placed it on his.

"I have tried not to dishonour it, sire," said I.

"I can't talk much," he said in a weak voice. "I wanted to take you to Strelsau and keep you with me. But they tell me I must not, and that the secret must be kept."

"They are right, sire. Let me go. My work here is done."

Then Fritz came in with the doctor. I kissed the king's hand, and let Fritz lead me away. I have never seen the king since.

The secret was kept, though many strange rumours got afloat concerning the prisoner of Zenda. Some said he was dead; others that he had vanished yet alive.

The princess sent for me before I left.

"Does she know everything?" I asked Fritz.

"Yes, everything."

I had meant to humble myself and pray pardon for my presumption, but what I said when I stood before Flavia was: "I love you with all my heart and soul; with all my life and heart." She clung to me closely, and I went on. "Always from the first moment I saw you in the cathedral! There has been but one woman in the world to me—and there will be no other. But God forgive me the wrong I've done you!"

"They made you do it!" she said quickly. "It might have made no difference if I'd known it. It was always you, never the king!" And she raised herself and kissed me.

"I must go away to-night," I said. "I must go before more people have seen me."

"If I could come with you!" she whispered very low. "Why not? I love you. You are as good a gentleman as the king!"

Then I was false to all I should have held by, for I prayed her to come with me. And for a while she listened, and then said softly:

"Is love the only thing? If love were the only thing I would follow you—in rags, if need be—to the world's end. But if love had been the only thing, you would have let the king die in his cell. Honour binds a woman, too, Rudolf. My honour lies in being true to my country and my house. I know that I must stay."

There struck on our ears the sound of singing. The priests in the chapel were singing masses for the souls of those who lay dead. They seemed to chant a requiem over our buried joy, as we stood there, her hands in mine.

"My queen and my beauty!" said I.

"My lover and true knight!" she said. "Perhaps we shall never see one another again. Kiss me, my dear, and go!"

I kissed her as she bade me; and then I left her.

Sapt and Fritz rode with me to the little wayside station just over the border of Ruritania, and when the train appeared I held out a hand to each of them.

"We have been men, eh, Sapt and Fritz, old friends?" said I. "We have run a good course between us."

Hoppé

Anthony Hope

To face page 245

I stood with my two friends, and waited till the train came up to us. Then we shook hands again, saying nothing; and both of them bared their heads, and so stood till the train bore me away from sight. I had been for three months a king.

Through the air there echoed from the towers of Zenda into my ears and into my heart the cry of a woman's love—" Rudolf! Rudolf! Rudolf! "

Hark! I hear it now.

Shall I see her face again—the pale face, the glorious hair? Fate has no hint, my heart no presentiment. I do not know. In this world perhaps—nay, it is likely—never.

A Note on Anthony Hope

WHICH, if any, of the novels of Anthony Hope (b. 1863) is selected for permanence, it would not be easy to determine. He is one of those considerable novelists of our time of whom, when comparing them with the great ones of the past—with Scott, perhaps, or Dickens—one might say ' oceans divide ' them, ' and the waste of seas ! ' But that notwithstanding, the author of The Prisoner of Zenda has to his credit the imperishable distinction of having founded a ' school ' in fiction and although the vogue of his school may not have outlasted his generation, the fact of his achievement remains.

Anthony Hope in 1888

Ruritanian romance, in which the play of love and adventure had to be dressed in the costume of to-day and performed in imaginary realms that bore close resemblance to certain minor European states as they existed before the Great War, called for a delicate fancy and a precise art if it was to avoid the impression of unreality.

THESE were abundantly present in The Prisoner of Zenda, which is certainly one of the most delightful romantic stories written in our time, and in Rupert of Hentzau the novelist almost succeeded in producing a sequel that rivalled the first story. The King's Mirror, a brilliant romantic comedy, ought to be a durable fiction; but the Great War was a crushing blow to the Ruritanian school, for with the passing of so many emperors and kings of reality, the glitter of these fictive kings and statesmen and great ladies became something tarnished.

But all the original and characteristic cleverness of the Anthony Hope novels in his earlier manner, in which the romantic element did not impede the development of character, is unaffected by the changed times, and a recent re-reading of The Prisoner recalled much of the delight with which I read it thirty years ago, and excited more admiration for the skill of the novelist.

SIR ANTHONY HOPE HAWKINS, to give his actual name and the title he has borne since 1918, is the son of a former vicar of St. Bride's, Fleet Street, and a Londoner by birth, that event dating February 9, 1863. Marlborough, Balliol and the Middle Temple were his training grounds for the weaving of romance and in the 'nineties, when his fame was crescent, a smartly appointed ' office ' in Buckingham Street, Savoy, was the scene of his imaginative activity, diurnally regulated with lawyer-like preciseness.

Into the very heart of lingering Bohemia our new romancist went and set up an office! Had Stevenson known of Anthony Hope's chosen circumstance of work he would have thought it even more romantic than his own last stand in the far South Seas. To write The Prisoner of Zenda in a room in the heart of London is surely a romantic thing!

NOR would I care to advise Sir Anthony, as so many critics have assured him, that his true greatness as a novelist is in danger of being obscured by the fame of The Prisoner. Quisanté, Mrs. Maxon Protests, Double Harness and various other of his many later novels, in which he has concerned himself entirely and most successfully with the development of character in a realistic world, will be mentioned as far outstripping the engaging but bubble-blown romance of Rudolf Rassendyll. The author himself may think so; but the verdict of time will always favour The Prisoner of Zenda.

To stand among his peers in the English novel as the author of The Prisoner of Zenda is no mean measure of fame and had its author done half a dozen Quisantés we should have heard not a great deal about him and his works.

The Prisoner of Zenda is published by J. W. Arrowsmith, Ltd., to whose courtesy permission for this epitome is due.

H. G. WELLS

A MODERN UTOPIA

Outlined by the Author

SOCIAL philosophy, especially in so far as it bears on the evolution of mankind and its civilization, has always been regarded by Mr. Wells as the most important part of his literary work. In the semi-imaginary account of his coming Utopia, which Mr. Wells himself epitomises here, he dwells on a favourite theme. In human development, he declares, success must eventually depend on 'superiority of equipment in the hands of a certain type of man, a type that it becomes more and more impossible to improvise, that a country must live for through many years, and that no country on earth at present can be said to be doing its best possible to make.' These visions of the future are intended as insistent warnings of dangers latent in our methods, of perils encompassing our civilization, 'a vast lunatic growth,' says Mr. Wells, 'producing a deepening torrent of savagery below, and above, ever more flimsy gentility, and silly wastefulness.' A Modern Utopia, published in 1905, is now issued in cheap editions by Chapman & Hall, and also by Nelson & Sons.

I—The Planet Utopia

NO less than a planet will serve the purpose of a modern Utopia. Out beyond Sirius, far in the deeps of space, blazes the star that is *our* Utopia's sun. About it go planets, and in its place among them is Utopia. It is a planet like our planet, the same continents, the same islands, the same oceans and seas; another Fuji-Yama is beautiful there dominating another Yokohama—and another Matterhorn overlooks the icy disorder of another Theodule.

Suppose that two of us were actually to find ourselves there! You figure us upon some high pass in the Alps. We have tramped and botanised and eaten our lunch, and fallen into a talk of Utopias, and behold, in the twinkling of an eye, we are in that other world!

We should scarcely note the change. Not a cloud would have gone from the sky. And yet we might come slowly to feel a difference in things—an unfamiliarity, perhaps, in the grouping of the little towns below. And a little puzzled we should turn towards the path that clambers down to the Hospice of St. Gotthard, if perchance we could still find that path.

And presently, amazed and amazing, we should happen on a man—no Swiss—dressed in unfamiliar clothing and speaking an unfamiliar speech.

We should go towards the Schoellenen gorge, and as we went our fresh morning senses would gather together a thousand factors for our impression of this more civilized world. A modern Utopia will have done with yapping about nationality, and so the ugly fortifications and military defilements of the earthly vale of Urseren will be wanting.

Instead, there will be a great multitude of gracious little houses clustering in college-like groups, no doubt, about their common kitchen and halls, down and about the valley slopes. With the coming of summer, as the snows on the high Alps recede, a tide of households and schools, teachers and doctors, and all such attendant services, will flow up the mountain masses, and ebb again when the September snows return. These high mountains will, in the bright, sweet summer, be populous with youth, and, below, the whole long, pleasant valley will be a scattered summer town.

We may conclude that the whole Utopian world will be open and accessible, and as safe for the wayfarer as France or England is to-day. The peace of the world will be established for ever, and everywhere there will be convenient inns. In the modern Utopia travel must be in the common texture of life, and to go into fresh climates and fresh scenery will be an essential part of the reward and

adventure of life, even for the commonest people. No doubt the Utopian will travel in many ways. It is unlikely there will be any smoke-disgorging steam railway trains in Utopia, but a thin spider's web of inconspicuous special routes will cover the land of the world, pierce the mountain masses and tunnel under the seas. By means of them the Utopian will travel about the earth from one chief point to another at a speed of two or three hundred miles or more an hour.

Such great tramways as these will be used when the Utopians wish to travel fast and far, but there will be light railways and smooth high-roads upon which independent vehicles will go. Cycle tracks will abound in Utopia, sometimes following beside the great high-roads, but oftener taking their own more agreeable line amidst woods and crops and pastures, and there will be a rich variety of footpaths and minor ways.

There will be pleasant ways over the scented needles of the mountain pine-woods, primrose-strewn tracks amid the budding thickets of the lower country, paths running beside rushing streams, paths across the wide spaces of the corn land, and, above all, paths through the flowery garden spaces amidst which the houses in the towns will stand. And everywhere about the world, on road and path, by sea and land, the happy holiday Utopians will go.

We should walk on the great road for a time, and note that the tramways, the train-road, the culverts and bridges, will all be beautiful things. There is nothing in machinery, there is nothing in embankments and railways and iron bridges and engineering devices to oblige them to be ugly.

In Utopia a man who designs a tram-road will be a cultivated man, an artist craftsman ; he will strive, as a good writer or a painter strives, to achieve the simplicity of perfection. He will make his girders and rails and parts as gracious as that first engineer, Nature, has made the stems of her plants and the joints and gestures of her animals. This tram-road beside us will be a triumph of design.

The idea will be so unfamiliar to us that for a time it will not occur to us that it is a system of beautiful objects at all. We shall admire its ingenious adaptation to the need of a district that is buried half a year in snow, the easy, simple standards and insulators. Then it will creep in upon our minds. ' But, by Jove, *this is designed !* '

Indeed, the whole thing will be designed.

II—A Room in Utopia

We need suppose no linguistic impediments to intercourse. The whole world will surely have a common language. Indeed, should we be in Utopia at all if we could not talk to everyone ? We are helped by the good fortune of picking up a Utopian coin of gold, and at last we adventure into the Utopian inn.

The effectual abolition of a labouring and servile class will make itself felt in every detail of that inn. My bedroom is very clear and clean and simple, designed to economise the labour of redding just as much as possible. There is no fireplace, but there is a thermometer beside six switches on the wall. One switch warms the floor, which is covered by a substance like soft oilcloth, one warms the mattress, the others warm the wall in varying degrees. The casement does not open, but, above, a noiseless, rapid fan pumps air out of the room. The air enters by a Tobin shaft.

There is a recess dressing-room, equipped with a bath, and the water is warmed by passing it through an electrically heated spiral of tubing. A cake of soap drops out of a store machine on the turn of a handle, and when you have done with it, you drop that and your soiled towels and so forth, which also are given you by machines, into a box through which they drop and sail down a smooth shaft. The room has no corners to gather dirt, and the apartment could be swept out effectually by a few strokes of a mechanical sweeper. I turn a handle at the foot of my bed, and forthwith the frame turns up into a vertical position, and the bedclothes hang airing. I stand in the doorway and realize that there remains not a minute's work for anyone to do.

III—London in Utopia

London will be the first Utopian city centre we shall see.

At the Lucerne station we shall walk through pleasant rooms with seats and books, and through an opening doorway labelled 'London' leading from one of them into an equally comfortable gallery.

"Where is the train for London?" we shall ask a uniformed fellow Utopian.

"This is the train for London," he will say.

There will be a shutting of doors, and we shall walk exploring through the capacious train. When one travels beyond a certain speed, there is nothing but fatigue in looking out of windows, and this corridor-train, twice the width of its poor terrestrial brother, will have no need of that distraction. The simple device of abandoning any but a few windows, and those set high, gives the wall space of the long corridors to books; the middle part of the train is, indeed, a comfortable library with abundant armchairs and couches, each with its green-shaded light, and soft carpets upon the sound-proof floor. Farther on will be a news-room and rooms for gossip and smoking, a billiard-room, and the dining-car. Behind we shall come to bedrooms, bath-rooms, the hairdresser and so forth.

"When shall we start?" I ask presently.

My companion touches my arm, and nods towards a pretty little lead-paned window, through which we see a village sleeping under cloudy moonlight go flashing by. Then a skylit lake, and then a string of swaying lights, gone with the leap of a camera shutter.

Two hundred miles an hour!

No sea crossing breaks our journey—there is nothing to prevent a channel tunnel in that other planet; and I wake in London.

How will a great city of Utopia strike us?

Here will be one of the great meeting-places of mankind. Here will be the traditional centre of one of the great races in the commonalty of the World State, and here will be its social and intellectual exchange. There will be a mighty University here, with thousands of professors and tens of thousands of advanced students; and here great journals of thought and speculation, mature and splendid books of philosophy and science, and a glorious fabric of literature will be woven and shaped and, with a teeming leisureliness, put forth. Here will be stupendous libraries and a mighty organization of museums.

About these centres will cluster a great swarm of people, and close at hand will be another centre, where the ruling council of the world assembles. Then the arts will cluster round this city as gold gathers about wisdom, and here Englishmen will weave into wonderful prose and beautiful rhythms and subtly atmospheric forms, the intricate, austere and courageous imagination of our race.

One will come into this place as one comes into a noble mansion. They will have flung great arches and domes of glass above the wider spaces of the town, the slender beauty of the perfect metal-work far overhead will be softened to a fairy-like unsubstantiality by the mild London air. It will be the London air we know, clear of filth and all impurity, the same air that gives our October days their unspeakable clarity and makes every London twilight mysteriously beautiful.

The gay and swiftly-moving platforms of the public ways will go past on either hand, carrying sporadic groups of people, and very speedily we shall find ourselves in a sort of central space, rich with palms and flowering bushes and statuary. We shall look along an avenue of trees, down a wide gorge between the cliffs of crowded hotels, the hotels that are still glowing with internal lights, to where the shining morning river streams dawnlit out to sea.

Great multitudes of people will pass softly to and fro in this central space, beautiful girls and youths going to the university classes that are held in the stately palaces about us, grave and capable men and women going to their businesses, children meandering along to their schools, holidaymakers, lovers, setting out upon a hundred quests.

They are a gaily coloured population; no one is ragged or dirty, and shabby people are very infrequent. They have an abundance of soft and beautifully coloured stuffs, and white woollen tunics and robes, into which are woven bands of brilliant colour, abound.

In Utopian London the air is clear and less dusty than it is among high mountains, the roads are made of unbroken surfaces and not of friable earth; all heating is done by electricity, and no coal ever enters the town; there are no horses or dogs, and so there is not a suspicion of smoke, and scarcely a particle of any sort of dirt to render white impossible.

Everyone is well grown and well nourished, everyone seems in good condition, everyone walks well and has that clearness of eye that comes with cleanness of blood. People here know better what to do and what to avoid, and how to evade and suppress the subtle poisons that blunt the edge of sensibility. They have put off the years of decay. They have extended the level years into the seventies, and age, when it comes, comes swiftly and easily. And amidst the men whose faces have been made fine by thought and steadfast living, among the serene-eyed women, comes youth, buoyantly healthy, with challenging eyes, with fresh and eager face.

There comes a dusky little Jewess, red-lipped and amber-clad, with a deep crimson flower in the dull black of her hair, and then I am looking at a brightly-smiling, blue-eyed girl, tall, ruddy and freckled warmly, clad like a stage Rosalind, and talking gaily to a fair young man. A red-haired mother goes by, green-gowned with dark straps crossing her breast, and her two shock-headed children, bare-legged and lightly shod, tug at her hands on either side. Then a grave man in a long, fur-trimmed robe, a merchant maybe, debates some serious matter with a white-tunicked clerk. And the clerk's face? I turn to mark the straight, blue-black hair. The man must be Chinese.

A very human crowd it has seemed to me. But I am seeing more and more clearly that there must be a will beneath this visible Utopia. Convenient houses, admirable engineering that is no offence amidst natural beauties, beautiful bodies and a universally gracious carriage, these are only the outward and visible signs of an inward and spiritual grace.

Such an order means discipline. Behind all this material order there must be men and women willing these things. In that crowd are there any who might be thought of as having a wider interest than the others, who seem in any way detached from the rest by a purpose that passed beyond the seen?

Then suddenly there looks out from the next man's pose and regard a different quality, a quality altogether nearer that of the beautiful tramway and of the gracious order of the mountain houses. He is a well-built man of perhaps five and thirty, with the easy movement that comes with perfect physical condition; his face is clean-shaven, and shows the firm mouth of a disciplined man, and his grey eyes are clear and steady. His legs are clad in some woven stuff deep red in colour, and over this he wears a white shirt fitting pretty closely, and with a woven purple hem. His general effect reminds me of the Knights Templars. On his head is a cap of thin leather and still thinner steel.

I should note that there were other lithe and serious-looking people wearing the same clothing, and I should begin to think of it as a sort of uniform.

IV—The Samurai

It might happen to me to talk with one of the wearers of that uniform, and I first question him on its significance. He tells me that it is the uniform of the order of the *samurai*, to which he belongs.

"It has been growing upon me," I say, "that this order of men and women, wearing such a uniform as you wear, and with faces strengthened by discipline and touched with devotion, is the Utopian reality, that but for them the whole fabric of these fair appearances would crumble and tarnish, shrink and shrivel, until at last back I should be amidst the grime and disorders of the life of earth. Tell me about these samurai, who remind me of Plato's Guardians, who look like Knights Templars, who bear a name that recalls the

swordsmen of Japan. What are they? For, certainly, this world turns upon them as a door upon its hinges."

"The order is not hereditary," he answered. "The samurai are, in fact, volunteers. Any intelligent adult in a healthy and efficient state may at any age after five and twenty become one of the samurai, and take a hand in the universal control."

"Provided he follows the Rule?"

"Precisely. Practically the whole of the responsible work of the world is in their hands, all our head teachers, our judges, barristers, employers of labour beyond a certain limit, doctors, legislators, must be samurai, and all our executive committees are drawn from them."

"Tell me about the Rule," I said.

"THE Rule aims to exclude the dull and base altogether, to discipline the impulses and emotions, to develop a moral habit and sustain a man in periods of stress, fatigue and temptation, to produce the maximum co-operation of all men of good intent, and to keep all the samurai in a state of bodily health and efficiency.

"Our founders made a collection of several volumes, which they called collectively the Book of the Samurai. It was to play the part for the samurai that the Bible did for the ancient Hebrews. From its beginning it has been constantly under revision, and now there is hardly anything in it that is not beautiful and perfect in form. The whole range of noble emotions finds expression there, and all the guiding ideas of our modern state.

"The samurai must study and have an exhaustive knowledge of that book. There are other intellectual qualifications which exact a little exertion. And the man who breaks the Rule after his adult adhesion is no more in the samurai for ever."

"And what is forbidden?"

"We forbid a good deal. Many small pleasures do no great harm, but we think it well to forbid them none the less, so that we can weed out the self-indulgent. We think that a constant resistance to little seductions is good for a man's quality. Then, originally, the samurai were forbidden usury, though now our commercial code practically prevents usury altogether. The idea of a man growing richer by mere inaction, and at the expense of an impoverishing debtor, is profoundly distasteful to Utopian ideas, and our state insists now upon the participation of the lender in the borrower's risks. It is felt that to buy simply in order to sell again brings out many unsocial human qualities; it makes a man seek to enhance profits and falsify values, and so the samurai are forbidden to buy or sell on their own account or for any employer save the state, unless some process of manufacture changes the nature of the commodity; and they are forbidden salesmanship and all its arts."

"But these rules," I said, "will work out as a vow of moderate poverty, and if your samurai are an order of poor men——"

"They need not be. Samurai who have invented, organized and developed new industries have become rich men. And wealth is no sort of power unless you make it one. You can, by subtle statesmanship, contrive what it shall buy and what it shall not. In your world, it would seem, you have made leisure, movement, any sort of freedom, life itself, purchaseable. The more fools you!"

I REFLECTED. "What else may not the samurai do?"

"Acting, singing, or reciting are forbidden them, though they may lecture or debate. Nor may the samurai do personal services, except in the matter of medicine or surgery. Nor may a man under the Rule be any man's servant, pledged to do whatever he is told. He may neither be a servant nor keep one; he must shave and dress and serve himself. And he is also forbidden to play games in public, or to watch them being played. Our founders made no peace with the organization of public sports. They did not spend their lives to secure for all men and women on the earth freedom, health and leisure in order that they might waste lives in such folly."

"Is there a vow of chastity?"

"There is a rule of chastity—but not of celibacy. We know that civilization is an artificial arrangement, and that all the physical and emotional instincts of man are too strong, and his natural instinct of restraint too weak, for him to live easily in

the civilized state. Under the unnatural perfection of security, liberty and abundance our civilization has attained, the normal untrained human being is disposed to excess in almost every direction. He tends to eat too much, drink too much, becomes lazy and makes love too much.

"Our founders organized motives from all sorts of sources, but I think the chief source to give men self-control is pride. Pride may not be the noblest thing in the soul, but it is the best king there. They looked to it to keep a man clean and sound and sane. In all matters of natural desire they held no appetite must be glutted, or artificially whetted, and equally that no appetite should be starved."

Then he would tell me of the things the samurai was obliged to do. There would be many precise directions regarding his health, and rules that would aim at that constant exercise of will that makes life good. But the full rule in these minor matters is voluminous detail, and it abounds in alternatives. Its aim is rather to keep before the samurai by a number of sample duties, as it were, the need of, and some of the chief methods toward, health of body and mind, rather than to provide a comprehensive rule, and to ensure the maintenance of a community of feeling and interests among the samurai through habit, intercourse and a living contemporary literature. Women samurai who are married must bear children, and I think that it is from samurai mothers that a very large proportion of the future population of Utopia will be derived.

V—The Religion of Utopia

But now he came to the heart of all his explanations, to the will and motives at the centre that made men and women ready to undergo discipline, to renounce the richness and elaboration of the sensuous life, to master emotions and control impulses, to keep in the key of effort while they had abundance about them to rouse and satisfy all desires.

He tried to make his religion clear to me.

The leading principle of the Utopian religion is the repudiation of the doctrine of original sin; the Utopians hold that man, on the whole, is good. Man has pride and conscience, they hold, that you may refine by training as you refine his eye and ear; he has remorse and sorrow in his being, coming on the heels of all inconsequent enjoyments. He is religious; religion is natural to him.

But, just as the language of Utopia will be a synthesis, even so will its God be. They will hold God to be complex and of an endless variety of aspects, to be expressed by no universal formula nor approved in any uniform manner. So far as the samurai have a purpose in common in maintaining the state, and the order and progress of the world, so far by their discipline and denial, by their public work and effort, they worship God together. But the fount of motives lies in the individual life, in silent and deliberate reflections, and at this the most striking of all the rules of the samurai aims.

For seven consecutive days in the year, at least, each man or woman under the Rule must go right out of the life of man into some wild and solitary place and have no sort of intercourse with mankind. They must go bookless and weaponless, without pen or paper or money. Provisions must be taken for the period of the journey, a rug or sleeping-sack (for they must sleep under the open sky), but no means of making a fire. They must study maps beforehand to guide them, showing any difficulties and dangers in the journeys, but they may not carry such helps. They must not go by beaten ways or wherever there are inhabited houses, but into the bare, quiet places of the globe—the regions set apart for them.

Partly, this discipline is to ensure good training and sturdiness of mind and body, but partly also it is to draw their minds for a space from the insistent details of life, from the intricate arguments and the fretting effort to work, from personal quarrels and personal affections, and the things of the heated room. Out they must go, clean out of the world.

"The first two days," he said, "one is apt to have little incidents of travel, and thoughts of one's work and affairs, rising and fading and coming again, but then the

perspectives begin. You begin to feel alone on the third day, when you find yourself out on some shining snowfield, and nothing of mankind visible in the whole world save one landmark, perhaps in the saddle of the ridge against the sky. All this busy world that has done so much and so marvellously, and is still so little —you see it little, as it is—and far off. Then, in the quiet waking hours, one thinks of one's self, and the great external things, of space and eternity, and what one means by God.

"One becomes a personification up there," he said. "One becomes the ambassador of mankind to the outer world.

"There is time to think over a lot of things. One puts one's self and one's ambition in a new pair of scales. . . .

"You know, after these solitudes, I feel just the same queer disinclination to go back to the world of men that I feel when I have to leave it. I think of dusty roads and hot valleys, and being looked at by many people. I think of the trouble of working with colleagues and opponents. This last journey I outstayed my time, camping in the pine woods for six days. Then my thoughts came round to my proper work again. I got keen to go on with it, and so I came back into the world. You come back physically clean, as though you had your arteries washed out. And your brain has been cleaned, too."

It came to me suddenly as very strange that, even as we sat and talked, across deserted seas, on burning sands, through the still aisles of forests, and in all the high and lonely places of the world, beyond the margin where the ways and houses go, solitary men and women sailed alone or marched alone, or clambered—quiet, resolute exiles; they stood alone amid wildernesses of ice; on the precipitous banks of roaring torrents, in monstrous caverns, or steering a tossing boat in the little circle of the horizon amid the tumbled, incessant sea, all in their several ways communing with the emptiness, the enigmatic spaces and silences, the wind and torrents and soulless forces that lie about the lit and ordered life of men. It pleased me strangely to think of this steadfast yearly pilgrimage of solitude, and how near men might come then to the high distances of God.

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW: PETRUCHIO'S MOCK RAGE FRIGHTENS KATHARINA

From the painting by Sir John Gilbert, R.A.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW

THIS amusing comedy, written about 1597, is a spirited reconstruction of 'The Taming of a Shrew,' 1594, a shorter farce-comedy attributed to an imitator of Marlowe. The play was adapted by Lacy and Garrick, and Fletcher wrote a kind of sequel. Samuel Phelps played the part of the Tinker, and Mrs. Siddons and Miss Ada Rehan have left indelible memories of their impersonations of Katharina the Shrew. Besides the old play Shakespeare was probably indebted to a lost collection of tales by Richard Edwards, 1570, and to Gascoigne's translation of Ariosto's comedy I Suppositi (The Substitutes), presented at Gray's Inn in 1566.

PERSONS IN THE PLAY

Baptista, a rich gentleman of Padua
Katharina and **Bianca,** his daughters
Vincentio, an old gentleman of Pisa
Lucentio, his son
Petruchio, a gentleman of Verona
Gremio and **Hortensio,** suitors to Bianca
Tailor Haberdasher Servants

Induction

CHRISTOPHER SLY falls into a drunken sleep at an alehouse on a heath. A lord, returning from the chase, with huntsmen and servants, orders that he be carried to his house, put to bed, wrapped in sweet clothes, made to think himself a mighty lord who for long has been deranged in his mind, welcomed back to sanity by a page attired as his wife, provided with a delicious banquet and wines, and amused by a party of players who have just accepted the nobleman's hospitality.]

Sly (*waking*): For God's sake, a pot of small ale!

1 Servant: Will't please your lordship drink a cup of sack?

2 Serv.: Will't please your honour taste of these conserves?

3 Serv.: What raiment will your honour wear to-day?

Sly: I am Christophero Sly; call not me 'honour,' nor 'lordship': I ne'er drank sack in my life; and if you give me any conserves, give me conserves of beef. Ne'er ask me what raiment I'll wear, for I have no more doublets than backs, no more stockings than legs, nor no more shoes than feet; nay, sometime, more feet than shoes or such shoes as my toes look through the overleather.

Lord (*dressed like a servant*): Heaven cease this idle humour in your honour!
O, that a mighty man, of such descent,
Of such possessions, and so high esteem,
Should be infused with so foul a spirit!

Sly: What! would you make me mad? Am not I Christopher Sly, old Sly's son, of Burton Heath; by birth a pedlar, by education a card-maker, by transmutation a bear-herd, and now by present profession a tinker? Ask Marian Hacket, the fat ale-wife of Wincot, if she know me not: if she say I am not fourteen pence on the score for sheer ale, score me up for the lyingest knave in Christendom.

Lord: Thou art a lord, and nothing but a lord:
Thou hast a lady, far more beautiful
Than any woman in this waning age.

Sly: Am I a lord? and have I such a lady?
Or do I dream? or have I dreamed till now?
I do not sleep; I see, I hear, I speak,
I smell sweet savours, and I feel soft things:
Upon my life, I am a lord indeed,
And not a tinker, nor Christopher Sly—
Well, bring our lady hither to our sight;
And once again, a pot o' the smallest ale.

[Follows a passage between Sly and the Page dressed as a lady. Then—]

Serv.: Your honour's players, hearing your amendment,
Are come to play a pleasant comedy;
For so your doctors hold it very meet.

Sly: Well, we'll see't. Come, madam wife, sit by my side,
And let the world slip: we shall ne'er be younger.

First Act

ARMED with his father's good will, and the good company of his trusty servant Tranio, Lucentio comes to fair Padua, nursery of arts, to study
as he that leaves
A shallow plash to plunge him in the deep.]

Tranio: Gentle master mine,
I am in all affected as yourself.
Only, good master,
Let's be no stoics nor no stocks, I pray;
Or so devote to Aristotle's checks
As Ovid be an outcast quite abjured.
No profit grows where is no pleasure ta'en—
In brief, sir, study what you most affect.

[While, in a Public Place, they discuss the taking of

a lodging fit to entertain
Such friends as time in Padua shall beget,

they overhear Baptista in converse with Gremio and Hortensio, two importunate suitors of his daughter Bianca. Katharina and Bianca are with them. Baptista is firmly resolved not to bestow his young daughter before he has a husband for the elder, Katharina, whom Gremio and Hortensio, he says, are free to court.]

Katharina (*to* **Baptista**) *:* I pray you, sir, is it your will
To make a stale of me amongst these mates ?
Hortensio : Mates, maid ! how mean you that ? No mates for you,
Unless you were of gentler, milder mould.
Kath. : I'faith, sir, you shall never need to fear :
I wis, it is not half way to her heart ;
But if it were, doubt not her care should be
To comb your noddle with a three-legged stool,
And paint your face, and use you like a fool.
Hort. : From all such devils, good Lord, deliver us !
Gremio : And me, too, good Lord !
Tranio : Hush, master ! here is some good pastime toward :
That wench is stark mad, or wonderful froward.
Lucentio : But in the other's silence do I see
Maid's mild behaviour and sobriety.

[Lucentio is in love with Bianca at first sight ; and hearing that Baptista is desirous of finding accomplished tutors for his daughters, he decides to change attire with Tranio and assume the rôle of a teacher of poetry. Meanwhile, Gremio and Hortensio are concerned to find a wooer for Katharina and so be left happy rivals in Bianca's love. At this time there arrives from Verona, ' blown by such wind as scatters young men through the world,' Hortensio's friend Petruchio. The scene is before Hortensio's house.]

Petruchio : Signior Hortensio, thus it stands with me :
Antonio, my father, is deceased,
And I have thrust myself into this maze
Haply to wive and thrive as best I may.
Crowns in my purse I have, and goods at home,
And so am come abroad to see the world.
Hort. : Petruchio, shall I then come roundly to thee,
And wish thee to a shrewd ill-favoured wife ?
Thou'dst thank me but a little for my counsel ;
And yet I'll promise thee she shall be rich,
And very rich—but thou'rt too much my friend,
And I'll not wish thee to her.
Pet. : Signior Hortensio, 'twixt such friends as we
Few words suffice ; and therefore, if thou know
One rich enough to be Petruchio's wife
(As wealth is burthen of my wooing dance),
I come to wive it wealthily in Padua ;
If wealthily, then happily in Padua.
Hort. : Petruchio, since we are stepped thus far in,
I will continue that I broached in jest.
I can, Petruchio, help thee to a wife
With wealth enough, and young, and beauteous,
Brought up as best becomes a gentlewoman :
Her only fault, and that is fault enough,
Is, that she is intolerable curst
And shrewd and forward ; so beyond all measure,
That were my state far worser than it is
I would not wed her for a mine of gold.
Pet. (*informed of* **Katharina's** *identity*) *:*
I know her father, though I know not her,
And he knew my deceasèd father well.
I will not sleep, Hortensio, till I see her.
Hort. (*consenting to go with* **Petruchio** *to* **Baptista's** *house*) *:* Now shall my friend Petruchio do me grace,
And offer me, disguised in sober robes,
To old Baptista as a schoolmaster
Well seen in music, to instruct Bianca ;
That so I may by this device at least
Have leave and leisure to make love to her,
And unsuspected court her by herself.

[Lucentio secures Gremio as patron. Gremio, led to believe the supposed tutor of poetry will further his own cause with Bianca, consents to introduce Lucentio to Baptista. Apprised of Hortensio's plan, Gremio asks Petruchio : ' But will you woo this wild-cat ? ']

Pet. : Will I live ?
Think you, a little din can daunt mine ears ?
Have I not in my time heard lions roar ?
Have I not heard the sea, puffed up with winds,
Rage like an angry boar chafèd with sweat ?
Have I not heard great ordnance in the field,
And Heaven's artillery thunder in the skies ?
Have I not in a pitchèd battle heard [clang ?
Loud 'larums, neighing steeds, and trumpets'
And do you tell me of a woman's tongue,
That gives not half so great a blow to hear
As will a chestnut in a farmer's fire ?
Tush ! tush ! fear boys with bugs.

Second Act

THE scene changes to a room in Baptista's house. Baptista intervenes as Katharina strikes her younger sister.]

Baptista : Why, how now, dame ! Whence grows this insolence ?
Bianca, stand aside ; poor girl, she weeps.
Go ply thy needle ; meddle not with her.
For shame, thou hilding of a devilish spirit,
Why dost thou wrong her that did ne'er wrong thee ?
When did she cross thee with a bitter word ?
Katharina : Her silence flouts me, and I'll be revenged. [*Flies after* **Bianca.**
Bapt. : What ! In my sight ? Bianca, get thee in. [*Exit* **Bianca.**
Kath. : What ! will you not suffer me ? Nay, now I see,
She is your treasure, she must have a husband ;
I must dance bare-foot on her wedding day,
And, for your love to her, lead apes in hell. [*Exit.*

[Gremio, with Lucentio in a mean habit ; Petruchio, with Hortensio as a musician : Tranio,

in Lucentio's attire; and Biondello, Lucentio's second servitor, bearing a lute and books, enter.]

Gremio: Good-morrow, neighbour Baptista.
Bapt.: Good-morrow, neighbour Gremio. God save you, gentlemen!
Petruchio: And you, good sir. Pray, have you not a daughter,
Called Katharina, fair, and virtuous?
Bapt.: I have a daughter, sir, called Katharina.
Grem.: You are too blunt: go to it orderly.
Pet.: You wrong me, Signior Gremio; give me leave:
I am a gentleman of Verona, sir,
That, hearing of her beauty, and her wit,
Her affability, and bashful modesty,
Her wondrous qualities, and mild behaviour,
Am bold to show myself a forward guest
Within your house, to make mine eye the witness
Of that report which I so oft have heard.
And, for an entrance to my entertainment,
I do present you with a man of mine,
[*Presenting* **Hortensio.**
Cunning in music and the mathematics,
To instruct her fully in those sciences,
Whereof I know she is not ignorant.
Accept of him, or else you do me wrong:
His name is Licio, born in Mantua.
Bapt.: You're welcome, sir; and he, for your good sake.
But for my daughter Katharine, this I know,
She is not for your turn, the more my grief.
Pet.: I see, you do not mean to part with her,
Or else you like not of my company. [find.
Bapt.: Mistake me not; I speak but as I

[Baptista is giving welcome to Petruchio for his father's sake when Gremio intervenes.]

Grem. (*to* **Baptista**): To express the like kindness, myself that have been more kindly beholding to you than any, freely give unto you this young scholar (*presenting* **Lucentio**), that hath been long studying at Rheims; as cunning in Greek, Latin, and other languages, as the other in music and mathematics. His name is Cambio; pray accept his service.
Bapt.: A thousand thanks, Signior Gremio; Welcome, good Cambio.

[Tranio presents himself as Lucentio and as a suitor to Bianca; he is welcomed as the son of Vincentio, a mighty man of Pisa. The supposed tutors are duly installed and Petruchio is accepted as suitor to Katharina. Petruchio and Baptista agree as to settlements. Baptista then hints that Katharina's love is all in all.]

Pet.: Why, that is nothing; for I tell you, father,
I am as peremptory as she proud-minded;
And where two raging fires meet together
They do consume the thing that feeds their fury:
Though little fire grows great with little wind
Yet extreme gusts will blow out fire and all.

[During a music lesson Katharina breaks the lute over Hortensio's head. Petruchio declares this makes him love her ten times more. He waits while Baptista goes to send her to him.]

Pet.: I will attend her here,
And woo her with some spirit when she comes.
Say, that she rail; why, then I'll tell her plain,
She sings as sweetly as a nightingale:
Say, that she frown; I'll say, she looks as clear
As morning roses newly washed with dew;
Say, she be mute, and will not speak a word;
Then I'll commend her volubility,
And say, she uttereth piercing eloquence:
If she do bid me pack, I'll give her thanks,
As though she bid me stay by her a week:
If she deny to wed, I'll crave the day [married—
When I shall ask the banns, and when be
But here she comes; and now, Petruchio, speak.
[*Enter* **Katharina.**
Good morrow, Kate, for that's your name, I hear.
Kath.: Well have you heard, but something hard of hearing:
They call me Katharine, that do talk of me.
Pet.: You lie, in faith; for you are called plain Kate, [curst;
And bonny Kate, and sometimes Kate the
But Kate, the prettiest Kate in Christendom;
Kate of Kate Hall, my super-dainty Kate,
For dainties are all cates: and therefore, Kate,
Take this of me, Kate of my consolation:
Hearing thy mildness praised in every town,
Thy virtues spoke of, and thy beauty sounded,
Yet not so deeply as to thee belongs,
Myself am moved to woo thee for my wife.
Kath.: Moved! in good time: let him that moved you hither.
Remove you hence.
Pet.: Come, come, you wasp; i' faith, you are too angry.
Good Kate, I am a gentleman.
Kath.: That I'll try. [*Striking him.*
Pet.: Nay, hear you, Kate; in sooth, you 'scape not so.
Kath.: I chafe you, if I tarry: let me go.
Pet.: No, not a whit: I find you passing gentle. [sullen,
'Twas told me, you were rough, and coy, and
And now I find report a very liar; [courteous,
For thou art pleasant, gamesome, passing
But slow in speech, yet sweet as spring-time flowers. [askance,
Thou canst not frown, thou canst not look
Nor bite the lip, as angry wenches will;
Nor hast thou pleasure to be cross in talk.
Why does the world report that Kate doth limp?
O slanderous world! Kate, like the hazel-twig,
Is straight and slender; and as brown in hue
As hazel-nuts, and sweeter than the kernels.
O, let me see thee walk: thou dost not halt.
Kath.: Go, fool, and whom thou keep'st command.
Pet.: Did ever Dian so become a grove
As Kate this chamber with her princely gait?
O, be thou Dian, and let her be Kate,
And then let Kate be chaste, and Dian sportful.
Kath.: Where did you study all this goodly speech? [wit.
Pet.: It is extempore, from my mother-

Kath. : A witty mother! witless else her son.
Pet. : Your father hath consented
That you shall be my wife; your dowry 'greed on;
And, will you nill you, I will marry you,
And bring you from a wild Kate to a Kate
Conformable, as other household Kates.
Here comes your father: never make denial;
I must and will have Katharine to my wife.
Bapt. (*re-entering*) : Now, Signior Petruchio, how speed you with my daughter?
Pet. : How but well, sir? how but well?
Bapt. : Why, how now, daughter Katharine? in your dumps? [promise you,
Kath. : Call you me daughter? now, I
You have showed a tender fatherly regard,
To wish me wed to one half lunatic.
Pet. : Father, 'tis thus: yourself and all the world,
That talked of her, have talked amiss of her.
And to conclude, we have 'greed so well together,
That upon Sunday is the wedding day
Kath. : I'll see thee hanged on Sunday first.
Pet. : 'Tis bargained 'twixt us twain, being alone,
That she shall still be curst in company.
I tell you, 'tis incredible to believe
How much she loves me. O, the kindest Kate!
She hung about my neck, and kiss on kiss
She vied so fast, protesting oath on oath,
That in a twink she won me to her love.
Give me thy hand, Kate: I will unto Venice,
To buy apparel 'gainst the wedding day.
Bap. : I know not what to say; but give me your hands:
God send you joy, Petruchio! 'tis a match.

[Tranio, in the guise of the real Lucentio, dazzles Baptista with a glowing account of the riches of Vincentio, and so outbids Gremio as suitor for Bianca's hand.]

Third Act

ON the marriage day Petruchio delays his coming to Baptista's house. Baptista speaks of the shame thus put upon them.]

Katharina : No shame but mine.
Now must the world-point at poor Katharine,
And say, 'Lo, there is mad Petruchio's wife,
If it would please him come and marry her.'

[At last Petruchio appears. He wears a new hat and an old jerkin; a pair of old breeches; one boot buckled, the other laced; an old rusty sword; his horse is ill-looking as himself.]

Baptista : Why, sir, you know, this is your wedding day.
First were we sad, fearing you would not come;
Now sadder, that you come so unprovided.
Fie! doff this habit, shame to your estate,
An eyesore to our solemn festival.
Tranio : See not your bride in these unreverent robes.
Go to my chamber: put on clothes of mine.
Petruchio : Not I, believe me; thus I'll visit her. [marry her.
Bapt. : But thus, I trust, you will not
Pet. : Good sooth, even thus; therefore ha' done with words:
To me she's married, not unto my clothes.

[Gremio, returned from the church, tells how Petruchio insulted the priest and, the ceremony over, called for wine, then kissed the bride so clamorously that the church echoed with the sound. He stamped and swore. Katharina trembled with fear. 'Such a mad marriage,' adds Gremio, 'never was before.' Back from the church, Petruchio refuses to stay for the wedding feast.]

Kath. : Nay, then,
Do what thou canst, I will not go to-day.
Gentlemen, forward to the bridal dinner.
I see, a woman may be made a fool,
If she had not a spirit to resist.
Pet. : They shall go forward, Kate, at thy command.
Obey the bride, you that attend on her:
Go to the feast, revel and domineer,
Be mad and merry, or go hang yourselves
But for my bonny Kate, she must with me.
Nay, look not big, nor stamp, nor stare, nor fret;
I will be master of what is mine own.
She is my goods, my chattels; she is my house,
My household stuff, my field, my barn,
My horse, my ox, my ass, my anything;
And here she stands; touch her whoever dare,
I'll bring mine action on the proudest he
That stops my way in Padua. [thee, Kate.
Fear not, sweet wench; they shall not touch
I'll buckler thee against a million.

[*Exeunt* **Petruchio** *and* **Katharina**, *with* **Petruchio's** *servant*, **Grumio.**

Lucentio : Mistress, what's your opinion of your sister? [mated.
Bianca : That, being mad herself, she's madly
Gremio : I warrant him, Petruchio is Kated.

Fourth Act

IN Padua, Bianca prefers the construing of Ovid under the fascinating Lucentio to studying the gamut under Hortensio. Tranio persuades Hortensio to join him in abandoning the courtship of so inconstant a mistress, and Hortensio bethinks him of marriage to a wealthy widow. After an unhappy journey Petruchio and Katharina arrive at Petruchio's country house. When supper is spread Petruchio, who has been storming at the servants from the moment of his arrival, throws the meat at them, swearing it is burnt and unfit for the choleric. Following up his plan of showing a temper so bad that Katharina will have no chance of displaying her own, he finds fault with the bed-making. Katharina has to sit all night on a chair, kept awake by her husband's fault-finding. She appeals in vain to Grumio for food.]

Katharina : The more my wrong, the more his spite appears.
What, did he marry me to famish me?
Beggars that come unto my father's door,
Upon entreaty, have a present alms;
If not, elsewhere they meet with charity:
But I, who never knew how to entreat,
Am starved for meat, giddy for lack of sleep;
With oaths kept waking, and with brawling fed.
And that which spites me more than all these
He does it under name of perfect love. [wants,

WHAT, A DEVIL'S NAME, TAILOR, CALL'ST THOU THIS?

From the painting by Charles R. Leslie, R.A.

[Petruchio now provides a slender meal, and then talks of a return to Padua, there, at Baptista's house, 'to revel it as bravely as the best.' But when tailor and haberdasher exhibit the wares he has ordered he has nothing but fault to find with them.]

Haberdasher : Here is the cap your worship did bespeak. [porringer;

Petruchio : Why, this was moulded on a
Away with it! Come, let me have a bigger.

Kath. : I'll have no bigger: this doth fit the time,
And gentlewomen wear such caps as these.

Pet. : When you are gentle, you shall have one, too,
And not till then. [*Exit* **Haberdasher.**

[A long and animated scene with the tailor over a gown ends in a similar way.]

Pet. (*to tailor*): O, mercy, God! what masking stuff is here! [cannon:
What's this? A sleeve? 'Tis like a demi-
What! Up and down, carved like an apple-tart?
Here's snip, and nip, and cut, and slish, and slash,
Why, what, a devil's name, tailor, call'st thou this?

Tailor : You bid me make it orderly and well,
According to the fashion and the time.

Pet. : Marry, and did; but if you be remembered,
I did not bid you mar it to the time.

Kath. : I never saw a better-fashioned gown, [able.
More quaint, more pleasing, nor more commend-
Belike, you mean to make a puppet of me.

Pet. : Why, true; he means to make a puppet of thee.

Tailor : She says, your worship means to make a puppet of her.

Pet. : O monstrous arrogance! Thou liest, thou thread,
Thou thimble, [nail!
Thou yard, three-quarters, half-yard, quarter,
Thou flea, thou nit, thou winter-cricket, thou!—
Braved in mine own house with a skein of thread?
Away! thou rag, thou quantity, thou remnant,
Or I shall so be-mete thee with thy yard
As thou shalt think on prating whilst thou liv'st!
I tell thee, I, that thou hast marred her gown.

[Petruchio, after arranging aside that the tailor be paid, bids him be gone, and then turns to Katharina]:

Pet. : Well, come, my Kate; we will unto your father's,
Even in these honest mean habiliments.
Our purses shall be proud, our garments poor:
For 'tis the mind that makes the body rich;
And as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds,
So honour peereth in the meanest habit.

[A Pedant from Mantua, told by Tranio that it is death for a Mantuan to be found in Padua, is persuaded to pass himself off as Vincentio, and in this character to give consent to the marriage settlements with which Tranio (posing as Lucentio) has dazzled the imagination of Baptista, and won his consent to Bianca's marriage.]

Fifth Act

LUCENTIO and Bianca are secretly married. Vincentio arrives in Padua. Seeing Tranio in Lucentio's habit he thinks his son has been murdered. Open confession being made, Lucentio and Bianca are forgiven. Katharina, who during their journey to Padua shows every sign of willing obedience, even of affection for her husband, is bidden with Petruchio to a banquet at Lucentio's house, whither also comes Hortensio, now married to a Widow. After the banquet, when the ladies have retired, Petruchio, confident in his victory, proposes a wager, which, at Lucentio's suggestion, is put at a hundred crowns, to go to him whose wife is most obedient when he doth send for her. Neither Bianca nor the Widow responds. Katharina enters.]

Katharina (*to* **Petruchio**): What is your will, sir, that you send for me?

Petruchio: Where is your sister, and Hortensio's wife?

Kath.: They sit conferring by the parlour fire.

Pet.: Go, fetch them hither; if they deny to come,
Swinge me them soundly forth unto their husbands.

[Katharina returns with Bianca and Widow.]

Pet.: Katharine, that cap of yours becomes you not:
Off with that bauble, throw it under foot.
(**Katharina** *obeys.*)

Widow: Lord! let me never have a cause to
Till I be brought to such a silly pass!

Bianca: Fie! What a foolish duty call you this?

Lucentio: I would, your duty were as foolish,
The wisdom of your duty, fair Bianca,
Hath cost me an hundred crowns since supper-time.

Bia.: The more fool you for laying on my duty.

Pet.: Katharine, I charge thee, tell these headstrong women
What duty they do owe their lords and husbands.

Widow: Come, come, you're mocking; we will have no telling.

Kath.: Fie, fie! unknit that threatening, unkind brow,
And dart not scornful glances from those eyes
To wound thy lord, thy king, thy governor:
It blots thy beauty as frosts do bite the meads,
Confounds thy fame as whirlwinds shake fair buds,
And in no sense is meet or amiable.
A woman moved is like a fountain troubled,
Muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of beauty.
Thy husband is thy lord; one that cares for thee,
And for thy maintenance; commits his body
To painful labour, both by sea and land,
To watch the night in storms, the day in cold,
Whilst thou liest warm at home, secure and safe;
And craves no other tribute at thy hands,
But love, fair looks, and true obedience.
I am ashamed, that women are so simple
To offer war, where they should kneel for peace;
Or seek for rule, supremacy, and sway,
When they are bound to serve, love, and obey
My mind hath been as big as one of yours,
My heart as great, my reason, haply, more
To bandy word for word and frown for frown;
But now I see, our lances are but straws,
Our strength as weak, our weakness past compare—
That seeming to be most, which we indeed least are.

[Shakespeare's play as it has come down to us, ends here with a few words of all-round good-night. Sly, as onlooker, is left in the air. Throughout he has but one small interjection at the close of the first scene in the First Act:]

1 Servant: My lord, you nod; you do not mind the play.

Sly: Yes, by Saint Anne, do I. A good matter, surely: comes there any more of it?

Page: My lord, 'tis but begun.

Sly: 'Tis a very excellent piece of work, madam lady; 'would 'twere done!

[In the earlier play Sly comments at intervals until at length, overcome with wine, he is carried back in his own apparel to the spot where he was found.]

Slie (*waking*): Gis some more wine, whats all the Plaiers gon: am not I a Lord?

Tapster: A lord with a murrin: come, art thou dronken still?

Slie: Whose this? Tapster, oh, Lord sirra, I haue had
The brauest dreame to night, that euer thou
Hardest in all thy life.

Tapster: Yes, marry but you had best get you home,
For your wife will course you for dreaming here to night.

Slie: Will she? I know now how to tame
I dreamt vpon it all night till now, [a shrew,
And thou hast wakt me out of the best dreame
That euer I had in my life, but Ile to my
Wife presently and tame her too,
An if she anger me. [thee,

Tapster: Nay tarry Slie for Ile go home with
And heare the rest that thou hast dreamt to night.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*

SIR GILBERT PARKER

THE RIGHT OF WAY

Retold by the Author

ALTHOUGH Sir Gilbert Parker's literary reputation rests mainly on his work as a novelist, it was as a playwright that he first came before the public, his maiden venture being a version of Goethe's Faust, which was successfully produced in 1888 at Sydney when he was temporarily associate-editor of the Sydney Morning Herald. In 1892 he published his first volume of fiction, a number of short stories under the general title of Pierre and His People. From that time a brilliant succession of novels has appeared from his pen, each notable for its high literary quality. The Right of Way, published in 1901, exhibits its author in his most characteristic mood. Like nearly all his stories, it is a tale of the North, told with humour and pathos, and with a rare gift of depicting human emotions and scenery. Sir Gilbert Parker himself has prepared this epitome.

I—A Soul of Ashes

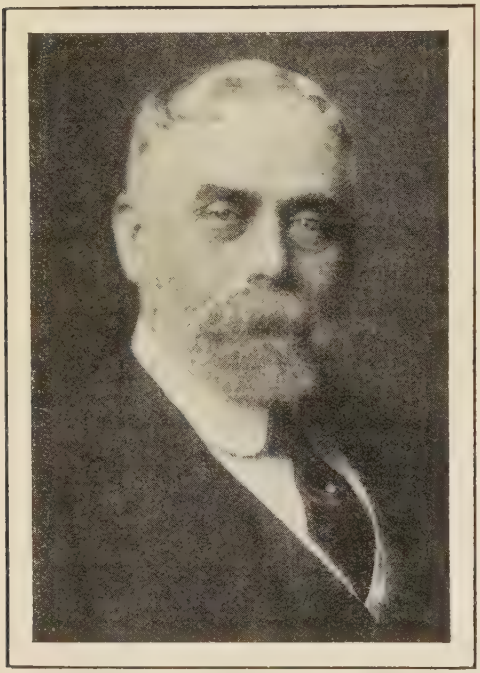
TO Charles Steele, lawyer, of Montreal, at his birth nature had been kind. She had given him a remarkable intellect, a dazzling brilliancy and personal comeliness of an almost exaggerated kind. One thing she had denied him however—the imagination of the spirit. He was born incredulous, he grew to be an incarnate question, his soul was stunted. Men called him Charley, but he was no man's intimate or friend. They named him 'Beauty Steele,' but while men and women admired, they found in him nothing to love. Cold, cynical, his very courtesy an impertinence, his eyeglass a weapon of offence, his foppishness aggression, he walked apart—*non-intime*, with a deadly intelligence and a soul of ashes. But sometimes the soul flickered into life—under the influence of drink. And then, intoxicated, his great powers reached their zenith, the cold intellect grew warm; for the moment the man came into touch with fellow men.

So it was when Beauty Steele was defending Joseph Nadeau on a charge of murder. Hour by hour the Crown piled up damning evidence, but Charley, the defending lawyer, sat unmoved, careless, while the prisoner gave no answer, no explanation, and the onlookers became anxious—not lest a man should be sentenced to death, but lest Beauty Steele should cynically throw away his unbroken record of success.

Then, on the third day, he spoke, infecting the jury with his own scepticism as to the prisoner's guilt, until they could not believe even the obvious facts, swaying their judgement, moulding them as wax to his will, and securing the acquittal of the man to whom he said contemptuously when the trial was ended: "Get out of my sight. You're as guilty as hell!"

On that day Fate laid its hand upon Charley Steele. In the audience which hung on his words was a girl, beautiful as he was handsome, and, like him, passionless and formal. With her heart, such as it was, drawing her towards Fairing, the honest English soldier, her intellect surrendered to the dominating intellect of the orator, to the fascination of his personality. As he spoke their eyes met, and the bargain was sealed which ended in a union, 'cerebral, intellectual, temperamental, aesthetic, unwarmed by any spark of passion; a union which gave the girl—Kathleen—the right of way, and barred the path to happiness against the man for ever, and the happiness of another also.

Five years pass, and then the punishments which the cold, agnostic intellect has made for itself begin to find the man. John Brown, the shallow, theatrical, eloquent parson, whom Charley Steele has corrupted with his eternal question,



Vandyk

RT. HON. SIR GILBERT PARKER, BART., was born in Canada, November 23, 1862, the son of a British artillery officer. He was educated at Trinity College, Toronto, with a view to the Church, but a breakdown in health necessitated a sea voyage and he ultimately adopted literature as his profession. He has travelled widely among the South Sea Islands, through the East, and in Europe, Australia and Northern Canada. Although a most industrious writer, Sir Gilbert Parker has yet found time for much public service, representing Gravesend in Parliament from 1900 to 1918, and acting on several committees. Knighted in 1902, Sir Gilbert Parker was created a baronet in 1915, and in 1916 was sworn of the Privy Council.

'Who knows?' comes back to Montreal, which he has scandalised, a broken speculator. Billy Wantage, Kathleen's brother, has forged Steele's name, and drawn out twenty-five thousand dollars belonging to a charity for which the lawyer was trustee. Drink, once the servant which Charley brought to the service of his mind, has become his master. And Kathleen, the wife, at last arraigns him.

"Look at what you've made of Billy," she cries. "You ruined John Brown with your dissipations and your sneers at religion, and your 'I wonder nows.' Of what use have you been, Charley? Oh, you fop, you fool; you have ruined my brother, you have ruined my life, and I hate and despise you for a cold-blooded, selfish coward."

It is an unjust accusation. It misconceives the man. For Beauty Steele is not all bad. He gives his wife the title-deeds of his fine mansion, in place of a smaller settlement he had made on his marriage, covers up Billy's crime and bears the financial loss himself. He has in him the germs of a great nobility, the seeds of a high nature; but they are merely germs, checked in growth, because he was born with some fertilising element absent from his being, and a soul which is only stimulated into flickering life by alcohol, which lifts him into an atmosphere of warmer, almost understanding life. So by the people his wife is pitied, and men speak of him disparagingly as 'poor Charley Steele' as they see him frequenting the bars, and hear of his constant visits to a low public-house, the Côte Dorion, by the riverside.

To the Côte Dorion he turns when his wife and he part after their great quarrel—to the inn where he can drink and think; where he can speak with Suzon, the ill-educated barmaid, with the touch of native genius, of divination, of elemental humanity, who alone has the gift of answering his questions, pouring doubt upon his doubt. He realizes the danger of such visits, for the rough river-men, mistaking his relations, or would-be relations, with Suzon, have sworn vengeance on him. But he is reckless, defiant, indifferent, and he will go to the Côte Dorion once again.

Under the influence of many cordials he pours out his soul in verse, despairing, incredulous—

Waiting, I turn from the futile, the human ·
Gone is the life of me, laughing with youth—
Steals to learn all in the face of a woman,
Mendicant Truth.

And, in his silent office, with the grey light of a lost day around him, having written this last verse, he goes down to the Côte Dorion out of his old life.

THE river folk are rough, suspicious; Charley is intoxicated, reckless, jealous, daring to insanity. He drives the crowd in the bar-room mad by gazing at them through his eyeglass, with studied insolence and murmured mockery. Ready for any change or chance, standing on the verge of any adventure, the most reckless

soul in Christendom, 'a hell of a fellow with a pane of glass in his eye,' as a river-driver called him, he bursts into an old hymn:

> On the other side of Jordan,
> In the sweet fields of Eden
> Where the tree of life is blooming,
> There is rest for the weary,
> There is rest for you.

Then he is challenged to give them a sermon, and he responds with a biting, searching commentary on religion, life and all its strivings. His hearers grow ominously sullen. He is reputed to be an infidel, and they are good Catholics. They find an insulting challenge in his ribald treatment of sacred things. But, as he speaks, inspired by drink, his eloquence conquers prejudice for a moment. He tells them how they get tired with work, with play; that it is not always summer, that nothing blooms all the year round, that rest is sweet, and that all men long sooner or later for the sweet fie ds of Eden. What are they like, those fields? No one knows. The One Man who knew never told. Why not? The cynicism of his undeveloped soul peers out almost viciously, with destructive questioning. Who knows? What's the good of asking? It's better to go it blind.

The hearts of the river-men harden against him once more; they become angered as he winds up with a Protestant hymn, grow hot as he turns insolently from them to Suzon. They jostle him; he replies with flippant impertinence. A tumbler is thrown, a lamp is broken. The only Englishman there offers to stand by Charley, only to be repelled by a cold stare through the eyeglass, and the words, "I beg your pardon, but have I ever been introduced to you?"

Left to his fate, Beauty Steele fights hard—in vain. He is struck down, flung senseless into the river, and the dark waters close over his old life.

II—Ghosts of the Past

He opens his eyes on a new life in a woodman's cottage in the Vadrôme Hills, over Chaudière, a hundred miles down the river—a backwater of the world. The hut belongs to one Jo Portugais, whom, as Joseph Nadeau, Charley Steele had saved from the gallows five years before. Drifting on his log raft past the Côte Dorion, Jo had heard the fight, had drawn from the water the man who had saved him, had nursed him back to life. But not to reason. Memory was gone; the capacity to think was numbed; the cynical philosopher, the brilliant lawyer, wakes—a child. And so he remains through seven months, living the simple life of a child, helping Portugais in his work of carpentering, quenching his thirst with pure water, purging himself of the past, of which he remembers nothing, until there comes M. Loisel, a great surgeon of Paris, to visit his brother, the curé of Chaudière. The curé tells him of the stranger in Jo Portugais' hut; his professional interest is aroused; he visits Charley and proposes an operation.

But yet he hesitates, man of the world as he is. Suppose that with memory restored should come again shame, or sin, or crime, would the patient thank him? Now, the man is living without stain. But what has he been; what, if intellect be restored, may he be? The curé, however, overcomes his brother's scruples. The man must face his life, taking its responsibility in his hands, trusting to God. The operation is performed, and Beauty Steele awakes to consciousness of his old life, with mind and memory undimmed.

It is to Charley as though he had slept but for a few hours. He only wonders that his head is so clear after last night's debauch at the Côte Dorion. And then full knowledge comes to him from a fragment of newspaper which has been used as a tablecloth. In it he sees the announcement of the marriage of his wife Kathleen to Captain Fairing, her old admirer. He reads the newspaper comment on his wife's previous unhappy marriage, of which he was, in public estimation, the cause; he reads of his obscure end, of the discovery that he had embezzled twenty-five thousand dollars—'the final seal of shame upon a mis-spent life, destined for brilliant and powerful uses.'

His brain burns as he scans the dreadful epitaph upon Beauty Steele. What an *impasse* is before him! He can only return to his life and his career by shaming his wife, the woman he has injured, for whom he is sorry; he can only clear his own name by branding her brother as a felon. He will not go back. Since people think him dead, then dead he will be to the world. Charley Steele shall die—but Charles Mallard shall live.

But the old Charley does not die suddenly, nor without a struggle. The old cynicism springs up betimes, to be repressed because the people about him are so simple, have been so good to him. The old thirst comes on him, memories of the sweet smell of the cool beer in the saloon yonder; but he quenches it with cold water—fights it down. The French surgeon, who knows his weakness, writes to him, sending drugs which will help him in the struggle. He disdains to use them, however; he will rely on his own will.

The seven months' purgation in Jo Portugais' hut helps him, though he suffers terribly, to overcome the temptation. But the seven months have done more: they have given his conscience a chance to grow. He looks back on the old life with stirrings of remorse; he sets himself to find a new life. Down in Chaudière village old Louis Trudel, the tailor, is known to have but a short while to live; Charles Mallard enters his shop, and instals himself, uninvited, as apprentice.

So the brilliant lawyer becomes a tailor, learning his trade with rare facility, an object of curiosity to the villagers. They dub him 'M'sieu,' seeing something under his rough garb of *habitant* different from themselves. He is an object of admiration, since he speaks as well as the curé or the seigneur; above all, an object of interest to the girl who stands on the threshold of his life, her hand upon the door.

Rosalie Evanturel, the postmaster's daughter, of gentle though reduced family, educated as befitted her birth rather than her position, high-souled, made for love and to love, of virginal purity—such a woman as Beauty Steele had never known, or could never have understood, she comes slowly into the life of Charles Mallard.

Louis Trudel was a fanatic in religion. Finding a scrap of paper on which his assistant had written some pungent sentences, he is convinced that the writer is an infidel. The words are part of an outpouring of doubt: 'This tailor here . . . This stingy, hard, unhappy tailor. . . . If there is a God . . . Therefore, wherefore, tailor-man? Therefore, wherefore, God? . . . Show me a sign from Heaven, tailor-man!'

The tailor will give the sign. From the church door he steals a small iron cross, a precious relic, heats it red-hot, and brands the breast of his assistant while he sleeps.

Rosalie, who has suspected something evil—she knows not what—steals from the post-office across the road, and with Trudel's old servant, Margot, comes on him in the act. Old Trudel falls in a fit, Margot dies soon after, and love springs from the shared secret of the branded cross.

With love, the heart and soul of the man open for the first time. Now he does good, not ill, to those around him; his eyeglass is no longer a weapon of offence; cold cynicism dwindles, the old doubts, indeed, obtrude themselves, but the eternal question takes a new form.

> What is the token—
> Bruised and broken,
> Bend I my life to a blossoming rod?
> Shall, then, the worst things
> Come to the first things,
> Finding the best of all, last of all, God?

The ghosts of the past are not wholly laid; one comes—John Brown, the derelict parson, now quack doctor, vending his nostrums at the village fair, beguiling his audience with snatches of song. The village tailor has saved the quack from a fatal accident as he came; but he does not know that the tailor is Charley Steele—the man who, in the shadow of the trees, sees the ruin he has made, hears the renegade priest, now sunk so low, singing a drinking-song he himself had often sung in old times. Hearing it again, Charley, in a passion of remorse and weakness, flies to drink once more, and almost kills himself with the debauch.

III—A Dead Soul Awakened

He comes back from his illness to find the old life at his door. In Jo Portugais he recognizes the murderer he had defended; from him he hears of Kathleen, his wife, of her child—not his. Suddenly he is threatened with arrest for a crime of which he knows nothing, from which he can only clear himself by revealing his identity. From such an *impasse* death is the only escape, and he is ready to drink the laudanum which will end all, but Rosalie intervenes. She threatens to die with him. And Portugais, to save him, confesses his crime, and tells who Charles Mallard is to the abbé who has accused him.

His dormant soul has at last found its inspiration. It blooms forth in his overwhelming love for Rosalie, transfiguring him. Charity and humanity take the place of ambition, he sees life now at last through the lens of personal duty.

But the penalty of his past finds him. Kathleen has the right of way; he cannot give Rosalie the name of wife without crime and wrong to her; yet, nevertheless, she is wronged as it is Whilst Kathleen lives, he must make Rosalie unhappy.

Once the way out offered itself to him. Rosalie has taken her father to the hospital at Montreal—to die, and Charley, following, creeps back to the town disguised as a *habitant*. At dead of night he enters his old house to possess himself of some jewels he had left in a secret place, and as he is leaving, Kathleen, his wife, comes after him, walking in her sleep. Unconscious, she crosses the garden towards a gate that opens on the edge of the cliff where the river runs fifty feet below. Temptation comes to him, as he watches. Shall he let her go to her death and so free himself for ever? He is dead to Kathleen—shall his ghost save her? But a voice speaks to him, the voice of a man with a conscience —'Save her!' He rushes past her noiselessly and closes the gate.

The end is very near for Charley Steele—the tremendous nemesis, born of the ill-doing of the past, working out its end in the well-doing of the present. Chaudière is to have a Passion Play. In the intention of the curé, it is to be for purely local instruction, to purify his flock, perhaps to help him in his great desire, his pure ambition—to bring Charley, whom he loves, into the bosom of the Church. He has pressed Charley into the service, made him helper in the preparations.

But the news gets abroad; the outside world flows into the quiet valley to the destruction of its peace. And with the Passion Play comes nemesis. The part of the Magdalen has been played by a former wanton, whom Charley has won to redemption by the restoration to her of her lost child. But on the last day of the performance, Rosalie takes her place.

At the foot of the Cross, Rosalie pours out her contrite soul in awful public avowal of sin as the Magdalen. Then from the saintly curé Rosalie gets absolution of her sins without the private confession of a single word, and Charley makes ready for the inevitable end.

That night the parish church of Chaudière bursts into flames. One of the ghosts of Charley's past, John Brown, crawls into the building to sleep, and, by accident, sets it alight. It is left for Charley and Jo Portugais, the agnostic and the murderer, to rush into the flames and save the few treasures of the church; for Rosalie, to try to bear away the iron cross which has given and yet cost her so much. Rosalie is cut off in the flames, but Charley, at the risk of life, rescues her. As he lay unconscious his shirt was torn open, and the brand of the cross on his breast met the awe-stricken eyes of the watchers.

But the church is gone. There are no means to build another, no way—until the infidel shows them one! He talks to the crowd, with all the old power, the old convincing eloquence, of the church sacred by the burial of their beloved, by the christening of their children, the marriages which have given them happy homes, the sacraments which are to them the laws of their lives.

Never have they heard any man speak as he speaks. At his bidding they open their little hoards; they give notes of hand which their seigneur discounts; every

man gives to the building fund one-fortieth of his possessions. Day by day the offerings come in. The money is placed in the safe in the tailor's shop, and Charley and Jo Portugais keep guard over the treasure.

But the story of the fund has been noised abroad ; criminals from Quebec follow on the track headed by Billy Wantage, another ghost from the past, and guided by John Brown. The gang attacks the tailor's shop, and its defenders save their sacred charge by giving up their lives. It is the hand of Billy Wantage that slays Beauty Steele.

So the infidel dies for the church ; and the people whom he loves, and whom he has won from distrust to confidence, wait and pray outside the house, while their curé within strives, ere it be too late, to bring his field to a golden harvest.

" Will you not come to the bosom of the Church for which you have given all ? " he says, and Charley whispers, " Tell them so."

From the window the curé tells the glad news to the crowd below. " Oh, my dear people," he says, " God has given him to us at last." The end comes with Rosalie beside him. At the last, in delirium, he sees a tall,white form. " Who is it ? " he asks.

" It is Death, my son," was the priest's low reply.

And then, for a moment, he becomes Charley Steele. He gropes for the eyeglass, and speaks to the imaginary figure, as he spoke at Côte Dorion two years ago.

" I beg your pardon. Have I—ever—been—introduced—to you ? " he murmurs.

" At the hour of your birth, my son," is the curé's reply : and it is all done for ever.

Years later, the woman he had loved, who, faithful to his memory, had given her life to good works, could speak of him with the priest who also had loved him, and say of him with pride, ' He was a great man.'

Great, because she had made him so, because she, her love, had awakened the dead soul, had given him belief. Seeking inspiration in liquor, he could reach great heights, pinnacles of intellect, where humanity could find no place, where he was alone in a cold solitude, where evil was his good. Inspired by love, mind finding warmth in the kindled soul, he had at last sought his work among men, being a man, and found his reward where he had found his inspiration.

LONDON IN THE PLAGUE YEAR: SOLOMON EAGLE INVOKING DOOM FROM HEAVEN

From the original painting by P. F. Poole, R.A., in the Mappin Art Gallery, Sheffield

Daniel Defoe

Journal of the Plague Year

In the years 1720 and 1721 Marseilles was ravaged by the plague, and acute apprehension was excited in England lest a visitation comparable to that of 1665 should again be London's fate. Defoe, with his keen journalistic instinct, saw in the general dread an opportunity for one of those realistic narratives for which, as shown in The Apparition of Mrs. Veal, he had so remarkable a genius, and in 1722 he published his Journal of the Plague Year, or, as it was called in its second edition, A History of the Plague. The air of authenticity which characterises this admirable performance imposed upon Dr. Mead, who had been appointed to report upon necessary precautions, and he quoted it as authoritative in his Discourse on the Plague, published in 1724. While it is acknowledged to be historically accurate, there is no evidence that it was based upon existing records, and it may be regarded as a triumph of the imaginative power of its ingenious author. Cheap editions are published by Dent and by Blackie.

I—A Stricken City

It was about the beginning of September 1664, that I, among the rest of my neighbours, heard that the plague was returned again in Holland. We had no such thing as printed newspapers in those days to spread rumours and reports of things ; but such things as these were gathered from the letters of merchants, and from them were handed about by word of mouth only. In December, two Frenchmen died of the plague in Long Acre, or rather, at the upper end of Drury Lane. The secretaries of state got knowledge of it, and two physicians and a surgeon were ordered to go to the house and make inspection. This they did and, finding evident tokens of the sickness upon both the bodies, they gave their opinions publicly, that they died of the plague ; whereupon it was given in to the parish clerk, and he also returned them to the Hall ; and it was printed in the weekly bill of mortality in the usual manner, thus :

Plague, 2 ; Parishes infected, 1.

The distemper spread slowly, and in the beginning of May, the city being healthy, we began to hope that as the infection was chiefly among the people at the other end of the town, it might go no farther. We continued in these hopes for a few days, but it was only for a few, for the people were no more to be deceived thus ; they searched the houses, and found that the plague was really spread every way and that many died of it every day ; and accordingly, in the weekly bill for the next week, the thing began to show itself. There was, indeed, but fourteen set down of the plague, but this was all knavery and collusion.

Now the weather set in hot, and from the first week in June the infection spread in a dreadful manner and the bills rose high. Yet all that could conceal their distempers did it, to prevent their neighbours shunning them, and also to prevent authority shutting up their houses.

I lived without Aldgate, midway between Aldgate church and Whitechapel Bars, and our neighbourhood continued very easy. But at the other end of the town their consternation was very great, and the richer sort of people, especially the nobility and gentry, from the west part of the city, thronged out of town with their families and servants. In Whitechapel, where I lived, nothing was to be seen but waggons and carts, with goods, women, servants, children, etc., all hurrying away. This was a very terrible and melancholy thing to see, and it filled me with very serious thoughts of the misery that was coming upon the city.

I now began to consider seriously how I should dispose of myself, whether I should resolve to stay in London, or shut up my house and flee. I had two important things before me : the carrying on of my business

and shop, and the preservation of my life in so dismal a calamity. My trade was a saddler, and, though a single man, I had a family of servants and a house and warehouses filled with goods, and to leave them all without any overseer had been to hazard the loss of all I had in the world.

I had resolved to go; but, one way or other, I always found that to appoint to go away was always crossed by some accident or other, so as to disappoint and put it off again; and I advise every person, in such a case, to keep his eye upon the particular providences which occur at that time, and take them as intimation from Heaven of what is his unquestioned duty to do in such a case. Add to this, that, turning over the Bible which lay before me, I cried out, 'Well, I know not what to do; Lord, direct me!' and at that juncture, casting my eye down, I read: 'Thou shalt not be afraid for the pestilence that walketh in darkness. . . . A thousand shall fall at thy side, and ten thousand at thy right hand, but it shall not come nigh thee;' I scarce need tell the reader that from that moment I resolved that I would stay in the town, casting myself entirely upon the protection of the Almighty.

THE court removed in the month of June and went to Oxford, where it pleased God to preserve them; for which I cannot say they showed any great token of thankfulness, and hardly anything of reformation, though they did not want being told that their crying vices might, without breach of charity, have gone far in bringing that terrible judgement upon the whole nation.

A blazing star or comet had appeared for several months before the plague, and there had been universal melancholy apprehensions of some dreadful calamity. The people were at this time more addicted to prophecies, dreams and old wives' fables than ever they were before or since. Some ran about the streets with oral predictions, one crying, 'Yet forty days, and London shall be destroyed!' Another poor naked creature cried, 'Oh, the great and dreadful God!' repeating these words continually, with voice and countenance full of horror, and a swift pace, and nobody could ever find him to stop. Some saw a flaming sword in a hand coming out of a cloud; others, hearses and coffins in the air; others, heaps of dead bodies unburied.

But those who were really serious and religious applied themselves in a truly Christian manner to the proper work of repentance and humiliation. Many consciences were awakened, many hard hearts melted into tears. People might be heard in the streets as we passed along, calling upon God for mercy, and saying, 'I have been a thief,' or 'a murderer,' and the like; and none dared stop to make the least inquiry into such things, or to comfort the poor creatures that thus cried out. The face of London was now strangely altered; it was all in tears; the shrieks of women and children at the windows and doors, where their dearest relations were dead, were enough to pierce the stoutest heart.

ABOUT June, the lord mayor and aldermen began more particularly to concern themselves for the regulation of the city, by the shutting up of houses where any person sick of the infection was found. A night watchman and a day watchman were appointed to each infected house to prevent any person from coming out or going into the same. Women searchers were appointed in each parish to examine the bodies of such as were dead, to see if they had died of the infection, and over these were appointed physicians and chirurgeons. Other orders were made with regard to giving notice of sickness, sequestration of the sick, airing the goods and bedding of the infected, burial of the dead, cleansing of the streets, forbidding wandering beggars, loose persons and idle assemblages, and the like. One of these orders was—'That every house visited be marked with a red cross of a foot long, in the middle of the door, with these words, LORD HAVE MERCY UPON US, to be set close over the same cross.' Many got out of their houses by stratagem after they were shut up, and thus spread the plague; in one place they blowed up their watchman with gunpowder and burnt the poor fellow dreadfully, and while he made hideous cries, the whole family got out at the windows; others got out by bribing the watchman, and I have seen three watchmen publicly whipped for suffering people to go out.

II—How the Dead were Buried

I WENT all the first part of the time freely about the streets, and when they dug the great pit in the churchyard of Aldgate I could not resist going to see it. A terrible pit it was, forty feet long about sixteen wide, and in one part they dug it to near twenty feet deep, until they could go no deeper for the water. It was filled in just two weeks, when they had thrown into it 1,114 bodies from our own parish.

I got admittance into the churchyard by the sexton, who at first refused me, but at last said : ' Name of God, go in ; depend upon it, 'twill be a sermon to you, it may be the best that ever you heard. It is a speaking sight,' says he ; and with that he opened the door, and said, ' Go, if you will.' I stood wavering for a good while, but just at that interval I saw two links come over from the end of the Minories, and heard the bellman, and then appeared a dead-cart coming over the streets, so I went in.

The scene was awful and full of terror. The cart had in it sixteen or seventeen bodies ; some were wrapped in sheets or rugs, some little other than naked, or so loose that what covering they had fell from them in the shooting out of the cart, and they fell quite naked among the rest. But the matter was not much to them, seeing they were all dead, and were to be huddled together into the common grave of mankind, as we may call it ; for poor and rich went together. The cart was turned round, and the bodies shot into the pit promiscuously.

There was following the cart a poor unhappy gentleman who fell down in a swoon when the bodies were shot into the pit. The buriers ran to him and took him up, and after he had come to himself, they led him away to the Pye tavern, over against the end of Houndsditch. His case lay so heavy on my mind that after I had gone home I must go out again into the street and go to the Pye tavern, to inquire what became of him.

It was by this time one in the morning, and yet the poor gentleman was there. The people of the house were civil and obliging, but there was a dreadful set of fellows that used their house and who, in the middle of all this horror, met there every night, and behaved with revelling and roaring extravagancies, so that the master and mistress of the house were terrified at them. They sat in a room next the street, and as often as the dead-cart came along, they would open the windows and make impudent mocks and jeers at the sad lamentations of the people, especially if they heard the poor people call upon God to have mercy upon them.

They were at this vile work when I came to the house, ridiculing the unfortunate man and his sorrow for his wife and children, taunting him with want of courage to leap into the pit and go to Heaven with them, and adding profane and blasphemous expressions.

I gently reproved them, being not unknown to two of them. But I cannot call to mind the abominable raillery which they returned to me, making a jest of my calling the plague the Hand of God. They continued this wretched course three or four days : but they were every one of them carried into the great pit before it was quite filled up.

IN my walks I had daily many dismal scenes before my eyes, as of persons falling dead in the streets, terrible shrieks and screechings of women and the like. Passing through Tokenhouse Yard, in Lothbury, of a sudden a casement violently opened just over my head, and a woman gave three frightful screeches, and then cried : ' Oh Death ! Death ! Death ! ' in a most inimitable tone, which struck me with horror and a chillness in my very blood. There was nobody to be seen in the whole street, neither did any other window open ; for people had no curiosity now, nor could anybody help another.

Just in Bell Alley, at the right hand of the passage, there was a more terrible cry than that, and I could hear women and children run screaming about the rooms distracted. A garret window opened, and somebody from a window on the other side of the alley called and asked, ' What is the matter ? ' upon which, from the first window it was answered : ' O Lord, my old master has hanged himself ! ' The other asked again : ' Is he quite dead ? '

And the first answered, 'Ay, ay, quite dead—quite dead and cold.'

It is scarce credible what dreadful things happened every day, people in the rage of the distemper, or in the torment of their swellings, which was indeed intolerable, oftentimes laying violent hands on themselves, throwing themselves out at their windows, etc.; mothers murdering their own children in their lunacy; some dying of mere fright, without any infection; others frighted into despair, idiocy, or madness.

There were a great many robberies and wicked practices committed even in this dreadful time. The power of avarice was so strong in some that they would run any hazard to steal and to plunder; and in houses where all the inhabitants had died and been carried out, they would break in without regard to the danger of infection and take even the bedclothes.

III—Universal Desolation

For about a month together, I believe there did not die less than 1,500 or 1,700 a day, one day with another; and in the beginning of September good people began to think that God was resolved to make a full end of the people in this miserable city. Whole families and, indeed, whole streets of families were swept away together, and the infection was so increased that at length they shut up no houses at all. People gave themselves up to their fears and thought that nothing was to be hoped for but an universal desolation. It was even in the height of this despair that it pleased God to stay His hand, and to slacken the fury of the contagion.

When the people despaired of life and abandoned themselves, it had a very strange effect for three or four weeks; it made them bold and venturous; they were no more shy of one another, nor restrained within doors, but went anywhere and everywhere, and ran desperately into any company. It brought them to crowd into the churches; looking on themselves as all so many dead corpses, they behaved as if their lives were of no consequence, compared to the work they came about.

The conduct of the lord mayor and magistrates was all the time admirable, so that bread was always to be had in plenty, and cheap as usual; provisions were never wanting in the markets; the streets were kept free from all manner of frightful objects—dead bodies, or anything unpleasant; and for a time fires were kept burning in the streets to cleanse the air of infection.

Many remedies were tried; but it is my opinion, and I must leave it as a prescription, that the best physic against the plague is to run away from it. I know people encourage themselves by saying, 'God is able to keep us in the midst of danger,' and this kept thousands in the town, whose carcasses went into the great pits by cartloads. Yet of the pious ladies who went about distributing alms to the poor and visiting infected families, though I will not undertake to say that none of those charitable people were suffered to fall under the calamity, yet I may say this, that I never knew any of them to fall under it.

Such is the precipitant disposition of our people, that no sooner had they observed that the distemper was not so catching as formerly, and that if it was catched it was not so mortal, and that abundance of people who really fell sick recovered again daily, than they made no more of the plague than of an ordinary fever, nor indeed so much. They went into the very chambers where others lay sick. This rash conduct cost a great many their lives, who had been preserved all through the heat of the infection, and the bills of mortality increased again four hundred in the first week of November.

But it pleased God, by the continuing of wintry weather, so to restore the health of the city that by February following we reckoned the distemper quite ceased. The time was not far off when the city was to be purged with fire, for within nine months more I saw it all lying in ashes.

I shall conclude the account of this calamitous year with a stanza of my own:

> A dreadful plague in London was
> In the year sixty-five,
> Which swept an hundred thousand souls
> Away; yet I alive!

THOMAS DE QUINCEY

CONFESSIONS OF AN ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER

BETTER able than most men to assess the comparative value of his own work, Thomas de Quincey placed the Confessions of an English Opium-Eater with the Suspiria De Profundis, in the highest class of his literary compositions. It belongs to a department of impassioned prose in which literature as a whole is very deficient, and as a successful attempt to clothe visionary scenes derived from the world of dreams in words whose music would be ruined by a single false note, it is admittedly one of the most wonderful productions of a great master of English composition. The Confessions were first given to the world in The London Magazine, the first instalment appearing in September 1821, and were revised and extended by the author in 1859. Our epitome is prepared from the magazine form of the work, which has greater freshness and power than the later elaboration. De Quincey's collected works were published in fourteen volumes in 1862. There are numerous popular editions of judicious selections from his many and diverse essays.

I—The Descending Pathway

I HERE present you, courteous reader, with the record of a remarkable period of my life, and I trust that it will prove not merely an interesting record, but in a considerable degree useful and instructive. That must be my apology for breaking through the delicate and honourable reserve which, for the most part, restrains us from the public exposure of our own errors and infirmities.

If opium-eating be a sensual pleasure, and if I am bound to confess that I have indulged in it to an excess not yet recorded of any other man, it is no less true that I have struggled against this fascinating enthralment with a religious zeal, and have at length accomplished what I never yet heard attributed to any other man—having untwisted, almost to its final links, the accursed chain which fettered me.

I have often been asked how I first came to be a regular opium-eater, and have suffered, very unjustly, in the opinion of my acquaintances, from being reputed to have brought upon myself all the sufferings which I shall have to record, by a long course of indulgence in this practice purely for the sake of creating an artificial state of pleasurable excitement. This, however, is a misrepresentation of my case. It was not for the purpose of creating pleasure, but of mitigating pain in the severest degree, that I first began to use opium as an article of daily diet.

The calamities of my novitiate in London, when, as a runaway from school, I made acquaintance with starvation and horror, had struck root so deeply in my bodily constitution that afterwards they shot up and flourished afresh, and grew into a noxious umbrage that has overshadowed and darkened my latter years.

It is so long since I first took opium that, if it had been a trifling incident in my life, I might have forgotten its date; but, from circumstances connected with it, I remember that it must be referred to the autumn of 1804. During that season I was in London, having come thither for the first time since my entrance at college. And my introduction to opium arose in the following way.

Being seized with a violent toothache I washed in cold water, and, with wetted hair, fell asleep. Next morning I awoke with excruciating rheumatic pains in head and face, from which I had hardly any respite. On the twenty-first day, I think it was, and on a Sunday, I went out into the streets, rather to run away, if possible, from my torments than with any distinct purpose. By accident, I met a college acquaintance, who recommended opium. Opium! dread agent of unimaginable pleasure and pain! I had heard of it as I had of manna or of ambrosia, but no further. My road homewards lay through Oxford Street;

and near 'the stately Pantheon' I saw a druggist's shop, where I first became possessed of the celestial drug.

Arrived at my lodgings, I took it, and in an hour—oh, heavens! what a revulsion! what a resurrection from its lowest depths, of the inner spirit! what an apocalypse of the world within me! That my pains had vanished was now a trifle in my eyes; this negative effect was swallowed up in the immensity of those positive effects which had opened before me, in the abyss of divine enjoyment thus suddenly revealed.

II—Bodily Effects of the Seductive Drug

FIRST one word with respect to its bodily effects. It is not so much affirmed as taken for granted that opium does, or can, produce intoxication. Now, reader, assure yourself that no quantity of the drug ever did, or could, intoxicate. The pleasure given by wine is always mounting and tending to a crisis, after which it declines; that from opium, when once generated, is stationary for eight or ten hours; the one is a flame, the other a steady and equable glow.

Another error is that the elevation of spirits produced by opium is necessarily followed by a proportionate depression. This I shall content myself with simply denying; assuring my readers that for ten years, during which I took opium at intervals, the day succeeding to that on which I allowed myself this luxury was always a day of unusually good spirits.

With respect to the torpor supposed to accompany the practice of opium-eating, I deny that also. The primary effects of opium are always, and in the highest degree, to excite and stimulate the system. But, that the reader may judge of the degree in which opium is likely to stupefy the faculties of an Englishman, I shall mention the way in which I myself often passed an opium evening in London during the period between 1804 and 1812.

I used to fix beforehand how often within a given time, and when, I would commit a debauch of opium. This was seldom more than once in three weeks, and it was usually on a Tuesday or a Saturday night; my reason for which was this: in those days Grassini sang at the opera, and her voice was delightful to me beyond all that I had ever heard. The choruses were divine to hear, and when Grassini appeared, as she often did, and poured forth her passionate soul as Andromache at the tomb of Hector, etc., I question whether any Turk, of all that ever entered the paradise of opium-eaters, had half the pleasure I had.

Another pleasure I had which, as it could be had only on a Saturday night, occasionally struggled with my love of the opera. Most men show their interest in the concerns of the poor chiefly by sympathy with their distresses. I at that time was disposed to express mine by sympathising with their pleasures. The pains of poverty I had lately seen too much of; but the pleasures of the poor, their consolations of spirit, and their reposes from bodily toil, can never become oppressive to contemplate. Now, Saturday night is the season for the chief, regular and periodic return of rest for the poor. For the sake, therefore, of witnessing a spectacle with which my sympathy was so entire, I used often, on Saturday nights, after I had taken opium, to wander forth, without much regarding the direction or the distance, to all the markets and other parts of London to which the poor man and his wife resort of a Saturday night for laying out their wages.

SOMETIMES in my attempts to steer homewards by fixing my eye on the Pole star, and seeking ambitiously for a north-west passage, instead of circumnavigating all the capes and headlands I had doubled in my outward voyage, I came suddenly upon such knotty problems of alleys, such enigmatical entries, and such sphinx's riddles of streets without thoroughfares, as must, I conceive, baffle the audacity of porters and confound the intellects of hackney coachmen. For all this I paid a heavy price in distant years, when the human face tyrannised over my dreams, and the perplexities of my steps in London came back and haunted my sleep with the feeling of perplexities, moral or intellectual, that brought confusion to the reason, or anguish and remorse to the conscience.

III—A Fearful Nemesis

COURTEOUS reader, let me request you to move onwards for about eight years, to 1812. The years of academic life are now over and gone—almost forgotten. Am I married? Not yet. And I still take opium? On Saturday nights. And how do I find my health after all this opium-eating? In short, how do I do? Why, pretty well, I thank you, reader. In fact, though, to satisfy the theories of medical men, I *ought* to be ill, I never was better in my life than in the spring of 1812. To moderation and temperate use of the article I may ascribe it, I suppose, that as yet, at least, I am unsuspicious of the avenging terrors which opium has in store for those who abuse its long-suffering.

But now comes a different era. In 1813 I was attacked by a most appalling irritation of the stomach, and I could resist no longer. Let me repeat that, at the time I began to take opium daily, I could not have done otherwise. Still, I confess it as a besetting infirmity of mine that I hanker too much after a state of happiness, both for myself and others. From 1813, the reader is to consider me as a regular and confirmed opium-eater. Now, reader, from 1813 please walk forward about three years more, and see me in a new character.

Now, farewell—a long farewell—to happiness, winter or summer! Farewell to smiles and laughter! Farewell to peace of mind! Farewell to hope and to tranquil dreams, and to the blessed consolations of sleep. For more than three years and a half I am summoned away from these. I am now arrived at an Iliad of woes.

It will occur to you to ask, why did I not release myself from the horrors of opium by leaving it off or diminishing it? The reader may be sure that I made attempts innumerable to reduce the quantity. It might be supposed that I yielded to the fascinations of opium too easily; it cannot be supposed that any man can be charmed by its terrors.

My studies have now been long interrupted. I cannot read to myself with any pleasure. This intellectual torpor applies more or less to every part of the four years during which I was under the spell of opium. But for misery and suffering, I might, indeed, be said to have existed in a dormant state. I seldom could prevail on myself even to write a letter. The opium-eater loses none of his moral sensibilities or aspirations. He wishes and longs as earnestly as ever to realize what he believes possible and feels to be exacted by duty; but his intellectual apprehension of what is possible infinitely outruns his power, not of execution only, but even of power to attempt.

IV—Horrors that Haunt the Land of Dreams

I NOW pass to what is the main subject of these later confessions, to the history of what took place in my dreams, for these were the immediate and proximate cause of my acutest suffering.

I know not whether my reader is aware that many children, perhaps most, have a power of painting, as it were, upon the darkness all sorts of phantoms. In the middle of 1817, I think it was, this faculty became positively distressing to me. At night, when I lay awake in bed, vast processions moved along in mournful pomp; friezes of never-ending stories, that to my feeling were as sad and solemn as if they were stories drawn from times before Oedipus or Priam, before Tyre, before Memphis. And at the same time a corresponding change took place in my dreams; a theatre seemed suddenly opened and lighted up within my brain, which presented nightly spectacles of more than earthly splendour.

All changes in my dreams were accompanied by deep-seated anxiety and gloomy melancholy, such as are wholly incommunicable by words. I seemed every night to descend, not metaphorically, but literally to descend, into chasms and sunless abysses, depths below depths, from which it seemed hopeless that I should ever re-ascend. Nor did I, even by waking, feel that I had re-ascended.

The sense of space and, in the end, the sense of time were both powerfully affected. Buildings, landscapes, etc., were exhibited in proportions so vast as the bodily eye is not fitted to receive. Space

swelled, and was amplified to an extent of unutterable infinity. This, however, did not disturb me so much as the vast expansion of time; I sometimes seemed to have lived far beyond the limits of any human experience.

The minutest incidents of childhood, or forgotten scenes of later years, were often revived. Of this, at least, I feel assured, that there is no such thing as *forgetting* possible to the mind. A thousand accidents may and will interpose a veil between our present consciousness and the secret inscriptions of the mind; accidents of the same sort will also rend away this veil; but alike, whether veiled or unveiled, the inscription remains for ever; just as the stars seem to withdraw before the common light of day, whereas, in fact, we all know that it is the light which is drawn over them as a veil, and that they are but waiting to be revealed when the obscuring daylight shall have withdrawn.

In the early stage of my malady the splendours of my dreams were indeed chiefly architectural; and I beheld such pomp of cities and palaces as never yet was beheld by the waking eye, unless in the clouds. To architecture succeeded dreams of lakes and silvery expanses of water. The waters then changed their character—from translucent lakes shining like mirrors they now became seas and oceans.

And now came a tremendous change, which, unfolding itself slowly like a scroll, through many months, promised an abiding torment.

HITHERTO the human face had mixed often in my dreams, but not despotically, nor with any special power of tormenting. But now that which I have called the tyranny of the human face began to unfold itself. Perhaps some part of my London life might be answerable for this.

Be that as it may, now it was that upon the rocking waters of the ocean the human face began to appear; the sea appeared paved with innumerable faces upturned to the heavens—faces imploring, wrathful, despairing, surged upwards by thousands, by myriads, by generations, by centuries; my agitation was infinite, my mind tossed and surged with the ocean.

V—Hideous Monsters of a Nightmare World

I KNOW not whether others share in my feelings on this point; but I have often thought that if I were compelled to forego England and to live in China, and among Chinese manners and modes of life and scenery, I should go mad. Southern Asia, in general, is the seat of awful images and associations. As the cradle of the human race, it would alone have a dim and reverential feeling connected with it. But there are other reasons.

No man can pretend that the wild, barbarous and capricious superstitions of Africa, or of savage tribes elsewhere, affect him in the way that he is affected by the ancient, monumental, cruel and elaborate religions of Hindostan, etc. The mere antiquity of Asiatic things, of their institutions, histories, modes of faith, etc., is so impressive that, to me, the vast age of the race and name overpowers the sense of youth in the individual. A young Chinese seems to me an antediluvian man renewed.

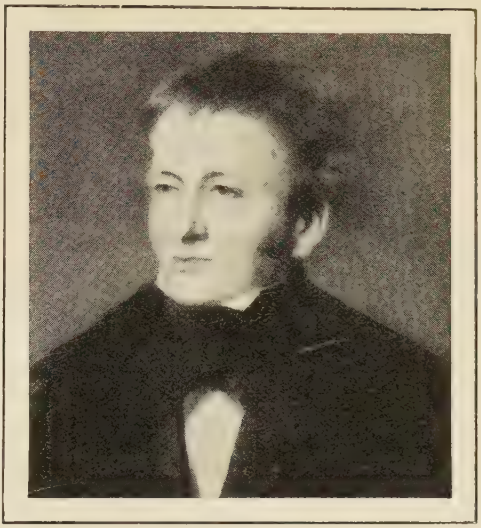
All this, and much more than I can say or have time to say, the reader must enter into before he can comprehend the unimaginable horror which these dreams of Oriental imagery and mythological tortures impressed upon me. Under the connecting feeling of tropical heat and vertical sunlights, I brought together all creatures, birds, beasts, reptiles, all trees and plants, usages and appearances, that are found in all tropical regions, and assembled them together in China or Hindostan. From kindred feelings, I soon brought Egypt and all her gods under the same law.

I was stared at, hooted at, grinned at, chattered at, by monkeys, by paroquets, by cockatoos. I ran into pagodas, and was fixed for centuries at the summit, or in secret rooms; I was the idol; I was the priest; I was worshipped; I was sacrificed. I fled from the wrath of Brahma through all the forests of Asia; Vishnu hated me; Siva lay in wait for me. I came suddenly upon Isis and Osiris; I had done a deed, they said, which the ibis and the crocodile trembled at. I was buried for a thousand years in stone coffins,

with mummies and sphinxes, in narrow chambers at the heart of eternal pyramids. I was kissed by crocodiles; and laid, confounded with all unutterable slimy things, amongst reeds and Nilotic mud.

Over every form and threat and punishment brooded a sense of eternity and infinity that drove me into an oppression as of madness. Into these dreams only it was, with one or two slight exceptions, that any circumstances of physical horror entered. But here the main agents were ugly birds, or snakes, or crocodiles; especially the last. The cursed crocodile became the object of more horror than almost all the rest. I was compelled to live with him, and—as was almost always the case in my dreams—for centuries.

And so often did this hideous reptile haunt my dreams that many times the very same dream was broken up in the very same way. I heard gentle voices speaking to me—I hear everything when I am sleeping—and instantly I awoke. It was broad noon, and my children were standing, hand in hand, at my bedside—come to show me their coloured shoes, or new frocks, or to let me see them dressed for going out. I protest that so awful was the transition from the detestable crocodile, and the other unutterable monsters and abortions of my dreams, to the sight of innocent human natures and of infancy that in the mighty and sudden revulsion of mind I wept, and could not forbear it, as I kissed their faces.



THOMAS DE QUINCEY was born at Manchester, August 15, 1785. After a chequered childhood and youth he spent five years at Oxford, becoming exceptionally proficient in Greek and Latin, English literature and German metaphysics. An intimate member of the Lake School, he lived from 1809-29 at Grasmere, and afterwards in Edinburgh and Lasswade. For fifty years he was an industrious contributor to magazines, in which almost all his work appeared first. De Quincey died in 1859.

VI—From Agony to Regeneration

As a final specimen, I cite a dream of a different character, from 1820. The dream commenced with a music which now I often heard in dreams—a music of preparation and of awakening suspense, a music like the opening of the Coronation Anthem and which, like that, gave the feeling of a vast march, of infinite cavalcades filing off, and the tread of innumerable armies. The morning was come of a mighty day—a day of crisis and of final hope for human nature, then suffering some mysterious eclipse and labouring in some dread extremity. Somewhere, I knew not where—somehow, I knew not how—by some beings, I knew not whom—a battle, a strife, an agony, was evolving itself like the catastrophe of some mighty drama, with which my sympathy was the more insupportable from my confusion as to its place, its cause, its nature and possible issue.

I, as usual in dreams—where, of necessity, we make ourselves central to every movement—had the power, and yet had not the power to decide it. I had the power, if I could raise myself to will it, and yet again had not the power, for the weight of twenty Atlantics was upon me, or the oppression of inexpiable guilt. 'Deeper than ever plummet sounded,' I lay inactive.

Then, like a chorus, the passion deepened. Some greater interest was at stake, some mightier cause than ever yet the sword had pleaded, or trumpet had proclaimed. Then came sudden alarms, hurryings to and fro, trepidations of innumerable fugitives—I knew not whether from the good cause or the bad—darkness and lights, tempest and human faces, and at last, with the sense that all was lost, female forms, and the features that were worth all the world to me, and but

a moment allowed—and clasped hands, and heart-breaking partings, and then—everlasting farewells! And with a sigh such as the caves of hell sighed when the incestuous mother uttered the abhorred name of Death, the sound was reverberated—everlasting farewells! And again and yet again reverberated—everlasting farewells! And I awoke in struggles, and cried aloud, 'I will sleep no more.'

. . . . .

It now remains that I should say something of the way in which this conflict of horrors was finally brought to a crisis. I saw that I must die if I continued the opium. I determined, therefore, if that should be required, to die in throwing it off. I triumphed. But, reader, think of me as one, even when four months had passed, still agitated, writhing, throbbing, palpitating, shattered, much perhaps in the situation of him who has been racked. During the whole period of diminishing the opium I had the torments of a man passing out of one mode of existence into another. The issue was not death, but a sort of physical regeneration.

One memorial of my former condition still remains—my dreams are not yet perfectly calm; the dread swell and agitation of the storm have not wholly subsided; the legions that encamped in them are drawing off, but not all departed; my sleep is still tumultuous, and, like the gates of Paradise to our first parents when looking back from afar, it is still—in Milton's tremendous line—'With dreadful faces throng'd and fiery arms.'

Roman Virtue Revealed in a Charming Essay

MARCUS TULLIUS CICERO

CONCERNING FRIENDSHIP

Abridged by A. D. Innes from the Latin

In an age very fruitful in great men no Roman, with the single exception of Julius Caesar, rivalled Cicero in splendour of intellectual endowment. While vacillation marred his reputation as a statesman his fame as a man of letters is pre-eminent and secure. Cicero's 'unique and imperishable glory is that he used the Latin language to form a prose style which twenty centuries have not displaced and in some respects have scarcely altered.' Its perfection may be studied in some fifty extant speeches, in many charming letters to his friends, in numerous rhetorical and philosophical treatises, and in several essays. His industry was prodigious, and it is said that a bare tenth of his literary work has been preserved.

FANNIUS: I agree with you Laelius; never was man better known for justice or for glory than Scipio Africanus. That is why everyone in Rome is looking to you; everyone is asking me how the wise Laelius is bearing the loss of his dead friend. For they call you wise, you know, in the same sense as the oracle called Socrates wise, because you believe that your happiness depends on yourself alone and that virtue can fortify the soul against every calamity. May we know, then, how you bear your sorrow?

SCAEVOLA: He says truly; many have asked me the same question. I tell them that you are composed and patient, though deeply touched by the death of your dearest friend, and one of the greatest of men.

LAELIUS: You have answered well. True it is that I sorrow for a friend whose like I shall never see again; but it is also true that I need no consolations, since I believe that no evil has befallen Scipio. Whatever misfortune there is, is my misfortune, and any immoderate distress would show self-love, not love for him. What a man he was! Well, he is in heaven; and I sometimes hope that the friendship of Scipio and Laelius may live in human memory.

FANNIUS: Yes—your friendship; what do you believe about friendship?

LAELIUS: Who am I, to speak on such a subject all on a sudden? You should go to those Greek professionals, who can spin you a discourse on anything at a moment's notice. For my part, I can only advise this—prize friendship above all

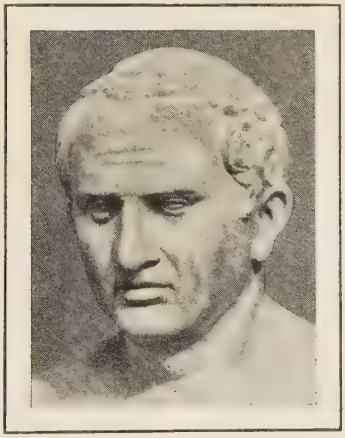
earthly things. We seem to be made for friendship; it is our great stand-by whether in weal or woe.

Yet I can say this too: friendship cannot be except among the good. I don't mean a fantastical and unattainable pitch of goodness such as the philosophers prate about; I mean the genuine, commonplace goodness of flesh and blood that actually exists. I mean such men as live in honour, justice and liberality, and are consistent, neither covetous nor licentious nor brazen-faced; such men are good enough for us, because they follow nature as far as they can.

A Priceless Gift of the Gods

FRIENDSHIP consists of a perfect conformity of opinion upon all subjects, divine and human, together with a feeling of kindness and attachment. And though some prefer riches, health, power, honours, or even pleasure, no greater boon than friendship, with the single exception of wisdom, has been given by the gods to man. It is quite true that our highest good depends on virtue; but virtue inevitably begets aud nourishes friendship. What a part, for instance, friendship has played in the lives of the good men we have known—the Catos, the Galli, the Scipios and the like!

How manifold, again, are its benefits! What greater delight is there than to have one with whom you may talk as if with yourself? One who will joy in your good fortune, and bear the heaviest end of your burdens! Other things are good for particular purposes, friendship for all; neither water nor fire has so many uses. But in one respect friendship transcends everything else; it throws a brilliant gleam of hope over the future and banishes despondency. Whoever has a true friend sees in him a reflection of himself; and each is strong in the strength and rich in the wealth of the other.



MARCUS TULLIUS CICERO was born January 3, 106 B.C. Famous as a pleader in the law courts he became successively quaestor, aedile, praetor, and, in 63, consul. In the civil war he joined Pompey's party and after its defeat at Pharsalia abjured politics and devoted himself to literary pursuits. His denunciation of Antony after the murder of Caesar led to his own assassination, December 7, 43 B.C.

If you consider that the principle of harmony and benevolence is necessary to the very existence of families and states, you will understand how high a thing is friendship, in which that harmony and benevolence reach their perfect flower. There was a philosopher of Agrigentum who explained the properties of matter and the movements of bodies in terms of affection and repulsion; and however that may be, everyone knows that these are the real forces in human life. Who does not applaud the friendship that shares in mortal dangers whether in real life or in the play?

Virtue Instinct with Nobility

SCAEVOLA: You speak highly of friendship. What are its principles and duties?

Laelius: Do we desire a friend because of our own weakness and deficiency, in order that we may obtain from him what we lack ourselves, repaying him by reciprocal service? Or is all that only an incident of friendship, and does the bond derive from a remoter and more beautiful origin, in the heart of nature herself?

For my part, I take the latter view. Friendship is a natural emotion, and not an arrangement of convenience. Its character may be recognized even in the lower animals, and much more plainly in the love of human parents for their children, and, most of all, in our affection for a congenial friend, whom we see in an atmosphere of virtue and worth.

The other is not an ignoble theory, but it leaves us in the difficulty that if it were true, the weakest, meanest and poorest of humanity would be the most inclined to friendship. But it is the strong, rich, independent and self-reliant man, deeply founded in wisdom and dignity, who makes great friendships. What did Africanus need of me, or I of him? Advantages followed, but they did not

lead. But there are people who will always be referring everything to the one principle of self-advantage; they have no eyes for anything great and god-like.

Let us leave such theorists alone; the plain fact is, that whenever worth is seen, love for it is enkindled. Associations founded upon interest presently dissolve, because interest changes; but nature never changes, and therefore true friendships are imperishable.

Let Reason Mark the Bounds

SCIPIO used to say that it was exceedingly difficult to carry on a friendship to the end of life, because the paths of interest so often diverge. There may be competition for office, or a dishonourable request may be refused, or some other accident may be fatal to the bond. This refusal to join in a nefarious course of action is often the end of a friendship, and it is worth inquiring how far the claims of affection ought to extend. Tiberius Gracchus, when he troubled the state, was deserted by almost all his friends; one of them who had assisted him told me that he had such high regard for Gracchus that he could refuse him nothing. "But what," said I, "if he had asked you to set fire to the capitol?" "I would have done it!"

What an infamous confession! No degree of friendship can justify a crime; and since virtue is the foundation of friendship, crime must inevitably undermine it. Let this, then, be the rule of friendship—never to make disgraceful requests, and never to grant them when they are made.

Among the perverse, over-subtle ideas of certain Greek philosophers is the maxim that we should be very cool in the matter of friendship. They say that we have enough to do with our own affairs, without taking on other people's affairs too; and that our minds cannot be serenely at leisure if we are liable to be tortured by the sorrows of a friend. They advise, also, that friendships should be sought for the sake of protection, and not for the sake of kindliness. O noble philosophy! They put out the sun in the heavens, and offer us instead a freedom from care that is worse than worthless. Virtue has not a heart of stone, but is gentle and compassionate, rejoicing with the joyful and weeping with those who mourn. True virtue is never unsocial, never haughty.

With regard to the limits of friendship, I have heard three several maxims, but disapprove them all.

First, that we ought to feel towards our friend exactly as we feel towards ourselves. That would never do; for we do many things for our friends that we should never think of doing for ourselves. We ask favours and reprehend injuries for a friend, where we would not solicit for, or defend, ourselves.

Secondly, that our kindness to a friend should be meted out in precise equipoise to his kindness to us. This is too miserable a theory; friendship is opulent and generous.

The third is, that we should take our friend's own estimate of himself, and act upon it. This is the worst principle of the three; for if our friend is over-humble, diffident or despondent, it is the very business of friendship to cheer him and urge him on. But Scipio used to condemn yet another principle that is worse still. Someone—he thought it must have been a bad man—once said that we ought to remember in friendship that some day the friend might be an enemy. How, in that state of mind, could one be a friend at all?

Sincerity, the Fundamental

A SOUND principle, I think, is this. In the friendship of upright men there ought to be an unrestricted communication of every interest, every purpose, every inclination. Then, in any matter of importance to the life or reputation of your friend, you may deviate a little from the strictest line of conduct so long as you do not do anything that is actually infamous.

Then, with regard to the choice of friends, Scipio used to say that men were more careful about their sheep and goats than about their friends. Choose men of constancy, solidity and firmness; and until their trustworthiness has been tested, be moderate in your affection and confidence. Seek first of all for sincerity. Your friend should also have an open, genial and sociable temper, and his sympathies should be the same as yours. He must not be ready to believe accusations. Lastly, his talk and manner should be debonair;

we don't want austerities and solemnities in friendship.

I have heard it suggested that we ought perhaps to prefer new friends to old, as we prefer a young horse to an old one. Satiety should have no place in friendship. Old wines are the best, and so are the friends of many years. Do not despise the acquaintance that promises to ripen into something better ; but do not sacrifice for it the deeply rooted intimacy. Even inanimate things take hold of our hearts by long custom ; we love the mountains and forests of our youth.

There is often a great disparity in respect of rank or talent between intimate friends. Whenever that is so, let the superior place himself on the level of the inferior ; let him share all his advantages with his friend. The best way to reap the full harvest of genius, or of merit, or of any other excellence, is to encourage all one's kindred and associates to enjoy it too. But if the superior ought to condescend to the inferior, so the inferior ought to be free from envy. And let him not fuss about such services as he has been able to render.

The Parting of the Ways

To pass from the noble friendship of the wise to more commonplace intimacies, we cannot leave out of account the necessity that sometimes arises of breaking off a friendship. A man falls into scandalous courses, his disgrace is reflected on his companions, and their relation must come to an end. Well, the end had best come gradually and gently, unless the offence is so detestable that an abrupt and final cutting of the acquaintance is absolutely inevitable. Disengage, if possible, rather than cut.

And let the matter end with estrangement ; let it not proceed to active animosity and hostility. It is very unbecoming to engage in public war with a man who has been known as one's friend. On two separate occasions Scipio thought it right to withdraw his confidence. In each case he kept his dignity and self-command ; he was grieved, but never bitter.

Of course, the best way to guard against such unfortunate occurrences is to take the greatest care in forming friendships. All excellence is rare, and that moral excellence which makes fit objects for friendship is as rare as any.

On the other hand, it would be unreasonable and presumptuous in anyone to expect to find a friend of a quality to which he himself can never hope to attain, or to demand from his friend an indulgence which he is not prepared himself to offer. Friendship was given to us to be an incentive to virtue, and not as an indulgence to vice or to mediocrity ; in order that, since a solitary virtue cannot scale the peaks, it may do so with the loyal help of a comrade. A comradeship of this kind includes within it all that men most desire.

Disciplines that Strengthen the Bond

Think nobly of friendship, and conduct yourselves wisely in it, for in one way or another it enters into the life of every man. Even Timon of Athens, whose one impulse was a brutal misanthropy, must needs seek a confidant into whose mind he may instil his detestable venom. I have heard, and I agree with it, that though a man should contemplate from the heavens the universal beauty of a creation, he would soon weary of it without a companion for his admiration.

Of course, there are rubs in friendship which a sensible man will learn to avoid, or to ignore, or to bear them cheerfully. Admonitions and reproofs must have their part in true amity, and it is as difficult to utter them tactfully as it is to receive them in good part. Complaisance seems more propitious to friendship than are those naked truths.

But though truth may be painful, complaisance is more likely in the long run to prove disastrous. It is no kindness to allow a friend to rush headlong to ruin. Let your remonstrances be free from bitterness and from insult ; let your complaisance be affable, but never servile. As for adulation, there are no words bad enough for it. Even the populace have only contempt for the politician who flatters them. Despise the insinuations of the sycophant, for what is more shameful than to be made a fool of ?

I tell you, sirs, that it is virtue that lasts ; that begets real friendships and maintains them. Lay, then, while you are young, the foundations of a virtuous life.

Julia Margaret Cameron

Alfred Tennyson (1809–1892), who became laureate (1850) and a peer (1884), was the great poet of the Victorian age. His powers were slow in their development but, having attained their full growth, were consistently maintained upon a high level. Though the Poems, Chiefly Lyrical, published in 1830, and Poems (1833), were in many ways characterised by the faults of the age, they clearly displayed the signs of that evolving genius which was abundantly evident in Poems (1842) and definitely established in In Memoriam (1850), where Tennyson's genius for sound is unquestionable. His popularity was second to that of no other English poet. Tennyson's muse, ever responsive to the dreams of science and the forward march of philosophy, distinguished the man as a great and liberal force in his day, though, in the later years of his life, his passion for social reform left its imprint on his work. It would be supererogatory to catalogue his compositions here ; the great poems, as Idylls of the King, Maud, The Princess, will always be honoured familiars to students of English literature.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

IN MEMORIAM

WHILE he was studying at Cambridge Tennyson established a close friendship with Arthur Hallam, son of the famous author of The Constitutional History of England, of which an adaptation appears in the pages of *The World's Great Books*. It was the death of Hallam at Vienna in 1833 that inspired this great song of the triumph of the soul over the hardest blow of Fate. The poem, which contains 694 stanzas and was written during 16 years, being published in 1850, is referred to by Palgrave as 'that elegiac treasury in which the poet has stored the grief and meditation of many years after his friend's death; a series of lyrics which in pathos, melody . . and depth of feeling may stand with the Canzoniere of Petrarch or the sonnets of Shakespeare.' The Globe edition of Tennyson's works is published by Macmillan. An epitome of The Idylls of the King appears elsewhere in this work.

STRONG Son of God, immortal Love,
Whom we, that have not seen thy face,
By faith, and faith alone, embrace,
Believing where we cannot prove;

Thine are the orbs of light and shade;
Thou madest Life in man and brute;
Thou madest Death; and lo, thy foot
Is on the skull which thou hast made.

Thou wilt not leave us in the dust:
Thou madest man, he knows not why:
He thinks he was not made to die;
And thou hast made him: thou art just.

Thou seemest human and divine,
The highest, holiest manhood, thou:
Our wills are ours, we know not how;
Our wills are ours, to make them thine.

We have but faith: we cannot know;
For knowledge is of things we see;
And yet we trust it comes from thee,
A beam in darkness: let it grow.

Let knowledge grow from more to more,
But more of reverence in us dwell;
That mind and soul, according well,
May make one music as before,

But vaster. We are fools and slight;
We mock thee when we do not fear:
But help thy foolish ones to bear;
Help thy vain worlds to bear thy light.

Forgive what seem'd my sin in me;
What seem'd my worth since I began;
For merit lives from man to man,
And not from man, O Lord, to thee.

Forgive these wild and wandering cries,
Confusions of a wasted youth;
Forgive them where they fail in truth,
And in thy wisdom make me wise.

I HELD it truth, with him who sings
To one clear harp in divers tones,
That men may rise on stepping-stones
Of their dead selves to higher things.

But who shall so forecast the years
And find in loss a gain to match?
Or reach a hand thro' time to catch
The far-off interest of tears?

Let Love clasp Grief lest both be drown'd,
Let darkness keep her raven gloss:
Ah, sweeter to be drunk with loss,
To dance with death, to beat the ground,

Than that the victor Hours should scorn
The long result of love, and boast,
'Behold the man that loved and lost,
But all he was is overworn.'

I SOMETIMES hold it half a sin
To put in words the grief I feel;
For words, like Nature, half reveal
And half conceal the Soul within.

But, for the unquiet heart and brain,
A use of measured language lies;
The sad mechanic exercise,
Like dull narcotics, numbing pain.

In words, like weeds, I'll wrap me o'er,
Like coarsest clothes against the cold:
But that large grief which these enfold
Is given in outline and no more.

ONE writes that 'Other friends remain,'
That 'Loss is common to the race'—
And common is the commonplace,
And vacant chaff well meant for grain.

That loss is common would not make
My own less bitter, rather more:
Too common! Never morning wore
To evening, but some heart did break.

NOW, sometimes in my sorrow shut,
Or breaking into songs by fits,
Alone, alone, to where he sits,
The Shadow cloak'd from head to foot,

Who keeps the keys of all the creeds,
I wander, often falling lame,
And looking back to whence I came,
Or on to where the pathway leads;

And crying, 'how changed from where it ran
Thro' lands where not a leaf was dumb;
But all the lavish hills would hum
The murmur of a happy Pan:

'When each by turns was guide to each,
And Fancy light from Fancy caught,
And Thought leapt out to wed with Thought
Ere Thought could wed itself with Speech;

'And all we met was fair and good,
And all was good that Time could bring,
And all the secret of the Spring
Moved in the chambers of the blood;

'And many an old philosophy
On Argive heights divinely sang,
And round us all the thicket rang
To many a flute of Arcady.'

I KNOW that this was Life—the track
Whereon with equal feet we fared;
And then, as now, the day prepared
The daily burden for the back.

But this it was that made me move
As light as carrier-birds in air;
I loved the weight I had to bear,
Because it needed help of Love:

Nor could I weary, heart or limb,
When mighty Love would cleave in twain
The lading of a single pain,
And part it, giving half to him.

THE time draws near the birth of Christ;
The moon is hid; the night is still;
The Christmas bells from hill to hill
Answer each other in the mist.

Four voices of four hamlets round,
From far and near, on mead and moor,
Swell out and fail, as if a door
Were shut between me and the sound:

Each voice four changes on the wind,
That now dilate, and now decrease,
Peace and goodwill, goodwill and peace,
Peace and goodwill, to all mankind.

This year I slept and woke with pain,
I almost wish'd no more to wake,
And that my hold on life would break
Before I heard those bells again:

But they my troubled spirit rule,
For they controll'd me when a boy;
They bring me sorrow touched with joy,
The merry, merry bells of Yule.

WITH trembling fingers did we weave
The holly round the Christmas hearth;
A rainy cloud possess'd the earth,
And sadly fell our Christmas-eve.

At our old pastimes in the hall
We gambol'd, making vain pretence
Of gladness, with an awful sense
Of one mute Shadow watching all.

We paused: the winds were in the beech:
We heard them sweep the winter land;
And in a circle hand-in-hand
Sat silent, looking each at each.

Then echo-like our voices rang;
We sung, tho' every eye was dim,
A merry song we sang with him
Last year: impetuously we sang:

We ceased: a gentler feeling crept
Upon us: surely rest is meet:
'They rest,' we said, 'their sleep is sweet,'
And silence follow'd, and we wept.

Our voices took a higher range;
Once more we sang: 'They do not die,
Nor lose their mortal sympathy,
Nor change to us, although they change;

'Rapt from the fickle and the frail
With gather'd power, yet the same,
Pierces the keen seraphic flame
From orb to orb, from veil to veil.'

Rise, happy morn; rise, holy morn,
Draw forth the cheerful day from night:
O Father, touch the east, and light
The light that shone when Hope was born.

I CANNOT love thee as I ought,
For love reflects the thing beloved;
My words are only words, and moved
Upon the topmost froth of thought.

'Yet blame not thou thy plaintive song,'
The Spirit of true love replied
'Thou canst not move me from thy side,
Nor human frailty do me wrong.

'What keeps a spirit wholly true
To that ideal which he bears?
What record? Not the sinless years
That breathed beneath the Syrian blue

'So fret not, like an idle girl,
That life is dash'd with flecks of sin.
Abide: thy wealth is gather'd in,
When Time hath sunder'd shell from pearl.'

OH yet we trust that somehow good
Will be the final goal of ill,
To pangs of nature, sins of will,
Defects of doubt, and taints of blood;

That nothing walks with aimless feet;
That not one life shall be destroy'd,
Or cast as rubbish to the void,
When God hath made the pile complete;

That not a worm is cloven in vain;
That not a moth with vain desire
Is shrivel'd in a fruitless fire,
Or but subserves another's gain.

Behold, we know not anything;
I can but trust that good shall fall
At last—far off—at last, to all,
And every winter change to spring.

So runs my dream: but what am I?
An infant crying in the night:
An infant crying for the light:
And with no language but a cry.

THE wish, that of the living whole
No life may fail beyond the grave,
Derives it not from what we have
The likest God within the soul?

Are God and Nature then at strife,
That Nature lends such evil dreams?
So careful of the type she seems,
So careless of the single life;

That I, considering everywhere
Her secret meaning in her deeds,
And finding that of fifty seeds
She often brings but one to bear,

I falter where I firmly trod,
And falling with my weight of cares
Upon the great world's altar-stairs,
That slope thro' darkness up to God,

I stretch lame hands of faith, and grope,
And gather dust and chaff, and call
To what I feel is Lord of all,
And faintly trust the larger hope.

'So careful of the type?' But no.
From scarped cliff and quarried stone
She cries, 'A thousand types are gone:
I care for nothing, all shall go.

'Thou makest thine appeal to me:
I bring to life, I bring to death:
The spirit does but mean the breath:
I know no more.' And he, shall he,

Man, her last work, who seem'd so fair
Such splendid purpose in his eyes,
Who roll'd the psalm to wintry skies,
Who built him fanes of fruitless prayer,

Who trusted God was love indeed,
And love Creation's final law—
Tho' Nature, red in tooth and claw
With ravine, shrieked against his creed—

Who loved, who suffer'd countless ills,
Who battled for the True, the Just,
Be blown about the desert dust,
Or seal'd within the iron hills?

No more? A monster then, a dream,
A discord. Dragons of the prime,
That tare each other in their slime,
Were mellow music match'd with him.

O life as futile, then, as frail!
O for thy voice to soothe and bless!
What hope of answer, or redress?
Behind the veil, behind the veil.

PEACE; come away: the song of woe
Is, after all, an earthly song:
Peace; come away: we do him wrong
To sing so wildly: let us go.

Come; let us go: your cheeks are pale;
But half my life I leave behind:
Methinks my friend is richly shrined;
But I shall pass; my work will fail.

Yet in these ears, till hearing dies,
One set slow bell will seem to toll
The passing of the sweetest soul
That ever look'd with human eyes.

I hear it now, and o'er and o'er,
Eternal greetings to the dead;
And 'Ave, Ave, Ave,' said,
'Adieu, adieu,' for evermore.

SO many worlds, so much to do,
So little done, such things to be,
How know I what had need of thee,
For thou wert strong as thou wert true?

The fame is quench'd that I foresaw,
The head hath miss'd an earthly wreath:
I curse not nature, no, nor death;
For nothing is that errs from law.

We pass; the path that each man trod
Is dim, or will be dim, with weeds:
What fame is left for human deeds
In endless age? It rests with God.

O hollow wraith of dying fame,
Fade wholly, while the soul exults,
And self-infolds the large results
Of force that would have forged a name.

YOU say, but with no touch of scorn,
Sweet-hearted, you, whose light-blue eyes
Are tender over drowning flies,
You tell me, doubt is Devil-born.

I know not: one, indeed, I knew
In many a subtle question versed,
Who touch'd a jarring lyre at first,
But ever strove to make it true:

Perplext in faith, but pure in deeds,
At last he beat his music out.
There lives more faith in honest doubt,
Believe me, than in half the creeds.

He fought his doubts, and gather'd strength,
He would not make his judgement blind,
He faced the spectres of the mind
And laid them: thus he came at length

To find a stronger faith his own;
And Power was with him in the night,
Which makes the darkness and the light,
And dwells not in the light alone,

But in the darkness and the cloud
As over Sinai's peaks of old,
While Israel made their gods of gold,
Altho' the trumpet blew so loud.

THE time draws near the birth of Christ;
The moon is hid, the night is still;
A single church below the hill
Is pealing, folded in the mist.

A single peal of bells below,
That wakens at this hour of rest
A single murmur in the breast,
That these are not the bells I know.

Like strangers' voices here they sound
In lands where not a memory strays,
Nor landmark breathes of older days,
But all is new, unhallow'd ground.

RING out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light:
The year is dying in the night;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow:
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease;
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold,
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

WHO loves not Knowledge? Who shall rail
Against her beauty? May she mix
With man and prosper! Who shall fix
Her pillars? Let her work prevail.

But on her forehead sits a fire:
She sets her forward countenance
And leaps into the future chance,
Submitting all things to desire.

Half-grown as yet, a child, and vain—
She cannot fight the fear of death.
What is she, cut from love and faith,
But some wild Pallas from the brain

Of Demons? fiery-hot to burst
All barriers in her onward race
For power. Let her know her place;
She is the second, not the first.

A higher hand must make her mild,
If all be not in vain, and guide
Her footsteps, moving side by side
With wisdom, like the younger child:
For she is earthly of the mind,
But Wisdom heavenly of the soul.
O friend, who camest to thy goal
So early, leaving me behind,

I would the great world grew like thee,
Who grewest not alone in power
And knowledge, but by year and hour
In reverence and in charity.

THAT which we dare invoke to bless;
Our dearest faith; our ghastliest doubt;
He, They, One, All; within, without;
The Power in darkness whom we guess;

I found Him not in world or sun,
Or eagle's wing, or insect's eye;
Nor thro' the questions men may try,
The petty cobwebs we have spun:

If e'er when faith had fall'n asleep,
I heard a voice 'believe no more'
And heard an ever-breaking shore
That tumbled in the Godless deep;

A warmth within the breast would melt
The freezing reason's colder part,
And like a man in wrath the heart
Stood up and answer'd 'I have felt.'

No, like a child in doubt and fear:
But that blind clamour made me wise;
Then was I as a child that cries,
But, crying, knows his father near;

And what I am beheld again
What is, and no man understands;
And out of darkness came the hands
That reach thro' nature, moulding men.

LOVE is and was my Lord and King,
And in his presence I attend
To hear the tidings of my friend,
Which every hour his couriers bring.

Love is and was my King and Lord,
And will be, tho' as yet I keep
Within his court on earth, and sleep
Encompass'd by his faithful guard,

And hear at times a sentinel
Who moves about from place to place,
And whispers to the worlds of space,
In the deep night, that all is well.

DEAR friend, far off, my lost desire,
So far, so near in woe and weal;
O loved the most, when most I feel
There is a lower and a higher;

Known and unknown, human, divine;
Sweet human hand and lips and eye;
Dear heavenly friend that canst not die,
Mine, mine, for ever, ever mine;

Strange friend, past, present, and to be;
Loved deeplier, darklier understood;
Behold, I dream a dream of good,
And mingle all the world with thee.

GEORGE BORROW

THE BIBLE IN SPAIN

BORN with the wanderlust dominant in his temperament, George Henry Borrow's natural proclivities were ministered to during his early boyhood when he accompanied his father's militia regiment to many parts of England, Scotland and Ireland. After escaping from the penury of his career as a literary apprentice in London he enjoyed the extraordinary adventures of life on the road faithfully described in after years in Lavengro and the Romany Rye, of which outlines are given elsewhere in *The World's Great Books*. With the publication, in 1843, of The Bible in Spain, a true record of his experiences in the Peninsula as agent for the Bible Society, Borrow suddenly became famous. The book is less remarkable as a record of missionary effort than as a vivid narrative of picturesque travel episodes, and as a testimony to its author's keen delight in an adventurous life of wandering in the open air. The Bible in Spain had been preceded in 1841 by Zincali, or The Gypsies in Spain, also outlined in following pages of this work, and readers enamoured of vivacity, picturesqueness and originality should familiarise themselves with both books. There are numerous good and inexpensive editions available.

I—The First Journey

I LANDED at Lisbon on November 12, 1835; and on January 5, 1836, I spurred down the hill of Elvas, on the Portuguese frontier, eager to arrive in old, chivalrous, romantic Spain. In little more than half an hour we arrived at a brook, whose waters ran vigorously between steep banks. A man who was standing on the side directed me to the ford in the squeaking dialect of Portugal; but whilst I was yet splashing through the water, a voice from the other bank hailed me, in the magnificent language of Spain, in this guise: "Charity, Sir Cavalier, for the love of God bestow an alms upon me, that I may purchase a mouthful of red wine!" In a moment I was on Spanish ground, and, having flung the beggar a small piece of silver, I cried in ecstasy: "Santiago y tierra España!" and scoured on my way with more speed than before.

I was now within half a league of Badajoz, where I spent the next three weeks. It was here that I first fell in with those singular people, the Zincali, Gitanos, or Spanish gypsies. My time was chiefly devoted to the gypsies, among whom, from long intercourse with various sections of their race in different parts of the world, I felt myself much more at home than with the silent, reserved men of Spain, with whom a foreigner might mingle for half a century without having half a dozen words addressed to him. So when the fierce gypsy, Antonio Lopez, offered to accompany me as guide on my journey towards Madrid, I accepted his offer. After a few days of travelling in his company I was nearly arrested on suspicion by a national guard, but was saved by my passport. In fact, my appearance was by no means calculated to prepossess people in my favour. Upon my head I wore an old Andalusian hat; a rusty cloak, which had perhaps served half a dozen generations, enwrapped my body. My face was plentifully bespattered with mud, and upon my chin was a beard of a week's growth.

I took leave of Antonio at the summit of the Pass of Mirabete, and descended alone, occasionally admiring one of the finest prospects in the world; before me outstretched lay immense plains, bounded in the distance by huge mountains, whilst at the foot of the hill rolled the Tagus in a deep narrow stream, between lofty banks.

Early in February I reached Madrid. I hoped to obtain permission from the government to print the New Testament in the Castilian language, for circulation in Spain, and lost no time in seeing Mendizabal,

the prime minister. He was a bitter enemy to the Bible Society ; but I pressed upon him so successfully that eventually I obtained a promise that at the expiration of a few months, when he hoped the country would be in a more tranquil state, I should be allowed to print the Scriptures. He told me to call upon him again at the end of three months. Before that time had elapsed, however, he had fallen into disgrace, and his ministry had been succeeded by another. At the outset, in spite of assistance from the British minister, I could only get evasions from the new government.

I had nothing to do but wait, and I used to loiter for hours along the delightful banks of the canal that runs parallel with the River Manzanares, listening to the

prattle of the narangero, or man who sold oranges and water. He was a fellow of infinite drollery ; his knowledge of individuals was curious and extensive, few people passing his stall whose names, character and history he did not know.

" Those two boys are the children of Gabiria, comptroller of the Queen's household, and the richest man in Madrid. They are nice boys, and buy much fruit. The old woman who is lying beneath yon tree is the Tia Lucilla ; she has committed murders and, as she owes me money, I hope one day to see her executed. This man was of the Walloon guard—— Señor Don Benito Mol, how do you do ? "

This last-named personage instantly engrossed my attention ; he was a bulky old man, with ruddy features, and eyes that had an expression of great eagerness, as if he were expecting the communication of some important tidings. He returned the salutation of the orange-man and, bowing to me, forthwith produced two scented wash-balls, which he offered for sale in a rough, dissonant jargon.

Upon my asking him who he was, the following conversation ensued between us.

" I am a Swiss of Lucerne, Benedict Mol by name, once a soldier in the Walloon guard, and now a soap-boiler, at your service."

" You speak the language of Spain very imperfectly," said I. " How long have you been in the country ? "

" Forty-five years," replied Benedict. " But when the guard was broken up I went to Minorca, where I lost the Spanish language without acquiring the Catalan. I will now speak Swiss to you, for, if I am not much mistaken, you are a German man, and understand the speech of Lucerne. I intend shortly to return to Lucerne, and live there like a duke."

" Have you, then, realized a large capital in Spain ? " said I, glancing at his hat and the rest of his apparel.

" Not a cuart, not a cuart ; these two wash-balls are all that I possess."

" Perhaps you are the son of good parents, and have an estate in your own country wherewith to support yourself ? "

" Not a heller, not a heller ; my father was hangman of Lucerne, and when he died his body was seized to pay his debts." When he went back to Lucerne, added Benedict, it would be in a coach drawn by six mules, with a treasure, a mighty schatz, which lay in a certain church at Compostella, in Galicia. He had learnt the secret of it from a dying soldier of the Walloon guard, who, with two companions, had buried in the church a great booty they had made in Portugal. It consisted of gold moidores and a packet of huge diamonds from the Brazils. The whole was contained in a large copper kettle. " It is very easy to find, for the dying man was so exact in his description of the place where it lies that were I once at Compostella, I should have no difficulty in putting my hand upon it. Several times I have been on the point of setting out on the journey, but something has always happened to stop me."

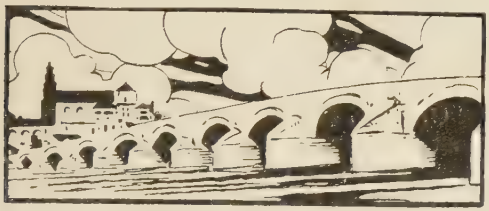
At various times during the next two years I again met Benedict Mol.

When next I called upon the new prime minister, Isturitz, I found him well disposed to favour my views, and I obtained an understanding that my Biblical pursuits would be tolerated in Spain. The

minister was in a state of extreme depression, which was indeed well grounded; for within a week there occurred a revolution in which his party, the Moderados, were overthrown by the Nacionals. I watched the fighting from an upper window, in the company of my friend D——. Afterwards I returned to England, for the purpose of consulting with my friends, and planning a Biblical campaign.

II—Travels in Northern Spain

In November I sailed from the Thames to Cadiz, and reached Madrid by Seville and Cordova. I found that I could



commence printing the Scriptures without any further applications to the government. Within three months of my arrival an edition of the New Testament, consisting of 5,000 copies, was published at Madrid. I then prepared to ride forth, Testament in hand, and endeavour to circulate the Word of God amongst the Spaniards.

First, I purchased a new horse. He was a black Andalusian stallion of great power and strength, but he was unbroke, savage and furious. A cargo of Bibles, however, which I hoped occasionally to put on his back, would, I had no doubt, thoroughly tame him. I then engaged a servant, a wandering Greek, named Antonio Buchini; his behaviour was frequently in the highest degree extraordinary, but he served me courageously and faithfully.

The state of the surrounding country was not very favourable for setting forth; Cabrera, the Carlist, was within nine leagues of Madrid, with an army nearly 10,000 strong; nevertheless, about the middle of May I set out for Salamanca.

A melancholy town is Salamanca; the days of its collegiate glory are long since past, never more to return; a circumstance, however, which is little to be regretted, for what benefit did the world ever derive from scholastic philosophy? The principal bookseller of the town consented to become my agent here, and I, in consequence, deposited in his shop a certain number of New Testaments. I repeated this experiment in all the large towns which I visited, and distributed them likewise as I rode along.

The posada where I put up at Salamanca was a good specimen of the old Spanish inn. Opposite to my room lodged a wounded officer; he was attended by three broken soldiers, lame or maimed, and unfit for service; they were quite destitute of money, and the officer himself was poor and had only a few dollars. Brave guests for an inn, thought I; yet, to the honour of Spain be it spoken, it is one of the few countries in Europe where poverty is never insulted nor looked upon with contempt. Even at an inn the poor man is never spurned from the door, and if not harboured, is at least dismissed with fair words, and consigned to the mercy of God and his mother.

This is as it should be. I laugh at the bigotry and prejudices of Spain; I abhor the cruelty and ferocity which have cast a stain of eternal infamy on her history; but I will say for the Spaniards that in their social intercourse no people in the world exhibit a juster feeling of what is due to the dignity of human nature, or better understand the behaviour which it behoves a man to adopt towards his fellow beings.

We travelled on by Valladolid, Leon and Astorga, and entered the terrific mountains of Galicia. After a most difficult journey, along precipitous tracks that were reported to be infested by brigands, we reached Coruña, where stands the tomb of Moore, built by the chivalrous French in commemoration of the fall of their heroic antagonist. Many acquire immortality without seeking it, and die before its first ray has gilded their name;

of these was Moore. There is scarcely a Spaniard but has heard of his tomb and speaks of it with a strange kind of awe.

At the commencement of August I found myself at St. James of Compostella. A beautiful town is St. James, standing on a pleasant level amidst mountains. Time has been when, with the single exception of Rome, it was the most celebrated resort of pilgrims in the world. Its glory, however, as a place of pilgrimage is rapidly passing away.

I was walking late one night alone in the Alameda, when a man, dressed in coarse brown garments, took off his hat and demanded charity in uncouth tones. "Benedict Mol," said I, "is it possible that I see you at Compostella?"

It was indeed Benedict. He had walked all the way from Madrid, supporting himself by begging.

"What motive could possibly bring you such a distance?" I asked him.

"I am come for the schatz—the treasure. Ow, I do not like this country of Galicia at all; all my bones are sore since I entered Galicia."

"And yet you have come to this country in search of treasure?"

"Ow yaw, but the schatz is buried; it is not above ground; there is no money above ground in Galicia. I must dig it up; and when I have dug it up I will purchase a coach with six mules, and ride out of Galicia to Lucerne."

I gave him a dollar, and told him that as for the treasure he had come to seek, probably it only existed in his own imagination.

III—The Alcalde of Finisterra

AFTER a visit to Pontevedra and Vigo, I returned to Padron, three leagues from Compostella, and decided to hire a guide to Cape Finisterra. It would be difficult to assign any plausible reason for the ardent desire which I entertained to visit this place; but I thought that to convey the Gospel to a place so wild and remote might perhaps be considered an acceptable pilgrimage in the eyes of my Maker.

The first guide I employed deserted me; the second did not appear to know the way, and sought to escape from me; and when I tried to pursue him my horse bolted and nearly broke my neck. I caught the guide at last. After a very rough journey we reached the village of Finisterra and wound our way up the flinty sides of the huge bluff head which is called the Cape. Certainly in the whole world there is no bolder coast than the Gallegan shore. There is an air of stern and savage grandeur in everything around, which strangely captivates the imagination. After gazing from the summit of the Cape for nearly an hour we descended to the village. On reaching the house where we had taken up our habitation, I flung myself on a rude bed and was soon asleep.

I was suddenly, however, seized roughly by the shoulder and nearly dragged from the bed. I looked up in amazement, and I beheld hanging over me a wild and uncouth figure; it was that of an elderly man, built as strong as a giant, in the habiliments of a fisherman; in his hand was a rusty musket.

Myself: Who are you and what do you want? By what authority do you thus presume to interfere with me?

Figure: By the authority of the Justicia of Finisterra. Follow me peaceably, Calros, or it will be the worse for you.

"Calros," said I, "what does the person mean?" I thought it, however, most prudent to obey his command, and followed him down the staircase. The shop and the portal were now thronged with the inhabitants of Finisterra, men, women and children. Through this crowd the figure pushed his way with an air of authority. "It is Calros! It is Calros!" said a hundred voices; "he has come to Finisterra at last, and the justicia have now got hold of him."

At last we reached a house of rather larger size than the rest; my guide having led me into a long, low room, placed me in the middle of the floor and then, hurrying

to the door, he endeavoured to repulse the crowd who strove to enter with us. I now looked round the room. It was rather scantily furnished; I could see nothing but some tubs and barrels, the mast of a boat and a sail or two. Seated upon the tubs were three or four men coarsely dressed, like fishermen or shipwrights. The principal personage was a surly, ill-tempered-looking fellow of about thirty-five, whom I discovered to be the alcalde of Finisterra. After I had looked about me for a minute, the alcalde, giving his whiskers a twist, thus addressed me:

"Who are you, where is your passport, and what brings you to Finisterra?"

MYSELF: I am an Englishman. Here is my passport, and I came to see Finisterra.

This reply seemed to discomfit them for a moment. They looked at each other, then at my passport. At length the alcalde, striking it with his finger, bellowed forth, "This is no Spanish passport; it appears to be written in French."

Myself: I have already told you that I am a foreigner. I, of course, carry a foreign passport.

Alcalde: Then you mean to assert that you are not Calros Rey?

Myself: I never heard before of such a king, nor indeed of such a name.

Alcalde: Hark to the fellow; he has the audacity to say that he has never heard of Calros the pretender, who calls himself king.

Myself: If you mean by Calros the pretender Don Carlos, all I can reply is that you can scarcely be serious. You might as well assert that my guide, yonder, is his nephew, the infant Don Sebastian.

Alcalde: See, you have betrayed yourself; that is the very person we suppose him to be.

Myself: It is true that they are both hunchbacks. But how can I be like Don Carlos? I have nothing the appearance a Spaniard, and am nearly a foot taller than the pretender.

Alcalde: That makes no difference; you of course carry many waistcoats about you, by means of which you disguise yourself, and appear tall or low according to your pleasure.

This last was so conclusive an argument that I had of course nothing to reply to it. "Yes, it is Calros; it is Calros," said the crowd at the door.

"It will be as well to have these men shot instantly," continued the alcalde; "if they are not the two pretenders, they are at any rate two of the factious."

"I am by no means certain that they are either one or the other," said a gruff voice. Our glances rested upon the figure who held watch at the door. He had planted the barrel of his musket on the floor, and was leaning his chin against the butt.

"I have been examining this man," he continued, pointing to myself, "and listening whilst he spoke, and it appears to me that after all he may prove an Englishman; he has their very look and voice."

Here the alcalde became violently incensed. "He is no more an Englishman than yourself," he exclaimed; "if he were an Englishman, would he have come in this manner, skulking across the land? Not so. He would have come in a ship."

After a fierce dispute between the alcalde and the guard, it was decided to remove us to Corcuvion, where the head alcalde was to dispose of us as he thought proper.

THE head alcalde was a mighty liberal and a worshipper of Jeremy Bentham. "The most universal genius which the world ever produced," he called him. "I am most truly glad to see a countryman of his in these Gothic wildernesses. Stay, I think I see a book in your hand."

Myself: The New Testament.

Alcalde: Why do you carry such a book with you?

Myself: One of my principal motives in visiting Finisterra was to carry this book to that wild place.

Alcalde: Ah, ah! how very singular. Yes, I remember. I have heard that the English highly prize this eccentric book. How very singular that the countrymen of

the grand Bentham should set any value upon that old monkish book.

I told him that I had read none of Bentham's writings; but nevertheless I had to thank that philosopher not only for my release, but for hospitable treatment during the rest of my stay in Finisterra.

From Corcuvion I returned to Compostella and Coruña, and then directed my course to Asturias. At Oviedo, I again met Benedict Mol. He had sought to get permission to disinter the treasure and had not succeeded. He had then tried to reach France, begging by the way. He was in villainous apparel, and nearly barefooted. He promised to quit Spain and return to Lucerne, and I gave him a few dollars.

"A strange man is this Benedict," said my servant Antonio. "A strange life he has led, and a strange death he will die—it is written on his countenance. That he will leave Spain I do not believe, or, if he leave it, it will only be to return, for he is bewitched about this same treasure."

Soon afterwards I returned to Madrid. During my northern journey, which occupied a considerable portion of the year 1837, I had accomplished less than I had proposed to myself. Something, however, had been effected. The New Testament was now enjoying a quiet sale in the principal towns of the north.

I had, moreover, disposed of a considerable number of Testaments with my own hands.

IV—The Persecution

I SPENT some months in Madrid translating the New Testament into the Basque and Gypsy languages. During this time the hostility of the priesthood to my labours became very bitter. The governor of Madrid forbade the sale of Testaments in January 1838; afterwards all copies of the Gypsy Gospel were confiscated, and in May I was thrown into prison. I went cheerfully enough, knowing that the British Embassy was actively working for my release; and the governor of the prison, one of the greatest rascals in all Spain, greeted me with a most courteous speech in pure sonorous Castilian, bidding me consider myself as a guest rather than a prisoner, and permitting me to roam over every part of the gaol.

What most surprised me with respect to the prisoners was their good behaviour. I call it good when all things are taken into consideration. They had their occasional bursts of wild gaiety, their occasional quarrels, which they were in the habit of settling in a corner with their long knives; but, upon the whole, their conduct was infinitely superior to what might have been expected. Yet this was not the result of coercion, or any particular care exercised over them; for perhaps in no part of the world are prisoners so left to themselves and so utterly neglected as in Spain.

Yet in this prison of Madrid the ears of the visitor are never shocked with horrid blasphemy and profanity, nor are his eyes outraged and himself insulted. And yet in this prison were some of the most desperate characters in Spain. But gravity and sedateness are the leading characteristics of the Spaniards, and the very robber, except in those moments when he is engaged in his occupation, and then no one is more sanguinary, pitiless and wolfishly eager for booty, is a being who can be courteous and affable, and who takes pleasure in conducting himself with decorum.

AFTER a stay of three weeks in the prison I was released, as I expected, with an apology, and I prepared for another journey. While in prison I had been visited by Benedict Mol, again in Madrid. Soon after my release he came in high spirits to bid me farewell before starting for Compostella to dig up the schatz. He was dressed in new clothes; instead of the ragged staff he had usually borne, he carried a huge bamboo rattan. He had endured terrible privations, he said, in the mountains. But one night he had heard among the rocks a mysterious voice telling him that the way to the treasure lay through Madrid. To Madrid he had come, and the government, hoping for a replenishment of its empty treasury, had given him permission to search for the treasure.

"Well, Benedict," I told him, "I have nothing to say save that I hope you will succeed in your digging."

"Thank you, lieber Herr, thank you!" Here he stopped short and started. "Heiliger Gott! Suppose I should not find the treasure, after all?"

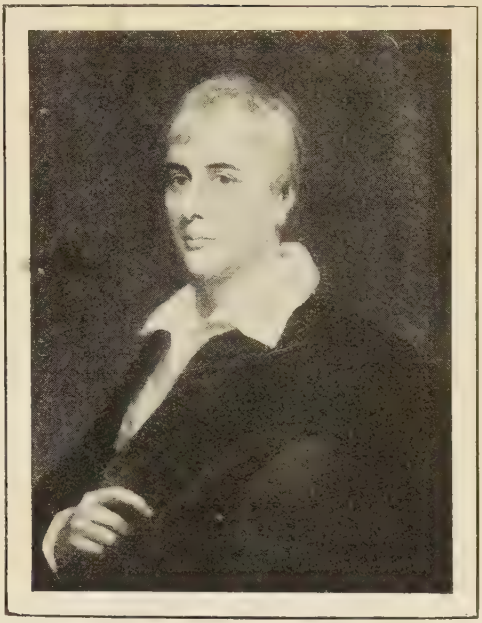
"Very rationally said. It is not too late. Put on your old garments, grasp your ragged staff and help me to circulate the Gospel."

He mused for a moment, then shook his head. "No, no," he cried. "I must accomplish my destiny! I shall find it—the schatz—it *must* be there!"

He went, and I never saw him more. What I heard, however, was extraordinary enough. The treasure hunt at Compostella was conducted in a public and imposing manner. The bells pealed, the populace thronged from their houses, troops were drawn up in the square. A procession directed its course to the church; at its head was the captain-general and the Swiss; numerous masons brought up the rear. The procession enters the church, they pass through it in solemn march, they find themselves in a vaulted passage. The Swiss looks around. "Dig here!" said he. The masons labour, the floor is broken up—a horrible odour arises——

Enough; no treasure was found, and the unfortunate Swiss was forthwith seized and flung into the horrid prison of Saint James, amidst the execrations of thousands. Soon afterwards he was removed from Saint James, whither I could not ascertain. It was said that he disappeared on the road.

Where in the whole cycle of romance shall we find anything more grotesque and sad than the easily authenticated story of the treasure-digger of Saint James?



GEORGE HENRY BORROW was born at East Dereham, Norfolk, July 5, 1803. After a couple of years at Norwich Grammar School he was articled to a firm of solicitors and for a time was a hack-writer in London. Between 1833 and 1839 he travelled as agent for the Bible Society and in 1840 he married and bought an estate at Oulton, near Lowestoft, where, after some further excursions, he died July 26, 1883.

Almost successful journey, in which I distributed the Gospel freely in the Sagra of Toledo and La Mancha, was interrupted by a serious illness, which compelled me to return to Madrid and afterwards to visit England for a rest.

On December 31, 1838, I entered Spain for the third time. From Cadiz I travelled to Madrid by Seville and made a number of short journeys to the villages near the capital. The clergy, however, had induced the government to order the confiscation of all Testaments exposed for sale. Prevented from labouring in the villages, I organized a distribution of Testaments in Madrid itself.

I then returned to Seville; but even here I was troubled by the government's orders for the seizure of Testaments. I had, however, several hundred copies in my own possession, and I remained in Seville for several months until I had disposed of them. I lived there in extreme retirement; there was nothing to induce me to enter much into society. The Andalusians, in all estimable traits of character, are as far below the other Spaniards as the country which they inhabit is superior in beauty and fertility to the other provinces of Spain.

At the end of July, 1839, I went by steamer down the Guadalquivir to Cadiz, thence to Gibraltar, and thence across to Tangier and the land of the Moors. I had a few Spanish Testaments still in my possession, and my object was to circulate them among the Christians of Tangier.

Note.—At this point the narrative abruptly ends. Borrow returned from Morocco to England in the spring of 1840.

CAIUS VALERIUS CATULLUS

POEMS

PRE-EMINENT among the Latin poets of love was the young northerner, Catullus, who was born at, or near, Verona about 87 B.C. and died in 54. He inherited a considerable estate from his father, but squandered the greater part of it in reckless living at Rome, and an expedition to Bythinia with Memmius, in which he hoped to recoup his fortunes, met with little success. The strongest feeling in his works, apart from his love for his brother, is lavished upon Clodia: the ruin of his life, she abides his passport to fame, for Catullus's book of love-songs is one of the freshest in all literature. It is a revelation to find in Latin so passionately sincere an utterance: now the poet burns with love; now with wrath; but always the ardent soul of the poet is inspiring his transports. With three exceptions the translations given here are by Professor J. Wight Duff. Those not specially written for *The World's Great Books* are from his contributions to literary journals and, with Mr. Fisher Unwin's consent, from his Literary History of Rome.

Songs of Love

WHAT may have been the earliest missive which passed between Catullus and his lady, the notorious Clodia, was his adaptation of a famous lyric by the Greek poetess Sappho, for whom Catullus had the greatest admiration. Catullus recalls Sappho's association with the island of Lesbos by styling Clodia his 'Lesbian Lady,' or, simply, Lesbia.

Love's Rapture

Peer of a god he seems to me—
Greater than gods, if that may be!—
Who sits and gazeth, love, on thee
And hears the fall

Of thy sweet laugh. But in my pain
My senses swoon; for, Lesbia, when
I once have seen thee, there remain
No words at call.

My tongue is palsied; rills of fire
Run through my veins; my ears do quire
To their own throbbing; mists attire
My eyes withal.

To the earlier and happier period of his infatuation belongs the following:

The Recklessness of Love

Let's live, my Lesbia, and love,
Let's value not a whit above
A penny all that dotards grey
In tones of condemnation say.
The sun can set, the sun can rise:
Once let the brief light quit our eyes,
And we through endless night must keep
The couch of one unbroken sleep.
Give me a thousand kisses!—more!
A hundred yet; add to the score
A second thousand kisses; then
Another hundred, and again
A thousand more, a hundred still!
So many thousands we fulfil,
We must take care to mix the count—
Bad luck to know the right amount!—
Lest evil eye impose its spell
When it can all our kisses tell.

In lines almost producing the impression of a sonnet he chants:

A Dirge for Lesbia's Pet Bird

Mourn, all ye powers of Love and Loveliness!
Mourn all the world of taste for beauty rare!
Dead is my lady's sparrow—to possess
Her pet was more than her own eyes to her.
The bird was honey-sweet, and knew his friend
As well as maiden knows a mother's face:
Nor left her lap, but twittered without end
To her alone, and hopped from place to place.
Now fares he on the darkling path of gloom
From which no traveller returns, 'tis said.
Hell-shades that prey on beauty, black your doom,
That carried my fair sparrow to the dead!
Woe, deed of ill! For thee, poor little bird,
My lady's eyes with tears are red and blurred.

Other poems are protestations of fidelity on the poet's side, which gradually suggest that their true foil is Lesbia's inconstancy. They pass into poems, first of torturing doubt, and afterwards of bitter reproach.

A Protestation

Dare woman say she e'er was loved so much
As thou, my Lesbia, hast been loved by me?
No bond of plighted troth hath e'er been such
As that true love wherewith I loved thee.

On Woman's Vows

My lady vows she'll marry none but me,
Not e'en tho' very Jove the wooer be.
She vows—but woman's oath to ardent swain
Must be engraved on wind or falling rain.

To Lesbia, on Her Inconstancy

Thou told'st me, in our days of love,
That I had all that heart of thine ;
That e'en to share the couch of Jove
Thou would'st not, Lesbia, part from mine.

How purely wert thou worshipp'd then !
Not with the vague and vulgar fires
Which Beauty wakes in soulless men—
But loved, as children by their sires.

That flattering dream, alas, is o'er—
I know thee now—and tho' these eyes
Dote on thee wildly as before,
Yet e'en in doting, I despise.

Yes, sorceress—mad as it may seem—
With all thy craft, such spells adorn thee,
That passion e'en outlives esteem,
And I at once adore—and scorn thee !

(*Moore.*)

The Poet's Torture

I hate and love : perchance you ask me why.
Who knows ? I *feel* its truth and agony.

Lover's Quarrels

She flouts me ever—cannot spare my name ;
Beshrew me, Lesbia loves me all the same !
The proof ? Well, we are quits : I storm my fill
At her—beshrew me, but I love her still !

A Reconciliation

Say you, my life, that we always ever love ?
Oh ! may no time the pleasing words disprove !
Heaven to these words eternal truth impart !
Let her have breathed them from her inmost heart ;
And through our lives to Lesbia's spirit grant
Firmness to keep this holy covenant.

(*Hodgson.*)

LESBIA proved incorrigible. For a time passion mastered her lover in despite of reason. The final break came after a prolonged agony wherein he sought to fight his infatuation down. In an intensely moving monologue he struggled to steel himself against the old allurement.

The Heart's Struggle

'Tis hard to break with old love in a trice :
'Tis hard—but thou must fashion some device.
Naught else can save : thou shalt tread down thy lust ;
Whether 'tis possible or not, thou must !
Ye gods ! if ye have ruth, if e'er a soul
At brink of death was by your help made whole,
Look on my woe, and for mine innocence
Remove from me this plague and pestilence,
That stealing thro' my veins like lethargy
Hath exiled from my heart felicity.
I pray no more our mutual love endure,
Or, what can never be, that she be pure.
I would be healed and cast this foul disease :
Ye gods, for my devotion grant me peace !

THE last act of the drama was his dispatch of a curt and scathing message of absolute renunciation. She was welcome henceforth to keep her three hundred gallants, loving none truly, but breaking hearts and ruining lives.

Farewell to Lesbia

Let her no more, as once, my passion heed—
My passion which her sin hath made to bleed,
Like flow'ret bruised at margent of a mead
By passing ploughshare.

Poems Written upon Various Themes

VERY different is the spirit which pervades his lampoons and satiric pieces. At times this carried him into a strain of the most violent invective, as is notably evident in the licentious abuse of Mamurra, and in many personal scurrilities addressed to women as well as men. But he could also satirise in a lighter and more delicate vein. An illustration of the latter type of poem may be found in his jesting lines at the expense of his contemporary so conveniently named 'Arrius' to admit of his superfluous aspirates.

On 'Arry the Roman Cockney

'*H*advantage' was what 'Arry used to say :
'*H*ambush' for 'ambush' was his regular way.
He thought his own pronouncing best on earth—
To asp'rate '*h*ambush' all that he was worth !
His mother so pronounced ; so did her brother,
His mother's father, likewise his grandmother.
'Arry was sent abroad : our ears had rest :
We heard the same words tenderly caressed,
Nor thought again to hear such aspiration—
When sudden came the *h*awful *h*information :
The Ionian waves, since 'Arry's tour, were lost—
*H*into the 'igh seas of *H*ionia tossed !

CATULLUS had a real affection for natural scenery. He was fond of colour and of flowers. In one lyric he breaks into ecstasies over the coming of spring. This poem, a short, eleven-line lyric, most probably belongs to the period immediately following on the disillusioning experience of the poet's expedition to Bythinia with Memmius, the return from which, in a yacht built for the poet-traveller at Amastris on the Euxine, is also the subject of a notable lyric. In another, his arrival on his estate at Sirmione on his beloved Lago di Garda is celebrated in lines which are suggestive of a sonnet. These fine poems all show very clearly the great refreshment that came to the genius of the poet by absenting himself, for a short time, from the passions, the animosities, the feverish enthusiasms and the recurring depressions of the Roman social life of that time.

'Row us out from Desenzano'

Half islet Sirmio, the gem of all
The isles which god of sea or god of mere
Upholds in glassy lake or ocean drear,
On thee with heart and soul my glances fall.
Scarce can I think me safe when I recall
Bithynia's plains afar and see thee near :

Ah, what more joyous than the mind to clear
Of care, and burdens lay aside that gall ?

By distant travail worn we win our hearth
And on the long-wished couch siesta take.
This is the one reward for those who roam.
Hail, Sirmio, the fair ! Greet me with mirth :
Be mirthful, dancing waters of the lake !
Laugh out, ye realms of merriment at home !

Joy changes to grief, and a minor key is struck when he approaches his brother's tomb.

Catullus at His Brother's Grave

I fared o'er many a land and many a wave,
Brother, to grace with gifts of woe thy grave :
That I may pay death's final due I come,
Invoking, though in vain, thine ashes dumb.
Since fortune hath divided thee and me,
Poor brother, taken from me ruthlessly,
So now and here the wonted gifts I hold
Wherewith a mourner decked a tomb of old.
Take these o'er which a brother's tears do pour :
Hail, brother, and good-bye for evermore !

Wedding Hymns and Chants in the Heroic Manner

Some of his most beautiful verses occur in his wedding hymns. These *epithalamia* are too long to quote here ; but a kindred aspect of his genius is seen in his ritual chant to Diana.

A Hymn to Our Lady of the Crossways

Diana's youths and maids are we,
Devote to her in fealty :
Come, youths and maidens, passion-free,
Sing Dian in a round.

Latona's child, whom she did bear
To mightiest Jove, a mighty heir,
And, by the Delian olive fair,
Laid lowly on the ground.

That on the hills thou shouldst be Queen,
And Lady of the woodland green,
Ruling the glade's sequestered scene
And rivers that resound.

All mothers who in birth-throes quail
' Juno Lucina ' do thee hail :
Strong Trivia thou, Moon-goddess pale
With light from Phoebus found.

Goddess, that by thy monthly road
Dost mete the year out to its node,
Thou mak'st the farmer's rude abode
With goodly fruit abound.

Thy name be hallowed, whichsoe'er
Doth like thee best ; keep in thy care
The Roman race, nor yet impair
Thine ancient aid renowned.

AN AUDIENCE SUCH AS THAT WHICH SAW THE TRAGEDY OF OEDIPUS

From the painting by Sir W. B. Richmond, R.A., in the Birmingham Art Gallery

SOPHOCLES

OEDIPUS THE KING

OF the many tragedies of Sophocles—and they numbered over one hundred—only seven remain. These are, in the chronological order of their production: Antigone, Electra, Trachiniae, Oedipus the King, Ajax, Philoctetes, Oedipus at Colonos; and even had he written these seven only, the part played by Sophocles in the evolution of the Greek drama would have been of the first importance. His subjects and his style are essentially human, and contrast markedly with the heroic character of the genius of Aeschylus: yet the sentiments which he portrays are the expression of a higher plane of life than that from which Euripides drew his inspiration. The great figure of Oedipus, too passionate to be just, yet noble in his impulsiveness, is a landmark in the drama of the world. This version of the play, which itself has 1,530 lines, is based on Dean Plumptre's translation; adaptations of Antigone and of Oedipus at Colonos have also been made for *The World's Great Books*. Admirable translations of Oedipus the King are available, notably that of Professor Gilbert Murray, published by Allen and Unwin, and of E. Storr, in the Loeb Classical Library.

PERSONS IN THE PLAY

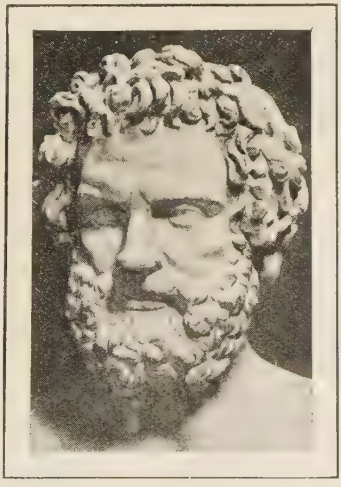
Oedipus
Creon, brother of Jocasta
Tiresias, a blind seer
Jocasta, wife of Oedipus
Two Messengers
Shepherd
Antigone and Ismene, daughters of Oedipus
Chorus of Theban Elders

Note on the Oedipus Legend

THE predecessor to Oedipus on the throne of Thebes was Laius, whose consort was Jocasta. At the birth of their son, both parents were greatly alarmed, for Laius had had an oracular warning that he would die by the hand of the son that would be born to him. Accordingly the infant Oedipus was bound by his pierced feet and exposed on the desolate slopes of Mount Cithaeron. Fate would have him live, however, and a shepherd, finding the infant while searching for his sheep, carried him to the court of Polybus and his queen, Merope, rulers of Corinth, who brought him up as their foster-son.

But to Oedipus, when he grew to manhood, there came the Delphic warning that he was fated to slay his father and marry his mother incestuously. Horrified at the portent, Oedipus at once quitted the court of Polybus and Merope, the only parents he ever knew.

It was about this time that the strange she-monster, the Sphinx, appeared and proposed her riddle of death to the unfortunate Thebans, murdering all who would not read it—and none could. Laius, grief-stricken for his people who were being slain in this contest, set off to invoke oracular help at Delphi. On the road there was a fight with an unknown prince of Corinth—it was young Oedipus, fleeing his fate—and Laius was slain by his sword. Thebes knew nothing of the manner of his death.



SOPHOCLES, the supreme artist of classical tragedy, was born near Athens in 495 B.C., where he spent a long life, ending in 405, that embraced the period of the Persian wars, the age of Pericles and part of the struggle with Sparta. He was the contemporary of Aeschylus, Euripides and Aristophanes.

When he arrived in Thebes, Oedipus faced the Sphinx and solved the fatal riddle; and the monster, plunging from her rock, perished. The people, in their joy at the relief, offered the throne, and with it the hand of Jocasta, their queen, to the deliverer. About twelve years later, after Oedipus had abundantly proved his governing ability and Thebes had enjoyed a period of prosperity, a plague fell on the city, and here the action of the tragedy begins.

The first production of the tragedy was probably made during a Dionysiac festival at the theatre at Athens and, though the exact date of this is not definitely known, it is believed to have been about 425 B.C.

(*The scene is laid before the palace of* Oedipus *at Thebes.*)

First Act

Priests *and* Suppliants. *Enter* Oedipus, *followed by* Creon

OEDIPUS : Say, prince, our well-beloved Menoiceus' son,
What sacred answer bring'st thou from the god ? [repay

Creon : King Phoebus bids us blood for blood
The blood of murdered Laius.

Oed. : Yea, but how ?
How trace the guilt hid in the doubtful past ?
How find the slayers ? Well, the task be mine.
[*Exeunt. Enter* Chorus *of Theban citizens.*

Chorus : Ah, me ! Ah, me ! for sorrows numberless
Press on my soul ;
And all the host is smitten, and our thoughts
Lack weapons to resist.
Hear, golden Child of Zeus,
And send us bright-eyed help.
[*Enter* Oedipus.

Oed. : Lives there yet one who knows of Laius,
The hand that slew him ? Let him speak, nor fear
Or for himself or friend. But if he hide it,
That man I banish whosoe'er he be ;
And none may give him shelter, none speak to him,
Nor join with him in prayer or sacrifice.
But, for the man who did the guilty deed,
I pray that he may waste his life away,
For vile deeds vilely dying ; and for me,
If in my house, I knowing it, he dwells,
May every curse I spake on my head fall.

Chorus : Lo, where they bring the Seer inspired of God,
With whom alone of all men truth abides.

Oed. : I summoned him, and wondered that he came not.
[*Enter* Tiresias, *blind, led by a boy.*
Tiresias, seeing not, thou know'st what plague
Dwells on us. Therefore speak, and save us all—
Save from the curse the dead has left behind.

Tiresias : Ah, me ! Ah, me ! How great is wisdom's gift !
Let me go home ; for thus thy lot shalt thou,
And I my own, bear easiest, if thou yield.

Oed. : Thou know'st and wilt not tell, but ruin all ?

Tir. : Vainly thou askest, who shalt never know.

Oed. : Oh, base, and basest ! Sure am I thyself
Did plot the deed and do it. Hadst thou eyes,
I would have said it was thy deed alone.

Tir. : What ? What ? Nay, then obey thy own behest ;
Thenceforth speak not to me nor these ; for thou,
Thou art the accursed plague spot of the land ;
Thyself thou art the murderer whom thou seek'st.

Oed. : What, dost thou think to say these things unscathed ?
Are these devices Creon's, or thine own ?
Oh, wealth, and royalty, and supreme skill,
What power hath envy, dogging all your steps,
If for your sake he, loyal from the first,
Creon, now seeks by guile to cast me forth,
Hiring this wizard, blind to all but gain.

Tir. : I had not come, hadst thou not called me.
I go ; no fear of thee compels me ; thine
Is not the power to hurt me. He is here,
The murderer of Laius, whom ye seek ;
In show an alien sojourner, but in truth
A home-born Theban. No delight to him
Will that discovery bring. Blind, having seen ;
Poor, having rolled in wealth ; he with a staff
Feeling his way to a strange land shall go ;
And to his sons shall he be seen at once
Father and brother, and of her who bore him
Husband and son, his father's murderer.
[*Exeunt* Oedipus *and* Tiresias.

Second Act

Chorus. *Enter* Creon

CREON : I come, ye citizens, as having learnt
Our sovereign Oedipus accuses me
Of dreadful things I cannot bear to hear.
Who was't informed him that the Seer, seduced
By my devices, spoke his lying words ?
[*Enter* Oedipus.

Oedipus : What, is it thus ? Does, then, thy boldness soar
So shameless as to come beneath my roof,
When thou, 'tis clear, dost plot against my life,
And seek'st to rob me of my sovereignty ?

Creon : Nay, hear me first ; hear what I have to speak.

Oed. : I hearken.

Creon : Thou dost own my sister wife ;
Thou rul'st this land in equal rights with her ;
And am not I co-equal with you twain ?
And canst thou deem that one would rather choose
To reign with fears than sleep untroubled sleep ?
Now, all men hail me, everyone salutes ;
Now, they who seek thy favour court my smiles.
Could the sole rule exert a softer charm
Than power and might unchequered by a care ?
Nay, if thou find me plotting with the Seer,
In common concert, not by one decree
But two, thine own and mine, put me to death.

Chorus : To one who fears to fall, his words seem good.
O king, swift counsels are not always safe.

Oed. : But when a man is swift in wily schemes,
Swift must I be to baffle plot with plot.

Creon : What seek'st thou, then—to drive me from the land ?

Oed. : Not so ; I seek thy death, not banishment.

Creon : I see thy wits are gone.

Oed. : Obey me still.

Chorus : Oh, cease, my princes. In good time I see
Jocasta coming hither from the house,
And it were well with her to hush this brawl.
[*Enter* Jocasta.

Jocasta : Why raise ye unashamed this strife of tongues ?

Creon : My sister, Oedipus would do me wrong,

And thrust me from my fatherland or slay me.
Oed. : 'Tis even so; for I have found him, wife,
Against my life his evil wiles devising.
Creon : May I ne'er prosper but accursed die
If I have done the things he said I did.
Joc. : Oh, by the gods! believe him, Oedipus!
Respect his oath which calls the gods to hear.
Oed. : Let him depart then, even though I die,
Or from my country be thrust forth in shame.
Thy face, not his, I view with pitying eye;
For him, where'er he be, is nought but hate.
Creon : I go, by thee misjudged but not by these. [*Exit.*

Joc. : Tell me, my king, what cause of fell debate
Has bred this discord and provoked thy soul?
Oed. : He says that I am Laius' murderer,
A scoundrel seer suborning.
Joc. : Learn, then, how little skill may mortals claim
In art prophetic; for I'll give thee proof.
An oracle told Laius he was fated
By his son's hand to fall, his own and mine,
And him, so rumour runs, a robber band
Of aliens slew where meet the three great roads;
But scarce three days our infant had been born
Before by other hands he cast him forth,
Piercing his ankles, on a lonely hill;
So not by his son's hands did Laius die,
Though such the doom the Oracle proclaimed.
Oed. : Ah me! said'st thou 'where meet the three great roads'?
Joc. : What vexing care bespeaks this sudden change?
Oed. : Where was the spot?
Joc. : In Phocis, where the roads
From Delphi and from Daulia do converge.
Oed. : What was his seeming? What his company?
Joc. : Tall was he, and the white hair snowed his head.
His company were five, and one a herald.
One, who alone escaped, the tidings brought;
Whom from this city to the distant fields
I sent far forth.
Oed. : I fain would see that man.
Joc. : Yet tell, O king, what touches thee with woe.
Oed. : I had a father, Polybus of Corinth,
And Merope of Doris was my mother;
But one, being drunk, scorned at me for a changeling.
Then I, being shamed, sought out the Oracle,
Who answered not, but spake things dread and dark—
That I should join in wedlock with my mother,
Be murderer of the father that begot me;
And hearing this I straight from Corinth fled.
There, where the three roads meet, met I a man
Like him thou told'st of, and his company
Handled me roughly, and himself he struck
My forehead with a double-pointed goad.
I struck again; he fell; I slew them all.
If Laius and this stranger are akin,
What man more wretched than this man who speaks?
Therefore make haste to bring that peasant here.
[*Exeunt.*

Third Act

Chorus. *Enter* **Jocasta** *and attendants; a* **Messenger** *meeting them.*

Messenger : Is this the house of Oedipus the king?
Chorus : This is the house, and this his children's mother.
Mess. : Good news I bring thee and thy husband, lady;
I come from Corinth, where the citizens
Will make him sovereign; Polybus is dead.
Jocasta : Haste, maidens, tell your master. Oracles,
Where are ye now? Long since my Oedipus
Fled, fearing lest his hand should slay the man,
And now he dies by fate and not by him.
[*Enter* **Oedipus.**
Lo, Polybus thy father lives no more.
Oedipus : I was to slay my father, and he is dead!
Then Polybus is gone, and bears with him,
In Hades whelmed, those worthless oracles.
Joc. : Dismiss them, then, for ever from thy thoughts.
Oed. : Yet still she lives that bore me, and I fear,
Seeing that she lives, although thou speakest well.
Mess. : Who is this woman about whom ye fear?
Oed. : 'Tis Merope, old sir; for Loxias told
That I should with my mother wed, and then
With my own hands should spill my father's blood.
Mess. : If 'tis for her thou fearest to return
Fear not; for Polybus was nought to thee.
He at my hands received thee as a gift,
Who found thee in Citheron's shrubby hollow—
Another shepherd making gift of thee,
Whom they called one of those that Laius owned.
Joc. : Ah, by the gods, if that thou valuest life,
Enquire no more; my misery is enough.
Oed. : Will someone bring that shepherd to me here!
Leave her to glory in her high descent—
But what I am, I am; and needs must on
To fathom all the secret of my birth.
[**Jocasta** *rushes out. Enter the* **Shepherd.**
Oed. : Ho, there, old man, come hither.
Mess. : This is he.
I was his neighbour during three half years.
Come then, say on. Dost know, thou gavest me once
A boy that I might rear him as my child?
Here stands the fellow, that same tiny boy.
Oed. : Gav'st thou this man the boy of whom he asks?
Whence came it? Was the child thine own or not?
Shepherd : Oh, by the gods, my master, ask no more!

Oed.: Thou diest if I question this again.
Shep.: Thy queen within could tell the whole truth best.
Oed.: She gave it? Wherefore?
Shep.: Auguries dark she feared.
Oed.: Woe! woe! woe! all cometh clear at last!
Oh, light, may this my last glance be on thee,
Who now am seen owing my birth to those
To whom I ought not, and with whom I ought not
In wedlock living, whom I ought not slaying.
[*Exit.*

Fourth Act

Chorus

O RACE of mortal men,
How as a thing of nought
I count ye, though ye live.
For who is there of men
That more of blessings knows
Than just a little while
To seem to prosper well
And, having seemed, to fall?
Ah, child of Laius, would
I ne'er had seen thy face;
I mourn with wailing lips;
By thee from death I rose;
By thee in death I sleep.

[*Enter second* **Messenger.**
Messenger: Not Ister's stream could purify this house
Such horrors does it hold. The queen is dead.
Chorus: Ah, crushed with many sorrows! How and why?
Mess.: Herself she slew; how, none were there to see.
For when she fled within we marked her not,
Since Oedipus strikes in with woeful cry,
Raving, to smite the wife that was no wife;
Then, with a terrible shout, through the two gates
Leaping, tears back the bolts, and rushes in.
And there we saw his wife had hanged herself.
Whereat, poor wretch, with one wild fearful cry,
He loosed the rope, snatched from her robe the clasps,
And with them struck the pupils of his eyes,
Not once nor twice alone. The purple shower
Fell fast and full, a pelting storm of blood.
Wailing and woe and death and shame, all forms
That man can name of evil, none have failed.
He cried to us to ope the bolts and show
To all in Thebes his father's murderer . . .
His mother's . . . Foul and fearful were the words
He spoke.
[*The palace doors open displaying the blind* **Oedipus.**
Chorus: Oh, fearful sight for men to look upon!
Most fearful of all woes
I hitherto have known! What madness strange
Has come on thee, thou wretched one?
What Power with one fell swoop,
Ills heaping upon ills,
Than greatest greater yet,
Has marked thee for its prey?
Woe! woe! thou doomed one, wishing much to ask,
And much to learn, and much to gaze into,
I cannot look on thee,
So horrible the sight!
Oedipus: Ah, woe! ah, woe! ah, woe!
Woe for my misery!
Where am I wandering in my utter woe?
Where floats my voice in air?
Dread Power, with crushing might
Thou leaped'st on my head,
Chorus: Yea, with dread doom nor sight nor speech may bear. [to shrink
Oed.: Oh, clouds of darkness causing one
That onward sweeps with dread inevitable!
Woe, woe. and woe again!
How through me darts the throb these clasps have caused! [thou bear
Chorus: O man of fearful deeds, how couldst
Thine eyes to outrage thus?
What power stirred thee to it?
Oed.: Apollo, O my friends, the god Apollo,
Who worketh out all these my bitter woes.
What need for me to see
When nothing's left that's sweet to look upon?
Lead me away, the foul, polluted one.
Of all men most accursed,
Most hateful to the gods!
Why, O Citheron, didst thou shelter me
Nor kill me out of hand? I had not shown
In that case all men whence I drew my birth.
Come, drive me forth, or hide me in the sea,
Where never more your eyes may look on me!
[*Enter* **Creon.**
Creon: I have not come, O Oedipus, to scorn
Nor to reproach thee for thy former crimes.
Oed.: Oh, by the gods, since thou beyond my hopes
Dost come, all noble, unto me, all base,
Cast me with all thy speed without this land;
But, for my two poor girls, ah! care for these.
Yea, let me touch them with my hands and weep
With them my sorrows. Grant it, O my prince.
[*Enter* **Antigone** *and* **Ismene.**
Do I not hear, ye gods, your dear loved tones,
Broken with sobs? And Creon, pitying me,
Hath sent the dearest of my children to me.
Creon: It is so; I am he who gives thee this,
Knowing the joy thou hast in them of old.
Oed.: God's blessing on thee! Come, my children, come!
I weep for you, for sight is mine no more,
Picturing in mind the sad and dreary life
Which waits you at men's hands in years to come.
Oh, Creon,
Suffer not these to wander husbandless,
Nor let thy kindred beg their daily bread,
Nor make them sharers with me in my woe.
Creon: Enough of tears. Go thou within the house. [it be.
Oed.: I needs must yield, however hard
Chorus: Lo, reckon no man happy till ye witness
The closing day; until he pass the border
Which severs life from death unscathed by sorrow.

HENRY HALLAM

CONSTITUTIONAL HISTORY OF ENGLAND from HENRY VII to GEORGE II

A STUDIOUS, conscientious and highly intellectual man, Henry Hallam must be regarded as one of the founders of the English historical school. His fame rests on his three principal works: A View of the State of Europe During the Middle Ages, published in 1818; The Constitutional History of England from the Accession of Henry VII to the Death of George II, which appeared in 1827, and his Introduction to the Literature of Europe During the 15th, 16th and 17th Centuries, published 1837–39. Hallam was singularly free from partisan bias and his history is distinguished by accuracy, thoroughness and lucidity and though somewhat lacking in sympathetic imagination has rightly become a text book on English politics. Editions of the History are published by John Murray and by Dent. English Constitutional History is further dealt with in *The World's Great Books* in outlines of the works on that subject by Erskine May and Walter Bagehot.

I—The Tudors

ON the accession of Henry VII there were certain established checks on the royal authority. The king could neither make laws nor impose taxes without assent of parliament; no man might be imprisoned or punished without fair trial. Henry VII himself established the principle that loyal service to a *de facto* king should in no case be constituted treason. For some time benevolences and fines were employed to supplement taxation as a means of filling the Treasury. The law was strained, especially by resort to acts of attainder, in order to destroy persons obnoxious to the crown; and an act in the reign of Henry VIII, giving to royal proclamations the force of law, in effect conferred temporary absolutism on the monarch.

Henry VIII emancipated the Church of England from the superiority of the Church of Rome. The monasteries were dissolved and their revenues appropriated, but only in a slight degree to public purposes. Their lands passed to a new territorial aristocracy. The process destroyed the power of the clergy. In the reign of Edward VI Protestant doctrine gained ground immensely; and the persecution by which Mary endeavoured to enforce the subsequent reaction probably had a precisely contrary effect to that which was intended.

The Reformation in England was confirmed by the accession of Elizabeth. In the main, the position under Edward VI was restored, especially through the Acts of Supremacy and Uniformity; and in fact the Papists were almost immediately subjected to some degree of persecution. The political danger of Catholicism acquired a new seriousness when Mary Stuart became a captive in England and—owing to her claim to the English crown—the inevitable centre of Catholic intrigues, encouraged from the Vatican.

After 1577 persecution became increasingly active. It had the usual effect, and conspiracies multiplied. Loyalists turned their indignation against Mary Stuart, and this issued in her execution. But even the loyalty shown by the Catholics on the approach of the Armada did not free them from continual persecution. The government, however, always maintained that the victims were punished not for their religious opinions, but as traitors to the crown by implication.

On the other hand, differences had arisen among the English Protestants. The Puritanism derived from Switzerland gained ground among the people, but found no favour with the queen. Conformity to the established ceremonies was enforced, though for some time the Puritans found strong support both among the higher clergy and prominent statesmen and noblemen. The Puritans challenged repression when they challenged the ecclesiastical authority of the crown.

The appointment of Whitgift led to the establishment of the Court of High Commission, which acted with extreme severity in the enforcement of conformity. Puritanism, on the other hand, was tending to demand a substitution of the Presbyterian instead of the Episcopal system. The movement was not without support in the Commons ; but those sectaries who urged actual separation from the established Church were subjected to severe penal statutes.

II—James I and Charles I

On the death of Elizabeth, James I succeeded without his title being questioned ; although it is difficult to deny the legality of the disposition of the succession by Henry VIII, which gave the descendants of his younger sister priority over those of the elder. There was, in fact, a defect in James's parliamentary title which encouraged him to lay the greater emphasis on the principle of succession by right divine ; a principle according to which his claim was indisputable, though the doctrine was clearly opposed to English precedent.

James had come to a kingdom where for more than a century the royal prerogative had been strained to a very high pitch. The position seemed favourable to one who desired to reign with as little impediment as possible to his own will ; provided that he exercised tact. The new king, however, was soon at variance with his subjects. Instead of conciliating the Puritans, by the Hampton Court Conference he intensified the existing friction. He issued instructions for the elections to his first parliament without regard to precedent, but after Goodwin's case the privileges of the Commons in this respect were never again challenged. In flat contradiction to a novel doctrine propounded by the king, the Commons declared that their privileges belonged to them by right and not by grace. At a later stage the king claimed a right of arbitrarily increasing the customs duties, wherein he was supported by the judges, though the Commons repudiated it in a formal resolution.

The king's right of proceeding by proclamation was challenged. The want of harmony between crown and parliament led to various devices for raising money, such as the sale of honours and peerages, and the creation of baronetcies. The subserviency of the judges, with the exception of Sir Edward Coke, and the extension of the action of the Star Chamber, were shamelessly employed.

The revival after one hundred and seventy years of the practice of impeachment against Mompesson and Bacon marked the antagonistic attitude of the House of Commons, who took an almost unprecedented course in proffering counsel with regard to foreign policy. The Commons entered in their journals a formal protest against the king's assertion that what they called their rights were held only by grace of the crown. The king tore the protest out of the journal with his own hand. His project of the Spanish marriage was averted only by the accident that the Duke of Buckingham turned against it. Thus, on a series of points there was declared opposition between the theories of the crown and of the parliament.

On the accession of Charles I the irritation of parliament was already further intensified by the conduct of the king's favourite, the Duke of Buckingham. Buckingham was impeached at the moment when Charles was setting at nought the privileges of the House of Lords. To save Buckingham, parliament was dissolved without granting supplies ; the king attempted to exact forced loans, which met with a bold resistance. Nevertheless, the judges supported the crown in imprisoning certain recalcitrants.

When the need of money again drove the king to call a parliament, it forced upon him the Petition of Right. Charles, however, claimed that the terms of the ' petition ' did not preclude him from levying tonnage and poundage. On the other hand, the Commons were beginning to claim an unprecedented right to intervention in religious affairs, owing to the doctrines now palpably in favour with the court and the bishops.

The parliament was dissolved, nor was a new one summoned till eleven years had

passed. Eliot was thrown into prison, where he died, on account of his action in the House, which, it was claimed, fell within the jurisdiction of the House and of no one else. Compositions for knighthood, fines under the obsolete Forest Laws, monopolies, and finally ship-money were resorted to, to provide the king with money. There was precedent for levying ship-money on the coast towns ; but when the impost was extended to inland places, John Hampden refused payment in order to challenge its legality. The court supported the king, in terms practically claiming unlimited power for the king.

The proceedings of the king, of the Star Chamber and of Archbishop Laud became increasingly arbitrary. Wentworth, who had apostatised from the popular side after the Petition of Right had been secured, became the deadliest and most shameless enemy of popular liberty ; his powers were exercised first as President of the Council of the North, then as Lord Deputy in Ireland. To the uncompromising system which he and Laud proposed to follow they gave the name of ' Thorough.' The attitude of Laud on ecclesiastical matters was interpreted as tending to a restoration of Romanism.

HENRY HALLAM was born July 9, 1777. He was educated at Eton and Christ Church, Oxford, and called to the Bar, but having independent means devoted himself to literature and chiefly history. Of his eleven children the most famous was Arthur Henry Hallam, immortalised by Alfred Tennyson in In Memoriam. Although a foremost figure in the literary world and an intimate friend of all the Whig magnates, Henry Hallam took no part in public life. He died January 21, 1859.

From the portrait by Thomas Phillips

THE Scots rose to resist the religious tyranny imposed on them. The king could not exercise compulsion because he was bankrupt. At last a parliament was summoned. The full supplies demanded by the king were refused, whereupon parliament was dissolved ; but the position was so desperate that a fresh parliament, known to history as the Long Parliament, was called. It passed a Declaratory Act which left no loophole for the imposition of any form of taxation without assent of parliament. The Court of Star Chamber, the Court of High Commission and other similar arbitrary courts were abolished. But the doings of the parliament were not all equally beneficial.

The Commons impeached Strafford. When it became clear that the charge of treason could not be maintained, except through a dangerous latitude of construction, the impeachment was dropped, and Strafford was condemned to death by an Act of Attainder to which the king dared not refuse his consent.

An Act was passed under which the existing parliament could not be dissolved without its own consent. The Puritans opened a direct attack against episcopacy, and it was this that seems to have created a schism in the Constitutional Party. The Grand Remonstrance was carried ; Charles committed the fatal blunder of attempting the arrest of the five members. The utter distrust of each side for the other led to the demand of parliament for the control of the militia, and finally to the nineteen propositions which would virtually have left the king without any power whatever.

III—The Rebellion, the Commonwealth and the Restoration

THE period from the outbreak of the Civil War to the Restoration forms in effect a gap in the history of the development of the constitution. In the earlier stages of the war the arms of the king were successful. But in the parliament at Westminster the anti-pacific party had the upper hand. Led by Pym, they formed the ' Solemn League and Covenant ' with the Scots. The Scots

army marched into England ; the military position was completely changed by the battle of Marston Moor ; but, though a discussion of terms was opened not long afterwards, there was no chance of agreement. The parliament demanded an almost unconditional submission.

The campaign of Naseby was the triumph of the army, not only over the king and the monarchy, but over parliament and the nation. The king surrendered himself to the Scots, and while in their hands continued to negotiate ; but the evidence of the king's insincerity again upset the negotiations. The Scots, with more justification than is commonly recognized, surrendered the king to the parliament ; but the parliament itself was now divided between the intolerant Presbyterians and the Independents who demanded toleration. On this side the army and its chiefs were ranged. The army kidnapped the king, who attempted flight ; but the revival of the war and the Scots invasion, terminated at Preston, developed a republican party which determined to bring Charles to trial.

The king was executed, and the Commonwealth was established. The new republican organization was the creation of the army ; a train of favouring events brought the sovereignty within the reach of its great captain, Cromwell. He dexterously accomplished the ejection of what remained of a parliament, and became Lord Protector under the Instrument of Government. By the 'petition and advice,' the Commonwealth was virtually transformed into a new monarchy ; but Cromwell's death brought about chaos, terminated, to the almost universal delight of the nation, when Monk procured the restoration of Charles II.

The Convention Parliament, which recalled the king, had in effect to give legislative shape to a sort of treaty between the king and the nation. This involved a general indemnity in respect of recent events—the adjustment of claims for reparation, provision for the king's revenue and settlement of the Church. In the first case there was some display of vindictiveness ; in the second, the royalists were dissatisfied, though the compromise was a fair one. As to the third, specific sources of revenue were appropriated to the crown, and the army, excepting some five thousand men, was disbanded.

The settlement of the Church, however, was virtually handed over to the new parliament, which was strongly cavalier. The episcopacy was re-established, and stringent measures were passed against nonconformity, which compelled the resignation of their livings by large numbers of the Puritan clergy. It was undoubtedly the king's wish to grant full toleration to the Romanists, but neither the Cavalier Parliament nor Clarendon, the king's principal adviser, had any inclination in that direction.

The Triennial Act had already been repealed, and there was nothing to bring the existing parliament to a close. Favourable as it was to the king, there nevertheless developed within it a strong opposition to royal encroachments. The Dutch war enabled it to establish the principle of the appropriation of supplies to specific purposes, and of parliamentary inspection of public accounts. While Clarendon opposed these demands, he was equally determined that the royal revenue should not be adequate to the maintenance of a standing army, or to the meeting of extraordinary demands without parliamentary supplies. He was overthrown because he satisfied neither king nor parliament.

His fall was followed by the Cabal administration. Charles intrigued with the French king for a restoration of Catholicism in England, and by a secret treaty Charles became Louis's pensioner. An attempt was made to win the support of the dissenters by a Declaration of Indulgence, but this was a method of extending the king's prerogative which roused such strong opposition that it had to be withdrawn ; and the Test Act was passed against Catholics rather than Protestant dissenters. The Cabal was broken up, and the administration known as Danby's commenced in 1673.

The popular party intrigued on its own account with Louis, whose irritation at the Orange marriage led him to make known intrigues on the other side, which brought about the ruin of Lord Danby, although

the minister had acted against his own judgement and by the king's orders. Danby was impeached, but was saved by prorogation.

The affair of the pretended popish plot, and the proposal for the exclusion from the succession of the Duke of York, a declared Catholic, brought the long Cavalier Parliament to an end. Under the guidance of Shaftesbury, the Protestant nominee was to be the Duke of Monmouth.

A new parliament was summoned, but was immediately prorogued. The renewed attempt, when at length it met, to carry the Exclusion Bill was frustrated by dissolution. The king was able, on technical grounds, to annul the charters of a number of great cities and to make the new corporations subservient to himself.

It appears probable that when James II succeeded to the throne on his brother's death, the now subservient parliament would have allowed him to destroy, for a time, at least, all civil freedom, had he not wilfully roused the antagonism instead of the loyalty of the Church by his Romanising policy. A parliament which granted him the means of maintaining a standing army was prorogued on account of its opposition to him on this head. Monmouth's rebellion and death cleared the way for a far more dangerous rival in the person of William of Orange. The confirmation of the king's dispensing power by the courts in the case of Hales aroused alarm. It became more and more manifest that the king was determined to re-establish popery.

The Declaration of Indulgence further greatly intensified the rising sentiment. The protest and the trial of the seven bishops, coupled with the birth of a male heir to the throne, who intervened to bar the succession of the Protestant Princess Mary, brought matters decisively to a head. The Prince of Orange received and accepted a direct invitation to come over.

When he did come, James effectively abdicated by taking flight from the country. A convention parliament conferred the crown upon William and Mary. The revolution established a principle, which could only have been maintained with extreme difficulty before, that the reigning house derives its right from parliament and the people.

IV—The Revolution and After

The condition of William's succession was his acceptance of the Declaration of Right, afterwards given a legislative shape in the Bill of Rights. This asserted no new principle, except possibly in the express limitation of the dispensing prerogative. It was difficult, however, to claim that the process by which the succession had been changed was a legal one. The new king's position, therefore, was an exceedingly difficult one. If he owed his crown primarily to the Whigs, it was still not possible for him to exclude the Tories from legislation. Neither Whigs nor Tories were satisfied, and the parliament extended the principle already laid down of exercising control over the royal expenditure.

It may be said of William that he was too great a man for the peculiar condition of a king of England after the revolution, but England owes very much to him, and to the beneficial alterations in our law during his reign. Parliament was secured a triennial limit and annual assembly by the necessity for the annual renewal of supply. The law of treason was amended both as to what constitutes treason and as to the evidence required. The Act of Settlement not only established the succession, but definitely limited the power of the crown in the event of the accession of a foreign dynasty.

The reign also saw the effective substitution of the Cabinet for the Privy Council as the administrative body. And a safeguard was provided against the undue predominance of the crown in parliament by the requirement that crown appointments should necessitate the vacating of a parliamentary seat. Finally, the independence of the judges was secured by their holding office thenceforth without liability to dismissal, except in consequence of an address by both Houses of Parliament.

The Act of Settlement was the seal of our constitutional laws, the last great statute which restrained the power of the crown and manifests in any conspicuous degree a jealousy of parliament on behalf of its own and the subjects' privileges.

GUSTAVE FLAUBERT

MADAME BOVARY

ALTHOUGH the first of his novels, Madame Bovary displays in a remarkable degree the peculiar qualities of Gustave Flaubert's genius. It took him six years to write, and first appeared serially in the Revue de Paris in 1857. The frank realism of the work involved both author and publisher in a government prosecution on a charge of immorality, but both were acquitted, and when the story appeared in volume form its faithful portraiture of life was recognized and the extraordinarily fine quality of the literary craftsmanship won universal admiration. By consent of all competent judges Gustave Flaubert is one of the greatest writers that France ever produced, a master of style fastidiously precise in the selection of the one word perfectly apt to express his thought. As a realist he had an immense influence over Daudet and Zola and as a stylist pure and simple he is a model for all authors. English translations of Madame Bovary are published by Cape, by Collins and by William Heinemann. An outline of Flaubert's second novel, Salammbô, appears in later pages of *The World's Great Books.*

I—Charles and Emma Meet

CHARLES BOVARY, who had just set up in practice as a surgeon at Tostes, a little town in Normandy, was called out of bed very early one morning to go to the farm of Le Bertaux, some eighteen miles away, to set a broken leg. M. Rouault, an elderly farmer in easy circumstances, had had an accident. His wife had been dead for two years and his only daughter, Emma, kept house for him.

It was a simple fracture, and the young surgeon could not have wished for anything easier. While he shaped some laths into splints Mademoiselle Emma set about tearing sheets for bandages and sewing pads. Charles was surprised at the whiteness of her polished nails; but the most beautiful thing about her was her dark eyes, which looked boldly at one, under their thick lashes, without any trace of affectation. Her brown hair, waved over the temples, was rolled up in a heavy chignon behind. Her face, usually pale, grew rosy when animated; her mouth was large and well formed and on her lip was a faint black down.

Charles Bovary told Farmer Rouault he would call again in three days' time to see how he was progressing. But he was at Le Bertaux the very next day, and after that he was round twice a week at least. In about six weeks Rouault was on his legs again, declaring that the best surgeons of Yvetôt, or even of Rouen, could not have treated him more skilfully than Charles had done.

At this time Charles was living with his parents, although married. His wife, Héloïse, many years older than he, and altogether ill-favoured, had been left a widow, with a little property. It was Charles's mother, a prudent, business-like, well-meaning person, who had brought about the match. As for Bovary *père*, at one time in the Army medical service, which he had left 'under a cloud,' he had got a decent dowry with his wife, and lived idly at her expense. With his swaggering, 'military' air was combined the free-and-easy manner of the commercial traveller. To the mother was left the task of bringing up their only child, of whom she was intensely proud, and for whom she anticipated a high position some day.

One day the little fortune possessed by Charles's wife vanished; her solicitor, who held the property in trust, decamped with almost all there was; and the blow was too much for her. Very soon after the young husband was a widower.

About this time old Rouault brought Charles the money he owed for the treatment of his leg—seventy-five francs in silver, and a present of a turkey. The good-natured farmer sympathised with the doctor in his bereavement, and gave him a pressing invitation to renew his visits to Le Bertaux. Nothing loth, Charles was soon riding in that direction once more, and at Michaelmas he spent three days there.

By this time Emma and he had become quite friendly. Often he would ask himself whether, and when and whom she would marry. He could not get her out of his mind. At the end of his Michaelmas visit Charles suddenly said to Rouault, who was seeing him off :

" M. Rouault, I should like to say something to you."

They stopped, and Charles became silent.

" Well, tell me what you want to say. Do you think I don't know ? " laughed the farmer.

" Papa Rouault . . . Papa Rouault ! " stammered the young doctor.

" For my part, I'm quite content," continued Rouault, " and I don't think my girl will object. But you must ask her—or, rather, *I* will."

Charles and Emma were man and wife in the following Spring.

With his new young wife, so different from poor departed Héloïse, Charles was perfectly happy, without a care in the world. All the uxoriousness of his easy nature had full play. His universe lay within the circumference of her skirts.

Not so with Emma. Before her marriage she honestly believed herself to be in love, but the happiness she had expected seemed to be missing. She longed to find out exactly what was the meaning of the joy, the passion, the rapture that had appeared to be so lovely in the books she had read ; longed to realize her girlish aspirations, so full of poetry and romance.

Charles, she soon discovered, was far from being the hero of her dreams. His conversation, when you came to know him, was as prosaic as the pavement ; he could neither swim, nor fence, nor shoot ; knew nothing and cared less about the big world outside his own small one ; was quite content with his existence, and concluded she was content with hers.

Meanwhile, there was the mother-in-law, Madame Bovary the elder, precise, economical and jealous, who watched her son's beautiful, luxurious, young wife with hardly-concealed disapproval. Though, truth to tell, Emma was a thoroughly competent housekeeper and manager, if a little inclined to extravagance. The two women, though outwardly on fairly good terms, might quarrel violently at any moment. At length the exasperated wife found herself exclaiming ' Oh, God, why did I marry ? '

Presently there came a little break in the monotony of their existence. Charles and Emma were invited to Vaubyessard, the seat of the Marquis d'Andervilliers, who, anxious to secure a seat in the Chamber of Deputies, was being particularly polite to all his neighbours, great and small alike. Charles had once satisfactorily lanced a gumboil for the nobleman who, on visiting the surgery, had admired not only the cherries in the garden, but also the young doctor's pretty and distinguished-looking wife.

The ball at the château, on the night of their arrival, was a great event in the life of Emma Bovary. Here, at last, was full realization of all her longings and her fancies—the splendid rooms, the lights, the servants, the plate, the flowers, the luxury everywhere. And then their distinguished hosts, and their no less distinguished guests !

While dressing for dinner Charles innocently remarked that his trousers were rather tight round the waist.

" They will be awkward for dancing," he added.

" Dancing ? " repeated Emma. " You must be crazy ! They would simply laugh at you. Besides, it's far more becoming in a doctor not to dance."

Charles said nothing ; but when Emma, who wore a dress of pale saffron, trimmed with pom-pom roses, had at last finished her toilette, he came behind her and kissed her on the shoulder.

" Leave me alone ! " she cried impatiently. " You'll disarrange everything ! "

She danced the cotillon with an exquisitely-dressed young man whom everyone called ' the Count.' The pomade on his hair had a most deliciously delicate scent, and his open waistcoat fitted so perfectly that it might have been glued to his chest. He waltzed divinely.

On their way back next morning, in the dog-cart, Emma espied something in the road. Charles got down, and picked up

a cigar-case with a green silk border and a coat of arms on it. There were two cigars inside.

"They will do for me this evening after dinner," he said.

"Do you smoke?" his wife inquired.

"Sometimes, when I get the chance."

When they reached home, dinner—onion soup, and a little piece of veal, with sorrel—was not ready. Nastasie, the maid, when reproved, replied insolently, so Emma at once gave her notice.

After dinner Charles tried one of his cigars, taking it out of his mouth between the puffs and spitting every minute.

"You'll make yourself ill!" said Emma contemptuously.

Charles put down the cigar and ran to the pump for a glass of water. Before he came back Emma had seized the cigar-case and thrown it to the back of the cupboard. When Charles was out she would often take the case, open it, and smell the mixed odour of verbena and tobacco. It represented the luxury she pined for, the life of refinement and elegance into which she had had just one peep.

Gradually Emma herself grew more and more luxurious in her tastes; while Charles, home at night after his long and often loathsome round, was delighted to find everything so comfortable within—a glowing fire, a dinner-table brightly laid, cosy armchairs, and, waiting to greet him, a charming woman smelling divinely. He was happy as happy could be, little knowing that Emma realized more fully day by day what 'a useless creature' she had married. One day she pricked her finger, turning out a drawer. It was the wire of her wedding bouquet. She threw it on the fire and calmly watched it burn.

Nevertheless, she kept her own counsel, especially as she was now expecting an interesting event. But her health seemed to decline; change of air was imperative. Soon Charles, alarmed for his darling's welfare, found a new practice at Yonville-l'Abbaye, and they left Tostes in the month of March.

II—Léon and Rodolphe

Yonville-l'Abbaye is a large village about twenty miles from Rouen. Its chief inn, 'The Golden Lion,' stands just opposite the chemist's shop owned by M. Homais. There was a bustle of excitement in and about 'The Golden Lion' on the evening of the Bovarys' arrival, for they were to dine there before going to their new home hard by. All the celebrities of the place were gathered to meet M. and Mme. Bovary. There were M. Homais, M. le Curé—a big, strong fellow who, Mme. Lefrançois, the hostess, declared, could double up four ordinary men across his knee—M. Lheureux, the linen-draper, who did a little 'finance' in addition, and M. Léon Dupuis, the good-looking, refined chief clerk of Yonville's barrister, M. Guillaumin.

Emma and M. Léon were very soon on excellent terms, finding a good deal of similarity in their tastes; while the chemist and the doctor were not long in becoming friendly and communicative.

Not long after their arrival at Yonville Madame Bovary gave birth to a daughter. She had wished for a son, who should be called George, and should grow up tall and dark. Madeleine was one of the first names that suggested itself for the she-baby. Then Emma remembered that she had heard the Marquise address one of her guests as 'Berthe'—so Berthe it was. The baby was put to nurse with Mme. Rollet, the carpenter's wife, at the other end of the village.

One afternoon, just as she was starting for the Rollets to see the baby, Emma met M. Léon and, as he was not busy, she asked him to go with her. Not feeling very strong, she took the young man's arm, and for the first time noticed his abundant chestnut hair and his well-kept nails. The walk and the conversation pleased them both. At home and at the house of M. Homais the young couple often met in the evenings, until Léon began to be agitated between longing to declare his fondness for her and fear of the consequences; while Emma often asked herself was she in love with him. This she doubted, since her idea was that Love should come suddenly, as a hurricane, with thunder and lightning!

As time went on Emma grew more restless and dissatisfied. Once, in a fit of

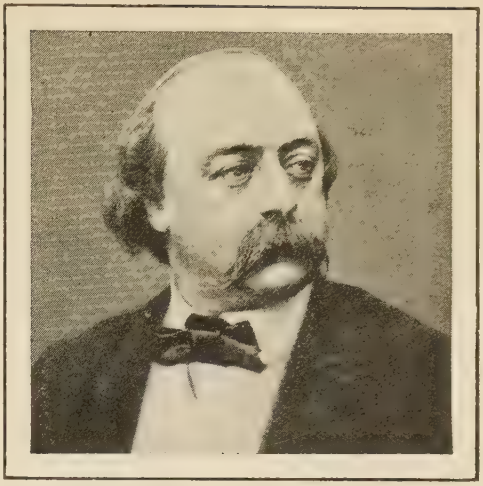
impatience with little Berthe, who was living with her parents now, she pushed the child so hard that it fell and cut its cheek. After Berthe had been comforted and put to sleep Emma looked at her and exclaimed, " How ugly the child is ! "

At last Léon, tired of being in love without result, resolved to go to Paris to complete his studies. He managed to control his feelings when saying good-bye to Madame Bovary, and she did likewise.

" Well, good-bye ! " he sighed.

She raised her head with an abrupt movement. " Good-bye ! " she said. They advanced towards each other, and Léon held out his hand. She hesitated.

" Very well, then, in the English fashion," she exclaimed, giving him her hand, and trying to smile. When Léon felt it between his fingers the very substance of his whole being seemed to dissolve in that moist palm. Then he unclasped her hand, their eyes met once more, and he was gone.



GUSTAVE FLAUBERT was born at Rouen in 1821, son of a surgeon in that town, and died at Croisset 1890. After hesitating between the studies of law and literature he decided to write, and published some poems, followed, in 1857, with Madame Bovary. A shy, misanthropic man, his scrupulous search after truth is clearly mirrored in the painstaking exactitude of his realistic style, and his influence on later literature was profound. His other outstanding works are Salammbô, The Temptation of St. Anthony, and Bouvard and Pécuchet.

After this Emma's discontent increased. She missed Léon more than she had thought possible. How charming their walks and their talks had been ! How handsome, how gentle, how refined he was ! How unlike Charles and all the other men about. She blamed herself bitterly for not having given him more encouragement.

Thanks to Lheureux, the obsequious draper, always ' at her service,' and never asking for ready money, Emma began to indulge in sundry small extravagances in the way of clothes and ornaments. She changed the style of her hair, and, thinking she would like to learn Italian, bought a grammar and a dictionary for that purpose.

But her health began to decline, and she often had fainting fits. Much alarmed, Charles got his mother to come and give her advice, which was that Emma's illness was simply and solely due to the idle life she was leading. " What your wife wants is work," she declared bluntly. " If she had to earn her living she would soon get rid of all her absurd fancies ! " Wife and mother-in-law parted on the coldest possible terms.

As Emma was sitting at the window one afternoon she noticed a gentleman coming towards the house. He was wearing a green velvet coat, yellow kid gloves and stout gaiters, and behind him walked a countryman with bent head and a serious expression. The gentleman turned out to be M. Rodolphe Boulanger, owner of La Huchette, an estate close to Yonville. A bachelor of thirty-four, he was reputed to have an income of at least fifteen thousand francs a year.

His man, he explained, wanted to be bled, because he felt ' as if ants were crawling all over him.' Charles performed the slight operation, not too skilfully, and the yokel, on seeing his own blood flowing, straightway fell back in his chair, unconscious. Emma had to be summoned to bring vinegar, and with her aid the servant was soon all right again.

As M. Boulanger placed the three francs, which was the doctor's charge, on the table, he said, looking at Emma, how pleased he was that he had had the chance of making her acquaintance. As he walked slowly home he said to himself :

" She is very pretty, the doctor's wife. Good teeth, black eyes, a small foot and quite a Parisian style. I wonder where the deuce she came from, and how that fat fellow picked her up ? I should imagine

he is very stupid, and no doubt she is tired of him. His nails are dirty and he has not shaved for three days. While he is running about after his patients she has to stay at home and darn stockings . . . Poor little woman, she is gasping for love, like a carp on the kitchen table for water."

Everybody in Yonville went to the Agricultural Show that was held a few days later, and there M. Boulanger had no difficulty in renewing his acquaintance with the Bovarys. It was the most natural thing in the world that he should offer to escort madame round the Show ground, for he was a recognized judge of cattle, and knew his way about perfectly.

So while the awards were being read out Rodolphe took Emma up to the first floor of the Mairie, where, sitting by the open window of the Council Chamber, they could, if they chose, hear what the President of the Show had to say. Starting with personal magnetism Rodolphe soon passed on to affinities, and as he talked easily and eloquently Emma soon found herself fascinated as she had been during the cotillon at the Marquis's château. He insisted that it was no mere chance that had brought them together; no doubt it was an irresistible impulse on the part of each—and he seized her hand, which she did not withdraw.

"Never," he declared, "have I found such perfect pleasure in the society of any woman before."

"But," she replied, "you will forget me, and I shall have merely passed through your life like a shadow."

"No, no! Surely I may stand for something in your thoughts and in your life?"

She answered the pressure of his hand; their fingers intertwined slowly. The ice was broken. Without another word, they went out arm-in-arm, and he saw her to her door.

It was six weeks ere Rodolphe appeared again.

"If she's fond of me," he argued, "absence will make her fonder still."

And he knew he was right when he saw how pale Emma grew when he entered the drawing-room, in which she had been sitting alone.

Charles came in, and at once began telling Rodolphe how poor his wife's health had been. The visitor suggested horse exercise, but Emma at once objected that she had no horse.

"That's easily remedied," laughed Rodolphe, "I could lend you one." But she would not hear of it, and the subject dropped. When they were alone, Charles said she ought to have accepted M. Boulanger's polite offer.

"But I haven't a riding habit," she retorted. "Then you must get one," came the reply.

When the habit arrived Charles wrote to M. Boulanger to say his wife was ready to go for a ride with him whenever he pleased.

The next morning Rodolphe appeared at the doctor's door with two fine horses, one having a side-saddle, and soon the pair were riding side by side towards the forest. Half-way through it they dismounted at a clearing and sat on the trunk of a fallen beech. At his first words of love Emma rose to her feet in alarm, but Rodolphe calmed her, and, putting his arm round her waist, led her a little further in.

"I am wrong, I am wrong!" she exclaimed. "I am mad to listen to you."

"Why? Oh, Emma, Emma!"

"Oh, Rodolphe!" she murmured, slowly letting her head sink on his shoulder. Throwing back her white neck, half-fainting, amid her tears, she gave one long shiver and, hiding her face in her hands, seemed to lose consciousness.

It was late evening before Rodolphe and Emma were back in Yonville. At dinner Charles told his wife he had bought her a nice mare, thinking it would please her. Was he right? Emma just nodded her head in assent and, dinner over, rushed up to her room and locked herself in. She was surprised to see in the mirror how big and black and deep were her eyes.

"I have a lover! I have a lover!" she kept repeating to herself.

Next day the lovers met again in the forest, where, in a wood-cutter's hut, between their kisses they swore eternal fidelity. From that day forward they wrote to each other every evening, Emma taking her letter to the bottom of

the garden near the river and hiding it in a hole in the wall, where Rodolphe came to fetch it and put another in its place. One morning, when Charles had been summoned to a patient before it was light, Emma had a wild desire to see Rodolphe at once. Stealing out of the house while everyone was asleep, she hurried over the fields to La Huchette. A broad staircase led straight into a corridor and, turning the handle of one of the doors, she found herself in a room in which a man was sleeping. It was her lover!

This bold venture was repeated whenever Charles went out very early, until at last Rodolphe, fearing to compromise them both, put a stop to it. Instead, they used to meet, as soon as the husband was asleep, in the summer-house, where Rodolphe waited for her night after night until the coast was clear. This went on all through the winter.

Charles Bovary, having read of a new method of curing club-foot, was prompted to experiment on Hippolyte, the half-witted stableman at 'The Golden Lion,' especially when Emma and Homais encouraged him. The operation was a disastrous failure. M. Canivet, the famous surgeon of Neufchâtel, was called in, and when he saw the leg, which by this time was gangrened up to the knee, declared at once it must be amputated; and off it had to come a few days later.

Poor Bovary, between ridicule and fear of an action for damages, was in a pitiable state, and Emma furious at the shame of it all. Her passion for Rodolphe, which had shown signs of waning a little, revived in full force. But he, for his part, was fast tiring of the *liaison*, and it came as a shock when Emma begged him to run away with her. At first he refused flatly, but at last, excited by her kisses, he promised to do as she wished.

Meanwhile Lheureux had been putting the screw on, Emma being obliged to sign bills without her husband's knowledge in order to keep the tradesman quiet. All this, of course, made her the more anxious to get away from Yonville and her growing troubles. It was arranged that she should meet Rodolphe in Rouen and go straight off with him to Italy.

The eve of their flight arrived, and Rodolphe, when they met at night, assured her all the preparations had been made for the morrow. But next morning Rodolphe's servant brought round a note from his master for Madame Bovary. Emma tore it open. It began: 'Courage, Emma, courage! I did not want to make your whole life miserable. . . .' That was enough! Her lover had failed her. She fell to the ground with a terrible cry and was carried to bed, where she lay between life and death for six weeks.

Charles, like Emma, had got into Lheureux's power, bill after bill having to be renewed at exorbitant interest, and the poor man's worries, to say nothing of his expenses, were not lightened by his beloved wife's long illness. But he cared little so long as she got well, and that was a slow business.

In the following spring, Emma now being something like her old self again, it occurred to Charles to take her—she was so fond of music—to hear the famous tenor Lagardy sing at the Rouen theatre. The opera was 'Lucia,' and the love scenes affected Emma considerably. Between the acts Charles went out to get his wife some refreshment. "Just fancy my meeting M. Léon!" he said on his return.

"Léon?"

"Yes, he is coming to pay his respects." And at that moment the young man entered the box. He explained to his old friends that he had passed his law examinations and was spending some time in Rouen.

III—Victims of Destiny

Charles Bovary had to return to Yonville next morning, but he urged Emma to stay another night and, after a little pressure, she agreed. In the evening Léon called at the hotel where she was staying. Older and more experienced than when they parted, the young lawyer at once declared his love; but Emma checked him, saying she was too old and he too young. Before going he made her promise to meet him in the morning in the Cathedral.

That evening she wrote him a long letter, saying, for the sake of their own happiness, they ought not to meet again. But how was she to let it reach him? "I will give it to him myself to-morrow," she said; "he is sure to come."

Léon was first in the Cathedral. When Emma arrived her first action was to hand him the letter written overnight; but he would not take it. She entered one of the chapels, and knelt for a time, trying to pray. When she rose from her knees Léon took her arm and led her out and got a boy to fetch a cab.

"Where to, monsieur?" asked the driver.

"Anywhere you please," replied Léon, pushing Emma into the carriage.

Hour after hour they drove through the streets, into the open country, all the driver's efforts to pull up being met with shouts of "Drive on!" At one point a bare hand appeared from behind the yellow cotton blind, and from it flew many scraps of paper, which fluttered like white butterflies and fell on a field of scarlet clover by the roadside.

Some few days after this, legal advice was necessary to the Bovarys over some business connected with a power-of-attorney. Emma volunteered to go to Rouen to consult M. Léon. She was away three days. A little later she told Charles she really must have some music lessons—she was forgetting how to play. So she got her husband's permission to pay a weekly visit to the city, ostensibly to receive instruction from a teacher, Mlle. Lempéreur, in reality to spend a long day with her lover in a room he had taken in a quiet little hotel. On one occasion, leaving the place arm-in-arm with Léon, she came face to face with Lheureux, and more signatures, more costly expedients followed her return to Yonville. She even went so far, in order to silence the crafty usurer, as to write to some of Charles's patients asking them to pay her their bills, because her husband was 'too proud to write himself, you know!'

One evening, on her return from the weekly visit to Léon, who latterly had been not quite so devoted as before, Emma found a warrant of execution on her home, failing immediate payment of 8,000 francs, and next morning the sheriff's officer was 'in possession.' Without a moment's delay she hurried off to Rouen.

"Léon," she exclaimed, taking both his hands in hers, "you must do me a service. Listen—I want 8,000 francs."

"You must be mad!"

Nothing she could say or do had much effect. He would ask one of his wealthy friends next day. Perhaps he might help; but it was doubtful. "You must excuse me—I am busy and must really go, so good-bye." Next day the auctioneers came in to sell the furniture.

Emma tried M. Guillaumin, the lawyer, in whose office Léon used to be. The old man, without actually refusing, tried to make love to her, distressed as she was. Starting up in a fury of indignation, she said:

"You are taking a most impudent advantage of my position, sir. I am to be pitied, but I am not for sale!" and she rushed out into the rain.

Suddenly she thought of Rodolphe—surely *he* could not refuse her! She made her way to La Huchette, where she found him quite willing to renew their love-making, until the real object of her visit came out.

"Eight thousand francs! I have not got them, my dear lady, I am very hard up myself."

Emma went out down the long avenue, stumbling through the heaps of dead leaves, and broke her nails trying to open the wicket-gate. It was getting dark, and the birds were flying home.

Her brain on fire, her heart like lead, Emma made her way to the chemist's. At the kitchen door she met Justin, the assistant. "Give me the key of the room upstairs, where——"

"What do you mean?" said the boy, staring at her; for 'the room upstairs' was where M. Homais kept his poisons.

"I want it; give it to me!" she insisted. The rats kept her awake, and she must get something to kill them. She would tell M. Homais presently.

Justin handed her the key, and lighted her to the door of the laboratory, which

she opened. The room was familiar to her, and she went straight to a blue bottle on the second shelf, took out the stopper, put in her hand and, taking out a quantity of white powder, began to stuff it into her mouth.

"Stop!" cried the boy; but she silenced him, and, telling him not to say a word, lest the blame should fall on his master, went home, suddenly appeased, as though she had accomplished a good deed.

Charles had returned home, to find the auctioneers selling his belongings. Emma was missing; no one knew where she was. Stunned by the sudden blow, he staggered out and walked along the Rouen Road, hoping to meet her. When he came back, having found no trace of her, they told him she had returned and was upstairs.

He found her finishing a letter.

"You must read this to-morrow," she said solemnly, "and now I beg you not to ask me a single question. Please leave me alone," and she stretched herself at full length on her bed.

The effects of the arsenic were beginning to show themselves, and when the sickness and convulsions came Charles had a suspicion of what had occurred.

"What have you taken? Tell me, for pity's sake!" And there was a look of tenderness in his eyes such as she had never seen in them before.

Soon the news spread that Madame Bovary was poisoned. Dr. Canivet was sent for. At once he saw her condition was hopeless, and could only tell the distracted husband there was nothing to be done. Presently Father Bournisien arrived with the holy oil, and administered Extreme Unction. The sacrament was hardly over ere Emma was seized with another fit and, falling back on the mattress, ceased to live.

BETWEEN them they contrived to hide the fact that she had poisoned herself, M. Homais spreading throughout the place the story that Mme. Bovary had mistaken arsenic for sugar in making a vanilla cream. So she was buried with all the consolations of the Church, having died 'in a state of grace.' Her old father, who had been told she was very ill, came in hot haste from Le Bertaux to Yonville. When he saw the black cloth over the door he fainted in the Square.

Not long after Emma's death Charles received a card announcing 'the approaching marriage of Monsieur Léon Dupuis, solicitor, of Yvetôt, with Mademoiselle Léocadie Leboeuf, of Bondeville.' In a letter of congratulation Charles wrote: 'How happy my poor wife would have been to hear of this!'

One day, roaming about the desolate, half-stripped house, Charles picked up a ball of paper in the loft. It was the letter beginning 'Courage, Emma!' Thunderstruck at first, he consoled himself with the thought that, 'perhaps it was only a Platonic affection.'

OUT of respect for Emma's memory he hesitated to open the secret drawer in her writing-table; but at last he turned the key and pressed the spring. There were all Léon's letters. There could be no doubt *this* time. Then he discovered a wooden box, locked. A vigorous kick broke it open, and out flew Rodolphe's portrait, which had lain on the top of his correspondence with Madame Bovary.

After this Charles took no interest in life, but wandered aimlessly about in his garden. He had let his beard grow. Sometimes he went with little Berthe to the cemetery and did not return till it was dark. Once he met Rodolphe at Argueil Market. Both men grew pale, but, summoning up all his courage, the young squire asked Charles to share a bottle of beer with him at the inn. They sat down, and after a time the widower said softly: "I bear you no grudge. It was Fate's fault!" For once Charles had said something above the commonplace.

Next day Charles went to sit as usual in the arbour. At seven o'clock, as he had not come in, his little daughter came to tell him dinner was ready. His head was leaning against the wall, his eyes were shut, and his mouth was open. In his hands he held a long lock of dark hair.

"*Do* come, daddy!" said Berthe; and, thinking he was having a joke with her, she gave him a little push, which sent him to the ground.

Charles Bovary was dead.

George Gordon Lord Byron (1788–1824) remains one of the most brilliant figures in the splendid annals of English literature, as during his brief span of life he was one of the most spectacular figures of the age. His antecedents and early training were peculiarly ill-adapted for the regulation of a character of which the dominant notes were unexampled versatility of powers and feelings and facility of self-surrender to the impulses of both. His natural melancholy sought relief in mock-heroic expression, often brought to artistic perfection in his epic poems Childe Harold's Pilgrimage and Don Juan, and out of the bitterness of his soul and the wreck of his passions he sought solace in showing the power of the human soul to find freedom above the limitations of human destiny. The same passion for freedom which made him outlaw from a conventional world was the inspiration of his finest work, and for sheer lyrical beauty much of the poetry of this turbulent soul is unsurpassed in the literature of any language. This portrait, by Phillips, is reproduced by permission of Mr. John Murray.

THOMAS MOORE

THE LIFE, LETTERS AND JOURNALS OF LORD BYRON

FOR sheer interest of subject Thomas Moore's life of his great friend Lord Byron stands in the first class of biographical literature. And no contemporary was better qualified to write the life of that friend than Moore, who, moreover, had been designated for the work by a free gift of Byron's own memoirs. The book was published in two quarto volumes in 1830, six years after the poet's death, while the world's imagination was still dazzled by the brilliance of the meteoric genius that had flashed across its vision. Although the work was frankly and even severely criticised in many quarters it did a great deal to mitigate the harshness of public opinion under which Lord Byron's reputation suffered. The passionate storms that raged round Byron have long been stilled and to-day the book remains a most fascinating story of the adventures of a wayward, rebellious and defiant spirit. The Life is published by John Murray.

I—Ancestry and Chequered Youth

IT has been said of Lord Byron that 'he was prouder of being a descendant of those Byrons of Normandy who accompanied William the Conqueror into England, than of having been the author of Childe Harold.' The remark is not altogether unfounded, for the pride of ancestry was a feature of his character; and justly so, for his line was honourably known on the fields of Cressy, Bosworth and Marston Moor; and in the faithful royalist, Sir John Biron, afterwards Lord Biron, throughout the Civil Wars.

In 1784 the father of the poet, Captain John Byron, nephew of the fifth Lord Byron, with the sole object of relieving his debts, married, as his second wife, Miss Catherine Gordon, a wealthy lady of illustrious Scottish ancestry. Her fortune was swallowed up and she was reduced to £150 a year before she gave birth, on January 22, 1788, in Holles Street, London, to her first and only child, George Gordon Byron. The boy was somewhat deformed, one of his feet being twisted.

In 1790, we find the unhappy parents living in separate lodgings in Aberdeen; and this estrangement was followed by complete separation, the worthless Captain Byron proceeding to France, where he died in the following year. The mother, a woman of the most passionate extremes, sent the boy to day school and grammar school. His schoolmates remember him as lively, warm-hearted and more ready to give a blow than to take one. To summer excursions with his mother in the Highlands the poet traces his love of scenery and especially of mountainous countries; and he refers many years after, still with keen feeling, to a little girl, Mary Duff, for whom, in his eighth year, he cherished a consuming attachment. So early were his sensibilities dominant.

On the death, in 1794, of the grandson of the old lord, little George stood in immediate succession to the peerage; in May, 1798, the fifth Lord Byron died at Newstead Abbey, and the boy's name was called in school with the title 'Dominus.' The Earl of Carlisle was appointed his guardian in chancery, and in the same summer Lord Byron, in his eleventh year, took possession, with his mother, of the seat of his ancestors. The next year Mrs. Byron was placed on the Civil List for a pension of £300 a year. Removing to London, she placed George at school with Dr. Glennie at Dulwich, but thwarted the progress of his education with her fondness and self-will until Lord Carlisle gave up all hope of ruling her. It was at this period that a boyish love for Margaret Parker, his cousin, who died shortly after, led Byron into the practice of verse.

From 1801 to 1805, from thirteen years of age to seventeen, George was at Harrow, where he sat beside Peel, the future states-

man. This period of ardent friendship with his fellows includes also the romantic affection, in 1803, for Miss Chaworth, of Annesley, near Newstead, who looked on him as the mere schoolboy he was.

Leaving Harrow with the reputation of an idler who would never learn, Byron was entered at Trinity College, Cambridge, in October 1805. His vacations were spent with his mother at Southwell, and her explosions of temper, in which she would throw poker and tongs, alienated him increasingly. In vacation and in term alike he read with extraordinary avidity and variety, wrote a good deal of verse and in November 1806 printed a small volume of poems for private circulation.

He was a frank and vivid correspondent; his letters to Miss Pigot, of Southwell, and others, are full of the liveliest descriptions of the Cambridge days. At this time Byron was painfully shy of new faces and perpetually mortified on account of his poverty. He rose and retired to rest very late. He was very fond of the exercises of swimming, riding, shooting, fencing and sparring; greatly devoted to his dogs, delighted in music and was known as remarkably superstitious. Of his charity and kind-heartedness there was no end. Always conscious of his deformity, and terribly afraid of becoming corpulent, he was sedulously careful of his person and dress.

HOURS OF IDLENESS, Byron's first published volume, came out while he was at the university, and was received by the Edinburgh Review with a contempt which stung him to the quick. With intervals of dissipation in London and at Brighton, Byron threw himself, at Newstead, into the preparation of a satirical revenge, training himself for it by a deep study of the writings of Pope. After his coming of age, in 1809, he went up to London with his satire, and on March 13 took his seat in the House of Lords. A few days later English Bards and Scotch Reviewers was the talk of the town. Wild festivities at Newstead followed its publication, and on July 2 Byron sailed from Falmouth.

II—Byron's First Pilgrimage and Childe Harold

LORD BYRON was absent from England for two years, and in the solitude of his nights at sea and in his lone wanderings through Greece he had leisure and seclusion to look within himself and there catch the first glimpses of his glorious mind. His deep passion for solitude grew to full power; the varied excitement of his travels invigorated his character and stored his imagination with impressions, and his inborn sadness rose from a querulous bitterness to the grandeur of his later melancholy.

His letters show him on Parnassus, where a flight of eagles seemed an omen of his destiny; at Athens, where he lodged with the mother of the 'Maid of Athens'; standing among the ruins of Ephesus and the mounds of Troy; swimming the Hellespont in honour of Leander; at Constantinople, where the prospect of the Golden Horn seemed the fairest of all; and again at Athens, making acquaintance with Lady Hester Stanhope and 'Abyssinian' Bruce. Through all these varied scenes his mind was brooding on the verses of the Childe Harold.

On Byron's return to England, in July 1811, that poem was placed in Mr. Murray's hands, and thus was laid the foundation of a long connexion between author and publisher. Mrs. Byron died on August 1. With all her faults she had loved her son deeply, and he could at least look back upon dutiful and kindly behaviour to her.

It was in November that I first had the pleasure of meeting the poet at dinner, and what I chiefly remarked was the nobleness of his air, his beauty, the gentleness of his voice and manner and his marked kindness. From our first meeting our acquaintance quickly ripened into friendship.

On February 27, 1812, a day or two before the appearance of Childe Harold, Byron made the first trial of his eloquence in the House of Lords, and it was on this occasion that he made the acquaintance of Lord Holland. The subject of debate was the Nottingham Frame-breaking Bill. Workmen were rioting and wrecking because their labour had been displaced by the introduction of machinery, and Byron's view was that 'we must not allow mankind to be sacrificed to improvements in

mechanism '—' the maintenance of the industrious poor is of greater consequence than the enrichment of monopolists '— ' I have seen the state of these miserable men, and it is a disgrace to a civilized country.' The speech was well received.

The impression produced two days later by Byron's Childe Harold was as instantaneous as it has proved deep and lasting. Even the dashes of scepticism with which he darkened his strain served only to heighten its success. The Prince Regent had the poet presented to him, and the author of Marmion offered his praise.

In the following May appeared the wild and beautiful fragment, The Giaour. This new offspring of his genius was hailed with wonder and delight, and on my rejoining him in town this spring I found an intense enthusiasm for Byron throughout the literary and social world. But his mind was already turning to freedom and solitude, and his third and last speech in the House of Lords was made in June.

III—Marriage Ends in Bitter Failure

BYRON'S restlessness is reflected throughout his Journal, which he began at this time. He had dreams of living in the Grecian islands and of adopting an Eastern manner of life ; but in December, 1813, when The Bride of Abydos was published, he was still feverishly dissipating himself in England.

A significant entry in the Journal says: ' A wife would be the salvation of me,' and Lord Byron became a suitor for the hand of Miss Milbanke, a relative of Lady Melbourne. His proposal was not at first accepted, but a correspondence ensued between them, and in September 1814, after the appearance of The Corsair and Lara, they became formally affianced.

I was much in his society at this time, and was filled with foreboding anxieties, which the unfortunate events that followed only too fully justified. At the end of December he set out for Seaham, the seat of Sir Ralph Milbanke, the lady's father, and on January 2, 1815, was married. On March 8 he wrote to me from Seaham : ' Bell is in health, and unvaried good-humour and behaviour.'

Lord Byron's pecuniary embarrassments now accumulated upon him, and just a year after his marriage, and shortly after the birth of their daughter, I received a letter which breathed a profound melancholy, due partly to his difficulties, but more, I thought, to a return of the restless and roving spirit. I replied : ' Do tell me you are happier than that letter has led me to fear, and I shall be satisfied.'

It was only a few weeks later that Lady Byron adopted the resolution of parting from him. She had left London in January on a visit to her father, and Byron was to follow her. They had parted in the utmost kindness ; she wrote him a letter, full of playfulness and affection, on the road ; but immediately on her arrival her father wrote to acquaint Lord Byron that she would return no more.

At the time when he had to stand this unexpected shock, his financial troubles, which had led to eight or nine executions in his house within the year, had arrived at their utmost ; and at a moment when, to use his own expression, he was ' standing alone on his hearth, with his household gods shivered around him,' he was also doomed to receive the startling intelligence that the wife who had just parted with him in kindness had parted with him for ever.

With respect to the causes that may have led to this separation it seems needless to go in quest of any remote or mysterious reasons to account for it. Of those peculiarities, both of disposition and habitudes, by which the great majority of men of genius are unfitted for domestic happiness Lord Byron had his share, and to the faults inherent in his sensitive nature he had added many by long indulgence of self-will.

I MUST quote from a letter he wrote me in March : ' The fault was not in my choice, unless in choosing at all ; for I do not believe—and I must say it in the very dregs of all this bitter business—that there ever was a better, or even a brighter, a kinder, or a more amiable and agreeable being than Lady Byron. I never had any reproach to make her while with me. Where there is blame, it belongs to myself, and if I cannot redeem, I must bear it.'

IV—Wanderings, Work, and Death in Exile

On April 25, 1816, being now twenty-eight years of age, Byron took final leave of England and sailed with two servants for Ostend. His route, by Flanders and the Rhine, may be traced in his matchless verses. He settled in Geneva, where he met Shelley and Mrs. Shelley; they boated on the lake and walked together, and Byron's susceptible mind was deeply influenced by his mystical companion. We may discover traces of that vague sublimity in the third canto of Childe Harold, and traces also of Mr. Wordsworth's mood which Byron absorbed from Shelley's favourite author.

From November, 1816, his letters are dated from Venice. 'This has always been, next to the East, the greenest island of my imagination, and it has not disappointed me.' They are considerably taken up with love affairs of an irregular kind, and contain also many vivid pictures of Venetian society and manners.

Manfred was completed in 1817, and was followed by the fourth canto of Childe Harold. Margarita Cogni was the reigning favourite of Byron's unworthy harem at this time, and his poem of Don Juan, now begun, most faithfully and lamentably reflects every whim and passion that swept across his mind.

But April, 1819, brought a revulsion against all this libertine way of living, and brought also the dawn of the only real love of his whole life. Lord Byron had first met the Countess Guiccioli in the autumn of 1818, when she made her appearance, three days after her marriage, at the house of the Countess Albrizzi, in all the gaiety of bridal array and the first delight of exchanging a convent for the world.

She has given her impressions of their meeting: 'His noble and exquisitely beautiful countenance, the tone of his voice, his manners, the thousand enchantments that surrounded him, rendered him so superior a being to any whom I had hitherto seen, that it was impossible he should not have left the most profound impression upon me.'

In June, Byron joined her at Ravenna, and for the next three years remained devotedly attached to her. She struck me, during our first interview, when I visited them at La Mira, as a lady not only of a style of beauty singular in an Italian, as being fair-complexioned and delicate, but also as being highly intelligent and amiable.

A letter to me from Pisa, dated August 27, 1822, has a mournful interest: 'We have been burning the bodies of Shelley and Williams on the seashore. You can have no idea what an extraordinary effect such a funeral pile has, with mountains in the background and the sea before.'

Another, of November 17, to Lady Byron, shows that if the author of it had not right on his side, he had at least most of those good feelings which generally accompany it. 'I have to acknowledge the receipt of Ada's [their daughter's] hair; this note will reach you about her birthday. . . . We both made a bitter mistake; but now it is over, and better so. . . . I assure you that I bear you now no resentment whatever. . . Whether the offence has been solely on my side, or reciprocal, or on yours chiefly, I have ceased to reflect on any but two things—that you are the mother of my child, and that we shall never meet again.'

Byron was thirty-five years old when from his exile at Genoa he turned his eyes to Greece, where a spirit was now rising such as he had imaged forth in dreams of song, but hardly could have dreamed that he should have lived to see it realized. He longed to witness, and very probably to share in, the present triumphs of liberty on those very fields where he had gathered for immortality such memorials of the liberty of the past. Lord Byron was in touch with the committee concerned with Grecian liberty in May 1823, and two months later sailed with his party on July 14.

Arriving at Cephalonia, he made a journey to Ithaca for a few days. His confidence in the Greek cause was soon clouded; the people were grossly degenerate, and he saw that the work of regeneration must be slow. To convince the government and the chiefs of the paralysing effect of their dissensions, to

inculcate the spirit of union, to endeavour to humanise the feelings of the belligerents on both sides, so as to take from the war the character of barbarism—these, with the generous aid of his money, were the objects of his interference.

At length the time for action arrived and, leaving Cephalonia, Byron landed at Missolonghi on January 4, 1824. He was welcomed with all honour and at the end of the month received a formal commission from the government as commander of the expedition against Lepanto, a fortified town. This design was a failure, and Byron occupied himself with the fortification of Missolonghi and with the formation of a brigade for the next campaign.

But his health had lately been giving way; he was living in little better than a swamp, and one day, after exposure to a heavy shower, he was seized with acute pains. On April 11, the illness, now recognized as rheumatic fever, increased, and on the 19th he was no more. The funeral took place in the Church of St. Nicholas, Missolonghi, on April 22, and the remains were carried to England on the brig Florida and buried close to those of his mother in the village church of Hucknall.

V—The Many Facets of Brilliant Genius

CAN I clear away some of the mists that hang round my friend, and show him as worthy of love as he was of admiration? The task is not an easy one. In most minds some one influence governs, from which all secondary impulses are found to radiate, but this pivot of character was wanting to Lord Byron. Governed at different moments by totally different passions and impelled sometimes, as in his excess of parsimony in Italy, by springs of action never before developed in his nature, he presents the strangest contradictions and inconsistencies, a bewildering complication of qualities.

So various, indeed, were his moral and intellectual attributes that he may be pronounced to have been not one, but many. It was this multiform aspect that led the world to compare him with a medley host of personages: 'within nine years,' as he playfully records, 'to Rousseau, Goethe, Young, Aretino, Timon of Athens, Dante, Petrarch, Satan, Shakespeare, Buonaparte, Tiberius, Aeschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, Harlequin, Henry VIII, Mirabeau, Michelangelo, Diogenes, Milton, Alfieri and many others.'

But this very versatility, which renders it so difficult to fix the fairy fabric of his character, is itself the clue to whatever was most dazzling in his might, or startling in his levity, or most attractive or most repellent in his life and genius. A variety of powers almost boundless and a pride no less vast in displaying them; an unusual susceptibility and an uncontrolled impetuosity—such were the two great sources of all that varied spectacle of his life—unchecked feeling and dominant self-will.

Great versatility of power will hardly be found without a tendency to versatility of principle. Byron was fully aware, not only of this characteristic quality of his nature, but also of its danger to singleness of character; and this consciousness had the effect of keeping him in a general line of consistency on certain great subjects and helped him to preserve unbroken the great number of his personal attachments.

BUT, except in some few respects, he gave way to his versatile humour without scruple or check; and it was impossible but that such a range of will and power should be abused. Is it to be wondered at that in the works of one thus gifted and carried away we should find, without any design of corrupting on his side, evil too often invested with a grandeur which belongs intrinsically but to good?

Nay, it will be found that even the strength and impressiveness of Byron's poetry are sometimes injured by a capricious and desultory quality due to this very pliancy of mind. It may be questioned whether a concentration of his powers would not have afforded a grander result. It may be that if Lord Byron had not been so actively versatile he would have been, not less wonderful, but more great.

Again, this love of variety was one of the most pervading weaknesses, not only of his poetry, but of his life. The pride

THOMAS MOORE was born in Dublin, May 28, 1779. After leaving Trinity College, Dublin, he came to London and in 1880 published a translation of Anacreon. Next year his love poems, published under the pseudonym of Thomas Little, made his name, and thereafter he was an idol of society. After his marriage in 1811 he settled near Bowood in Wiltshire. His Irish Melodies and Lalla Rookh had a vast sale and still retain their hold. His prose works include Lives of Sheridan, Byron and Lord Edward Fitzgerald, and a prose romance, The Epicurean. Moore died February 25, 1852.

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of personating every kind of character, evil as well as good, influenced his ambition and his conduct ; and to such a perverse length did he carry this fancy for self-defamation that, if there was any tendency to mental derangement, it was in this point that it manifested itself.

I have known him more than once, as we have sat together, to throw out dark hints of his past life with an air of gloom and mystery designed to awaken interest ; and I have little doubt that, to produce effect at the moment, there is hardly any crime so dark or so desperate of which, in the excitement of acting upon the imaginations of others, he would not have hinted that he had been guilty. It has sometimes occurred to me that the occult cause of his lady's separation from him may have been nothing more, after all, than some imposture of this kind, some dim confession of undefined horror.

But the over-frankness with which he uttered every chance impression of the moment was by itself enough to bring his character unfavourably before the world. Which of us could bear to be judged by the unnumbered thoughts that course like waves of the sea through our minds and pass away unuttered and even unowned by ourselves ? To such a test was Byron's character, throughout his life, exposed.

Yet, to this readiness in reflecting all hues, whether of the shadows or lights of our variegated existence, Lord Byron owed his personal fascination. His social intercourse was perfectly charming, because whoever was with him occupied for the moment all his thoughts and feelings. Even with the casual acquaintance of the hour his heart was on his lips, ready to give away every secret of his life.

To my assertion that ' at no time of his life was Lord Byron a confirmed unbeliever' it has been objected that his writings prove the direct contrary. But this is to confuse the words ' unbeliever ' and ' sceptic,' the former of which implies decision of opinion and the latter only doubt. Many passages in his Journal show doubt strongly inclined to belief. ' Of the immortality of the soul it appears to me there can be little doubt.' ' I have often been inclined to materialism in philosophy, but could never bear its introduction into Christianity, which appears to me essentially founded upon the soul.' Here are doubt and unrest, but not unbelief.

And so I conclude my labours, undertaken at the wish of my friend, and leave his character to the judgement of the world. Let it be remembered that through life, with all his faults, he never lost a friend ; that those about him in his youth, whether as companions, teachers, or servants, remained attached to him to the last ; that the woman to whom he gave the love of his maturer years idolises his name ; and that, with a single unhappy exception, those who were brought into relations of amity with him have felt towards him a kind regard in life and retain a fondness for his memory.

LORD BYRON

DON JUAN

THROUGHOUT the period of six years, from 1819 to 1824, when Don Juan was being published, a storm of controversy raged between the 'moral reader' whose 'nonsensical prudery' the poet lashed in many a letter and competent judges who recognized immediately the imperishable quality of its many excellencies. Byron himself was confident enough: 'Don Juan will be known by and by for what it is intended—a satire on abuses of the present states of society and not an eulogy of vice.' But it must not be regarded merely as a satire. Bitter as it often is in its mocking passages and voluptuous as it often is in its loveliest passages—though even there not more so than Ariosto or Smollett or Defoe or even Fielding—it has a persistent moral sense and a wealth of beauty that make it one of the very few great poems in English literature. Perhaps the most convenient popular edition of Lord Byron's poetical works is that published by the Oxford University Press at 6s.

I—Donna Julia and Haidée

I WANT a hero—so I'll take
Don Juan. . . .

In Seville was he born, a pleasant city,
Famous for oranges and women; he
Who has not seen it will be much to pity,
So says the proverb—and I quite agree;
Of all the Spanish towns is none more pretty,
Cadiz, perhaps—but that you soon may see.

His father was Don José, a true Hidalgo of the bluest blood; not particular at all.

His mother was a learned lady, famed
For every branch of every science known,
In every Christian language ever named,
With virtues equall'd by her wit alone.

She, Donna Inez, was very particular indeed. They quarrelled, and were on the verge of a divorce suit when Don José died; so little Juan was educated by his mother. He was educated beautifully, on nicely expurgated editions of the classics, with the expurgations collected in appendices; also on much most moral literature. So that he grew up to sixteen quite a model boy.

Among the young matrons approved by Donna Inez was Donna Julia, wife of Don Alfonso, which was all very well when the lady was twenty and the boy was thirteen, but when he was sixteen and she was twenty-three—her husband being twice her age, or thereabouts—Platonic affection became a different affair. Juan fell in love with her without the least understanding what was the matter with him.

'Tis sweet to hear the watch-dog's honest bark
Bay deep-mouthed welcome as we draw near home;
'Tis sweet to know there is an eye will mark
Our coming, and grow brighter when we come;
'Tis sweet to be awakened by the lark,
Or lull'd by falling waters; sweet the hum
Of bees, the voice of girls, the song of birds,
The lisp of children and their earliest words.

Sweet is revenge, especially to women,
Pillage to soldiers, prize-money to seamen . . .

But sweeter still than this, than these, than all,
Is first and passionate love.

But the practical effect in this case may be summed up as a jealous husband, an *esclandre*, tears and desolation for Donna Julia; and our young Don Juan packed off on his travels, starting on board ship from Cadiz. Behold him on his barque, bidding a tearful farewell to his native land, et cetera, until sea-sickness gave him something else to think of.

A gale arose in the night, and the ship was battered into a pretty complete wreck.

There's nought, no doubt, so much the spirit calms
As rum and true religion; thus it was
Some plunder'd, some drank spirits, some sung psalms;
The high wind made the treble, and as bass
The hoarse, harsh waves kept time; fright cured the qualms
Of all the luckless landsmen's sea-sick maws;
Strange sounds of wailing, blasphemy, devotion,
Clamour'd in chorus to the roaring ocean.

'Twas twilight, and the sunless day went down
Over the waste of waters; like a veil
Which, if withdrawn, would but disclose the frown
Of one whose hate is mask'd but to assail.
Thus to their hopeless eyes the night was shown
And grimly darkled o'er their faces pale,
And the dim desolate deep: twelve days had Fear
Been their familiar, and now Death was here.

Passengers and crew took to the boats—that is, the few there was room for. They had barely had time to do so before the ship gave a heel, and then a lurch to port, and then sank head foremost.

Then rose from sea to sky the wild farewell—
  Then shriek'd the timid, and stood still the brave—
Then some leap'd overboard with dreadful yell,
  As eager to anticipate the grave;
And the sea yawned around her like a hell,
  And down she suck'd with her the whirling wave,
Like one who grapples with his enemy,
And strives to strangle him before he die.

And first one universal shriek there rush'd,
  Louder than the loud ocean, like a crash
Of echoing thunder; and then all was hush'd,
  Save the wild wind and the remorseless dash
Of billows; but at intervals there gush'd,
  Accompanied with a convulsive splash,
A solitary shriek, the bubbling cry
Of some strong swimmer in his agony.

Among those who found room in a boat was Juan, who had kept his head all through. The party in his boat had a hideous experience. Having consumed their provisions and everything else eatable, they began on each other. Finally, they drifted within sight of land; coming near the shore, the boat was upset. Juan being an excellent swimmer managed to struggle to land, and lost consciousness. When he revived, it was to find a lovely female face bending over him.

THE land was a small isle of the Cyclades: the maid was Haidée, the seventeen years old daughter of its owner, Lambro, who had grown rich by piracy and selling his captives as slaves.

. . He was the mildest-manner'd man
That ever scuttled ship or cut a throat.
Pity he loved adventurous life's variety,
He was so great a loss to good society.

Haidée, however, was not disposed to hand over her find to the tender mercies of her parent. She and her maid, Zoë, kept things quiet and took the utmost care of the handsome young stranger, who enjoyed himself extremely. The pair, in short, fell very thoroughly in love, and things were simplified when the paternal pirate went on a cruise. On the other hand, they became complicated when he came back, unbeknown and unexpected, to find that he was supposed to be dead and his wealth was being expended in lavish revelries, during which the young couple had listened to a poet's song.

The isles of Greece! the isles of Greece!
  Where burning Sappho loved and sung,
Where grew the arts of war and peace,
  Where Delos rose, and Phoebus sprung!
Eternal summer gilds them yet,
But all, except their sun, is set.

The Scian and the Teian muse,
  The hero's harp, the lover's lute,
Have found the fame your shores refuse:
  Their place of birth alone is mute
To sounds which echo further west
Than your sires' 'Islands of the Blest.'

The mountains look on Marathon—
  And Marathon looks on the sea;
And musing there an hour alone,
  I dream'd that Greece might still be free;
For, standing on the Persian's grave,
I could not deem myself a slave.

A king sate on the rocky brow
  Which looks o'er sea-born Salamis;
And ships, by thousands, lay below,
  And men in nations;—all were his!
He counted them at break of day—
And when the sun set where were they?

AND where are they? and where art thou,
  My country? On thy voiceless shore
The heroic lay is tuneless now—
  The heroic bosom beats no more!
And must thy lyre, so long divine,
Degenerate into hands like mine?

'Tis something, in the dearth of fame,
  Though link'd among a fetter'd race
To feel at least a patriot's shame,
  Even as I sing, suffuse my face;
For what is left the poet here?
For Greeks a blush—for Greece a tear.

Must *we* but weep o'er days more blest?
  Must *we* but blush?—Our fathers bled.
Earth! render back from out thy breast
  A remnant of our Spartan dead!
Of the three hundred grant but three,
To make a new Thermopylae!

What, silent still? and silent all?
  Ah! no;—the voices of the dead
Sound like a distant torrent's fall,
  And answer, 'Let one living head,
But one arise,—we come, we come!'
'Tis but the living who are dumb.

In vain—in vain: strike other chords;
  Fill high the cup with Samian wine!
Leave battles to the Turkish hordes,
  And shed the blood of Scio's vine!
Hark! rising to the ignoble call—
How answers each bold Bacchanal!

You have the Pyrrhic dance as yet;
  Where is the Pyrrhic phalanx gone?
Of two such lessons, why forget
  The nobler and the manlier one?
You have the letters Cadmus gave—
Think ye he meant them for a slave?

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!
  We will not think of themes like these!
It made Anacreon's song divine:
  He served—but served Polycrates—
A tyrant; but our masters then
Were still, at least, our countrymen.

The tyrant of the Chersonese
Was freedom's best and bravest friend;
That tyrant was Miltiades!
Oh! that the present hour would lend
Another despot of the kind!
Such chains as his were sure to bind.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!
On Suli's rock, and Parga's shore,
Exists the remnant of a line
Such as the Doric mothers bore;
And there, perhaps, some seed is sown,
The Heracleidan blood might own.

Trust not for freedom to the Franks—
They have a king who buys and sells;
In native swords, and native ranks,
The only hope of courage dwells:
But Turkish force and Latin fraud
Would break your shield, however broad.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!
Our virgins dance beneath the shade—
I see their glorious black eyes shine;
But gazing on each glowing maid,
My own the burning tear-drop laves,
To think such breasts must suckle slaves.

Place me on Sunium's marbled steep,
Where nothing, save the waves and I,
May hear our mutual murmurs sweep;
There, swan-like, let me sing and die:
A land of slaves shall ne'er be mine—
Dash down yon cup of Samian wine!

OUR loving pair were startled by Lambro's sudden appearance before them. Haidée shrieks; Juan snatches a sword from the wall. Lambro calmly covers them with a pistol; Haidée flings herself between them on Juan's breast. As Juan will not drop his sword, Lambro whistles for his followers. Juan is soon overpowered, after accounting for sundry assailants and being wounded himself. He is carried off and tumbled into Lambro's cargo of slaves. Haidee, in the violence of her semi-Oriental emotions, bursts a blood vessel, and dies after a few days. And now

she sleeps well
By the sea-shore, whereon she loved to dwell.

But many a Greek maid in a loving song
Sighs o'er her name; and many an islander
With her sire's story makes the night less long;
Valour was his, and beauty dwelt with her.

II—Juan in the East

JUAN now found himself with a party chiefly of Italian singers and musicians, whose *impresario* had evaded his obligations by arranging for their capture by Lambro; they were now all on their way to Constantinople to be sold as slaves.

To the slave market they came in due time. Luck placed Juan in the immediate neighbourhood of one man who had an English look and appeared to take the whole situation with much *sangfroid*; the Englishman, however,

Soon began to show
A kind of blunt compassion for the sad
Lot of so young a partner in the woe
Which for himself he seem'd to deem no worse
Than any other scrape—a thing of course.

They entered on conversation. The Briton explained he had

Served for some
Months with the Russian army here and there;
And taking lately, by Suwarrow's bidding,
A town, was ta'en himself instead of Widdin.

His attitude to the whole affair was eminently philosophical and his present desire only to get bought as soon as possible. And presently a negro eunuch appeared, who, after some chaffering, bought the pair.

They were taken off in a boat, and then conducted by the black through a great garden to a palace. Juan's suggestion *en route* that they should knock their conductor on the head was suppressed by the common sense of his companion, who pointed out that they would only be recaptured, with additional inconvenience. Arrived at the palace, they were fitted out in fresh attire by the eunuch, Juan's costume, to his intense indignation, being feminine. The general outcome of a situation which finally became somewhat compromising was that the eunuch, two of the ladies of the palace, Juan and the adventurous Englishman found it prudent to make a bolt for it together and betake themselves to the Russian army, at that time engaged in the siege of Ismail.

The Russian forces before Ismail included

Foreigners of much renown
Of various nations, and all volunteers;
Not fighting for their country or its crown,
But wishing one day to be brigadiers;
Also to have the sacking of a town,
A pleasant thing to young men at their years.
'Mong them were several Englishmen of pith,
Sixteen called Thomson and nineteen named Smith.

Failure to carry Ismail caused the famous Suwarrow to be sent to take the affair in hand. His arrival filled the whole camp with joy:

There was not now a luggage boy but sought
Danger and spoil with ardour much increased;
And why? because a little, odd, old man
Stript to his shirt, was come to lead the van.

His methods were peculiar: he, the commander-in-chief, deigned to drill his men himself.

At which your wise men sneered in phrases witty;
He made no answer, but he took the city . . .
Hero, buffoon, half-demon, and half-dirt.

To him arrives our party, headed by John Johnson, the Englishman, who knew his man. Suwarrow knew him, too, and his worth as a soldier. He and, on his recommendation, Juan were promptly appointed to a corps which was to take a leading part in the grand assault.

Hark! through the silence of the cold, dull night
The hum of armies gathering rank on rank!
Lo! dusky masses steal in dubious sight
Along the leaguer'd wall and bristling bank
Of the arm'd river, while with straggling light
The stars peep through the vapours dim and dank
Which curl in curious wreaths: how soon the smoke
Of hell shall pall them in a deeper cloak!

Juan and Johnson then fought with might and main in the storming, until, by some accident, Juan found himself separated from his party; however, the pair soon came together again, both having succeeded in joining the second column of attack. After a desperate struggle they carried the rampart, followed by the attacking columns. Nevertheless, the town still took a deal of winning in the course of which, Juan found opportunity for one good deed. No quarter was being given by the Cossacks to age or sex; but Juan managed to rescue a little girl of ten, whom a couple of them were on the point of cutting down. At length, the last post was surrendered, only when its defender had learnt that it was really the last post. Of the forty thousand who had held Ismail only a few hundreds survived.

Suwarrow now was conqueror—a match
For Timour or for Zinghis in his trade.
While mosques and streets, beneath his eyes, like thatch
Blazed, and the cannon's roar was scarce allay'd,
With bloody hands he wrote his first despatch;
And here exactly follows what he said:
'Glory to *God* and to the Empress!' (*Powers Eternal! such names mingled!*) 'Ismail's ours.'

After which exploits Juan is sent off with the despatch for which all Petersburg is on the watch. This special honour was conferred because he had behaved with courage and humanity. And he took with him the little girl, whose entire family had been slaughtered, so that she was homeless, houseless, helpless. Of the Turkish ladies and of Johnson we hear no more.

III—Juan in England

Juan and little Leila went to Petersburg, where he soon won the favour of the Empress Catherine, who found his graceful attractions a pleasing variation on the charms of the six-foot grenadiers who were her especial *penchant*, till

All the ambassadors of all the Powers
Inquired who was this very new young man,
Who promised to be great in some few hours.

Juan's rapid rise was communicated by him to his relations in Spain, to the pious satisfaction of Donna Inez; however, he fell seriously ill, and, though he recovered, it was felt that the climate of Petersburg was not good enough for him. Therefore, he was sent off to England to conduct certain secret treaty negotiations.

The little Moslem Leila went with him. You are to note that she was a perfectly innocent child of ten, in whose relations with Juan there is no possibility of scandal. They posted through Prussia and Saxony to the Rhine, thence to The Hague and so to England. Canterbury excited his admiration. He was under the impression that England was the land of freedom—England which to-day is cursed as a renegade to Freedom's cause. And so, by Shooter's Hill, to London, where he took up his semi-official quarters in the great city and immediately found himself a centre of attraction and interest. Also he saw the 'greatest living poet.'

In twice five years, the 'greatest living poet,'
Like to the champion in the fisty ring,
Is call'd on to support his claim, or show it,
Although 'tis an imaginary thing.
Even I—albeit I'm sure I did not know it,
Nor sought of foolscap subjects to be king—
Was reckon'd a considerable time
The grand Napoleon of the realms of rhyme.

But how shall I relate, in other cantos,
Of what befel our hero in the land
Which 'tis the common cry and lie to vaunt as
A moral country? But I hold my hand—
For I disdain to write an Atalantis;
But 'tis as well at once to understand
You are not a moral people, and you know it,
Without the aid of too sincere a poet.

At an early stage Juan got little Leila off his hands, entrusting her education to Lady Pinchbeck, who knew at least enough of the world to be a much better guardian than any 'prude without a heart,' and whose interest 'the little orphan of the East' had already stirred.

Reader, the previous eleven cantos, not to say the present twelfth, are merely prelude. The story is now going to begin.

Don Juan saw that microcosm on stilts
Yclept the Great World . . .
At first he did not think the women pretty,

I say at *first*—for he found out at *last*,
But by degrees, that they were fairer far
Than the more glowing dames whose lot is cast
Beneath the influence of the eastern star.

And now that we have finished our twelfth introductory canto,

I now mean to be serious: it is time.

I should be very willing to redress
Men's wrongs and rather check than punish crimes,
Had not Cervantes, in that too true tale
Of Quixote, shown how all such efforts fail.

Cervantes smiled Spain's chivalry away.

The Lady Adeline Amundeville becomes our heroine, a lady as chaste as fair; her spouse was the estimable Lord Henry, a typical English gentleman. Both of them approved of Juan. When 'the London winter ended in July' (since Parliament is our barometer), Lord Henry and the Lady Adeline left London for their country seat, where there assembled a notable gathering of the Upper Ten—including the last new member who had made 'the best first speech ever made'—a heterogeneous group which suggests that

Society is now one polished horde
Form'd of two mighty tribes, the *Bores* and *Bored*.

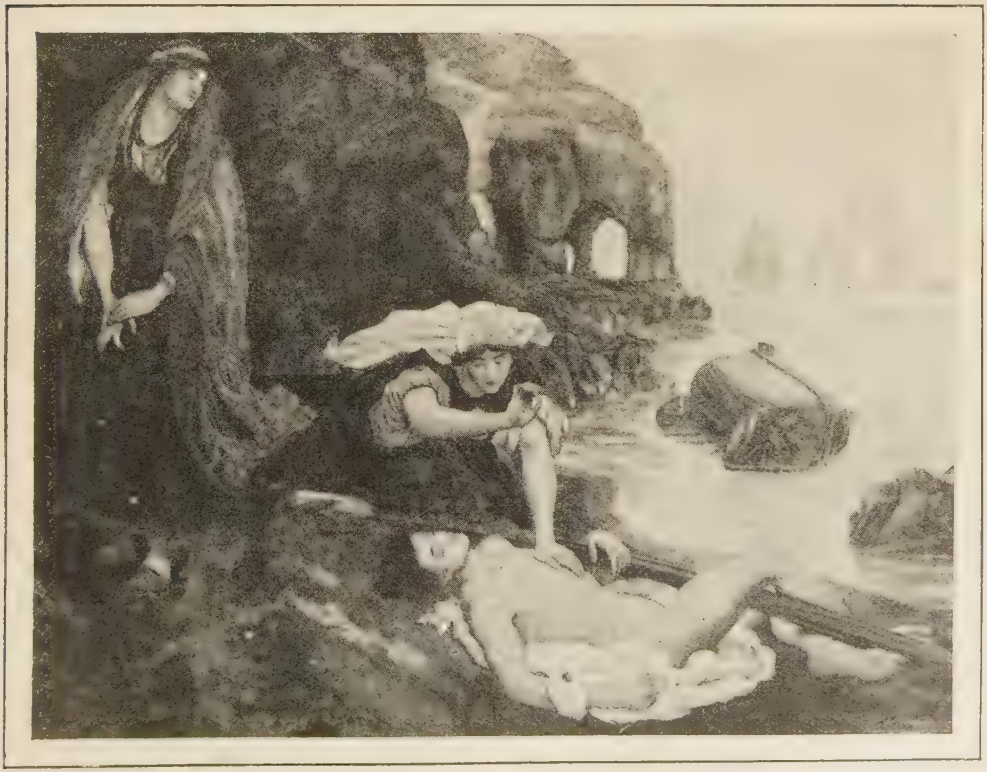
Being a born horseman, Juan acquitted himself triumphantly in the hunting-field, though he did not fully appreciate the sport. He danced to perfection. And Lady Adeline was disturbed at seeing omens of a flirtation with the Duchess of FitzFulke. So Lady Adeline took him in hand and pointed out the advantages of matrimony. Also she suggested a variety of more or less suitable young ladies.

Curiously enough, however she omitted to name the one of them all who was obviously the most suitable because she also was a Catholic, Aurora Raby. She was also very young, beautiful, wealthy and virtuous; but Lady Adeline —when Juan mentioned her himself—

Marvelled what he saw in such a baby
As that prim, silent, cold Aurora Raby,

which naturally made Juan begin to consider Aurora Raby seriously. In fact, he appeared to be well on the way to fall in love with her when the supernatural intervened. The family ghost of the house—a monk—paid Juan a visitation. His perturbation next morning was so marked that Lord Henry asked him if he had seen the ghost, which led to the story of the monk being told—or rather sung—by Lady Adeline. Juan did not own to having seen the apparition; but when it reappeared the next night, he gave chase, when he had recovered his presence of mind. With the result that he found the ghost to be very much flesh and blood—in fact

The phantom of her frolic Grace—FitzFulke.



HAIDÉE, THE PIRATE'S DAUGHTER, FINDS THE SHIPWRECKED DON JUAN

From the painting by Ford Madox Brown in the Luxembourg

A Note on Anatole France

When Anatole France died on October 13, 1924, an octogenarian, France lost her foremost man of letters, and the world one of its most distinguished and picturesque figures, the like of whom we shall perhaps never look upon again. For Jacques Anatole Thibault—to give him his real name—was made of no ordinary paste. One might fairly regard him as not belonging to this age at all, but as having stepped straight from another and an older and an altogether different. He was of the race of Rabelais and Voltaire, with much of the gusto, the broad, laughing humanity, without the grossness, of the first; and not a little of the wit, the *finesse* and, above all, the irony, without the cruelty, of the second.

Anatole France in 1894

And yet Anatole France was all the time himself. Though he remind us now of the one, now of the other, of the two great Frenchmen, his literary forbears, his genius is nevertheless entirely his own, the resemblance lying rather in the manner than in the matter, which is extraordinarily individual and new. And he wrote in the grand style, with the rich ease and luxuriousness of the old masters; wrote as none of the moderns of his own or any other country has written. So to-day we place him among the immortals, regarding him as their peer. And time, one believes, will confirm and justify this verdict.

Jacques Anatole Thibault was born in Paris on April 16, 1844. Son of a bookseller, whose shop was the haunt of many a man of letters, the boy breathed from his earliest days the atmosphere of learning of which he wrote so lovingly in many of his works. The fate he allotted to one of his best known—and, clearly, one of his favourite—characters, Jacques Tournebroche, was to succeed Monsieur Blaizot as bookseller at the sign of the 'Image of St. Catherine' in the Rue St. Jacques.

But Jacques Anatole Thibault was born to write books rather than to sell them. While in his early twenties he produced a study of the poet Alfred de Vigny, and in 1881 came the first of his works that really counted—Le Crime de Sylvestre Bonnard, *couronné* by the French Academy, of which he was elected a Member fifteen years later. Then followed Le Livre de Mon Ami, 1885; Balthasar, 1889; the splendid Thaïs a year later, while between 1888 and 1892 appeared, under the title La Vie Littéraire, a collection of his more noteworthy essays.

In 1893 Anatole France gave to the world what not a few people regard as his masterpiece—La Rôtisserie de la Reine Pédauque, introducing that astounding and delightful personage the Abbé Jérôme Coignard, perhaps the greatest creation in the literature of the last half-century. It appeared when the author was at his prime, just approaching fifty; and here we certainly have the charitable sceptic at his richest—learned, whimsical, mystic, while at the same time bubbling over with ripe wit and wisdom, the whole blended by a genial urbanity, a playful irony altogether irresistible. Not the 'fat knight,' Sir John Falstaff, not Mr. Micawber himself is quite so lovable as this many-sided philosopher and scholar, who 'warmed both hands before the fire of life,' enjoying every moment of it, whether up or down, and, when the Jew's dagger slew him on the Lyons road, knew how to die like a man and a Christian.

Within the relatively small compass of the Rôtisserie there was indeed not half enough room for the expansion of the genial Abbé's personality, for the recording of his sage sayings and judgements. So, to the delight of all who knew and loved him, there was published in 1901 Les Opinions de Jérôme Coignard, a volume containing much that could not find room in the first-named book, much that, though of extreme interest, must have hampered the scheme and delayed the progress of the story itself. Thus, to become fully acquainted with the Abbé, one must read both the Rôtisserie and the Opinions—and, at the end, regret there is no more!

In this same year, 1901, appeared Monsieur Bergeret à Paris, satirising modern life in the capital; next the celebrated Crainquebille, 1902; then, following the brilliant Vie de Jeanne d'Arc, L'Ile des Pingouins, wittiest of satires on the France of to-day; then, in 1912, that terribly real story of the Revolution, Les Dieux ont Soif, and finally, in the first year of the Great War, the strange *tour de force* called La Révolte des Anges. A condensation of almost any of these works would have shown one side, or perhaps two sides, of Anatole France's genius; but none so fully as the Rôtisserie, given in little in the following pages, reveals, we think, its all-round nature.

Hoppé

Anatole France

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ANATOLE FRANCE

AT THE QUEEN PEDAUQUE

Abridged by Edgar Preston from the French

I—The Abbé, the Stranger and Myself

I AM called Jacques Ménétrier, son of Léonard Ménétrier, who keeps a cook-shop in the Rue Saint-Jacques, Paris, at the sign of 'La Reine Pédauque,' opposite the Church of Saint-Benoit-le-Bétourné, and not far from the 'Little Bacchus' inn. My father is banner-bearer of the Guild of Cooks, an honest man and a God-fearing, and my mother—as he is never tired of telling his friends—is 'a saintly and a worthy woman.'

From six years onward I sat in the chimney-corner, turning the spit and learning to read by the teaching of Brother Ange, a Capuchin monk, who received in return a slice of turkey and a big glass of wine daily.

There came one night into our shop a fine-looking, portly man of middle age, wearing the garb of an ecclesiastic, who called loudly to my father to serve him with the best he had. Taking from his pocket a flask of wine, bread and a knife, he attacked with relish the chicken placed before him.

Presently entered Catherine, the pretty lace-maker, in great trouble. There had been a squabble at the 'Little Bacchus.' Brother Ange had drunk two or three pots of wine, and since he had no money to pay for them, and was quarrelsome withal, the landlord had called the watch, who were taking him off to prison. If only my father would intercede! But he would have none of it. The lock-up was the proper place for such a drunken debauchee as the Capuchin. And Catherine went away disappointed.

Thereupon our visitor, who had already observed me, offered to give me lessons on the same terms as Brother Ange. "I will teach the boy Latin and Greek and French. Thus our little Jimmy Turnspit may become a man of learning, while I, who need it, shall be sure of one good meal a day!"

My father agreed at once. Glasses and wine were fetched by my mother, and the bargain was sealed with a drink all round, the Abbé having first stood up and returned thanks to God for having led him to our hospitable household. Then he related to us the story of his life.

As a young man, having taken orders, he taught the liberal arts in the College of Beauvais, but the governors turned him out, on the false accusation of a pretty woman with whom he had been on terms of perhaps too great familiarity. He tried many trades, in none of which did he succeed, being in turn pamphleteer, pedlar, barn-stormer, monk and lackey. Then, assuming his clerical bands once more, he was made secretary to the Bishop of Séez. But again he lost his post, and again a woman was the cause.

"Latterly," added our guest, "I have kept a public writer's stall, putting my pen at the disposal of love-sick serving-maids, but it is a trade in which it were easier to die than to live. An hour ago, by luck, I got a crown for writing an anonymous letter. Having eaten nothing for two days, I sought refreshment. Smelling a delicious odour outside your shop, I entered. Now that you know my story, I will tell you my name. I am the Abbé Jérôme Coignard." On that my father and he shook hands.

Master Coignard was as good as his word. At once he commenced to give me lessons daily, and, finding me quick and apt to learn, he made me acquainted

with much ancient literature, so that in a few years I was a fairly good Latin scholar.

One wintry night—it was the Epiphany, and the nineteenth anniversary of my birthday—we were all supping in the kitchen, as usual, when in rushed a tall, lean man, a stranger of distinguished appearance.

"A salamander!" he shouted, taking no notice of anyone, and stirring the fire vigorously with his stick.

Observing me, the stranger ordered me to go up to the hearth and say if I could not see something like a woman above the flames. Having looked, and being rather frightened, I replied that I thought I *did* see something.

"Never forget," said he, "you have seen a salamander!"

My father then inquired if the mysterious stranger would share our supper.

"I need no food," he replied. "Thanks to a certain elixir, I can go for a year or more without eating. At the same time, I will gladly sup with you, if you desire it." So he took a seat at the table, and there followed great argument between Master Coignard and the unknown visitor on deep matters of learning—chiefly theology.

PRESENTLY the salamander-hunter remarked to the Abbé: "I see you understand Greek. How if I were to employ you and your pupil and make your fortunes? I want you to translate Greek texts sent to me from Egypt."

My master was quite agreeable; while as for me, my parents at once gave their consent.

So it was all arranged, my master and I being told to go to the stranger's house early on the morrow.

"You go along the St. Germain road," he explained, "till you come to the Cross at Les Sablons. A hundred paces from the Cross, going west, you will find a green door in a garden wall. Knock and, when the door is opened, ask for M. d'Astarac."

So saying, he disappeared as suddenly as he had come, unseen to us all.

II—Our Life in the Neglected Château

NEXT morning early my master and I set out in the snow along the St. Germain road, as directed, and found without difficulty a green gate in a dilapidated wall. An old man opened to our knocking and led us across a deserted park to the terrace of a gloomy brick-and-stone mansion, slate-roofed and in much disrepair.

Presently we were shown into a big room, where we found M. d'Astarac seated by a blazing fire, surrounded by Egyptian mummy cases. He received us politely, and at once explained that our labours would have to do with certain work he had undertaken, the object of which was 'to rediscover the lost knowledge whereby man should be re-established in his original authority over the elements.'

After dinner, M. d'Astarac conducted us to a long gallery adjoining his study. This was the library, and at sight of the splendid array of books, of all sizes and all styles of binding, the worthy Abbé exclaimed in delight: "A magnificent library, indeed! Why, the library of the Bishop of Séez cannot be compared with it." And he named other famous libraries as being less rich in treasures than this.

"I beat them all," remarked M. d'Astarac with composure. "This library is infinitely more precious than any you have mentioned. But let us now turn to that which specially concerns you, M. l'Abbé. I think you might start by transcribing and putting into Latin these priceless Greek manuscripts. No doubt your young pupil will soon be very useful to you. But I must ask you to excuse me now, for several sylphs are awaiting me in my study. My servant will see that you lack nothing. Adieu!"

For the next few weeks my master devoted all his time to the study of Zozimus the Panopolitan. I could give him little help, but I made certain researches under his direction.

One day M. d'Astarac gave me permission to go home to see my parents. On my way back I met Master Coignard, who had been supping in town and, like myself, was returning to Les Sablons. As we came near the château we saw to our dismay great volumes of smoke and myriads of

sparks coming out of one of the chimneys. The mansion seemed to be in flames. Rushing towards the building, we heard the deep roar of a fire. It appeared to come from a corridor on the first floor, with which we were not acquainted. Arrived there, we perceived a red light through the cracks of a closed door. It opened, as we pushed hard against it, and there, calmly confronting us, stood M. d'Astarac. He inquired the cause of our agitation and, on our telling him, he showed us that the fire came from a furnace, or 'destructor.'

"When you burst in," explained our patron, "I was in the act of distilling the spirit of the world and the flower of heaven, which is the true fountain of youth." And he inquired if M. Coignard understood alchemy. My master replied that he had a smattering of it, but held the practice to be pernicious and opposed to religion.

Smiling, M. d'Astarac went to a cupboard, whence he took a bowl containing a sapphire as big as an egg, an opal of great size and a number of emeralds. There were also several small diamonds. "Here," he said, "is some of my work, which will prove to you that alchemy is not a mere dream."

III—Catherine's Improved Fortunes

ONE glorious summer evening as I was seated outside a modest tavern, meditating on the strangeness of my new life, I was aroused from my dreams by a tug at my sleeve. It was Brother Ange, who murmured from within his cowl that a lady was awaiting me in her carriage on the road beside the river.

Immediately I made my way to the quay, where I espied a coach, from the window of which hung a small white hand. Inside I was astonished to find none other than Catherine herself, attired in pink satin, with a black lace hood, from which her fair curls peeped.

"Get in," she said, "and close the door. You must not be seen."

"But, Catherine," I exclaimed, "what does all this mean—this carriage, these servants, this satin gown?"

"Everything I have," she answered, "is due to the kindness of Monsieur de la Guéritaude, of the Revenue Office, one of our richest financiers. Why, he has even lent money to the King! He has given me a little house in the Rue de Grenelle. He is a very good friend to me, but not so nice as *you*, Monsieur Jacques." And, sighing, she took my hand.

Thus encouraged, I put my arm round her waist. Our lips met; we embraced, and after a few delicious moments she disengaged herself and arranged her hood, her cheeks all pink and her blue eyes as though filled with dew.

"Be off with you!" she exclaimed. "M. de la Guéritaude is coming. He loves me so, he is never late!"

But, reading my disappointment in my face, she added softly:

"Now, listen. He goes home at nine every evening to his ugly, jealous old wife. Come to-night at half-past nine, and I will be ready for you. It is at the corner of the Rue du Bac. You will know the house by the balcony, which is covered with roses. Till to-night!" she whispered, as I left her.

WHEN some hours later, I reached the Rue de Grenelle I heard a great noise outside Catherine's rose-decked house. Shadows moved quickly to and fro, lanterns gleamed, and voices intermingled.

"Help! Mercy! They're killing me!—Have at him, boys! Go for the rascally monk!—Jesus, Mary, help!"

Then I recognized Brother Ange being chased by three big, strapping lackeys, who were pricking at him with their halberds, urged on by a young gentleman of rubicund countenance.

When I begged him to show a little mercy, he replied coldly:

"Evidently it's not *your* mistress the dirty Capuchin has been embracing! Her financier one can understand—but not this malodorous monk."

Meanwhile, Catherine stood in the doorway, in her night-dress, all dishevelled, wringing her hands and crying incessantly, "Do not kill Brother Ange! Do not kill the little Brother!"

When the lackeys came back, the watch having saved their holy quarry, I went up to Catherine, who by this time

had dried her tears and was smiling with satisfaction at the monk's escape.

"Why," I asked indignantly, "did you ask me here if it was only to see you squabbling with your friends?" But she looked so sweet I could not refrain from seizing her and kissing her.

"Good gracious!" she exclaimed. "And in the open street, too! Besides, M. d'Anquetil is looking at us."

At that moment the red-faced young gentleman came up and pushed her into the house, following her and slamming the door in my face.

IV—An Eventful Supper Party

A FEW evenings after this, as my good master and I were strolling up the Rue de Grenelle, in search of a cheap wine-shop—for we had almost no money between us, Monsieur d'Astarac having forgotten to provide us with any for some time past—I pointed out the house with the rose-covered balcony which Monsieur de la Guéritaude had placed at Catherine's disposal. At that moment she herself appeared at the window and, recognizing me below, laughed and blew me a kiss. An instant after there was the sound of a smack on her cheek, and the fair one, dropping the jug with which she had been watering her flowers, disappeared from view.

Then came on to the balcony a gentleman whom I discovered to be Monsieur d'Anquetil. Civilly enough, he invited us to come up and share their supper. "When it is light," he added, "you and I, sir,"—addressing me—"can cut each other's throats for honour's sake, though, truth to tell, the hussy is not worth crossing swords for!"

Of course, we accepted the invitation, and were soon conducted to a room where a plentiful cold supper was spread on a table lit by a couple of silver candelabra. From the next apartment came the sound of sobbing. Begging us to be seated, Monsieur d'Anquetil said it was only Catherine, whom he had shut up in her room. Already my good master, with napkin round his neck, had spitted a lark on his fork; but he put it down and would not begin his meal until the girl should be admitted to join us.

With much difficulty our host induced Catherine to come in, and at last, smiling through her tears, she sat down at table between Monsieur d'Anquetil and me. Her head rested on his shoulder and her foot sought mine under the table.

"A drink!" cried the Abbé, and Monsieur d'Anquetil passed the bottle to him. "A generous wine, sir," said my master, smacking his lips.

"You are too kind," replied the young nobleman. "This wine belongs to Monsieur de la Guéritaude. I, who took his mistress from him, may well take his bottles, too!"

"Could anything be fairer?" observed my master genially.

SUPPER ended, cards and pipes were now called for, and brought in by a servant, my master having suggested a game of piquet with our host. I must record that before play had lasted long, Monsieur d'Anquetil, who lost steadily, was calling my master 'Greek' and 'sharper,' and accusing him of marking his points improperly. At length, in his exasperation, he threw a bottle at the Abbé's head. It missed him, and flooded the table.

"I fear we must trouble you to open another bottle," remarked my master amiably, "for we are all thirsty."

"Willingly," replied our host; "but really, Abbé, gentlemen do not mark points they have not made!"

Meanwhile, Catherine had begun to take off her clothes. "Yes," said she, when Monsieur d'Anquetil remarked what she was doing, "my chemise is quite enough in this heat. Ouf! now I feel better!"

The wine flowed freely, and soon came song, in which we all joined. Presently Catherine whispered to me: "Jacques, I feel sure I shall never love anyone but you." Then she made me drink out of her glass. My revered master, by the way, was by now taking his wine straight from the bottle. Soon I was hardly in a state to know what was happening. But I remember Catherine pouring a glass of wine down her lover's back, and his replying by emptying several bottles over

her light garment, thus turning her into a rose-tinted statue.

Suddenly we heard heavy rapping at the door below. At first, struck dumb by surprise, we were for taking no notice, but the knocking became so loud and insistent that we decided to open the door, all thought of hiding being out of the question. Monsieur l'Abbé, before leaving the dining-room, took the precaution to put a bottle of wine in each pocket. Monsieur d'Anquetil had rightly guessed the intruder to be Monsieur de la Guéritaude, who, as the door was opened, strode in, followed by two tall lackeys bearing torches.

How describe what ensued? Catherine's original protector, in a high rage, ordered the men to throw us out. My master, ordinarily the most mild and philosophic of men, became infuriated when called a drunkard. The Revenue grandee raised his big stick as though to strike Monsieur l'Abbé, who instantly threw one of the two bottles at his head, stretching him on the floor, dead, for aught we knew. Then we had to run for it, leaving poor Catherine behind. One of the lackeys, who threw his lighted torch at Monsieur d'Anquetil, received in return a sword thrust through his body; the other, adroitly tripped up by my master, fell and broke his crown; and at last we were out of immediate danger.

In hurried conference we agreed that it was necessary at once to put many miles between ourselves and Paris, for Monsieur de la Guéritaude was all-powerful and his hand reached far. Monsieur d'Anquetil advised that we should make for the estate of a friend of his near Lyons, where we might find shelter till the storm had passed. The Abbé knew of a place where on the morrow we could get a carriage to convey us, and until that was ready we were all to go to our château.

One bottle of wine remained in my master's pocket. Having shared it, we took the road to the Cross of Les Sablons and reached our abode without mishap. My master went cautiously with Monsieur d'Anquetil, a little in front of me, and hid him in my own room. But I, unfortunately, came upon Monsieur d'Astarac just as I reached the second floor.

I was in no mood for conversation, after our orgy, but he would have me go with him to his workshop and then walk with him in the Park while he discoursed of elves and salamanders and other mysteries. When at last I was rid of him I hastened back to rejoin Monsieur l'Abbé. He informed me that during my long absence Monsieur d'Anquetil had accidentally made the acquaintance of Jael, niece of a learned old Jew who lived on M. d'Astarac's estate, and, having fallen violently in love with her, had expressed his firm intention to take her away with him in the post-chaise.

V—What Befell on the Lyons Road

It had been agreed that we should all meet at the cross-roads of Les Bergères that evening, at night-fall. During the day I received a message from Brother Ange, who wanted to see me urgently. I found him sitting by the roadside in a pitiable state of grief and dejection. Catherine, he told me, weeping bitterly, had been taken by the police to the reformatory, and was to be sent to America by the next convoy. Asking for news of my parents, I was told that business at 'La Reine Pédauque' had declined lamentably of late, my father spending most of his time gaming and drinking. Further, Brother Ange informed me that the police had been to my home to seek me, and my mother had urged him to warn me instantly, so that I could make my escape.

While talking, Brother Ange had walked with me in the direction of the 'Red Horse,' our place of departure. As we approached the inn I perceived Jael, with Monsieur d'Anquetil, followed by my good master, getting into a carriage which had a small *coupé* in front, and I had but time to join them before the driver whipped up the horses and we were on our way. Monsieur d'Anquetil and Jael sat in the *coupé*, Monsieur l'Abbé and I in the back part of the carriage—an arrangement which did not please me, as Jael and I were already good friends.

Next day we all sat together in the body of the carriage. At Joigny, which we reached at mid-day, I went to seek a jeweller's where I might sell a ring and locket of my mother's. In the shop, to my amazement, I saw my good master, offering for sale half-a-dozen small diamonds which I at once recognized as being those Monsieur d'Astarac had shown us. The jeweller, having examined them, said they were very pretty, but false. So Monsieur l'Abbé took back the stones sadly, and was leaving the shop when he saw me, and looked rather confused. Outside, I ventured to remonstrate with him on what he had done, whereupon he replied: "My son, God, in his wish to keep me from sin, has willed that these stones should be jewels only in appearance. I confess I did wrong in taking them, but man should not be too much cast down when he falls into sin: he is man and not God, human flesh and no angel. . . But it is time we made our way back to our inn."

Once more in the carriage Monsieur d'Anquetil and my good master, who by now were great friends, played piquet and drank wine, while Jael and I conversed softly apart. Some distance beyond Montbard, where we had arrived on the fourth day, our carriage had a slight mishap, which made it necessary to stop while one of the traces was mended. As we waited, Jael drew my attention to an old-fashioned *calèche* which had stopped some little distance behind us. "It is," she said anxiously, "like the carriage my uncle took me in long ago, after he had killed his wife's lover, the Portuguese. I fear he is following us. He loves me as much as he hates the rest of the world."

"What, at his age, he loves you like that?"

"How simple you are, who suppose him to be a hundred and thirty years old! Why, he is not much more than sixty, and I am all the world to him. It is not only me he is after, but the Abbé as well. He believes your master to be his rival."

As we continued our journey Jael's fears respecting the *calèche* increased, and these fears she communicated to Monsieur d'Anquetil, who, looking up impatiently from his cards, declared "he didn't care though a hundred thousand devils were on our heels!" However, he urged the post-boys to hurry, giving them a bottle of wine as encouragement.

Suddenly, about two leagues from Tournus, when we were going as fast as the horses could carry us, there was a shock, a crash of glass, and the four of us were thrown on to the floor of the carriage, which overturned, with a spring smashed and a wheel off. The horses lay in a heap, kicking, until at last they were disentangled from the ruins.

One of the postillions said we were near the village of Vallars. Him we despatched, with one of the horses, to Tournus, to fetch a wheelwright. As for ourselves, we found shelter in a little hollow at the base of a hill about a hundred yards from the wrecked carriage. There we lit a fire to warm ourselves.

My good master promised to see to our supper. Borrowing a pin from Jael, he turned it into a sort of hook; then, after finding a long willow twig, a cork and a piece of string, he set out for the river, hard by, to fish for carp. On his return, some hours later, Monsieur l'Abbé took from his handkerchief several fish, which, after gutting with all the skill of a fish-wife, he placed on the ashes of the fire to cook.

"This supper," said the good Abbé, "reminds one of the simple repasts told of in the Bible, where the devout traveller shared with an angel on the river bank the fish he had taken out of the Tigris." But, remembering that we lacked bread and salt and wine, he offered to go back to the wrecked *berline* to see if any of these things could be recovered. Recommending Jael to turn the fish, he went away into the darkness, saying "I will return imme diately."

After a quarter of an hour or more, seeing that my good master did not return, I set out to find him. Having gone about fifty paces along the dark road I was startled to hear a cry of anguish. Hurrying as best I could in the direction whence the sound had come, I came upon Monsieur l'Abbé, sitting by the edge of the ditch, his head bent to his knees.

"You are bleeding!" I exclaimed.

"I am a dead man," he replied. "The Jew has killed me! I did not see him, but I know it was he!" Then he fainted.

With difficulty we contrived to get my master to the village on the hill, where we found a very civil barber-surgeon, one Monsieur Coquebert, who tended him in his home.

A priest was fetched, who inquired at once: "Is it a very urgent case? I want to go to my vineyard. The white grapes can wait, but the red must be picked without delay. Can I go, Monsieur Coquebert?" The surgeon, having probed the wound, which was a small one, in the breast, said Monsieur le Curé could safely go to look after his grapes. The injury was not of the sort of which one dies immediately; so, gathering up his shears and basket, the priest hurried away.

For days my dear master lay between life and death. At times he was almost gay, bandying jokes with surgeon and priest, whom he shocked greatly by some of his jesting sallies. At others he uttered wild and strange things in the delirium of fever; at others again, he revealed a spirit of resignation and of piety, whereby Monsieur le Curé was most favourably impressed. One day he sang, in quite a strong voice, songs, for the most part profane, which scandalised the priest, who exclaimed sadly: "I fear we shall have some difficulty in bringing this sick man to a good end!"

At last it became only too clear to us all that the end was not far. Monsieur le Curé, his wine-harvesting over, administered the holy *viaticum* to my poor master, who, having his full reason, declared that he forgave his murderer.

Then, motioning me to draw near his bed, he said, with beautiful solemnity: "My son, reject, together with the example I set you, the maxims I may have pronounced during my time of folly, which, alas, has lasted all my life. Fear women and books, for the enervation and the vanity they induce within us. Be humble in heart and mind; to the simple-minded God grants a clearer intelligence than the learned can impart. He is the giver of all knowledge. The Kingdom of God lies not in words but in good deeds."

Such were the last words my good master spoke to me. I kissed his hand and covered it with my tears. The next day he was dead. In death his face took on a majesty worthy of the genius by which in life it had been animated.

Monsieur Jérôme Coignard lies in the churchyard of Vallars, and his tombstone is inscribed with a long Latin epitaph, which I spent a night in composing.

For some months, fearing to return to Paris, I found employment in Mâcon, until one day I received from my father a letter in which he wrote that I might now come back with safety. Thanks to the exertions of Madame d'Anquetil, the escapade in which her son, my poor dead master and myself were involved, had been overlooked. So I made my way to the dear old chimney-corner in the Rue Saint-Jacques, where my worthy parents received me with open arms. "If you have played the fool," observed my father gravely, "at least it has been in the company of a gentleman!"

Feeling it my duty to pay a visit to Monsieur d'Astarac, I set out for the château of my late patron early in the afternoon of the last Sunday in November. By the time I had reached the Cross of Les Sablons it was nearly dusk. Presently I noticed that the sky was lit up with a red glow as of a great conflagration. Hurrying on, I became aware, to my horror, that the home of the mysterious alchemist was in flames.

"No one," said a man by my side, "escaped from the château but an old Jew. As he ran, he was pursued by a crowd of boys, who hated him, right to the bank of the river, into which he fell. When taken out he was lifeless."

As he finished speaking there was a general cry: "The roof is falling in!" Then I descried the tall, black figure of Monsieur d'Astarac, running along the parapet. He cried in a loud voice: "On wings of flame I mount to the realm of life divine!"

At that instant the roof gave way, and the friend of sylphs and salamanders was enveloped in roaring flames that soared to the reddened clouds above.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

ENGLISH TRAITS

IN 1847 Emerson travelled to England on a lecturing tour. It was his second visit, for in 1833 he had journeyed extensively in Europe. One of the results of his travels was the publication, in 1856, of English Traits. 'I leave England,' he wrote, 'with an increased respect for the Englishman. His stuff or substance seems to be the best in the world. I forgive him all his pride. My respect is the more generous that I have no sympathy with him, only admiration.' Yet his work is so imbued with understanding of the English views that the deeper, more intimate link seems ever present. While one of his most engaging studies, it is not quite characteristic, for virtually all his prose might strictly be termed essays. English Traits deals with a series of definite subjects, so there is an absence of those flashes of poetic insight that are the basis of its author's great charm. It is, however, fully representative of his clearness of vision, his fine integrity and his absolute sincerity in self-expression. The work is issued in The World's Classics series.

I—The Anchorage of Britain

I DID not go very willingly to England. I am not a good traveller, nor have I found that long journeys yield a fair share of reasonable hours. I find the sea-life an acquired taste, like that for tomatoes and olives. The sea is masculine, the type of active strength. Look what egg-shells are drifting all over it, each one filled with men in ecstasies of terror alternating with cockney conceit, as it is rough or smooth. But to the geologist the sea is the only firmament; the land is in perpetual flux and change. It has been said that the King of England would consult his dignity by giving audience to foreign ambassadors in the cabin of a man-of-war; and I think the white path of an Atlantic ship is the right avenue to the palace-front of this seafaring people.

England is a garden. Under an ash-coloured sky, the fields have been combed and rolled till they appear to have been finished with a pencil instead of a plough. Rivers, hills, valleys, the sea itself, feel the hand of a master.

The problem of the traveller landing in Liverpool is, Why England is England. What are the elements of that power which the English hold over other nations? If there be one test of national genius universally accepted, it is success; and if there be one successful country in the universe that country is England.

The culture of the day, the thoughts and aims of men, are English thoughts and aims. A nation considerable for a thousand years has in the last centuries obtained the ascendant, and stamped the knowledge, activity and power of mankind with its impress.

The territory has a singular perfection. Neither hot nor cold, there is no hour in the whole year when one cannot work. The only drawback to industrial conveniency is the darkness of the sky. The night and day are too nearly of a colour.

England resembles a ship in shape and, if it were one, its best admiral could not have anchored it in a more judicious or effective position. The shop-keeping nation, to use a shop word, has a good stand. It is anchored at the side of Europe, and right in the heart of the modern world.

In variety of surface Britain is a miniature of Europe, as if Nature had given it an artificial completeness. It is as if Nature had held counsel with herself and said: 'My Romans are gone. To build my new empire I will choose a rude race, all masculine, with brutish strength. Sharp and temperate northern breezes shall blow to keep them alive and alert. The sea shall disjoin the people from others and knit them by a fierce nationality. Long time will I keep them on their feet, by poverty, border-wars, seafaring, sea-risks and stimulus of gain.'

A singular coincidence to this geographic centrality is the spiritual centrality which Swedenborg ascribes to the people: 'The English nation are in the centre of all Christians, because they have an interior intellectual light. This light they derive from the liberty of speaking and writing, and thereby of thinking.'

II—Characteristics of the Island People

THE British Empire is reckoned to contain a fifth of the population of the globe; but what makes the British census proper important is the quality of the units that compose it. They are free, forcible men in a country where life has reached the greatest value. They have sound bodies and supreme endurance in war and in labour. They have assimilating force, since they are imitated by their foreign subjects; and they are still aggressive, enlarging the dominion of their arts and liberty.

The English composite character betrays a mixed origin. Everything English is a fusion of distant and antagonistic elements. The language is mixed; the currents of thought are counter: contemplation and practical skill; active intellect and dead conservatism; world-wide enterprise and devoted use and wont; a country of extremes—nothing in it can be praised without damning exceptions, and nothing denounced without salvos of praise.

The sources from which tradition derives their stock are mainly three. First, the Celtic—a people of hidden and precarious genius; second, the Germans, a people about whom, in the old empire, the rumour ran there was never any that meddled with them that repented it not; and, third, the Norsemen and their children out of France. Twenty thousand thieves landed at Hastings. These founders of the House of Lords were greedy and ferocious dragoons, sons of greedy and ferocious pirates. Such, however, is the illusion of antiquity and wealth that decent and dignified men now existing actually boast their descent from these filthy thieves.

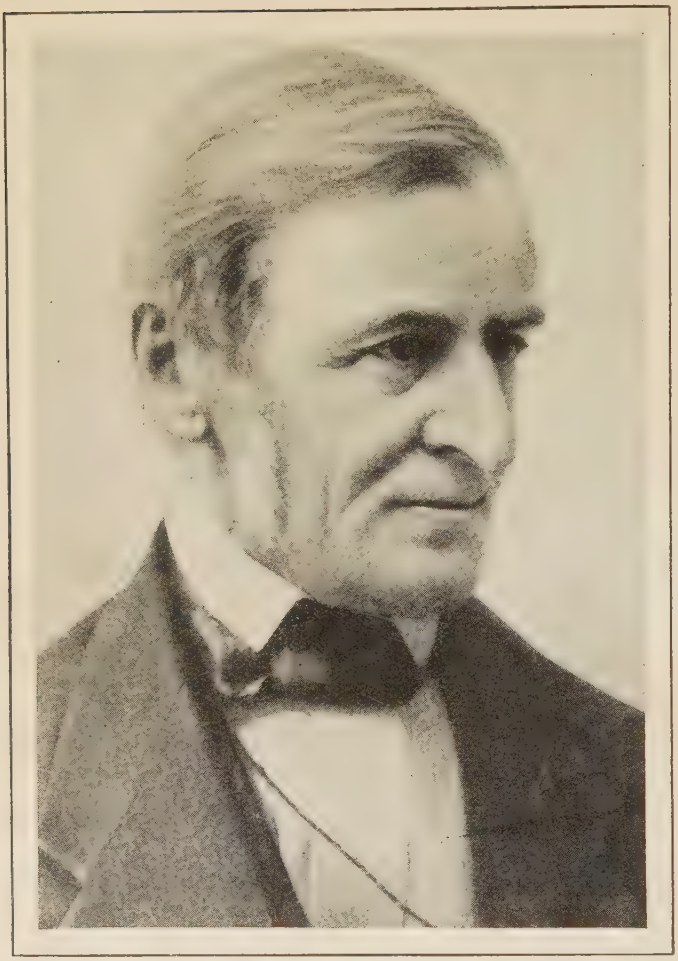
As soon as this land, thus geographically posted, got a hardy people into it, they could not help becoming the sailors and factors of the globe. The English, at the present day, have great vigour of body. They are round, ruddy and handsome, with a tendency to stout and powerful frames. It is the fault of their forms that they grow stocky, but in all ages they are a handsome race, and please by an expression blending good nature, valour, refinement, and an uncorrupt youth in the face of manhood.

The English are rather manly than warlike. They delight in the antagonism which combines in one person the extremes of courage and tenderness. Nelson, dying at Trafalgar, says, 'Kiss me, Hardy,' and turns to sleep. Even for their highwaymen this virtue is claimed, and Robin Hood is the gentlest thief. But they know where their war-dogs lie, and Cromwell, Blake, Marlborough, Nelson and Wellington are not to be trifled with.

They have vigorous health and last well into middle and old age. They have more constitutional energy than any other people. They box, run, shoot, ride, row, and sail from Pole to Pole. They are the most voracious people of prey that have ever existed, and they have written the game-books of all countries.

THESE Saxons are the hands of mankind —the world's wealth-makers. They have that temperament which resists every means employed to make its possessor subservient to others. The English game is main force to main force, the planting of foot to foot, fair play and an open field —a rough tug without trick or dodging till one or both comes to pieces. They hate craft and subtlety; and when they have pounded each other to a poultice they will shake hands and be friends for the remainder of their lives.

Their realistic logic of coupling means to ends has given them the leadership of the modern world. Montesquieu said: 'No people have true common sense but those who are born in England.' This common sense is a perception of laws that can and of laws that cannot be stated, or that are learnt only by practice, with allowance for friction. The bias of the nation is a passion for utility. They are heavy at the fine arts, but adroit at the coarse. The



RALPH WALDO EMERSON, the great American philosopher, was born at Boston in 1803, of a family of preachers. He was educated at Harvard and became a Unitarian pastor in Boston, later resigning his charge on grounds of theological principle. It was on the lecture platform that he attained to his great fame, both as a transcendental philosopher and as a master of English, for his style was brilliant, epigrammatic and sparkling. When his lectures had served their purpose they were rearranged as essays and published under such titles as Essays, Representative Men, The Conduct of Life. He died in 1882, and was buried in Sleepy Hollow, near Concord, the little Massachusetts village where he lived.

Frenchman invented the ruffle, the Englishman added the shirt. They think him the best dressed man whose dress is so fit for his use that you cannot notice or remember to describe it.

In war the Englishman looks to his means; but, conscious that no better race of men exists, they rely most on the simplest means. They fundamentally believe that the best stratagem in naval war is to bring your ship alongside of the enemy's ship and bring all your guns to bear on him until you or he go to the bottom. This is the old fashion which never goes out of fashion.

Tacitus said of the Germans: 'Powerful only in sudden efforts, they are impatient of toil and labour.' This highly-destined race, if it had not somewhere added the chamber of patience to its brain, would not have built London. I know not from which of the tribes and temperaments that went to the composition of the people this tenacity was supplied, but they clinch every nail they drive. 'To show capacity,' a Frenchman described as the end of speech in a debate. 'No,' said an Englishman, 'but to advance the business.'

The nation sits in the immense city they have builded—a London extended into every man's mind. The modern world is theirs. They have made and make it day by day. In every path of practical ability they have gone even with the best. There is no department of literature, of science, or of useful art in which they have not produced a first-rate book. It is England whose opinion is waited for. English trade exists to make well everything which is ill-made elsewhere. Steam is almost an Englishman.

One secret of the power of this people is their mutual good understanding. Not only good minds are born among them, but all the people have good minds. An electric touch by any of their national ideas melts them into one family. The chancellor carries England on his mace, the midshipman at the point of his dirk,

the smith on his hammer, the cook in the bowl of his spoon, and the sailor times his oars to 'God save the King!'

I find the Englishman to be him of all men who stands firmest in his shoes. The one thing the English value is pluck. The word is not beautiful, but on the quality they signify by it the nation is unanimous. The cabmen have it, the merchants have it, the bishops have it, the women have it, the journals have it. They require you to dare to be of your own opinion, and they hate the practical cowards who cannot answer directly Yes or No.

Their vigour appears in the incuriosity and stony neglect each of the other. Each man walks, eats, drinks, shaves, dresses, gesticulates and in every manner acts and suffers without reference to the bystanders —he is really occupied with his own affair and does not think of them. In short, every one of these islanders is an island himself, safe, tranquil, incommunicable.

Born in a harsh and wet climate, which keeps him indoors whenever he is at rest, and being of an affectionate and loyal temper, the Englishman dearly loves his home. If he is rich he builds a hall and brings to it trophies of the adventures and exploits of the family, till it becomes a museum of heirlooms.

England produces, under favourable conditions of ease and culture, the finest women in the world. Nothing can be more delicate without being fantastical, than the courtship and mutual carriage of the sexes. Domesticity is the taproot which enables the nation to branch wide and high. In an aristocratical country like England, not the trial by jury, but the dinner is the capital institution. The mode of doing honour to a stranger is to ask him to eat.

The practical power of the English rests on their sincerity. Alfred, whom the affection of the nation makes the type of their race, is called by a writer at the Norman Conquest the 'truth-speaker.' The phrase of the lowest of the people is 'honour-bright,' and their praise, 'his word is as good as his bond.' They confide in each other—English believes in English. Madame de Stael says that the English irritated Napoleon mainly because they have found out how to unite success with honesty. The ruling passion of an Englishman is a terror of humbug.

THE English race are reputed morose. They have enjoyed a reputation for taciturnity for six or seven hundred years. Cold, repressive manners prevail, and there is a wooden deadness in certain Englishmen which surpasses all other countrymen. In the power of saying rude truth no men rival them. They are proud and private, and even if disposed to recreation will avoid an open garden. They are full of coarse strength, butcher's meat and sound sleep. They are good lovers, good haters, slow but obstinate admirers, and very much steeped in their temperament, like men hardly awaked from deep sleep which they enjoy.

The English have a mild aspect and ringing, cheerful voice. Of absolute stoutness of spirit, no nation has more or better examples. They are good at storming redoubts, at boarding frigates, at dying in the last ditch, or any desperate service which has daylight and honour in it. They stoutly carry into every nook and corner of the earth their turbulent sense of inquiry, leaving no lie uncontradicted, no pretension unexamined.

They are very conscious of their advantageous position in history. I suppose that all men of English blood in America, Europe, or Asia have a secret feeling of joy that they are not Frenchmen. They only are not foreigners. In short, I am afraid that the English nature is so rank and aggressive as to be a little incompatible with any other. The world is not wide enough for two. More intellectual than other races, when they live with other races they do not take their language, but bestow their own. They subsidise other nations, and are not subsidised.

III—Wealth, Aristocracy and Religion

THERE is no country in which so absolute a homage is paid to wealth. There is a mixture of religion in it. The Englishman esteems wealth a final certificate. He believes that every man has himself to thank if he does not mend his condition. To pay their debts is their national point of honour. The

British armies are solvent and pay for what they take. The British empire is solvent. It is their maxim that the weight of taxes must be calculated, not by what is taken but by what is left. They say without shame : ' I cannot afford it.' Such is their enterprise, that there is enough wealth in England to support the entire population in idleness one year. The proudest result of this creation of wealth is that great and refined forces are put at the disposal of the private citizen, and in the social world the Englishman to-day has the best lot. I much prefer the condition of an English gentleman of the better class to that of any potentate in Europe.

The feudal character of the English state, now that it is getting obsolete, glares a little, in contrast with democratic tendencies. But the frame of society is aristocratic. Every man who becomes rich buys land and does what he can to fortify the nobility, into which he hopes to rise. The taste of the people is conservative, They are proud of their castles, of their language and of their symbols of chivalry. English history is aristocracy with the doors open. Who has courage and faculty, let him come in.

All nobility in its beginnings was somebody's natural superiority. The things these English have done were not done without peril of life, nor without wisdom of conduct, and the first hands, it may be presumed, were often challenged to show their right to their honours, or yield them to better men.

Comity, social talent and fine manners no doubt have had their part also. The lawyer, the farmer, the silk mercer lies *perdu* under the coronet and winks to the antiquary to say nothing. They were nobody's sons who did some piece of work at a nice moment.

The English names are excellent—they spread an atmosphere of legendary melody over the land. Older than epics and histories, which clothe a nation, this undershirt sits close to the body. What stores of primitive and savage observation it unfolds ! Cambridge is the bridge of the Cam ; Sheffield the field of the river Sheaf ; Leicester the camp of Lear ; Waltham is Strong Town ; Radcliffe is Red Cliff, and so on—a sincerity and use in naming very striking to an American, whose country is whitewashed all over its surface with unmeaning names, the cast-off clothes of the country from which the emigrants came, or named at a pinch from a psalm tune.

In seeing old castles and cathedrals I sometimes say : ' This was built by another and a better race than any that now look on it.' Their architecture still glows with faith in immortality. Good churches are not built by bad men ; at least, there must be probity and enthusiasm somewhere in society.

England felt the full heat of the Christianity which fermented Europe and, like the chemistry of fire, drew a firm line between barbarism and culture. When the Saxon instinct had secured a service in the vernacular tongue the Church was the tutor and university of the people.

Now the Anglican Church is marked by the grace and good sense of its forms ; by the manly grace of its clergy. The gospel it preaches is ' By taste are ye saved.' The religion of England is part of good breeding. When you see on the Continent the well-dressed Englishman come into his ambassador's chapel and put his face for silent prayer into his well-brushed hat, you cannot help feeling how much national pride prays with him, and the religion of a gentleman.

At this moment the Church is much to be pitied. If a bishop meets an intelligent gentleman and reads fatal interrogation in his eyes, he has no resource but to take wine with him.

But the religion of England—is it the Established Church ? No. Is it the sects ? No. Where dwells the religion ? Tell me first where dwells electricity, or motion, or thought ? They do not dwell or stay at all. Electricity is passing, glancing, gesticular ; it is a traveller, a newness, a secret. Yet, if religion be the doing of all good, and for its sake the suffering of all evil, that divine secret has existed in England from the days of Alfred to the days of Florence Nightingale, and in thousands who have no fame.

SAMUEL PEPYS

THE DIARY OF SAMUEL PEPYS

BEGINNING January 1, 1659-60, and ending May 31, 1669, the journal kept by Samuel Pepys is not only a priceless mine of information about the political and social history of England during that period, but one of the most piquantly amusing and delightful books in any language. Pepys bequeathed all his books and manuscripts to his nephew John Jackson for his life and then to Magdalene College, Cambridge, and there the Diary, filling six small volumes of closely written shorthand, remained unnoticed until, on the publication of Evelyn's Diary, Lord Grenville deciphered a few pages at the instance of the Master of Magdalene. John Smith, at that time an undergraduate, was then employed to decode the rest, and in 1825 was published The Memoirs of Samuel Pepys Comprising his Diary from 1659 to 1669 Deciphered by the Rev. John Smith . . . and a Selection of his Private Correspondence Edited by Richard, Lord Braybrooke. The standard edition of the entire diary is that edited by Henry B. Wheatley and published in 10 volumes, 1893-99. Good popular editions are published by George Bell, by Macmillan and by Dent in Everyman's Library.

I—The Restoration: How the King Came Home

JANUARY 1, 1659-60. Blessed be God, at the end of last year I was in very good health, without any sense of my old pain, but upon taking of cold. I lived in Axe Yard, having my wife and servant, Jane, and no other in family than us three.

The condition of the state was thus: the Rump, after being disturbed by my Lord Lambert, was lately returned to sit again. The officers of the army all forced to yield. Lawson still lies in the river, and Monk is with his army in Scotland. The new Common Council of the City do speak very high; and had sent to Monk their sword-bearer, to acquaint him with their desires for a free and full parliament, which is at present the desires, and the hopes, and the expectations of all. My own private condition very handsome, and esteemed rich, but indeed very poor; besides my goods of my house, and my office, which at present is somewhat certain.

MARCH 9, 1660. To my lord at his lodging, and came to Westminster with him in the coach; and I telling him that I was willing and ready to go with him to sea, he agreed that I should. I hear that it is resolved privately that a treaty be offered with the king.

MAY 1. To-day I hear they were very merry at Deal, setting up the king's flag upon one of their maypoles and drinking his health upon their knees in the streets, and firing the guns, which the soldiers of the castle threatened, but durst not oppose.

MAY 2. Welcome news of the parliament's votes yesterday, which will be remembered for the happiest May-day that hath been many a year to England. The king's letter was read in the house, wherein he submits himself and all things to them. The house, upon reading the letter, ordered £50,000 to be forthwith provided to send to his majesty for his present supply. The City of London have put out a declaration, wherein they do disclaim their owning any other government but that of a king, lords and commons.

MAY 3. This morning my lord showed me the king's declaration to be communicated to the fleet. I went up to the quarter-deck with my lord and the commanders, and there read the papers; which done, the seamen did all of them cry out, 'God bless King Charles!' with the greatest joy imaginable. After dinner to the rest of the ships quite through the fleet.

MAY 11. This morning we

began to pull down all the state's arms in the fleet, having first sent to Dover for painters to come and set up the king's. After dinner we set sail from the Downs, but dropped anchor again over against Dover Castle.

MAY 12. My lord gave order for weighing anchor, which we did, and sailed all day.

MAY 14. In the morning the Hague was clearly to be seen by us. The weather bad; we were sadly washed when we come near the shore, it being very hard to land there.

MAY 23. Come infinity of people on board from the king to go along with him. The king, with the two dukes and Queen of Bohemia, Princess Royal and Prince of Orange, come on board, where I, on their coming in, kissed the king's, queen's, and princess's hands, having done the other before. Infinite shooting off of the guns, and that in a disorder on purpose, which was better than if it had been otherwise. We weighed anchor, and with a fresh gale and most happy weather we set sail for England.

MAY 24. Up, and made myself as fine as I could, with the stockings on and wide canons that I bought at Hague. Extraordinary press of noble company, and great mirth all day.

MAY 25. By the morning we were come close to the land, and everybody made ready to get on shore. I spoke to the Duke of York about business, who called me Pepys by name, and upon my desire did promise me his future favour. The king went in my lord's barge with the two dukes, and was received by General Monk with all love and respect at his entrance upon the land of Dover. The shouting and joy expressed by all is past imagination.

1660–1661. At the end of the last and the beginning of this year, I do live in one of the houses belonging to the Navy Office, as one of the principal officers; my family being myself, my wife, Jane, Will Hewer, and Wayneman, my girl's brother. Myself in constant good health, and in a most thriving condition. Blessed be God for it. The king settled, and loved of all.

II—How the Plague Swept London

JULY 31, 1665. I ended this month with the greatest joy that I ever did any in my life, because I have spent the greatest part of it with abundance of joy, and honour, and pleasant journeys, and brave entertainments, and without cost of money. We end this month after the greatest glut of content that I ever had, only under some difficulty because of the plague, which grows mightily upon us, the last week being about 1,700 or 1,800 of the plague. My Lord Sandwich at sea with a fleet of about one hundred sail, to the northward, expecting De Ruyter, or the Dutch East India fleet.

AUGUST 8. To my office a little, and then to the Duke of Albemarle's about some business. The streets empty all the way now, even in London, which is a sad sight. To Westminster Hall, where talking, hearing very sad stories. So home through the City again, wishing I may have taken no ill in going. The news of De Ruyter's coming home is certain, and told to the great disadvantage of our fleet; but it cannot be helped.

AUGUST 10. To the office, where we sat all morning; in great trouble to see the bill this week rise so high, to above 4,000 in all, and of them above 3,000 of the plague. Home, to draw over anew my will, which I had bound myself by oath to dispatch by to-morrow night; the town growing so unhealthy that a man cannot depend upon living two days.

AUGUST 12. The people die so that now it seems they are fain to carry the dead to be buried by daylight, the nights not sufficing to do it in. And my lord mayor commands people to be within at nine at night, that the sick may have liberty to go abroad for air. There is one also dead out of one of our ships at Deptford, which troubles us mightily. I am told, too, that a wife of one of the grooms at court is dead at Salisbury, so that the king and queen are speedily to be all gone to Milton. So God preserve us!

August 16. To the Exchange, where I have not been a great while, But, Lord! how sad a sight it is to see the streets empty of people, and very few upon the 'Change. Jealous of every door that one sees shut up lest it should be the plague; and about two shops in three, if not more, generally shut up.

August 22. I walked to Greenwich, in my way seeing a coffin with a dead body therein, dead of the plague, which was carried out last night, and the parish have not appointed anybody to bury it; but only set a watch there all day and night, that nobody should go thither or come thence, this disease making us more cruel to one another than we are to dogs.

August 25. This day I am told that Dr. Burnett, my physician, is this morning dead of the plague, which is strange, his man dying so long ago, and his house this month open again. Now himself dead. Poor, unfortunate man!

August 30. I went forth and walked towards Moorfields to see (God forgive my presumption!) whether I could see any dead corpse going to the grave. But, Lord! how everybody looks, and discourse in the street is of death and nothing else, and few people going up and down, that the town is like a place distressed and forsaken.

September 3 (Lord's Day). Up; and put on my coloured silk suit very fine, and my new periwig, bought a good while since, but durst not wear, because the plague was in Westminster when I bought it; and it is a wonder what will be the fashion after the plague is done as to periwigs, for nobody will dare to buy any hair, for fear of the infection, that it has been cut off the heads of people dead of the plague. My Lord Brouncker, Sir J. Minnes, and I up to the vestry at the desire of the justices of the peace, in order to the doing something for the keeping of the plague from growing; but, Lord! to consider the madness of the people of the town, who will, because they are forbid, come in crowds along with the dead corpses to see them buried.

September 6. To London, to pack up more things; and there I saw fires burning in the streets, as it is through the whole city, by the lord mayor's order.

September 14. To the Duke of Albemarle, where I find a letter from my Lord Sandwich, of the fleet's meeting with about eighteen more of the Dutch fleet, and his taking of most of them; and the messenger says they had taken three after the letter was sealed, which being twenty-one, and those took the other day, is forty-five sail, some of which are good and others rich ships. Having taken a copy of my lord's letter, I away toward the 'Change, the plague being all thereabouts. Here my news was highly welcome. and I did wonder to see the 'Change so full—I believe two hundred people. And, Lord! to see how I did endeavour to talk with as few as I could, there being now no shutting up of houses infected, that to be sure we do converse and meet with people that have the plague upon them.

I spent some thought on the occurrences of this day, giving matter for much content on one hand and melancholy on another. For the first, the finding of my money and plate all safe at London; the hearing of this good news after so great a despair of my lord's doing anything this year; and the decrease of 500 and more, which is the first decrease we have yet had in the sickness since it begun. Then, on the other side, my finding that though the bill in general is abated, yet within the City walls it is increased.

One of my own watermen, that carried me daily, fell sick as soon as he had landed me on Friday last, when I had been all night upon the water, and is now dead of the plague. And, lastly, that both my servants, W. Hewer and Tom Edwards, have lost their fathers of the plague this week, do put me into great apprehension of melancholy, and with good reason.

November 15. The plague, blessed be God! is decreased 400, making the whole this week but 1,300 and odd, for which the Lord be praised!

December 25 (Christmas Day). To church in the morning, and there saw a wedding in the church, which I have not seen many a day, and the young people so merry with one another, and strange to see what delight we married people have to see these poor fools decoyed into our condition, every man and woman gazing and smiling at them.

December 31. Thus ends this year, to my great joy, in this manner. I have raised my estate from £1,300 in this year to £4,400. I have got myself greater interest, I think, by my diligence, and my employments increased by that of treasurer for Tangier and surveyor of the victuals. It is true we have gone through great melancholy because of the plague, and I put to great charges by it, by keeping my family long at Woolwich, and myself and my clerks at Greenwich, and a maid at London; but I hope the king will give us some satisfaction for that. But now the plague is abated almost to nothing, and I intending to get to London as fast as I can. The town fills apace, and shops begin to open again.

III—Devastations of the Great Fire

September 2, 1666. Some of our maids sitting up late last night to get things ready against our feast to-day, Jane called us up about three in the morning to tell us of a great fire they saw in the City. So I rose, and slipped on my nightgown and went to her window, and thought it to be on the back side of Mark Lane at the farthest, and so went to bed again. About seven rose again to dress and saw the fire not so much as it was, and farther off. By-and-by Jane comes and tells me that above 300 houses have been burned down, and that it is now burning down all Fish Street, by London Bridge. So I made myself ready, and walked to the Tower, and there got up upon one of the high places; and there I did see the houses at that end of the bridge all on fire, and an infinite great fire on this and the other side of the bridge. So down with my heart full of trouble to the lieutenant of the Tower, who tells me that it begun this morning in the king's baker's house in Pudding Lane.

So I down to the waterside, and there got a boat, and through bridge, and there saw a lamentable fire. Everybody endeavouring to remove their goods, and flinging into the river, or bringing them into lighters that lay off; poor people staying in their houses till the very fire touched them, and then running into boats or clambering from one pair of stairs by the waterside to another. And among other things, the poor pigeons, I perceive, were loth to leave their houses, but hovered about the windows and balconies till they burned their wings and fell down.

Having staid, and in an hour's time seen the fire rage every way, and nobody, to my sight, endeavouring to quench it, I to White Hall, and there up to the king's closet in the chapel, where people come about me, and I did give them an account which dismayed them all, and word was carried in to the king.

So I was called for, and did tell the king and Duke of York what I saw, and that unless his majesty did command houses to be pulled down, nothing could stop the fire. They seemed much troubled, and the king commanded me to go to my lord mayor from him and command him to spare no houses, but to pull down before the fire every way. Meeting with Captain Cocke, I in his coach, which he lent me, to Paul's, and there walked along Watling Street, as well as I could, every creature coming away loaded with goods to save, and here and there sick people carried away in beds. At last met my lord mayor in Canning Street, like a man spent.

To the king's message, he cried, like a fainting woman, 'Lord! what can I do? I am spent; people will not obey me. I have been pulling down houses; but the fire overtakes us faster than we can do it.' So I walked home, seeing people almost all distracted, and no manner of means used to quench the fire. The houses, too, so very thick thereabouts, and full of matter for

burning, as pitch and tar in Thames Street, and warehouses of oil and wines and brandy.

Soon as dined, I away, and walked through the City, the streets full of people, and horses and carts loaden with goods. To Paul's Wharf, where I took boat, and

saw the fire was now got farther, both below and above bridge, and no likelihood of stopping it. Met with the king and Duke of York in their barge. Their order was only to pull down houses apace ; but little was or could be done, the fire coming so fast.

Having seen as much as I could, I away to White Hall by appointment, and there walked to St. James's Park, and there met my wife, and Creed and Wood and his wife, and walked to my boat ; and upon the water again, and to the fire, still increasing. So near the fire as we could for smoke, and all over the Thames you were almost burned with a shower of fire-drops.

When we could endure no more upon the water, we to a little ale-house on the Bankside, and there stayed till it was dark almost, and saw the fire grow ; and as it grew darker, appeared more and more, and in corners and upon steeples, and between churches and houses, as far as we could see up the hill of the City, in a most horrid, malicious, bloody flame, not like the fine flame of an ordinary fire. We stayed till, it being darkish, we saw the fire as only one entire arch of fire from this to the other side of the bridge, and in a bow up the hill for an arch of above a mile long ; it made me weep to see it. The churches, houses and all on fire and flaming at once ; and a horrid noise the flames made, and the cracking of houses at their ruin. So home with a sad heart.

IV—On the Badness of the Government

April 26, 1667. To White Hall, and there saw the Duke of Albemarle, who is not well, and do grow crazy. Then I took a turn with Mr. Evelyn, with whom I walked two hours ; talking of the badness of the government, where nothing but wickedness, and wicked men and women command the king; that it is not in his nature to gainsay anything that relates to his pleasures ; that much of it arises from the sickliness of our ministers of state, who cannot be about him as the idle companions are, and therefore he gives way to the young rogues ; and then from the negligence of the clergy, that a bishop shall never be seen about him, as the King of France hath always ; that the king would fain have some of the same gang to be lord treasurer, which would be yet worse.

And Mr. Evelyn tells me of several of the menial servants of the court lacking bread, that have not received a farthing wages since the king's coming in. He tells me that now the Countess Castlemaine do carry all before her. He did tell me of the ridiculous humour of our king and knights of the Garter the other day, who, whereas heretofore their robes were only to be worn during their ceremonies, these, as proud of their coats, did wear them all day

till night, and then rode in the park with them on. Nay, he tells me he did see my Lord Oxford and Duke of Monmouth in a hackney coach with two footmen in the park, with their robes on, which is a most scandalous thing, so as all gravity may be said to be lost among us.

V—Failing Sight Brings the Diary to an End

November 30, 1668. My wife after dinner went the first time abroad in her coach, calling on Roger Pepys, and visiting Mrs. Creed and my cousin Turner. Thus ended this month with very good content, but most expenseful to my

SAMUEL PEPYS was born February 23, 1632–33, son of a London tailor. He was educated at St. Paul's School and at Magdalene College, Cambridge, and by the influence of his kinsman, the Earl of Sandwich, entered the public service as a clerk in the Exchequer. He was transferred to the Naval Department, and in 1683 was appointed secretary to the Admiralty. Pepys was president of the Royal Society from 1684 to 1686 and in 1685 was elected member for Harwich. He retired in 1688, and thereafter lived chiefly at Clapham, where he died May 29, 1703. Pepys was buried in St. Olave's Church, Hart Street.

From the painting by John Hayls in the National Portrait Gallery

purse on things of pleasure, having furnished my wife's closet and the best chamber, and a coach and horses that ever I knew in the world; and I am put into the greatest condition of outward state that ever I was in, or hoped ever to be. But my eyes are come to that condition that I am not able to work. God do His will in it!

DECEMBER 2. Abroad with my wife, the first time that ever I rode in my own coach, which do make my heart rejoice and praise God. So she and I to the King's playhouse, and there saw The Usurper, a pretty good play. Then we to White Hall; where my wife stayed while I up to the duchess, to speak with the Duke of York; and here saw all the ladies, and heard the silly discourse of the king with his people about him.

DECEMBER 21. To the Duke's playhouse, and saw Macbeth. The king and court there, and we sat just under them and my Lady Castlemaine. And my wife, by my troth, appeared, I think, as pretty as any of them; I never thought so much before, and so did Talbot and W. Hewer. The king and Duke of York minded me, and smiled upon me; but it vexed me to see Moll Davis in the box over the king and my Lady Castlemaine, look down upon the king, and he up to her. And so did my Lady Castlemaine once; but when she saw Moll Davis she looked like fire, which troubled me.

MAY 31, 1669. Up very betimes, and continued all the morning examining my accounts, in order to the fitting myself to go abroad beyond sea, which the ill-condition of my eyes and my neglect hath kept me behindhand in. Had another meeting with the Duke of York at White Hall on yesterday's work, and made a good advance; and so being called by my wife, we to the park, Mary Batelier and a Dutch gentleman, a friend of hers, being with us; and so home late.

And thus ends all that I doubt I shall ever be able to do with my own eyes in the keeping of my journal, having done now so long as to undo my eyes almost every time that I take a pen in my hand; and therefore resolve, from this time forward to have it kept by my people in longhand, and must be contented to set down no more than is fit for them and all the world to know. And so I betake myself to that course, which is almost as much as to see myself go into my grave; for which, and all the discomforts that will accompany my being blind, the good God prepare me!

S. P.

CHARLES DICKENS

The Adventures of OLIVER TWIST

SECOND in chronological sequence of the great novels on which the enduring reputation of Charles Dickens is established, Oliver Twist was the first that had a moral purpose distinct from the primary artistic intention of giving pleasure to the reader. In it he attacked the abuses of the Poor Law and Workhouse system and his denunciation of these and the sympathy he excited for their victims undoubtedly contributed powerfully to their obliteration. Still, however, the book remains a live and moving story, full of dramatic situations and clever delineation of characters drawn from lowly and outcast life. The story appeared in monthly parts in Bentley's Miscellany, of which Dickens had accepted the editorship, beginning in February 1837, and was published in three volumes by Bentley in the autumn of 1838 with etchings by Cruikshank. The third edition, with a new preface, was published by Chapman and Hall in 1841. Numerous editions have appeared since then, and the story has also been dramatised and filmed.

I—The Parish Boy

OLIVER was born in the workhouse, and his mother died the same night. Not even a promised reward of £10 could produce any information as to the boy's father or the mother's name. The woman was young frail, and delicate —a stranger to the parish.

" How comes he to have any name at all, then ? " said Mrs. Mann (who was responsible for the early bringing up of the workhouse children) to Mr. Bumble, the parish beadle.

The beadle drew himself up with great pride, and said, " I invented it. We name our foundlings in alphabetical order. The last was a S ; Swubble I named him. This was a T ; Twist, I named *him*. I have got names ready made to the end of the alphabet, and all the way through it again, when we come to Z."

" Why, you're quite a literary character, sir," said Mrs. Mann.

Oliver, being now nine years old, was removed from the tender mercies of Mrs. Mann, in whose wretched home not one kind word or look had ever lighted the gloom of his infant years, and was taken into the workhouse.

Now the members of the board, who were long-headed men, had just established the rule that all poor people should have the alternative (for they would compel nobody, not they) of being starved by a gradual process in the house, or by a quick one out of it. All relief was inseparable from the workhouse and the thin gruel issued three times a day to its inmates.

The system was in full operation for the first six months after Oliver Twist's admission and, boys having generally excellent appetites, Oliver Twist and his companions suffered the tortures of slow starvation. Each boy had one porringer of gruel, and no more. At last the boys got so voracious and wild with hunger that one, who was tall for his age and hadn't been used to that sort of thing (for his father had kept a small cook's shop), hinted darkly to his companions that unless he had another basin of gruel *per diem* he was afraid he might some night happen to eat the boy who slept next him, a weakly youth of tender age. He had a wild, hungry eye, and they implicitly believed him. A council was held, lots were cast who should walk up to the master after supper that evening and ask for more, and it fell to Oliver Twist.

The evening arrived, the boys took their places. The master, in his cook's uniform, stationed himself at the copper to ladle out the gruel ; his pauper assistants ranged themselves behind him, the gruel was served out, and a long grace was said over the short commons.

The gruel disappeared, the boys whispered to each other and winked at Oliver, while his next neighbours nudged

him. Child as he was, he was desperate with hunger and reckless with misery. He rose from the table and advancing to the master, basin and spoon in hand, said, somewhat alarmed at his own temerity, "Please, sir, I want some more."

The master was a fat, healthy man, but he turned very pale. He gazed in stupefied astonishment on the small rebel for some seconds, and then said, "What?"

"Please, sir," replied Oliver, "I want some more."

The master aimed a blow at Oliver's head with the ladle, pinioned him in his arms and shrieked aloud for the beadle.

The board were sitting in solemn conclave when Mr. Bumble rushed into the room in great excitement and, addressing a gentleman in a high chair, said, "Mr. Limbkins, I beg your pardon, sir! Oliver Twist has asked for more!"

There was a general start. Horror was depicted on every countenance.

"For *more?*" said the chairman. "Compose yourself, Bumble, and answer me distinctly. Do I understand that he asked for more, after he had eaten the supper allotted by the dietary?"

"He did, sir," replied Bumble.

"That boy will be hung," said a gentleman in a white waistcoat. "I know that boy will be hung."

Nobody disputed the opinion. Oliver was ordered into instant confinement and a bill was next morning pasted on the outside of the workhouse gate, offering a reward of five pounds to anybody who would take Oliver Twist off their hands. In other words, five pounds and Oliver Twist were offered to any man or woman who wanted an apprentice to any trade, business or calling.

Mr. Gamfield, the chimney-sweep, was the first to respond to this offer.

"It's a nasty trade," said the chairman of the board.

"Young boys have been smothered in chimneys before now," said another member.

"THAT'S because they damped the straw afore they lit it in the chimbley to make 'em come down again," said Gamfield. "That's all smoke, and no blaze; vereas smoke only sinds him to sleep, and that ain't no use in making a boy come down. Boys is wery obstinite, and wery lazy, gen'l'men, and there's nothink like a good hot blaze to make 'em come down with a run. It's humane, too, gen'l'men, acause, even if they've stuck in the chimbley, roasting their feet makes 'em struggle to hextricate theirselves."

The board consented to hand over Oliver to the chimney-sweep (the premium being reduced to £3 10s.), but the magistrates declined to sanction the indentures, and it was Mr. Sowerberry, the undertaker, who finally relieved the board of their charge.

Mrs. Sowerberry's ill-treatment drove Oliver to flight. He left the house in the early morning before anyone was stirring, struck across fields and gained the high road outside the town. A milestone intimated that it was seventy miles to London. In London he would be beyond the reach of Mr. Bumble; to London he would trudge.

II—The Artful Dodger

IT was on the seventh morning after he had left his native place that Oliver limped slowly into the town of Barnet. Tired and hungry, he sat down on a doorstep, and presently was roused by the question "Hallo, my covey, what's the row?"

The boy who addressed this inquiry to the young wayfarer was about his own age, but one of the queerest-looking boys that Oliver had ever seen. He was short for his age, and dirty, and he had about him all the airs and manners of a man. He wore a man's coat, which reached nearly to his heels, and he had turned the cuffs back half-way up his arm to get his hands out of the sleeves. Altogether he was as roystering and swaggering a young gentleman as ever stood four feet six in his bluchers.

"You want grub," said this strange boy, helping Oliver to rise; "and you shall have it. I'm at low-water mark myself, only one bob and a magpie; but as far as it goes, I'll fork out and stump."

"Going to London?" said the strange boy, while they sat and finished a meal in a small public-house.

OLIVER TRUDGES TO LONDON TO ESCAPE FROM THE SOWERBERRYS

From the painting by James Sant, R.A., by the artist's permission

"Yes."

"Got any lodgings?"

"No."

"Money?"

"No."

The strange boy whistled.

"I suppose you want some place to sleep in to-night, don't you? Well, I've got to be in London to-night, and I know a 'spectable old genelman as lives there, wot'll give you lodgings for nothing and never ask for the change—that is, if any genelman he knows interduces you."

This unexpected offer of shelter was too tempting to be resisted, and on the way to London, where they arrived at nightfall, Oliver learnt that his friend's name was Jack Dawkins, but that he was known among his intimates as 'The Artful Dodger.'

In Field Lane, in the slums of Saffron Hill, the Dodger pushed open the door of a house, and drew Oliver within.

"Now, then," cried a voice, in reply to his whistle.

"Plummy and slam," said the Dodger.

This seemed to be a watchword, for a man at once appeared with a candle.

"There's two on you," said the man. "Who's the t'other one, and where does he come from?"

"A new pal from Greenland," replied Jack Dawkins. "Is Fagin upstairs?"

"Yes, he's sortin' the wipes. Up with you."

The room that Oliver was taken into was black with age and dirt. Several rough beds, made of old sacks, were huddled side by side on the floor. Seated round the table were four or five boys, none older than the Dodger, smoking long clay pipes, and drinking spirits with the air of middle-aged men. An old, shrivelled Jew, of repulsive face, was standing over the fire, dividing his attention between a frying-pan and a clothes-horse full of silk handkerchiefs.

The Dodger whispered a few words to the Jew, and then said aloud, "This is him, Fagin; my friend Oliver Twist."

The Jew grinned. "We are very glad to see you, Oliver—very."

A good supper Oliver had that night, and a heavy sleep, and a hearty breakfast next morning.

When the breakfast was cleared away, Fagin, who was quite a merry old gentleman, and the Dodger and another boy named Charley Bates, played at a very curious game. The merry old gentleman, placing a snuff-box in one pocket of his trousers, a note-book in the other, and a watch in his waistcoat pocket, and sticking a mock diamond pin in his shirt, and spectacle-case and handkerchief in his coat-pocket, trotted up and down the room in imitation of the manner in which old gentlemen walk about the streets; while the Dodger and Charley Bates had to get all these things out of his pockets without being observed. It was so very funny that Oliver laughed till the tears ran down his face.

A few days later he understood the full meaning of the game.

The Dodger and Charley Bates had taken Oliver out for a walk and, after sauntering along, they suddenly pulled up short on Clerkenwell Green, at the sight of an old gentleman reading at a bookstall. So intent was he over his book that he might have been sitting in an easy chair in his study.

To Oliver's horror, the Dodger plunged his hand into the gentleman's pocket, drew out a handkerchief and handed it to Bates. Then both boys ran away round the corner at full speed. Oliver, frightened at what he had seen, ran off too; the old gentleman, at the same moment missing his handkerchief, and seeing Oliver scudding off, concluded he was the thief, and gave chase, still holding his book.

THE cry of 'Stop thief!' was raised. Oliver was knocked down, captured and taken to the police-station.

The magistrate was still sitting, and Oliver would have been convicted there and then had not the bookseller arrived.

"Stop, stop! Don't take him away! I saw it all! I keep the bookstall!" cried the man. "I saw three boys, two others and the prisoner here. The robbery was committed by another boy. I saw that this one was amazed by it."

Oliver was acquited. But he had fainted. Mr. Brownlow, for that was the name of the old gentleman, shocked and moved at the boy's deathly whiteness, straightway carried him off in a cab to his own quiet house near Pentonville.

III—Back in Fagin's Den

FOR many days Oliver remained insensible to the goodness of his new friends. But all that careful nursing could do was done, and he slowly and surely recovered. Mr. Brownlow, a kind-hearted old bachelor, took the greatest interest in his *protégé* and Oliver implored him not to turn him out of doors to wander in the streets.

"My dear child," said the old gentleman, moved by the warmth of Oliver's appeal, "you need not be afraid of my deserting you. I have been deceived before in people I have endeavoured to benefit, but I feel strongly disposed to trust you, nevertheless; and I am more interested in your behalf than I can well account for. Let me hear your story; speak the truth to me, and you shall not be friendless while I am alive."

A certain unmistakable likeness in Oliver to a lady's portrait that was on the wall of the room struck Mr. Brownlow. What connexion could there be between the original of the portrait and this poor child?

But before Mr. Brownlow had heard Oliver's story he had lost the boy. For Fagin, horribly uneasy lest Oliver should be the means of betraying his late companions, resolved to get him back as quickly as possible. To accomplish his evil purpose, Nancy, a young woman who belonged to Fagin's gang, was prevailed upon to undertake the commission.

Now, the very evening before Oliver was to tell his story to Mr. Brownlow, the boy, anxious to prove his honesty, had set out with some books on an errand to the bookseller at Clerkenwell Green.

"You are to say," said Mr. Brownlow, "that you have brought these books back, and that you have come to pay the four pound ten I owe him. This is a five-

pound note, so you will have to bring me back ten shillings change."

"I won't be ten minutes, sir," replied Oliver eagerly.

He was walking briskly along, thinking how happy and contented he ought to feel, when he was startled by a young woman screaming out very loud, "Oh, my dear brother!" He had hardly looked up when he was stopped by having a pair of arms thrown tight round his neck.

"Don't!" cried Oliver, struggling. "Let go of me. Who is it? What are you stopping me for?"

The only reply to this was a great number of loud lamentations from the young woman who had embraced him.

"I've found him! Oh, Oliver, Oliver! Oh, you naughty boy to make me suffer such distress on your account! Come home, dear, come. Oh, I've found him! Thank goodness gracious heavens, I've found him!"

The young woman burst out crying, and a couple of women standing by asked what was the matter.

"Oh, ma'am," replied the young woman, "he ran away from his parents, and went and joined a set of thieves and bad characters, and almost broke his mother's heart."

"Young wretch!" said one woman.

"Go home, do, you little brute," said the other.

"I'm not," replied Oliver, greatly alarmed. "I don't know her. I haven't any sister or father or mother. I'm an orphan; I live at Pentonville."

"Oh, only hear him, how he braves it out," cried the young woman. "Make him come home, or he'll kill his dear mother and father, and break my heart!"

"What's the devil's this?" said a man, bursting out of a beer-shop, with a white dog at his heels. "Young Oliver! Come home to your poor mother, you young dog!"

FAGIN AND BILL SIKES HOLD A CONFERENCE
Mr. Lyn Harding and Sir Herbert Tree at His Majesty's Theatre, 1905

"I don't belong to them. I don't know them! Help, help!" cried Oliver, struggling in the man's powerful grasp.

"Help!" repeated the man. "Yes, I'll help you, you young rascal! What books are these? You've been a-stealin' 'em, have you? Give 'em here!"

With these words the man tore the volumes from his grasp, and struck him on the head.

Weak with recent illness, stupefied by the blows and the suddenness of the attack, terrified by the brutality of the man—who was none other than Bill Sikes, the roughest of all Fagin's pupils—what could one poor child do? Darkness had set in; resistance was useless. Sikes and Nancy hurried the boy on through courts and

alleys till, once more, he was within Fagin's dreadful house. Long after the lamps were lighted, Mr. Brownlow sat waiting in his parlour. The servant had run up the street twenty times to see if there were any traces of Oliver. The housekeeper had waited anxiously at the open door. But no Oliver returned.

IV—Oliver Falls Among Friends

MR. BILL SIKES having an important house-breaking engagement with his fellow-robber, Mr. Toby Crackit, at Shepperton, decided that Oliver must accompany him.

It was a detached house, and the night was dark as pitch when Sikes and Crackit, dragging Oliver along, climbed the wall and approached a narrow, shuttered window. In vain Oliver implored them to let him go.

"Listen, you young limb," whispered Sikes, when a crowbar had overcome the shutter, and the lattice had been opened. "I'm going to put you through there." Drawing a dark lantern from his pocket, he added, "Take this light; go softly up the steps straight afore you, and along the hall to the street door; unfasten it and let us in."

The boy was put through the window and Sikes, pointing to the door with his pistol, told him if he faltered he would shoot him.

Hardly had Oliver advanced a few yards before Sikes called out, "Back! back!"

Startled, the boy dropped the lantern, uncertain whether to advance or fly.

The cry was repeated—a light appeared—a vision of two terrified, half-dressed men at the top of the stairs swam before his eyes—a flash—a loud noise—and he staggered back.

Sikes got him out of the window before the smoke cleared away, and fired his pistol after the men, who were already in retreat.

"Clasp your arm tighter," said Sikes. "Give me a shawl here. They've hit him. Quick! The boy is bleeding."

Then came the loud ringing of a bell, and the shouts of men, and the sensation of being carried over uneven ground at a rapid pace. And then the noises grew confused in the distance, and Oliver saw and heard no more.

Sikes, finding the chase too hot, was compelled to leave Oliver in a ditch and make his escape with his friend Crackit.

It was morning when Oliver awoke. His left arm was rudely bandaged in a shawl, and the bandage was saturated with blood. Weak and dizzy, he yet felt that if he remained where he was he would surely die, and so he staggered to his feet. The only house in sight was the one he had entered a few hours earlier, and he bent his steps towards it. He pushed against the garden-gate—it was unlocked. He tottered across the lawn, climbed the steps, knocked faintly at the door and, his whole strength failing him, sank down against the little portico.

Mr. Giles, the butler and general steward of the house, who had fired the shot and led the pursuit, was just explaining the exciting events of the night to his fellow-servants of the kitchen when Oliver's knock was heard. With considerable reluctance the door was opened and then the group, peeping timorously over each other's shoulders, beheld no more formidable object than poor little Oliver Twist, speechless and exhausted.

"HERE he is!" bawled Giles. "Here's one of the thieves, ma'am! Wounded, miss! I shot him!"

They lugged the fainting boy into the hall, and then in the midst of all the noise and commotion, there was heard a gentle voice, which quelled it in an instant.

"Giles!" whispered the voice from the stairhead.

"I'm here, miss," replied Mr. Giles. "Don't be frightened, miss; I ain't much injured. He didn't make a very desperate resistance, miss; I was soon too many for him."

"Hush!" replied the young lady; "you frighten my aunt as much as the thieves did. Is the poor creature much hurt?"

"Wounded desperate, miss," replied Giles.

After a hasty consultation with her aunt, the same gentle speaker bade them carry the wounded person upstairs and

send to Chertsey at all speed for a constable and a doctor. The latter arrived when the young lady and her aunt, Mrs. Maylie, were at breakfast, and his visit to the sick-room changed the state of affairs. On his return he begged Mrs. Maylie and her niece to accompany him upstairs.

In lieu of the dogged, black-visaged ruffian they had expected to see, there lay a mere child, sunk in a deep sleep.

The ladies could not believe this delicate boy was a criminal, and when, on waking up, he told them his simple story, they were determined to prevent his arrest.

THE doctor undertook to save the boy, and to that end entered the kitchen where Mr. Giles, Brittles, his assistant, and the constable were regaling themselves with ale.

"How is the patient, sir?" asked Giles.

"So-so," returned the doctor. "I'm afraid you've got yourself into a scrape there, Mr. Giles. Are you a Protestant? And what are *you?*" turning sharply on Brittles.

"Yes, sir; I hope so," faltered Mr. Giles, turning very pale, for the doctor spoke with strange severity.

"I'm the same as Mr. Giles, sir," said Brittles, starting violently.

"Then tell me this, both of you," said the doctor. "Are you going to take upon yourselves to swear that that boy upstairs is the boy that was put through the little window last night? Come, out with it! Pay attention to the reply, constable. Here's a house broken into, and a couple of men catch a moment's glimpse of a boy in the midst of gunpowder-smoke, and in all the distraction of alarm and darkness. Here's a boy comes to that very same house next morning, and because he happens to have his arm tied up, these men lay violent hands upon him, place his life in danger and swear he is the thief. I ask you again," thundered the doctor, "are you, on your solemn oaths, able to identify that boy?"

Of course, under these circumstances, as Mr. Giles and Brittles couldn't identify the boy, the constable retired and the attempted robbery was followed by no arrests.

Oliver Twist grew up in the peaceful and happy home of Mrs. Maylie, under the tender affection of two good women. Later on, Mr. Brownlow was found and Oliver's character restored. It was proved, too, that the portrait Mr. Brownlow possessed was that of Oliver's mother, whom its owner had once esteemed dearly. Betrayed by fate, the unhappy woman had sought refuge in the workhouse, only to die in giving birth to her son.

In that same workhouse, where his authority had formerly been so considerable, Mr. Bumble came—as a pauper—to die.

Tragic was the fate of poor Nancy. Suspected by Fagin of plotting against her accomplices, the Jew so worked on Sikes that the savage housebreaker murdered her.

But neither Fagin nor Sikes escaped.

For the Jew was taken and condemned to death, and in the condemned cell came the recollection to him of all the men he had known who had died upon the scaffold, some of them through his means.

SIKES, when the news of Nancy's murder got abroad, was hunted by a furious crowd. He had taken refuge in an old, disreputable, uninhabited house, known to his accomplices, which stood right over the Thames, in Jacob's Island, not far from Dockhead; but the pursuit was hot and the only chance of safety lay in getting to the river.

At the very moment when the crowd was forcing its way into the house, Sikes made a running noose to slip beneath his arm-pits and so lower himself to a ditch beneath. He was out on the roof, and then, when the loop was over his head, the face of the murdered girl seemed to stare at him.

"The eyes again!" he cried, in an unearthly screech, and threw up his arms in horror.

Staggering, as if struck by lightning, he lost his balance and tumbled over the parapet. The noose was on his neck. It ran up with his weight, tight as a bow-string. He fell for five-and-thirty feet, and then, after a sudden jerk and a terrible convulsion of the limbs, swung lifeless against the wall.

FRANCIS BEAUMONT AND JOHN FLETCHER

PHILASTER

OR LOVE LIES A-BLEEDING

THE collected works of Francis Beaumont and John Fletcher include more than forty plays, pastorals and masques, mainly written between 1609 and 1616; and ever since the death of the authors conjectures have been made on all sides as to the precise share each had in the compositions. Philaster, generally supposed to be mainly the work of Beaumont, was one of the first fruits of the collaboration, chronological priority being usually assigned only to The Scornful Lady, and it was produced in 1609 and printed in 1620. Swinburne refers to it as 'the loveliest, though not the loftiest, of tragic plays that we owe to the comrades or successors of Shakespeare.' The plot calls for no preliminary explanation; it turns on the popular Elizabethan gambit of a girl passing for a boy without suspicion: the scene is laid in Messina. Many moderately-priced editions of selected plays by Beaumont and Fletcher are obtainable.

PERSONS IN THE PLAY

King of Sicily and Calabria	A Country Fellow
Philaster, heir to the throne	Bellario, Philaster's page
Pharamond, Prince of Spain	Arethusa, daughter of the king
Dion, Cleremont, Thrasiline, lords	Megra, a court lady
	Attendants, Citizens

First Act

SCENE I.—*The Presence Chamber.* Dion, Cleremont, Thrasiline.

DION: Sirs, we are here about the Spanish prince that's come to marry our kingdom's heir and be our sovereign.

Thrasiline: Many say she looks not on him like a maid in love.

Cleremont: Sir, it is thought, with her he shall enjoy both these kingdoms of Sicily and Calabria.

Dion: Yet is the right heir to one of them living, and virtuously; the people admiring the bravery of his mind and lamenting his injuries.

Clere.: Who—Philaster?

Dion: Yes; whose father was by our late King of Calabria unrighteously deposed from his fruitful Sicily. Yet is he suffered free liberty, the king fearing the people.

[*Enter* King, Pharamond, Arethusa, *and* Attendants.

King: We have drawn you hither, worthy sir,
To make your fair endearments to our daughter,
And worthy services, known to our subjects,
Now loved and wondered at; next, our intent
To plant you deeply our immediate heir
Both to our blood and kingdoms; and to confirm
The nobles and the gentry of these kingdoms
By oath to your succession.

Dion (*aside*): Well, we shall see.

Pharamond: Kissing your white hand, mistress, I take leave
To thank your royal father.

[*Enter* Philaster, *who kneels to the* King.

Philaster: Right noble sir, as low as my obedience,
And with a heart as loyal as my knee,
I beg your favour.

King: Rise; speak your intents.

Dion: Mark but the king, how pale he looks, he fears.

Phil: Then thus I turn
My language to you, prince: you, foreign man!
Endure me, for you must. This earth you tread upon,
By my dead father was not left
To your inheritance, and I up and living.
When thou art king, look I be dead and rotten,
And my name ashes; for this very ground
My father's friends made fertile with their faiths,
Before that day of shame shall gape and swallow
Thee and thy nation.

Phar.: He's mad; beyond cure, mad! mad!

King: You are too bold; go to; for this time
I pardon your wild speech, without so much
As your imprisonment.

Dion: You dare not for the people!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Arethusa's *apartment. She has sent for* Philaster, *to reveal her love for him, which he returns with ardour.*

ARETHUSA: Our love will be the nobler and the better blest
In that the secret justice of the gods
Is mingled with it. How shall we desire
To hold intelligence?

Philaster: I have a boy
Not yet seen in the court. His parents dead,
I found him sitting by a fountain's side;
The trustiest, loving'st, and the gentlest boy
That ever master kept. Him I will send
To wait on you, and bear our hidden love.

Second Act

SCENE I.—Philaster *sends* Bellario *to wait upon* Arethusa.

SCENE II.—Pharamond *embarks on an intrigue with* Megra, *which is reported secretly to* Arethusa.

SCENE III.—Arethusa's *apartment.* Arethusa.

Enter Bellario.

ARETHUSA: Sir, you are sad to change your service; is't not so?
Bel.: Madam, I have not changed; I wait on you
To do him service.
Areth.: Come, sir, tell me truly.
Does your lord love me?
Bel.: If it be love
To forget all respect of his own friends
In thinking of your face; if it be love
To sit cross-armed and sigh away the day;
If it be love to weep himself away
When he but hears of any lady dead
Or killed, because it might have been your chance;
If, when he goes to rest (which will not be),
'Twixt every prayer he says, to name you once,
As others drop a bead, be to be in love,
Then, madam, I dare swear he loves you.
Areth.: Oh, you're a cunning boy, and taught to lie
For your lord's credit! But thou know'st a lie
That bears this sound is welcomer to me
Than any truth that says he loves me not.

SCENE IV.—*Before* Pharamond's *lodging.* Arethusa *has informed the* King *of the intrigue between* Pharamond *and* Megra, *hoping that this will lead to the rejection of* Pharamond's *suit.* Megra, *however, meets detection defiantly, declaring that she will proclaim abroad the guilty relations which she says exist between* Arethusa *and* Bellario. *The* King *is silenced, but the threat is made in the presence of* Dion *and the others who favour* Philaster.

Third Act

SCENE I.—*Court of the palace.* Dion, Cleremont, Thrasiline.

CLEREMONT: Nay, doubtless, 'tis true.
Dion: Ay, and 'tis the gods
That raised this punishment, to scourge
With his own issue. [the king
Clere.: Philaster is too backward.
Dion: The only cause that draws Philaster back
From this attempt is the fair princess' love,
Which he admires, and we can now confute.
Since it is true, and tends to his own good,
I'll make this new report to be my knowledge.
[*Enter* Philaster.
Philaster: My worthy friends, what service may I do
Worthy your acceptation?
Dion: My good lord
We come to urge that virtue, which we know
Lives in your breast, forth. Rise, and make a head;
The nobles and the people all are dulled
With this usurping king.
You know the people have long hated him;
And now the princess whom they loved, is loathed
No less, being known a wanton.
Phil.: Thou liest.
Dion: But this, my lord, is truth.
Phil.: Oh, say not so.
What friend bears a sword
To run me through!
Dion: My lord, recall yourself,
And think what's best to do.
Phil.: Please you to leave me.
To-morrow I will give you answer.
[*Exeunt* Lords.

[Bellario enters. Philaster questions him of Arethusa's kindness to him, till Bellario indignantly repudiates the charge suggested, unmoved by threats of death.]

Phil.: Oh, but thou dost not know
What 'tis to die.
Bellario: Yes, I do know, my lord.
'Tis less than to be born; a lasting sleep;
A quiet resting from all jealousy,
A thing we all pursue; I know besides
It is but giving over a game
That must be lost.

[Philaster is disarmed by Bellario's fearless innocence, though believing Dion's story. He dismisses the boy from his sight for ever, to Bellario's anguish.]

SCENE I.—Arethusa's *apartment.* Philaster *enters and finds her weeping; the* King *has bidden her to have done with* Bellario. *'There be foul whispers stirring. Cast him off, and suddenly.' Her tears seem a confirmation to* Philaster; *he bids her 'let the boy go.'*

ARETHUSA: Oh, cruel!
Are you hard-hearted, too? Who shall now tell you
How much I loved you? Who shall swear it to you,
And weep the tears I send? Who shall take up his lute,
And touch it till he crown a silent sleep
Upon my eyelids, making me dream and cry,
'Oh, my dear, dear Philaster?'
Philaster: Oh, my heart!
Would he had broken thee that made me know
This lady was not loyal.

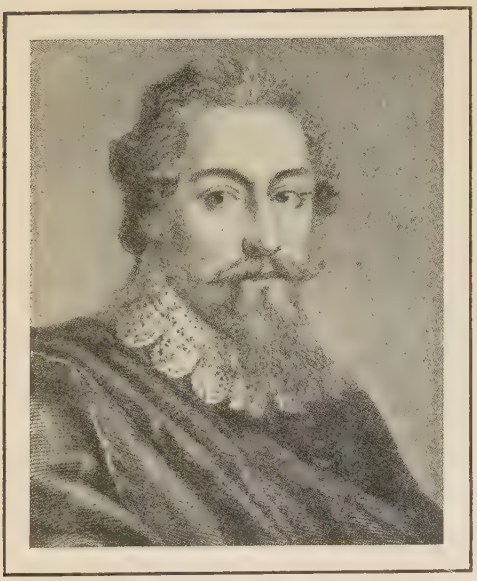
[He bursts into a passion of reproaches and leaves her.]

Fourth Act

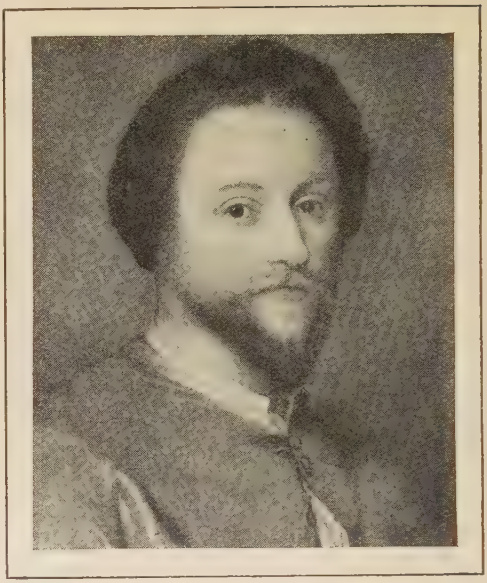
SCENES I. AND II.—Arethusa *has escaped from the hunting party, her riderless horse has been caught, and the company has dispersed through the forest in search of the princess.* Bellario *is also wandering in the forest.*

SCENE III.—*The forest.* Bellario *finds* Arethusa *swooning. She revives. Enter* Philaster.

PHILASTER: I am to blame to be so much in rage; [heard
I'll tell her coolly when and where I



FRANCIS BEAUMONT



JOHN FLETCHER

Beaumont was born in 1584, and Fletcher in 1579. Beaumont, son of a justice, was intended for the Bar, but it had for him as little enticement as the Church for Fletcher, the son of that Bishop of Peterborough whose part in Mary Stuart's death was so prominent. They shared the same house and had everything in common, writing together until Beaumont's marriage in 1613, so quickly followed by his death (1616). Fletcher died of the plague in 1625. Of the forty-odd collaborations, Philaster, The Scornful Lady, The Maid's Tragedy and the Knight of the Burning Pestle are the most notable.

This killing truth. I will be temperate—
Oh monstrous! Tempt me not, ye gods! Good gods,
Tempt not a frail man. What's he that has a heart
But he must ease it here! What, before my face?
Poison of asps between your lips. I have done.
Dear Arethusa, do but take this sword.
I prithee kill me—Wilt thou—Bellario?
You will not kill me?

Bellario : Not for a world.

Phil. : Begone;
I blame thee not, Bellario; this is the last
Of all our meetings. (*Exit* **Bellario.**) Are you at peace?

Arethusa : With heaven and earth.

Phil. : May they divide thy soul and body.

[*As he wounds her, a* **Country Fellow** *enters, who endeavours to shield* **Arethusa.** *Exit* **Philaster** *leaving* **Country Fellow** *wounded.*

SCENE IV.—*Another part of the forest.* **Bellario** *asleep;* **Philaster** *finds him, and wounds him slightly, meaning to escape himself and let* **Bellario** *be taken.*

PHILASTER : I have caught myself. [here: The loss of blood hath stayed my flight. Here, Is he that struck thee.

Bellario : Fly, and save yourself.

Phil. : Art thou then true to me?

[**Philaster** *creeps into the bushes. Enter* **Pharamond** *and* **Nobles.**

Cleremont : Yonder, my lord, see—

Dion : This is he, my lord,
Upon my soul that hurt her: 'tis the boy,
That wicked boy, that served her.

Bel. : I confess I set upon her.

[**Philaster** *comes forward.*

Phil. : Turn back, you ravishers of innocence.
It was I that hurt the princess.

Bel. : Alas, he's mad. [to keep,

Phil. : By all the oaths that men ought most
He touched her not: by all that's good, 'twas I;
You know she stood betwixt me and my right.

[*Enter* **King, Arethusa** *and guard.*

King : Is the villain ta'en?

Phar. : Here's two confess the deed,
But 'twas Philaster.

Phil. : Question it no more.

King : Bear them to prison.

Arethusa : Grant me
Their custodies, and that I may appoint
Their tortures and their deaths.

King : 'Tis granted.

Fifth Act

SCENE I.—*A prison.* **Philaster, Bellario, Arethusa.**

PHILASTER : Oh, Arethusa, oh, Bellario,
Leave to be kind. I am a man
False to a pair of the most trusty ones
That ever earth bore. Can it bear us all?

Arethusa : My dear lord, say not so.

Bellario : Lament no more. 'Tis as it should be.

SCENE II.—*A state-room.* **King, Dion** *and* **Nobles.**

KING : Is the princess ready [stay.
To bring her prisoners out? Tell her we

[*Enter* **Arethusa, Philaster** *and* **Bellario** *as Hymen in a robe and garland.*

How, now? What masque is this?

Arethusa : Sir, in plain truth,
This prisoner that you gave me is become
My keeper and dear husband.
King : Your dear husband ?
Call in the captain of the citadel ; [necks
There shall you keep your wedding ; o'er your
An axe shall hang like a prodigious meteor
Ready to crop your love's sweets.
Philaster : If you aim
At the dear life of this sweet innocent,
Your memory shall be as foul behind you
As you are living. [*Enter* **Gentleman**.
Gentleman : Get you to your strength,
And rescue the Prince Pharamond from danger.
He's ta'en prisoner by the citizens,
Led by an old grey ruffian, who comes on
In rescue of the lord Philaster.

SCENE III.—*The* **King** *terrified by the fury of the populace has appealed to* **Philaster** *to save him, as no one else can check the mob, who are bringing* **Pharamond** *to the palace.* **Philaster** *satisfies the mob, who, on promise of pardon, hand over their prisoner to him.*

SCENE IV.—*The palace. All the characters are assembled and the reconciliation between the* **King** *and* **Philaster** *is completed. But* **Megra** *now denounces* **Arethusa** *and* **Bellario**. *The* **King** *threatens* **Bellario** *with torture, to extort the truth.*

BELLARIO : Great king, if you command
This lord to talk with me alone, my tongue
Shall utter all.
King : Well, walk aside with him,
Bel. (*apart, to* **Dion**) : Know you this face.
my lord ? You have a daughter. [near
Dion : Oh, my shame ! Is it possible ? Draw
That I may gaze upon thee.
All is discovered ! It is a woman.
Bel. : I am his daughter.
Philaster : The gods are just.
But why didst thou conceal thy sex, Bellario ?
Bel. : My lord, I saw and loved you. Yet
I knew
My wits no match for you, so was past hope
Of having you. But could I but have lived
In presence of you, I had had my end.
Therefore, I dressed myself even as you found me
In habit of a boy ; and made a vow
By all the most religious things a maid
Could call together, never to be known,
Whilst there was hope to hide me from men's
eyes.
But if I may have leave to serve the princess,
To see the virtues of her lord and her,
I shall have hope to live.
King : Enjoy, Philaster,
This kingdom which is yours ; and after me
Whatever I call mine. Let princes learn
By this to rule the passion of their blood ;
For what Heaven wills can never be withstood.

England's First Classic of the Sea

RICHARD HAKLUYT

THE PRINCIPALL NAVIGATIONS OF THE ENGLISH NATION

RICHARD HAKLUYT, born about 1552, became rector of Wetheringsett in Suffolk, where he compiled and arranged The Principall Navigations, Voyages, Traffikes, and Discoveries of the English nation to the Remote Quarters of the Earth at any Time within the Compass of these 1600 Years. At his time English travellers were penetrating ever farther into unknown realms, and almost every ship brought news of strange lands, and in his writings, 'Richard Hakluyt, Preacher,' tells how he was attracted to the subjects of travel and exploration. Though he wrote many records of travel it is for his Principall Navigations that his name will ever be cherished. Hakluyt died in 1616. His great work is issued in eight volumes in Everyman's Library.

I—Of the Book and Why It was Made

I DO remember that being a youth, and one of her Majestie's scholars at Westminster, that fruitfull nurserie, it was my happe to visit the chamber of Master Richard Hakluyt, my cousin, a gentleman of the Middle Temple, at a time when I found lying open upon his borde certeine bookes of cosmographie, with an universall mappe ; he seeing me somewhat curious in the view thereof, began to instruct my ignorance, by showing me the division of the earth into three parts, after the olde account, and then, according to the latter and better distribution, into more. He pointed with his wand to all the known seas, gulfs, bayes, streights, capes, rivers, empires, kingdoms, dukedoms and territories of each part, with declaration also of their speciall commodities, and particular wants, which by the

benefit of traffike and intercourse of merchants are plentifully supplied.

From the mappe he brought me to the Bible, and turning to the 107th Psalme, directed me to the 23rd and 24th verses, where I read that 'they which go downe to the sea in ships, and occupy by the great waters, they see the works of the Lord, and his wonders in the deepe,' etc.

Which words of the prophet together with my cousin's discourse (things of high and rare delight to my young nature), tooke in me so deepe an impression that I constantly resolved I would, by God's assistance, prosecute that knowledge and kinde of literature, the doores whereof were so happily opened before me.

According to which my resolution when, not long after, I was removed to Christ Church in Oxford, I fell to my intended course, and by degrees read over whatsoever printed or written discoveries and voyages I found extant, either in the Greeke, Latine, Italian, Spanish, Portugall, French or English languages. In continuance of time I grew familiarly acquainted with the chiefest captaines at sea, the gretest merchants and the best mariners of our nation by which meanes having gotten more than common knowledge.

I passed at length the narrow seas into France. There I both heard in speech and read in books other nations miraculously extolled for their discoveries and notable enterprises by sea, but the English, of all others, for their continuall neglect of the like attempts, either ignominiously reported or exceedingly condemned.

THUS both hearing and reading the obluquie of our nation, and finding few or none of our owne men able to replie herein, and further, not seeing any man to have care to recommend to the world the industrious labours and painefull travels of our countrymen, myselfe returned from France, determined to undertake the burden of that worke, wherein all others pretended ignorance or lacke of leasure, whereas the huge toile and the small profit to insue were the chiefe causes of the refusall.

I calle the worke a burden, in consideration that these voyages lay so dispersed and hidden in severall hucksters' hands that I now wonder at myselfe to see how I was able to endure the delays, curiosity and backwardnesse of many from whom I was to receive my originals. And thus, friendly reader, thou seest the briefe summe and scope of my labours for the commonwealth's sake, and thy sake, bestowed upon this work, which may, I pray, bring thee no little profit.

II—The Victories of King Arthur in Foreign Lands

ARTHUR, which was sometimes the most renowned king of the Britaines, was a mightie and valiant man, and a famous warriour. This kingdome was too little for him, and his minde was not contented with it. He therefore valiantly subdued all Scantia, which is now called Norway, and islands beyond Norway, to wit, Island and Greenland, Sweueland, Ireland, Gotland, Denmarke, and all the other lands and islands of the East Sea, even into Russia, and many other islands beyond Norway, even under the North Pole, which are appendances of Scantia, now called Norway. These people were wild and savage, and held not in them the love of God nor of their neighbours, because all evill cometh from the North; yet there were among them certeine Christians living in secret. But King Arthur was an exceeding good Christian, and caused them to be baptised and thorowout all Norway to worship one God, and to receive and keepe inviolably for ever faith in Christ onely.

At that time, all the noble men of Norway tooke wives of the noble nation of the Britaines, whereupon the Norses say that they are descended of the race and blood of this kingdome. The aforesayed King Arthur obteined also, in those days of the Pope and court of Rome, that Norway should be for ever annexed to the crown of Britaine for the inlargement of this kingdome, and he called it the chamber of Britaine.

For this cause the Norses say that they ought to dwell with us in this kingdome—to wit, that they belong to the crowne of Britaine; for they had rather dwell here than in their owne native countrey, which is drie and full of mountaines, and barren,

IN FULL SAIL: A SHIP OF MARTIN FROBISHER'S PERIOD

From a Contemporary Wood-cut

and no graine growing there, but in certain places. But this countrey of Britaine is fruitfull, wherein corne and all other good things do grow and increase, for which cause many cruell battles have been oftentimes fought betwixt the Englishmen and the people of Norway, and infinite numbers of people have been slaine, and the Norses have possessed many lands and islands of this Empire, which unto this day they doe possess, neither could they ever afterwards be fully expelled.

III—How Frobisher Sought a Passage by the North-West

It appeareth that not onely the middle zone but also the zones about the Poles are habitable. Which thing being well considered, and familiarly knowen to our generall, Captaine Frobisher, as well for that he is thorowly furnished of the knowledge of the sphere and all other skilles appertaining to the arte of navigation, as also for the confirmation he hath of the same by many yeares experience, both by sea and land, and being persuaded of a nerer passage to Cathaya than by Capo di Buona Sperança; he began with his friends to conferre, and declared unto them that that voyage was possible by the North-west, and he could prove easie to be performed.

And, further, he determined and resolved with himselfe to go make full proofe thereof, and to accomplish or bring true certificate of the truth, or else never to return againe, knowing this to be the onely thing of the world that was left yet undone, whereby a notable minde might be made famous and fortunate.

But, although his will were great to performe this notable voyage, yet he wanted altogether meanes and ability to set forward and performe the same. He layed open to many great estates and learned men the plot and summe of his device. And so, by litle and litle, with no small expense and paine, he brought his cause to some perfection, and had drawen together so many adventurers and such summes of money as might well defray a reasonable charge to furnish himselfe to sea withall.

He prepared two small barks of twenty and five and twenty tunne apiece, wherein he intended to accomplish his pretended voyage. Wherefore, being furnished with the aforesayd two barks, and one small pinnesse of ten tun burthen, having therein victuals and other necessaries for twelve months provision, he departed upon the sayd voyage from Blacke-wall the fifteenth of June, *Anno Domini*, 1576.

One of the barks wherein he went was named the Gabriel and the other the Michael, and, sailing north-west from England upon the eleventh of July he had sight of an high and ragged land which he judged to be Frisland, but durst not approach the same, by reason of the great store of ice alongst the coast, and the great mists that troubled them not a litle.

Not farre from thence he lost company of his small pinnesse, which by meanes of a great storme he supposed to be swallowed up of the sea, wherein he lost onely foure men. Also the other bark, named the Michael, mistrusting the matter, conveyed themselves privily away from him and returned home, with great report that he was cast away.

The worthy captaine, notwithstanding these discomforts, although his mast was sprung and his toppe mast blowen overboord with extreame foul weather, continued his course towards the north-west, knowing that the sea at length must needs have an ending, and that some land should have a beginning that way; and determined, therefore, at the least to bring true proofe what land and sea the same might be so farre to the north-westwards, beyond any that man had heretofore discovered.

And the twentieth of July he had sight of an high land which he called Queen Elizabeth's Forland, after her majestie's name, and sailing more northerly alongst that coast, he descried another forland and a great gut or passage divided as it were two maine lands or continents asunder.

He determined to make proofe of this place, to see how farre that gut had continuance, and whether he might carry himself thorow the same into some open sea on the backe side, whereof he conceived no small hope, and so entered the same the one and twentieth of July, and passed above fifty leagues therein as he reported, having upon either hand a great maine, or continent. And that land upon his right hand as he sailed westward he judged to be Asia, and there to be divided from the firme of America, which lieth upon the left hand over against the same. This place he named after his name, Frobisher's Streights.

After our captaine, Martin Frobisher, had passed sixty leagues into this foresayed streight, he went ashore, and found signes where fire had bene made.

He saw mighty deere that seemed to be mankinde, which ranne at him, and hardly he escaped with his life in a narrow way where he was faine to use defence and policy to save his life. In this place he saw and perceived sundry tokens of the peoples resorting thither.

And, being ashore upon the top of a hill, he perceived a number of small things fleeting in the sea afarre off, which he supposed to be porposes or seales, or some kinde of strange fish; but, coming neerer, he discovered them to be men in small boats made of leather. And, before he could descend downe from the hill, certeine of those people had almost cut off his boat from him, having stolen secretly behinde the rocks for that purpose, when he speedily hasted to his boat, and bent himselfe to his halberd, and narrowly escaped the danger, and saved his boat.

Afterwards, he had sundry conferences with them, and they came aboord his ship, and brought him salmon and raw flesh and fish, and greedily devoured the same before our men's faces.

After great courtesie and many meetings our mariners, contrary to their captaine's direction, began more easily to trust them, and five of our men, going ashore, were by them intercepted with their boat, and were never since heard of to this day againe, so that the captaine, being destitute of boat, barke and all company, had scarsely sufficient number to conduct back his barke againe. He could not now convey himselfe ashore to rescue his men—if he had been able—for want of a boat; and againe the subtile traitours were so wary, as they would never after come within our men's danger.

The captaine notwithstanding, desirous to bring some token from thence of his being there, was greatly discontented that he had not before apprehended some of them; and, therefore, to deceive the deceivers he wrought a prety policy, for, knowing wel how they greatly delited in our toyes, and specially in belles, he rang a pretty lowbel, making signes that he would give him the same that would come and fetch it.

And to make them more greedy of the matter he rang a louder bel, so that in the end one of them came nere the ship side to receive the bel; which when he thought to take at the captaine's hand he was thereby taken himselfe; for the captaine, being readily provided, let the bel fall and caught the man fast, and plucked him with main force, boat and all, into his barke out of the sea. Whereupon, when he found himself in captivity, for very choler and disdaine he bit his tongue in twain within his mouth; notwithstanding, he died not thereof, but lived until he came in England, and then he died of cold.

Now with this new pray (which was a sufficient witnesse of the captaine's farre and tedious travell towards the unknowen parts of the world, as did well appeare by this strange infidell, whose like was never seene, read, nor heard of before, and whose language was unknowen) Captaine Frobisher returned homeward, and arrived in England in Harwich, the second of October following, and thence came to London, 1576, where he was highly commended by all men for his notable attempt, but specially for the great hope he brought of the passage to Cathaya.

IV—The Fight of the 'Content' Against Some Spanish Ships

Three ships of Sir George Carey made a notable fight against certaine Spanish galleys in the West Indies, and this is the relation of it.

The 13th of June, 1591, being Sunday, at five of the clock in the morning we descried six saile of the King of Spain, his ships. We met with them off the Cape de Corrientes, which standeth on the Island of Cuba. The sight of the forsayd ships made us joyfull, hoping that they should make our voyage. But as soon as they descryed us they made false fires one to another, and gathered their fleet together.

We, therefore, at six of the clock in the morning, having made our prayers to Almighty God, prepared ourselves for the fight. We in the Content bare up with their vice-admiral, and (ranging along by his broadside aweather of him) gave him a volley of muskets and our great ord-

nance; then, coming up with another small ship ahead of the former, we hailed her in such sort that she payd roome.

THUS being in fight with the little ship, we saw a great smoke come from our admiral, and the Hopewel and Swallow forsaking him with all the sailes they could make; whereupon, bearing up with our admiral (before we could come to him) we had both the small ships to windward of us, purposing (if we had not bene too hotte for them) to have layd us aboord.

Thus we were forced to stand to the northwards, the Hopewel and the Swallow not coming in all this while to ayde us, as they might easily have done. Two of their great ships and one of their small followed us. They having a loom gale (we being altogether becalmed) with both their great ships came up faire by us, shot at us, and on the sudden furled their spritsailes and mainsailes, thinking that we could not escape them. Then falling to prayer, we shipped our oars that we might rowe to shore and anker in shallow water, where their great ships could not come nie us, for other refuge we had none.

Then one of their small ships being manned from one of their great, and having a boat to rowe themselves in, shipped her oars likewise, and rowed after us, thinking with their small shot to have put us from our oars until the great ships might come up with us; but by the time she was within musket shot, the Lord of His mercie did send us a faire gale of wind at the north-west, off the shore, what time we stood to the east.

Afterward (commending our selves to Almightie God in prayer, and giving him thankes for the winde which he had sent us for our deliverance) we looked forth, and descryed two saile more to the offen; these we thought to have bene the Hopewel and the Swallow that had stoode in to ayde us; but it proved farre otherwise, for they were two of the king's gallies.

Then one of them came up, and (hayling of us whence our shippe was) a Portugall which we had with us, made them answere, that we were of the fleete of Terra Firma, and of Sivil; with that they bid us amaine English dogs, and came upon our quarter star-boord, and giving us five cast pieces out of her prowe they sought to lay us aboord; but we so galled them with our muskets that we put them from our quarter.

Then they, winding their gallie, came up into our sterne, and with the way that the gallie had, did so violently thrust in the boorde of our captaine's cabbin, that her nose came into it, minding to give us all their prowe and so to sinke us. But we, being resolute, so plyed them with our small shot that they could have no time to discharge their great ordnance; and when they began to approch we heeved into them a ball of fire, and by that meanes put them off; whereupon they once again fell asterne of us, and gave us a prowe.

Then, having the second time put them off, we went to prayer, and sang the first part of the 25th Psalme, praysing God for our safe deliverance. This being done, we might see two gallies and a frigat, all three of them bending themselves together to encounter us; whereupon we (eftsoones commending our estate into the hands of God) armed ourselves, and resolved (for the honour of God, her majestie, and our countrey) to fight it out till the last man.

Then, shaking a pike of fire in defiance of the enemie, and weaving them amaine, we bad them come aboord; and an Englishman in the gallie made answer that they would come aboord presently. Our fight continued with the ships and with the gallies from seven of the clocke in the morning till eleven at night.

HOWBEIT God (which never faileth them that put their trust in Him) sent us a gale of winde about two of the clocke in the morning, at east-north-east, which was for the preventing of their crueltie and the saving of our lives. The next day being the fourteenth of June in the morning, we sawe all our adversaries to lee-ward of us; and they, espying us, chased us till ten of the clocke; and then, seeing they could not prevaile, gave us over.

Thus we give God most humble thankes for our safe deliverance from the cruell enemie, which hath beene more mightie by the Providence of God than any tongue can expresse; to whom bee all praise, honour, and glory, both now and ever. Amen.

H. G. WELLS

THE WAR OF THE WORLDS

Retold by the Author

FIRST published in 1898, The War of the Worlds immediately set Mr. Wells in the very forefront of the writers of scientific romance. It originated in a remark made to him by his brother: 'How would it be if some creatures of a vastly superior power suddenly came down upon us and behaved like a drunken man-of-war's crew let loose among some gentle savages?' One day, walking upon Horsell Common he suddenly visualised such invaders just arrived in one of those interplanetary cylinders devised by Jules Verne. He selected Mars as their place of origin as being a planet like the Earth, but older, and so likely to contain creatures more advanced than man, but inhuman, since the chances were vastly against evolutionary processes having worked the same way in both planets. The book is published by William Heinemann at 3s. 6d.

I—A Falling Star

THE first star was seen early in the morning rushing over Winchester eastward, high in the atmosphere. Hundreds must have seen it, and taken it for an ordinary falling star. For in those days no one gave a thought to the outer worlds of space as sources of human danger. At most, terrestrial men fancied there might be other men upon Mars, perhaps inferior to themselves and ready to welcome a missionary enterprise. Yet across the gulf of space minds, that are to our minds as ours are to the beasts that perish, regarded this earth with envious eyes, and slowly and surely drew their plans against us.

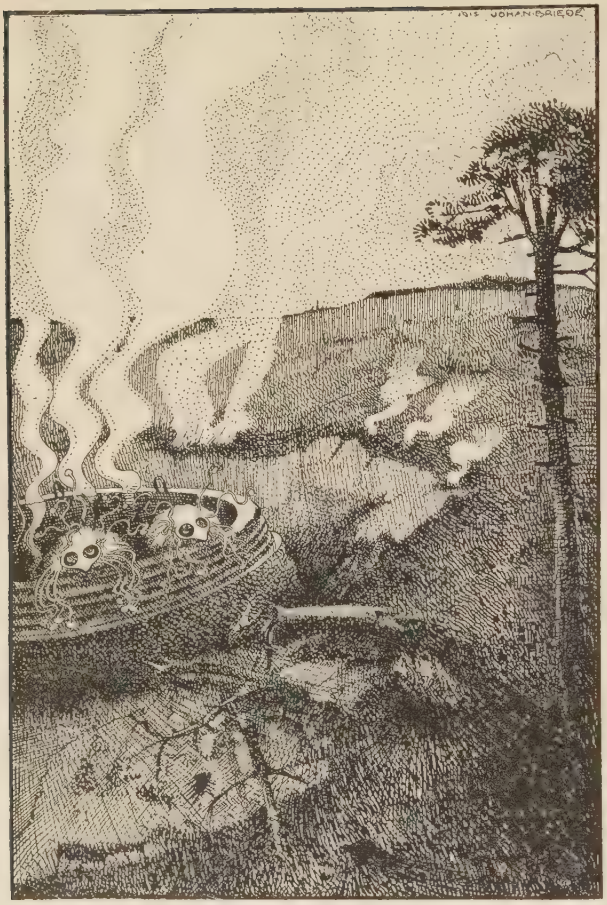
No one seems to have troubled to look for the fallen thing that night. But early in the morning it was found, almost entirely buried in the sand, among the scattered splinters of a fir-tree on the common between Horsell, Woking and Ottershaw. The uncovered part had the appearance of a huge cylinder, caked over, and its outline softened by a thick, scaly, dun-coloured incrustation. It had a diameter of about thirty yards. A stirring noise within the cylinder was ascribed at first to the unequal cooling of its surface, for at that time it did not occur to anyone that it might be hollow.

When, about sunset, I joined the crowd at the edge of the pit the thing had dug by its impact with the soil, the end of the cylinder was being screwed out from within. Nearly two feet of shining screw projected. Somebody blundered against me, and I narrowly missed being pitched on the top of the screw. As I turned to avoid the fall the lid of the cylinder fell upon the gravel with a ringing concussion. For a moment the cavity seemed perfectly black, for I had the sunset in my eyes.

I think everyone expected to see a man emerge—possibly something a little unlike us terrestrial men, but in all essentials a man. I know I did. But, looking, I presently saw something stirring within the shadow—greyish, billowy movements, one above another, and then two luminous disks like eyes. Then something resembling a little grey snake, about the thickness of a walking-st ck, coiled up out of the writhing middle and wriggled in the air towards me, and then another.

A big, greyish, rounded bulk, the size, perhaps, of a bear, was rising slowly and painfully out of the cylinder. As it bulged up and caught the light, it glistened like wet leather. Two large dark-coloured eyes were regarding me steadfastly. It was rounded, and had, one might say, a face. There was a mouth under the eyes, the lipless brim of which quivered and panted and dropped saliva. The body heaved and pulsated convulsively. A lank tentacular appendage gripped the edge of the cylinder, another swayed in the air.

Those who have never seen a living Martian can scarcely imagine the strange horror of their appearance. The peculiar



LARGE DARK EYES WERE REGARDING ME STEADFASTLY

From the drawing by Johan Briedé

V-shaped mouth with its pointed upper lip, the absence of brow ridges, the absence of a chin beneath the wedge-like lower lip, the incessant quivering of this mouth, the Gorgon groups of tentacles, the tumultuous breathing of the lungs in a strange atmosphere, the evident heaviness and painfulness of movement, due to the greater gravitational energy of the earth—above all, the extraordinary intensity of the immense eyes—culminated in an effect akin to nausea. There was something fungoid in the oily brown skin, something in the clumsy deliberation of their tedious movements unspeakably terrible. Even at this first encounter, this first glimpse, I was overcome with disgust and dread.

Suddenly the monster vanished. It had toppled over the brim of the cylinder, and fallen into the pit with a thud like the fall of a great mass of leather. I heard it give a peculiar thick cry, and forthwith another of these creatures appeared darkly in the deep shadow of the aperture.

At that my rigour of terror passed away. I turned and, running madly, made for the first group of trees, perhaps a hundred yards away; but I ran slantingly and stumbling, for I could not avert my face from these things. There, among some young pine trees and furze bushes, I stopped, panting, and waited further developments. Once a leash of thin black whips, like the arms of an octopus, flashed across the sunset, and was immediately withdrawn, and afterwards a thin rod rose up, joint by joint, bearing at its apex a circular disk that spun with a wobbling motion.

Suddenly there was a flash of light, and a quantity of luminous greenish smoke came out of the pit in three distinct puffs, which drove up, one after the other, straight into the still air. At the same time a faint hissing sound became audible. Beyond the pit stood a little wedge of people, a little knot of small vertical black shapes upon the black ground. As the green smoke rose, their faces flashed out pallid green, and faded again as it vanished.

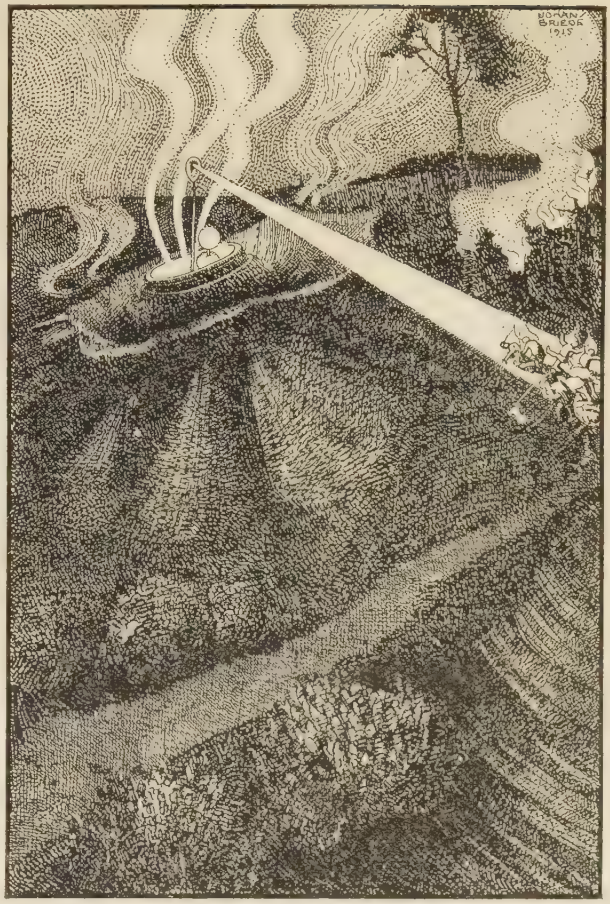
Then slowly the hissing passed into humming, into a long, loud droning noise. Slowly a humped shape rose out of the pit, and the ghost of a beam of light seemed to flicker out from it. Forthwith, flashes of actual flame, a bright glare leaping from one to another, sprang from the scattered group of men. It was as if some invisible jet impinged upon them and flashed into white flame. It was as if each man were suddenly and momentarily turned to fire.

Then, by the light of their own destruction, I saw them staggering and falling, and their supporters turning to run.

I stood staring, not as yet realizing that this was death leaping from man to man in

that little distant crowd. An almost noiseless and blinding flash of light, and a man fell headlong and lay still, and as the unseen shaft of heat passed over them, pine trees burst into fire, and every dry furze bush became with one dull thud a mass of flames.

It is still a matter of wonder how the Martians are able to slay men so swiftly and so silently. Many think that in some way they are able to generate an intense heat in a chamber of practically absolute non-conductivity. This intense heat they project in a parallel beam against any object they choose by means of a polished parabolic mirror of unknown composition—much as the parabolic mirror of a lighthouse projects a beam of light. But no one has absolutely proved these details. However it is done, it is certain that a beam of heat is the essence of the matter—heat, and invisible, instead of visible light. Whatever is combustible flashes into flame at its touch, lead runs like water, it softens iron, cracks and melts glass, and when it falls upon water incontinently that explodes into steam.



SUDDENLY THERE WAS A FLASH OF LIGHT
From the drawing by Johan Briedé

That night nearly forty people lay under the starlight about the pit, charred and distorted beyond recognition, and all night long the common from Horsell to Maybury was deserted, and brightly ablaze.

II—Fighting Begins

It was in a storm that I first saw the Martians at large, on the night of the third falling star. How can I describe the thing I saw? A monstrous tripod, higher than many houses, striding over the young pine trees, and smashing them aside in its career; a walking engine of glittering metal, striding now across the heather, articulate ropes of steel dangling from it, and the clattering tumult of its passage mingling with the riot of the thunder. A flash, and it came out vividly, heeling over one way with two feet in the air, to vanish and reappear almost instantly, as it seemed, with the next flash, a hundred yards nearer. Can you imagine a milking stool tilted and bowled violently along the ground? That was the impression those instant flashes gave. But instead of a milking-stool imagine it a great body of machinery on a tripod stand.

Seen nearer, the thing was incredibly strange, for it was no mere insensate machine driving on its way. Machine it was, with a ringing metallic pace, and long flexible glittering tentacles (one of which gripped a young pine tree) swinging and rattling about its strange body. It picked its road as it went striding along, and the brazen hood that surmounted it moved to

and fro with the inevitable suggestion of a head looking about it. Behind the main body was a huge thing of white metal like a gigantic fisherman's basket, and puffs of green smoke squirted out from the joints of the limbs as the monster swept by me.

All that night the creatures were busy—communicating, I suppose, and maturing their plans. It was not until the next morning that our resistance began. The fighting I saw took place at Shepperton Wey, where a crowd of fugitives were waiting to cross the river by the ferry.

Suddenly we saw a rush of smoke far away up the river, a puff of smoke that jerked up into the air, and hung; and forthwith the ground heaved under foot, and a heavy explosion shook the air, smashing two or three windows in the houses near, and leaving us astonished.

Quickly, one after the other, one, two, three, four of the armoured Martians appeared, far away over the little trees, across the flat meadows that stretch towards Chertsey, and striding hurriedly towards the river. Little cowled figures they seemed at first, going with a rolling motion and as fast as flying birds.

Then, advancing obliquely towards us, came a fifth. Their armoured bodies glittered in the sun as they swept swiftly forward upon the guns, growing rapidly larger as they drew nearer. One on the extreme left—the remotest, that is—flourished a huge case high in the air, and the ghostly terrible heat-ray I had already seen on Friday night smote towards Chertsey, and struck the town.

"Get under water!" I shouted unheeded. And, as the first Martian towered overhead scarcely a couple of hundred feet away, I flung myself under the surface.

When I raised my head, it was on the bank, and, in a stride, wading half-way across. The knees of its foremost legs bent at the further bank, and in another moment it had raised itself to its full height again, close to the village of Shepperton. Forthwith the six guns, which had been hidden behind the outskirts of that village, fired simultaneously.

The sudden near concussions, the last close upon the first, made my heart jump. The monster was already raising the case generating the heat-ray as the first shell burst six yards above the hood.

Simultaneously two other shells burst in the air near the body as the hood twisted round in time to receive, but not in time to dodge, the fourth shell.

The shell burst clean in the face of the thing. The hood bulged, flashed, was whirled off in a dozen tattered fragments of red flesh and glittering metal.

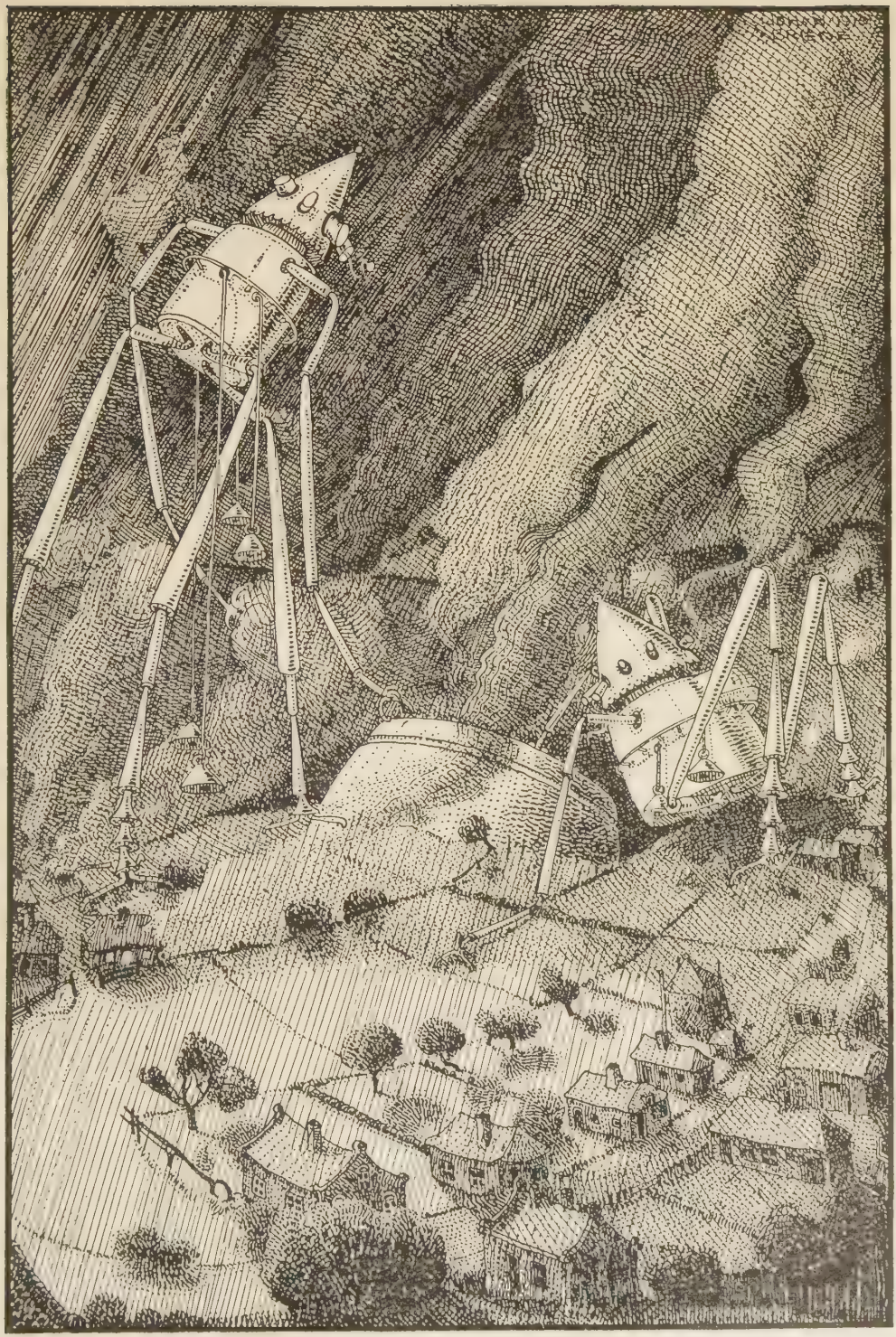
"Hit!" shouted I, with something between a scream and a cheer.

I heard answering shouts from the people in the water about me. I could have leapt out of the water with that momentary exultation.

The decapitated colossus reeled like a drunken giant, but it did not fall over. It recovered its balance by a miracle, and, no longer heeding its steps, and with the camera that fired the heat-ray now rigidly upheld, it reeled swiftly upon Shepperton. The living intelligence, the Martian within the hood, was slain and splashed to the four winds of heaven, and the thing was now but a mere intricate device of metal whirling to destruction. It drove along in a straight line, incapable of guidance. It struck the tower of Shepperton Church, smashing it down as the impact of a battering-ram might have done, swerved aside, blundered on, and collapsed with a tremendous impact into the river.

A VIOLENT explosion shook the air, and a spout of water, steam, mud and shattered metal shot far up into the sky. As the camera of the heat-ray hit the water, the latter had incontinently flashed nto steam. In another moment a huge wave, like a muddy tidal bore, but almost scalding hot, came sweeping round the bend upstream. I saw people struggling shorewards, and heard their screaming faintly above the seething and roar of the Martian's collapse.

Then again I ducked, for the other Martians were advancing. When for a moment I raised my head to take breath and throw the hair and water from my eyes, the steam was rising in a whirling white fog that at first hid the Martians altogether. The noise was deafening. Then I saw them dimly, colossal figures of grey, magnified by the mist. They had



'A MONSTROUS TRIPOD STRIDING OVER THE TREES'
From the drawing by Johan Briedé

passed by me, and two were stooping over the tumultuous ruins of their comrade.

The third and fourth stood beside him in the water, one perhaps two hundred yards from me, the other towards Laleham. The generators of the heat-rays waved high, and the hissing beams smote down this way and that.

The air was full of sound, a deafening and confusing conflict of noises, the clangorous din of the Martians, the crash of falling houses, the thud of trees, fences, sheds, flashing into flame, and the crackling and roaring of fire. Dense black smoke was leaping up to mingle with the steam from the river, and as the heat-ray went to and fro over Weybridge, its impact was marked by flashes of incandescent white, that gave place at once to a smoky dance of lurid flames.

For a moment, perhaps, I stood there, breast-high in the almost boiling water, dumbfounded at my position, hopeless of escape. Through the reek I could see people scrambling out of the water through the reeds, like little frogs hurrying through grass from the advance of a man, or running to and fro in utter dismay on the towing-path.

Then suddenly the white flashes of the heat-ray came leaping towards me. The houses caved in as they dissolved at its touch and darted out flames ; the trees changed to fire with a roar. It flickered up and down the towing-path, licking off the people who ran this way and that, and came down to the water's edge not fifty yards from where I stood. It swept across the river to Shepperton, and the water in its track rose in a boiling wheal crested with steam. I turned shoreward.

In another moment the huge wave, well-nigh at the boiling-point, had rushed upon me. I screamed aloud and, scalded, half-blinded, agonised, I staggered through the leaping, hissing water towards the shore. Had my foot stumbled, it would have been the end. I fell helplessly, in full sight of the Martians, upon the broad, bare gravelly spit that runs down to mark the angle of the Wey and Thames. I expected nothing but death. I have a dim memory of the foot of a Martian coming down within a score of feet of my head, driving straight into the loose gravel, whirling it this way and that, and lifting again ; of a long suspense, and then of the four carrying the *débris* of their comrade between them, now clear, and then presently faint, through a veil of smoke, receding interminably, as it seemed to me, across a vast space of river and meadow. And then, very slowly, I realized that by a miracle I had escaped.

But it was not on the heat-ray that the Martians chiefly relied in their march on London. The monsters I saw that evening as I fled were armed with tubes which they discharged like guns. There was no flash, no smoke, simply that loaded detonation. Every minute I expected the fire of some hidden battery to spring upon them, but the evening calm was unbroken. Their figures grew smaller as they receded, and presently the gathering night had swallowed them up. Only towards Sunbury was a dark appearance, as though a conical hill had suddenly come into being there, and remoter across the river, towards Walton, I saw another such summit. They grew lower and broader even as I stared. These, as I knew later, were the black smoke. It was heavy, this vapour, heavier than the densest smoke, so that, after the first tumultuous uprush and outflow of its impact, it sank down through the air and poured over the ground in a manner rather liquid than gaseous, abandoning the hills and streaming into the valleys and ditches and watercourses, even as I have heard the carbonic acid gas that pours from volcanic clefts is wont to do. And the touch of that vapour was death to all that breathes.

One has to imagine the fate of those batteries towards Esher, waiting so tensely in the twilight, as well as one may. Survivors there were none. One may picture the orderly expectation, the officers alert and watchful, the gunners ready, the ammunition piled to hand, the limber gunners with their horses and waggons, the groups of civilian spectators standing as near as they were permitted, the evening stillness, the ambulances and hospital tents, with the burnt and wounded from Weybridge ; then the dull resonance of the shots the Martians fired, and the

clumsy projectile whirling over the trees and houses, and smashing amidst the neighbouring fields.

One may picture, too, the sudden shifting of the attention, the swiftly spreading coils and bellyings of that blackness advancing headlong, towering heavenward, turning the twilight to a palpable darkness, a strange and horrible antagonist of vapour striding upon its victims, men and horses near it seen dimly running, shrieking, falling headlong, shouts of dismay, the guns suddenly abandoned, men choking and writhing on the ground, and the swift broadening out of the opaque cone of smoke. And then, night and extinction—nothing but a silent mass of impenetrable vapour hiding its dead.

III—Dead London

So you understand the roaring wave of fear that swept through the greatest city in the world just as Monday was dawning—the stream of flight rising swiftly to a torrent, lashing in a foaming tumult round the railway stations, banked up into a horrible struggle about the shipping in the Thames, and hurrying by every available channel northward and eastward. By ten o'clock the police organization, and by midday even the railway organizations, were losing coherency, losing shape and efficiency, guttering, softening, running at last in that swift liquefaction of the social body.

All the railway lines north of the Thames and the South-Eastern people at Cannon Street had been warned by midnight on Sunday, and trains were being filled, people were fighting savagely for standing-room in the carriages, even at two o'clock. By three, people were being trampled and crushed even in Bishopsgate Street; a couple of hundred yards or more from Liverpool Street station revolvers were fired, people stabbed, and the policemen who had been sent to direct the traffic, exhausted and infuriated, were breaking the heads of the people they were called out to protect.

And as the day advanced the engine-drivers and stokers refused to return to London, the pressure of the flight drove the people in an ever-thickening multitude away from the stations and along the northward running roads. By mid-day a Martian had been seen at Barnes, and a cloud of slowly sinking black vapour drove along the Thames and across the flats of Lambeth, cutting off all escape over the bridges in its advance.

If one could have hung that June morning in a balloon in the blazing blue above London, every northward and eastward road running out of the infinite tangle of streets would have seemed stippled black with the streaming fugitives, each dot a human agony of terror and physical distress.

Directly below him the balloonist would have seen the network of streets far and wide, houses, churches, squares, crescents, gardens—already derelict—spread out like a huge map, and in the southward *blotted*. Over Ealing, Richmond, Wimbledon, it would have seemed as if some monstrous pen had flung ink upon the chart. Steadily, incessantly, each black splash grew and spread, shooting out ramifications this way and that, now banking itself against rising ground, now pouring swiftly over a crest into a new-found valley, exactly as a gout of ink would spread itself upon blotting paper.

And beyond, over the blue hills that rise southward of the river, the glittering Martians went to and fro, calmly and methodical y spreading their poison-cloud over this patch of country, and then over that, laying it again with their steam-jets when it had served its purpose, and taking possession of the conquered country. They do not seem to have aimed at extermination so much as at complete demoralisation and the destruction of any opposition. They exploded any stores of powder they came upon, cut every telegraph, and wrecked the railways here and there. They were hamstringing mankind. They seemed in no hurry to extend the field of operations, and they did not come beyond the central part of London all that day. It is possible that a very considerable number of people in London stuck to their houses through Monday morning. Certain it is that many died at home, suffocated by the black smoke.

I have not space to tell you here of my adventures during the days that followed —of how I saw men caught for the Martians' food, of how the third falling star smashed the house where I was resting, and of what I saw while I was hiding there. When I came out into the air again, I found about me the landscape, weird and lurid, of another planet. Everywhere spread a red weed, whose seed the Martians had brought with them. All round were red cactus-shaped plants, knee-high, without a solitary terrestrial growth to dispute their footing. The trees near me were dead and brown, but further a network of red threads scaled the still living stems. I went on my way to Hampstead through scarlet and crimson trees; it was like walking through an avenue of gigantic blood-drops.

IV—How the Martians Were Slain

It was near South Kensington that I first heard the howling. It crept almost imperceptibly upon my senses. It was a sobbing alternation of two notes, "Ulla, ulla, ulla, ulla," keeping on perpetually. I stopped, wondering at this strange, remote wailing. It was as if that mighty desert of houses had found a voice for its fear and solitude. It was not until I emerged from Baker Street that I saw, far away over the trees in the clearness of the sunset, the hood of the Martian giant from which this howling proceeded. I watched him for some time, but he did not move.

I came upon the wrecked handling machine halfway to St. John's Wood Station. At first I thought a house had fallen across the road. It was only as I clambered among the ruins that I saw, with a start, this mechanical Samson lying, with its tentacles bent and smashed and twisted, among the ruins it had made. It seemed as if it had driven blindly straight at the house, and had been overwhelmed in its overthrow.

A little beyond the ruins about the smashed handling machine I came upon the red weed again, and found Regent's Canal a spongy mass of dark red vegetation.

The dusky houses about me stood faint and tall and dim; the trees towards the park were growing black. All about me the red weed clambered among the ruins, writhing to get above me in the dim. Far away, I saw a second Martian, motionless as the first, standing in the park towards the Zoological Gardens.

An insane resolve possessed me. I would die and end it. And I would save myself even the trouble of killing myself. I marched on recklessly towards this Titan, and then, as I drew nearer and the light grew, I saw that a multitude of black birds was circling and clustering about the hood. At that my heart gave a bound, and I began running along the road. Great mounds had been heaped about the crest of the hill, making a huge redoubt of it. It was the final and largest place the Martians made. And from behind these heaps there rose a thin smoke against the sky. Against the skyline an eager dog ran and disappeared. The thought that had flashed into my mind grew real, grew credible. I felt no fear, only a wild, trembling exultation, as I ran up the hill towards the motionless monster. Out of the hood hung lank shreds of brown at which the hungry birds pecked and tore.

I scrambled up the earthen rampart, and the interior of the redoubt was below me. A mighty space it was, with gigantic machines here and there within it, huge mounds of material and strange shelter places. And, scattered about it, some in their overturned war-machines, some in the now rigid handling machines, and a dozen of them stark and silent and laid in a row, were the Martians—*dead!*—slain by the putrefactive and disease bacteria against which their systems were unprepared; slain as the red weed was being slain; slain, after all man's devices had failed, by the humblest things that God has put upon this earth.

Already when I watched them they were irrevocably doomed, dying and rotting even as they went to and fro. It was inevitable. By the toll of a billion deaths man has bought his birthright of the earth, and it is his against all comers; it would still be his were the Martians ten times as mighty as they are. For neither do men live nor die in vain.

ABELARD AND HELOISE

LOVE-LETTERS

ABELARD and Héloïse are names that still quicken the sympathies of the heart. Abélard was the most eminent scholastic philosopher and theologian of his time (1079–1142); Héloïse was famed alike for her learning and her beauty. When they met, Abélard was at the height of his fame in Paris. They fell madly in love. Their secret marriage was denied by Héloïse lest it should hinder Abélard's preferment. In revenge her uncle caused Abélard to be cruelly mutilated. He became a monk, she a nun and, later, head of the abbey of The Paraclete, which Abélard founded at Nugent-sur-Saône. An epistle written by Abélard to a friend falling by accident into her hands, Héloïse wrote the first of the famous letters. When, harassed by bitter persecution for heresy, Abélard died he was buried at The Paraclete, as was Héloïse 20 years afterwards; their remains were re-interred at Père-Lachaise in 1817. The letters, written in Latin about 1128, were first published in Paris in 1616. In English a new translation from the Latin appeared in 1925. The only other modern English version is in the Temple Classics.

I—Héloïse to Abélard

THE letter that you addressed to a friend to console him in his trouble, my beloved, fell lately into my hands. My knowledge of the writing and my love of the hand gave me the curiosity to open it. But how dear did my curiosity cost me! What disturbance did it occasion, and how surprised I was to find the whole letter filled with a particular and melancholy account of our misfortunes!

Though length of time ought to have closed up my wounds, yet the seeing them described by you was sufficient to make them all open and bleed afresh. Surely all the misfortunes of lovers are conveyed to them through the eyes; upon reading your letter I feel all mine renewed. Be not then unkind, nor deny me, I beg of you, that little relief which you only can give. Let me have a faithful account of all that concerns you; I would know everything, be it ever so unfortunate. Perhaps by mingling my sighs with yours I may make your sufferings less, for all sorrows divided are made lighter. Write to me then immediately, and I shall know you still remember me.

I have made it an observation since our absence that we are much fonder of the pictures of those we love when they are at a great distance than when they are near us. I have your picture in my room. I never pass by it without stopping to look at it. If a picture, which is but a mute representation of an object, can give such pleasure, what cannot letters inspire? We may write to each other; so innocent a pleasure is not denied us. I shall read that you are my husband, and you shall see me sign myself your wife. In spite of all your misfortunes, you may be what you please in your letter. If you can be capable of any jealousy, let it be for the fond caresses I shall bestow upon your letters, and envy only the happiness of those rivals. That writing may be no trouble to you, write always to me carelessly and without study. I had rather read the dictates of the heart than of the brain. I cannot live if you do not tell me that you still love me; and since by that melancholy relation to your friend, you have awakened all my sorrows, it is but reasonable you should allay them.

Must I use any other prayers than my own in order to prevail upon you? The St. Austins, Tertullians and Jeromes have written to the Eudoxias, Paulas and Melanias. Can you read those names, though of saints, and not remember mine? When you write to me you will write to your wife; marriage has made such a correspondence lawful, and since you can without the least scandal satisfy me, why will you not? I am not only engaged by my vows, but I have the fear

of my uncle before me. There is nothing, then, that you need dread.

You have been the occasion of all my misfortunes; you, therefore, must be the instrument of my comfort. You cannot but remember (for lovers cannot forget) with what pleasure I have passed whole days in hearing your discourse; how, when you were absent, I shut myself from everyone to write to you; how uneasy I was till my letter had come to your hands; what artful management it required to engage messengers. This detail perhaps surprises you, and you are in pain for what may follow. But I am no longer ashamed that my passion had no bounds for you, for I have done more than this.

I have hated myself that I might love you; I came hither to a perpetual imprisonment that I might make you live quietly and at ease. Nothing but virtue, joined to a love perfectly disengaged from the senses, could have produced such effects. My cruel uncle thought it was the man and not the person I loved. But he has been guilty to no purpose. I love you more than ever, and to revenge myself on him I will still love you with all the tenderness of my soul till the last moment of my life. If, formerly, both mind and body loved you, I often told you even then that I was more pleased with possessing your heart than with any other happiness. True tenderness makes us separate the lover from all that is external to him, and, setting aside his position, fortune and employments, consider him merely as himself.

WHAT could resist you? With what ease did you compose verses! And yet those ingenious trifles, which were but a recreation to you, are still the entertainment and delight of persons of the best taste. The smallest song, the least sketch of anything you made for me, had a thousand beauties capable of making it last as long as there are lovers in the world. Others in despair and envy have reproached me that I had no charms but what your wit bestowed on me. I thought myself happy in having a lover to whom I was obliged for my charms, in being admired by a man who, when he pleased, could raise his mistress to the character of a goddess. Pleased with your glory only, I read with delight all those praises you offered me, and without reflecting how little I deserved, I believed myself such as you described, that I might be more certain I pleased you.

But oh! where is that happy time? Of all my joys there remains nothing but the painful memory that they are past.

My misfortune was to have cruel relatives whose malice destroyed the calm we enjoyed; had they been reasonable, I had now been happy. Oh, how cruel were they when their blind fury urged a villain to surprise you in your sleep! Where was I—where was your Héloïse then? What joy should I have had in defending my lover! I would have guarded you from violence at the expense of my life—— Oh, whither does this excess of passion hurry me? Here love is shocked, and modesty and despair deprive me of words.

WHEN I pronounced my sad vow I then had about me your last letters, in which you protested you would be wholly mine, and would never live but to love me. I am earnestly desirous to see you, but if that be impossible I will content myself with a few lines from your hand. Among those who are wedded to God I am wedded to a man; among the heroic supporters of the Cross I am the slave of a human desire; at the head of a religious community I am devoted to Abélard alone. What a monster am I! Veiled as I am, behold in what disorder you have plunged me! I tell you to-day what I would not have said to you yesterday. I had resolved to love you no more. I was, as it were, dead and buried; yet there rises unexpectedly from the bottom of my heart a passion which triumphs over all these thoughts, and darkens alike my reason and my religion. Oh, for pity's sake help a wretch to renounce her desires. If you gratify my request I shall continue a religious, and without longer profaning my calling. I am ready to humble myself with you to the wonderful goodness of God. It is to you I sacrifice these remains of a transitory beauty, these widowed nights and tedious days. And since you cannot possess them I take them from you to offer them to Heaven.

But I have dwelt too long on this subject. I ought to speak less to you of your misfortunes and my own sufferings. We tarnish the lustre of our most beautiful actions when we applaud them ourselves. O vows! O convent! I have not lost my humanity under your inexorable discipline. A heart which has loved as mine cannot soon be indifferent. Tell me, my beloved, why, since my retreat, which you alone decided, you have so neglected me. The world would say it is because it was the ardour of the senses and not love that drew you to me; but that thought is not shared by me.

I conjure you, Abélard, by the chains I bear here, to ease the weight of them. Teach me the maxims of Divine Love. Since you have forsaken me I would glory in being wedded to Heaven. Tell me how this Divine Love is nourished, how it works, how it purifies. I expect this from you as a thing you cannot refuse me. God has a peculiar right over the hearts of great men He has created. When He pleases to touch them He lets them not speak nor breathe but for His glory. Till that moment of grace arrives, Oh, think of me—do not forget me—remember my love, my fidelity, my constancy: love me as your mistress, cherish me as your child, your sister, your wife! Remember I still love you, and yet strive to avoid loving you. What a terrible saying is this! I shake with horror, and my heart revolts against what I say. I shall blot all my paper with tears——I end my long letter wishing you, if you desire it (would to Heaven I could!), for ever Adieu!

II—Abélard to Héloïse

If, since we left the world for God, I have not sent to you a word of consolation or of exhortation, put it not down to negligence or forgetfulness, but to the entire confidence I have always had in your wisdom and your good judgement. I did not believe that any help I could give was necessary to one to whom God has dispensed all the gifts of His grace, to one who, by her words, by her example, was so able herself to lighten the troubled spirit, to succour feeble hearts. But if in your humility you feel the need of our direction and our written counsel, and will let me know on what subject you wish enlightenment, I will answer according as the Lord will give me power. [This promise Abélard fulfilled.]

I had wished to find in philosophy and religion a remedy for my disgrace. I searched out an asylum to secure me from love. But if my passion has been put under restraint my thoughts yet run free. I promise myself that I will forget you, and yet cannot think of it without loving you. After a multitude of useless endeavours I begin to persuade myself that it is a superfluous trouble to strive to free myself; and that it is sufficient wisdom to conceal from all but you my confusion and my weakness.

I remove to a distance from your person with an intention of avoiding you as an enemy; and yet I incessantly seek for you in my mind. I recall your image in my memory, and in such different disquietudes I betray and contradict myself. I hate you! I love you! You call me your master; it is true you were entrusted to my care. I saw you; I was earnest to teach you vain sciences; it cost you your innocence and me my liberty. If now I had lost the power of loving you, I should have some consolation. But I find myself much more guilty in my thoughts of you, even amidst my tears, than in possessing you when I was in full liberty. I continually think of you; I continually call to mind your tenderness.

I hoped after our separation you would have changed your sentiments; I hoped, too, that God would have delivered me from the tumult of my senses. But in spite of severe fasts and redoubled studies, in spite of the distance of three hundred miles which separates us, your image appears to me and confounds all my resolutions. Oh! do not add to my miseries by your constancy. Forget, if you can, your favours and that right which they claim over me; allow me to be indifferent. Why use your eloquence to reproach me for my flight and for my silence? Spare the recital of our assignations and your constant exactness to them; without calling up such disturbing thoughts I have

THE PARTING OF ABELARD AND HELOISE
From the painting by J. Severn in the Victoria and Albert Museum

enough to suffer. What great advantages would philosophy give us over other men if, by studying it, we could learn to govern our passions! Those charms, that beauty, that air, which I yet behold, occasioned my fall. Your looks were the beginning of my guilt; your eyes, your discourse, pierced my heart; and, in spite of that ambition and glory which tried to make a defence, love was soon the master. My love burns fiercer amidst the happy indifference of those who surround me. The Gospel is a language I do not understand when it opposes my passion.

Those vows I have taken before the altar are feeble helps when opposed to thoughts of you. Regard me no more, I entreat you, as a founder or any great personage; your praises ill agree with my many weaknesses. Come, if you think fit, and in your holy habit thrust yourself between God and me. What cannot you induce a heart to do whose weakness you so perfectly know! Rather withdraw yourself and help me toward salvation. Suffer me to avoid destruction, I entreat you, by our former tender affection and by our now common misfortunes. It will always be the highest love to show none. Be God's wholly. How happy shall I be if I thus lose you! Bear with courage the cross you so resolutely took up.

When I pressed you to your vow before I took mine I was desirous to make it impossible for me to doubt you. My jealousy secretly rejoiced in your innocent compliance; and yet, triumphant as I was, I yielded you up to God with an unwilling heart. I still kept my gift as much as was possible, and only parted with it that I might keep it out of the power of other men. I admired, without daring to mention it then, a brightness in your beauty which I had never observed before. I accompanied you to the foot of the altar, and I heard you pronounce those fatal words that for ever separated you from man.

Till then I thought your youth and beauty would foil my design and force your return to the world. How much did I wrong you, and what weakness did I impute to you! When I saw you were infinitely worthy of all my love, I imagined I could love you no more. God rejected my offering and my prayer, and continued my punishment by suffering me to continue my love. Thus I bear alike the guilt of your vows and of the passion that

preceded them, and must be tormented all the days of my life.

It was God's pleasure when you took the veil to draw you to Him by His grace. I saw your eyes, when you spoke your last farewell, fixed upon the Cross. It was more than six months before you wrote me a letter. I wrote to you and you returned me no answer. Your heart was then shut; but this garden of the Spouse is now opened. He is withdrawn from it and has left you alone. By removing from you He has made trial of you. Call Him back and strive to regain Him. We must have the assistance of God that we may break our chains. Let us repair as far as possible the evils we have done, and let France, which has been the witness of our crimes, be amazed at our penitence. Pity me and free yourself. If your vocation be, as you say, my work, deprive me not of the merit of it by inquietudes.

If you have abused the sanctity of so many holy terms—master, father, brother, husband—in the superscription of your letter to do me honour and flatter your own passion, blot them out and replace them with those of murderer, villain and enemy, who has conspired against your honour, troubled your quiet, and betrayed your innocence. You would have perished through my means but for an extraordinary act of grace which, that you might be saved, has thrown me down in the middle of my course. It is a thousand times more easy to renounce the world than renounce love. My wandering heart still eternally seeks you. Let my salvation be the fruit of your prayers.

To love Héloïse truly is to leave her to that quiet which retirement and virtue afford. I have resolved it: this letter shall be my last fault. Adieu! If I die here I will give orders that my body be carried to the House of The Paraclete. You shall see me in that condition, not to demand tears from you, for it will then be too late; weep rather for me now and extinguish the fire which burns me. I hope you will be willing, when you have finished this mortal life, to be buried near me. Your cold ashes need then fear nothing, and my tomb will be the more rich and renowned.

III—Héloïse to Abélard

CRUEL Abélard! You ought to have stopped my tears and you have made them flow. You desire that after your death I should take care of your ashes and pay them the last duties. Alas! my beloved, in what state of feeling did you conceive those ideas? Heaven, severe as it has been to me, is not so insensible as to permit me to live one moment after you. Life without my Abélard were an insupportable punishment, and death a most exquisite happiness if by that means I could be united to him. If Heaven but hearken to my continual cry, your days will be prolonged and you will bury me. What have I to hope for after the loss of you? The higher you raised me above other women, who envied me your love, the more sensible am I now of the loss of your heart. I was exalted to the top of happiness only that I might have the more terrible fall. Once nothing could be compared to my pleasures; now nothing can equal my misery.

My fortune has been always in extremes. While we gave ourselves up to the enjoyment of a guilty love nothing opposed our pleasures; but scarcely had we retrenched our passion and taken refuge in marriage, than the wrath of Heaven fell on us with all its weight. And how barbarous was your punishment! But why should I rave at Fulbert? I, wretched I, have ruined you, and have been the cause of all your misfortunes. All the poor comfort I have is that I am not their voluntary cause. You are happy, Abélard, in that grace is given you, and your misfortune has been the occasion of your finding rest. The tempest has driven you into the haven. I have still a thousand passions to fight. In the midst of these struggles I try at least to conceal my weakness from those you have entrusted to my care. All who are about me admire my virtue, but could their eyes penetrate into my heart what would they not discover? Heaven commands me to renounce that fatal passion which unites me to you; but, oh! my heart will never be able to consent to it. Adieu.

IV—Héloïse to Abélard

SOME few days after you sent me your last letter I fell dangerously ill. The physicians gave me over, and I expected certain death. Then it was that I began to dread the wrath of God, and I repented that I had not better used the means of grace. But, Abélard, I have torn off the bandage which blinded me, and, if I dare rely upon my feelings, I have now made myself worthy of your esteem. But what secret trouble rises in my soul—what unthought-of emotion now rises to oppose the resolution I have formed to sigh no more for Abélard? Just Heaven! have I not triumphed over my love? Unhappy Héloïse! as long as thou drawest a breath it is decreed thou must love Abélard. This sacrilege fills up the measure of my iniquity. Great God! shall Abélard always possess my thoughts? Can I never free myself from those chains that bind me to him?

But perhaps I am unreasonably afraid. Fear not, Abélard. I will no more endeavour, by the relation of those pleasures our passion gave us, to awaken any guilty fondness you may yet feel for me. Forget the names of lover and husband and keep ever that of father. I demand nothing of you but spiritual advice and wholesome direction. You end your letter with the wish for death to end a weary life. Is it possible so great a genius as you cannot rise above your past misfortunes?

My dear husband (for the last time I use that name!) I begin to perceive that I take too much pleasure in writing to you. I ought to burn this letter. It shows that I still feel a deep passion for you, though at the beginning I tried to persuade you to the contrary. I am sensible of emotions of both grace and passion. Have pity, Abélard, on the condition to which you have brought me, and make in some measure my last days as peaceful as my first were uneasy and disturbed.

V—Abélard to Héloïse

WRITE no more to me, Héloïse, write no more to me; 'tis time to end communications which make our penances of no avail. Let a mortification of body and mind, a strict fasting, continual solitude, profound and holy meditations, and a sincere love of God succeed our former irregularities.

Ah, Héloïse, your heart still burns with that fatal fire you cannot extinguish, and mine is full of trouble and unrest. Think not, Héloïse, that I here enjoy a perfect peace; I am not yet disengaged from you, and though I fight against my excessive tenderness for you, in spite of all my endeavours I remain but too sensible of your sorrows, and long to share in them. The world, which is generally wrong in its notions, thinks I am at peace and, imagining that I loved you only for the gratification of the senses, have now forgotten you. What a mistake is this!

I should be happy if I had none to fear but my enemies, and no other hindrance to my salvation but their calumny. But, Héloïse, you make me tremble. Your letters declare to me that you are enslaved to human love; and yet, if you cannot conquer it you cannot be saved. Attempt to break those shameful chains which bind you to the flesh, and if by the assistance of grace you are so happy as to accomplish this, I entreat you to think of me in your prayers. If your fresh efforts prove weak, do not give way to despair. I shall never cease to recommend you in my prayers and beg God to assist you.

Banish me, therefore, for ever from your heart; and when at last your life is conformable to that of Christ, death will be desirable to you. Your soul will joyfully leave the body, and direct its flight to Heaven. Then you will appear with confidence before your Saviour.

Farewell, Héloïse, this is the last advice of your dear Abélard; for the last time let me persuade you to follow the holy rules of the Gospel. Heaven grant that your heart, once so sensible of my love, may now yield to be directed by my zeal. May the idea of your loving Abélard, always present to your mind, be now changed into the image of Abélard truly penitent; and may you shed as many tears for your salvation as you have done over our misfortunes.

William Winwood Reade

THE MARTYRDOM OF MAN

Abridgement by Joseph McCabe

In this great history we have the story of humanity as seen by a fevered and indignant humanitarian, and the division into four chapters, of extraordinary length, entitled War, Religion, Liberty, and Intellect shows at a glance the manner in which its author conceived history. As the work of a man whose health was already definitely broken and for whom death lay but a few years in front although he was still quite young, The Martyrdom of Man has singular power, dignity and range, though as history it is far from up-to-date. It appeared in 1872, three years before Reade's death. Sir Harry Johnston would have it 'given by the State to every young man and woman.' Cecil Rhodes insisted that it made him what he was; and H. G. Wells speaks of it in his Outline of History as 'an extraordinarily inspiring presentation of human history.' A cheap edition is published by the Rationalist Press Association.

I—War

It is the first and indispensable condition of progress that a people shall be married to a single land; that they shall wander no more from one region to another, but remain fixed and faithful to their soil. Then if the Earth-wife be fruitful she will bear them children by hundreds and by thousands; and then Calamity will come and teach them by torture to invent.

In the valley of the Nile ancient Egypt had a long, narrow home bounded by two ranges of naked limestone hills. In the summer the river floods the lands, and the catastrophe was welcomed by the Egyptians with religious gratitude and noisy mirth. The white-robed priests marched with solemn procession to the waterside and cast in a sacrifice of gold. The flood fertilised the land, and the natives were able to obtain a year's food in return for a few days' toil.

Occasionally there was a year of famine, as the tropical rains which feed the river vary more than is usually supposed. The more intelligent were thus stimulated to strain to the utmost their ingenuity to control and guide the fickle river. They invented hydraulics, surveying, astronomy and agriculture. A natural consequence was the separation of the inventor class, who became at first the counsellors, and afterwards the rulers, of the people; and to these were associated the priests and the military caste. The nation was divided into two great classes, the rulers and the ruled, and oppression continued the work which war and famine had begun. The Empire had three estates—the Monarch, the Army and the Church.

There were in theory no limits to the power of the king, but the most powerful of the three castes was undoubtedly the Church. The whole of the civil service and the liberal professions were included in the priesthood. Their power was immense, but it was exercised with justice and discretion, and the Egyptians became a prosperous and a highly moral people. They had an institution, the Trial of the Dead, in which any man could accuse the deceased and, perhaps, prevent his burial.

At one time the Bedouins of the Arabian peninsula invaded Egypt, and ruled it as the Hyksos or Shepherd Kings; but they were at length driven back into their own harsh and meagre land, and the restoration was followed by the most brilliant period in Egyptian history. In time the vast wealth and soft luxury of the New Empire undermined its strength. In one generation the genius of Egypt slumbered, in the next it died. The Ethiopians ruled it for a period, and at length the Greeks, brought into contact with it through its great commerce, obtained much influence in it and appointed its rulers.

The Coming of the Greeks

Meantime, civilization had arisen in two other desert-bound, river-watered valleys to the east—in Babylonia and, much later, in the Punjab. Babylonia was the original abode of civilization in Western Asia, though it was on the banks of the Tigris that the first great empire arose. The civilization of Nineveh had, however, been derived from Babylon, a city five or six times the area of London (in 1870), and one of the wonders of the world. On the hills to the north were the Medes, whose capital was Ecbatana, and a hardy race of mountaineers whom we know as the Persians. These fell upon the decaying older civilizations, and a Persian Empire, filling all Asia with blood and flames, soon spread from Egypt to India. The wealth of its monarchy was incredible, and its army was enormous.

WILLIAM WINWOOD READE, a nephew of Charles Reade, the famous novelist, and the son of a wealthy landowner, was born on December 26, 1838, and was educated at Winchester and Oxford. He was not entirely representative of the radicalism of early-Victorian days, for though the influence of Darwin and Herbert Spencer raised in him the white-hot feeling that impregnates his work, his native tendencies were conservative. His early works were failures, but the Martyrdom of Man has, since his death in 1875, come into world renown.

But the Greeks who had invaded Egypt now rose against the Persians. A branch of the same Aryan race as the Persians, the Greeks had occupied the part of Europe which lies nearest to the old empires and had been the first to learn civilization. Asia was, however, only a dame's school to them. Whatever came into their hands as raw material was transmuted by them into gold. The mountainous nature of their country severed them into a number of independent and courageous States, but all spoke the same language and worshipped the same gods, so that they joined together in leagues, and their contact led to a rich development of ideas. There was throughout Greece a desire to achieve great deeds, which culminated in the siege of Troy.

As the race increased, they sent bands of emigrants over the earth and spread their culture; and in their municipal aristocracies they continued to develop their trade and their athletic and artistic rivalries. Education was given to all free men, and Poets and Philosophers rose by the side of Priests. Their travellers spread over Egypt, Babylonia and Persia, and the Persian Wars welded and strengthened the entire race.

Spread of Greek Culture

Once that victory was won, however, the different Greek peoples fell apart and were enfeebled. The splendour of their just renown must not blind us to their moral defects and to their exceeding narrowness as politicians. On the northern boundary was the hilly country of Macedonia, and, when its ambitious monarch, Philip, prepared a great army for invasion they were too divided to resist.

Philip was murdered, but his son Alexander overran the Greek States, conquered Persia, and left a line of human bones and blackened ashes of ruined towns as far as India. His vanity and ambition amounted to madness, though he also had the noble idea of ending the Greek contempt of 'barbarians' and uniting Greek and Persian in one vast empire. He died of a fever contracted in the neighbourhood of Babylon, and his empire was partitioned into three great kingdoms: Egypt, Macedonia (including Greece) and Asia.

Conquests of Alexander the Great

In Egypt the northern monarch had founded the city of Alexandria, and it became the capital of the new kingdom. Ptolemy the First, one of Alexander's generals, became king, and under him there was a remarkable renewal of Greek science in Alexandria. A great college called the Museum and a library of

700,000 volumes drew scholars from all parts. In the course of a century despotic government and war again led to a decline. The Empire was lost, and the kingdom surrendered to the Romans.

The Phoenicians had spread from Canaan over the Mediterranean, and had founded a great colony at Carthage, which in turn mastered the Mediterranean and planted colonies on its shores. Sicily attracted them, as it had drawn the Greeks, and here they met a new and formidable power, the Romans. From an early date the Etruscans had had a civilization in the north of Italy, but the Romans of the south grew strong by conquest of their neighbours and by converting them into allies.

The Romans spent three centuries in establishing their rule within a circle of a hundred miles round the city. Whatever they won by the sword they secured by the plough. At length they entered upon a life and death struggle with Carthage. The Punic Wars spread over more than a century and ended in the complete destruction of Carthage.

ROME then advanced into the East, conquering the outworn peoples and importing the learning of Greece and the soft luxury of Asia into Italy. Cato and the older patricians resisted vigorously, but the lust for conquest and wealth prevailed, and the rest of the world had to grow corn to feed, and send beasts and gladiators to entertain, the lazzaroni of Italy. Bread and games were given free to the Romans. The people degenerated, or perished in war, and the barbarians grew stronger on the fringe of the Empire.

Rome's Decline

II—Religion

THERE was a time when the emotions or ideas inspired by the poet possessed the human mind : when what are the phrases of modern poetry were the facts of ordinary life : when man lived in fellowship with nature, believing that all things which moved or changed had minds and bodies kindred to his own. To those primitive people the sun was a great being, the earth a sleeping monster, fire a savage animal which bit when it was touched.

As the intellectual faculties improved, men began to observe their own nature, and they perceived something entirely independent and distinct from the body. The mind or soul or spirit could command the body, and leave it during sleep. It could, after death, haunt the living and exact reverence and fear. When a great chief died, his spirit was to be propitiated. He became a god. Reasoning from himself, man ascribed similar souls to the forces of nature, and a Federation of Deities was held to preside over all. They were kings of the underworld to which the spirits of men departed ; and sometimes they took flesh and became visible.

Beginnings of Subjective Religion

Moral sentiment arose in primitive man independently, but the god-kings assumed charge of it, and the idea arose of reward or punishment after death. These religious ideas advanced with the progress of the mind, and we thus get a great variety of religions and a mingling of higher and lower ideas in any one country.

The unity of the universe is a scientific fact, and this gave rise to the dogma of a single deity who created the heavens and the earth : an idea first reached, not by the brilliant Greek, but by the wild Bedouin of the desert. A Bedouin sheik named Abraham had migrated to Canaan, and he and his followers worshipped one god, Eloah or Allah. During the sojourn in Egypt they came into contact with a higher civilization, but they were still a rabble of field slaves when Moses led them across the desert to Canaan. After his death the temporal and spiritual powers were divided. Kings were created, after the manner of their neighbours, and wars with the Egyptians and Assyrians ensued.

AT length the laws of Moses were rediscovered in a corner of the temple, or re-written in a higher code, and the nation concentrated on the worship of Jehovah. Contact with the Persians, and afterwards the Greeks, gave them new ideas ; but the zealous part of the nation clung to the old law and became known as Pharisees, ruled by a Sanhedrim or Council of Elders. Prophets arose amongst them, foretelling

the coming of a Messiah, and this hope inspired the people under all oppression.

In the nineteenth year of the reign of Tiberius Caesar the rumour spread in Jerusalem that the Messiah had come. Jesus, the Prophet of Nazareth, had ridden into Jerusalem on a donkey and had cleared the temple of money-lenders. This Prophet of Nazareth did not differ in temperament and character from the noble prophets of the ancient period. He preached the religion of the heart: he attacked the ceremonial laws: he offered consolation to the poor and poured forth invectives against the rulers and the rich. But he was superior as a prophet to all others, and preached a morality based upon a future life. He sympathised deeply with the outcasts, the afflicted and the oppressed. But he spoke as if it were in his power to abrogate the laws of the land and to send all those who differed from him to everlasting flames. He was charged with blasphemy and executed.

His followers formed a community at Jerusalem, and from there his doctrine travelled over the Roman-Greek world and was much modified. It was spread from the Rhône and the Rhine to the Oxus and the Jaxartes, and was represented by a community in Rome. Persecution could not destroy it, and it developed a hierarchy and discipline and, especially in the Greek world, a structure of dogmas. The Roman Emperor, Constantine, embraced it at length, and it became the religion of the Roman Empire. The peninsula of Arabia then begot a new prophet. The city of Mecca still worshipped the single Creator whom Abraham had worshipped, but a good deal of idolatry had been associated with it, and Mahomed, the agent and husband of a rich widow, felt himself inspired to purify religion and root out infanticide and other evils. He was at first ridiculed, and his converts were chiefly made among the slaves. When his followers became more numerous, several years of persecution checked their increase, until at last certain Arabs from Medina accepted his lead.

Reforms of Mahomet

Mahomed fled to Medina and found himself at the head of a small army. He now expunged his earlier saying in the Koran, "Use no violence in religion," and began to publish his gospel of the sword. Soon he established a united Arabia, and he effected great moral and social reforms. His disciples and successors were not mad fanatics, but resolute and sagacious men, and in a few years they created an empire which extended from the Pyrenees to the Hindoo Koosh. Thus the East was united as it had never been before, and the rule of Islam spread over Africa, the Arab merchants taking it to the negro and semi-negro courts. In Mecca itself the purity of the religion degenerated, and reformers arose at times to restore it.

III—Liberty

Europe was meantime slowly rising out of the darkness which followed the fall of Rome. The history of Europe in ancient times is the history of those lands which adjoin the Mediterranean Sea. Beyond the Alps lay a vast expanse of marsh and forest peopled by Germans and Gauls who in their manners and customs resembled the Red Indians. Contact with the Greeks first gave them some idea of higher things, and then the Romans spread over Gaul, Germany and Britain. A system of feudal civilization, with castles and courts, developed amongst them, and, when Rome weakened, they overran the empire and took the city. The Roman Church, however, conquered the barbarians, and was able to lead their armies, in a succession of Crusades, against the Saracens.

Barbarian Uprisings

Italy, protected by its mountain barrier, had not been so frequently flooded by barbarians as the provinces of Gaul and Spain, and Florence, Genoa and Pisa grew into powerful city states. Venice, at first a place of refuge in the lagoons, became established as a busy centre of shipping and trade. It was the great port for trade with the East.

Portugal, however, was rising to a position of rivalry. The Arabs had crossed from Africa into Spain, and under their tolerant and enlightened rule a

brilliant civilization had been formed. The part of the Peninsula which is called Portugal preserved its independence and its dialect when the kings of Castile at length drove out the Moors and its seaports were filled with ships. The king resolved to follow the retreating Moors to Africa, especially when he learned that beyond the Sahara was a great land worked by negroes and rich in gold. Portuguese navigators sailed down the shores of Africa and occupied Guinea and the Gold Coast. The Cape of Good Hope was next rounded, and at length Vasco da Gama reached India by sea and cut off the trade of the Venetians. East and West Indies were now discovered, and Dutch and English vessels sailed with Spanish and Portuguese.

The Age of Discovery

The African negroes have at all times been highly prized as domestic and ornamental slaves. They were used in Egypt, and were articles of fashion in both Greece and Rome. Venetians and Moors had employed them, and the Portuguese, having discovered the slave-land itself, imported ten thousand negroes a year before the discovery of the New World. Spaniards, English, Dutch and French now called for slave labour for their plantations, and a hideous trade in human flesh ensued. They were hunted in Africa, packed like herrings in the ships, and treated with brutality in America.

GREAT social changes meantime occurred in Europe. The Reformation led to a spread of education, and in the eighteenth century Voltaire and Rousseau broadened the rebellion until it threatened altar and throne. The anti-slavery movement is an episode in that great rebellion against authority which began in the night of the Middle Ages. Granville Sharp, Clarkson and Wilberforce stirred public opinion against it in England, and the French Revolution engendered a humane sentiment against it. The trade was abolished by English law in 1807, and the Civil War ended it in America.

IV—Intellect

SPECULATING about the future of Africa entails some speculation about the future of the European race and of the Asiatics, and it is obvious that in order to form some conception of the future it is necessary to understand the present and the past. We go back beyond the oldest books and traditions and search the archives of the earth, the rocks ; for man in mind and body bears traces of this rising from a lower species, and sends us back to the earliest times.

We go back to a time, perhaps a thousand million years ago, when our planet and all the other planets were fiery spheres cast off by the sun. Our globe gradually cooled, and the overhanging masses of steam settled upon it in the form of oceans. In the waters appeared the first forms of life, and these dots of animated jelly, swimming unconsciously in the primeval sea, were the ancestors of man. Great changes took place in the primeval atmosphere and sea, affecting the composition of the living things and leading to a great variety of types. The struggle for food led to the development of these variations along specific lines. Mind developed correspondingly and love was born of the relations of the sexes. The continuous struggle sharpened the mental faculties, and the animal was slowly developed into Man.

Language was the first weapon of our species, and the second was the hand. Men began to give points to sticks and edges to stones, and it is possible that fire was found when they rubbed the ends of sticks to make arrows.

CURIOSITY, the instinct of the animal, led to the development of intellect ; the imitative instinct produced art ; and the spirit of music arose from primeval speech, by means of which males and females were attracted to each other. Co-operation in the herd also was at first merely instinctive, but the developing intelligence perceived its value, and the interests of the society were supported by laws. Of this need moral or social law was born ; it is due in the first place to the law of self-preservation. The history of morals is the extension of the reciprocal virtues from the clan to the tribe, from the tribe to the nation,

Evolution of Moral Laws

from the nation to all communities living under the same government; then to people of the same colour, and finally to mankind.

Thus life passes through four phases. The period which begins with the animal globules preying upon the plant globules in the primeval sea, and which ends with the conquest by the carnivorous shepherds of the vegetable-eaters of the river plains, may be termed the period of War. The long and gloomy period which followed, when, owing to the division of classes resulting from war, the greater part of the population were unable to rise, may be entitled Religion. The third period, belonging to Europe only and to modern times, is Liberty. The fourth period is characterised by the utmost development of mind and morals, and for that I have chosen the word Intellect, because by the education of the intellect the moral sense is of necessity improved.

This new era of history opens with the nineteenth century. War, despotism, slavery and superstition are now injurious to the progress of Europe, but they were once the agents by which progress was produced. Progress henceforward will be by science, by ascertaining and using the laws of nature.

Three great inventions will be made and may be near at hand. The first is the discovery of a motive force which will take the place of steam. The second is the invention of aerial locomotion. The third will be the manufacture of flesh and flour in the chemical laboratory. Men will then themselves be creators, and with that tremendous development there will be a profound revolution in religious ideas.

A season of mental anguish is at hand, and through this we must pass in order that our posterity may rise. In each generation the human race has been tortured that their children might profit by their woes, and therefore have I given to universal history the strange but true title—the Martyrdom of Man.

An El Dorado of Wit

RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN

THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL

DRURY LANE THEATRE opened under Sheridan's management in September 1776. He had already won fame as a dramatist with The Rivals, St. Patrick's Day or The Scheming Lieutenant, and The Duenna, all produced at Covent Garden. On January 16, 1777, he presented his comedy, The Rivals, at Drury Lane, produced A Trip to Scarborough on February 24, and on May 8 gave the world the crowning achievement of his genius as a playwright, The School for Scandal, which is acknowledged to surpass any comedy of modern times and is as fresh and delightful to-day as it was a century and a half ago. The Critic, produced at Drury Lane, October 29, 1779, and Pizarro, produced on the same stage May 24, 1799, complete the short but brilliant tale of Sheridan's work as a dramatist.

PERSONS IN THE PLAY

Sir Peter Teazle
Sir Oliver Surface
Sir Benjamin Backbite
Snake, in the pay of Lady Sneerwell
Joseph Surface and Charles Surface, Nephews to Sir Oliver Surface
Moses, a Jewish money-lender
Lady Teazle
Lady Sneerwell
Mrs. Candour
Maria, ward to Sir Oliver

(*The scene is laid in London*)

SIR PETER TEAZLE, an old bachelor of fifty, has married a young wife, the daughter of a country squire, and seven months after marriage finds several reasons to regret his temerity; for Lady Teazle has become in every respect the equal of any town-bred woman of fashion. She is as accomplished a scandalmonger and gossip as Sir Benjamin Backbite, Mrs. Candour, or Lady Sneerwell. She seems thoroughly heartless and recklessly extravagant. She will never lose her temper when her husband reproaches her.

Moreover, Sir Peter suspects her of a growing attachment to Charles Surface, a careless young scapegrace and rake, to whom the worthy knight has acted in the capacity of guardian. As a matter of fact, Charles is really attached to Maria, Sir Peter's young ward, and it is Joseph, the model young man, the utterer of noble sentiments, to whose love-making Lady Teazle has been lending

a too willing ear; though Joseph, it must be admitted, at the early stage of the acquaintance only courted the wife in order to further his suit to the ward, for whose money he has a very sincere affection. Sir Peter looks kindly on Joseph's passion for the young lady, but she herself detests Joseph, and loves and pities Charles.

Matters being in this train, Sir Oliver Surface, a rich nabob, who has sent both his orphan nephews large sums from India, returns to London, and is told what a wicked prodigal Charles is, and what a worthy young man Joseph must be considered. But he has his doubts about both young gentlemen's reputation, and in order to test Charles he readily falls in with a suggestion of Sir Peter's that, being personally unknown to both his nephews, he should go round to Charles's house in the company of Moses, a Jewish money-lender, and there pose as one Premium, a broker, who is prepared to lend the young spendthrift money at an exorbitant rate of interest. Sir Oliver accordingly visits Charles in this character, with the result that he buys for a song the whole of the Surface family portraits save a picture of himself, which the grateful Charles resolutely refuses to sell on any terms whatever. On the whole, Sir Oliver is pretty well satisfied with the interview.

Meantime, a clandestine visit which Lady Teazle pays to Joseph's library is the means of placing the man of sentiment in a situation of considerable embarrassment. Lady Teazle has called partly in a spirit of adventure, partly to complain to Joseph of Sir Peter's unfounded jealousy of Charles.]

LADY TEAZLE: I am sure I wish he would let Maria marry him, and then perhaps he would be convinced; don't you, Mr. Surface?

Joseph Surface (*aside*): Indeed, I do not. (*Aloud*) Oh, certainly I do! For then, my dear Lady Teazle would also be convinced how wrong her suspicions were of my having any design on the silly girl.

Lady Teazle: Well, well, I'm inclined to believe you. But isn't it provoking to have the most ill-natured things said of one without any foundation?

Joseph: There's the mortification, indeed; for when a scandalous story is believed against one, there certainly is no comfort like the consciousness of having deserved it.

Lady Teazle: Then, Sir Peter, too: to have him so peevish and suspicious.

Joseph: But, my dear Lady Teazle, 'tis your own fault if you suffer it. When a husband entertains a groundless suspicion of his wife, she owes it to the honour of her sex to endeavour to outwit him.

Lady Teazle: Indeed! So that, if he suspects me without cause, it follows that the best way of curing his jealousy is to give him reason for't.

Joseph: Undoubtedly, for your husband should never be deceived in you; and in that case it becomes you to be frail in compliment to his discernment.

Lady Teazle: What you say is reasonable; and the consciousness of my innocence——

Joseph: Oh, my dear madam, there is the great mistake! 'Tis this very conscious innocence that is of the greatest prejudice to you. What is it makes you negligent of forms and careless of the world's opinion? Why, the consciousness of your own innocence.

Lady Teazle: 'Tis very true!

Joseph: Now, my dear Lady Teazle, if you would but once make a trifling *faux pas*, you can't conceive how cautious you would grow, and how ready to agree with your husband.

Lady Teazle: Do you think so?

Joseph: I am sure on't. Your character at present is like a person in a plethora, absolutely dying from too much health.

Lady Teazle: Your prescription, then, is that I must sin in my own defence, and part with my virtue to preserve my reputation.

Joseph: Exactly so, upon my credit, ma'am.

Lady Teazle: Well, certainly this is the oddest doctrine, and the newest receipt for avoiding calumny!

Joseph: An infallible one, believe me. Prudence, like experience, must be paid for.

Lady Teazle: Why, if my understanding were once convinced——

Joseph: Yes, yes. Heaven forbid I should persuade you to do anything you thought wrong. No, no, I have too much honour to desire it.

Lady Teazle: Don't you think we may as well leave honour out of the argument?

[*Rises.*

Joseph: Then, by this hand, which—— (*Taking her hand. Enter* **Servant**.) 'Sdeath, you blockhead—what do you want?

Servant: I beg your pardon, sir, but I thought you would not choose Sir Peter to come up without announcing him.

Joseph: Sir Peter! Oons—the devil!

Lady Teazle: Sir Peter! I'm quite undone! Now, Mr. Logic? Oh! Mercy, sir, he's on the stairs. I'll get behind here—and if ever I'm so imprudent again——

[*Goes behind the screen.*

Joseph: Give me that book.

Sits down. **Servant** *pretends to adjust his chair.*

[*Enter* **Sir Peter Teazle.**

Sir Peter Teazle: Ay, ever improving himself. Mr. Surface——

[*Pats* **Joseph** *on the shoulder.*

Joseph: Oh, my dear Sir Peter, I beg your pardon. (*Gaping, throws away the book.*) I have been dozing over a stupid book. You haven't been here, I believe, since I fitted up this room. Books, you know, are the only things I am a coxcomb in.

Sir Peter: 'Tis very neat indeed; and you can make even your screen a source of knowledge - hung, I perceive, with maps.

Joseph: Oh, yes, I find great use in that screen.

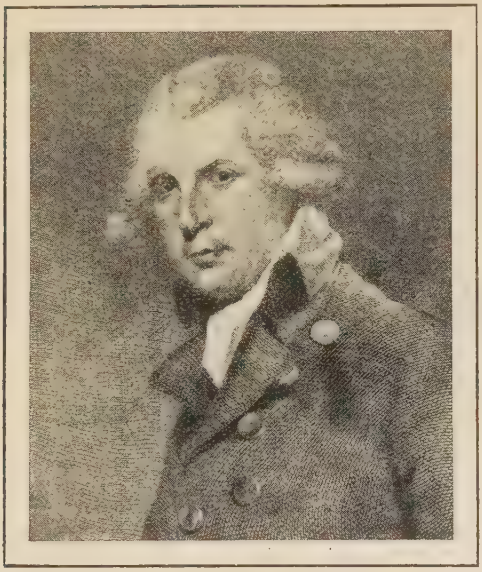
Sir Peter: I dare say you must, when you want to find anything in a hurry.

Joseph: Ay, or to hide anything in a hurry (*aside*). You need not stay (*to* **Servant**).

Servant: No, sir. [*Exit.*

Joseph: Here's a chair, Sir Peter.

Sir Peter: Well, now, as we are alone, there is a subject, my dear friend, on which I wish



RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN was born in Dublin, October 30, 1751, and educated at Harrow. In 1773 he married Miss Linley, and settling in London embarked on a brilliant career as theatrical manager of Drury Lane theatre, as the foremost dramatist of his age, and, after 1780 when he was returned for Stafford, as a conscientious parliamentarian and a great orator. The destruction of Drury Lane theatre by fire completed his ruin, and his later years were full of financial trouble and physical distress. Sheridan died July 7, 1816, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

After the portrait by Sir Joshua Reynolds

to unburden my mind to you. 'Tis but too plain that Lady Teazle has not the least regard for me; but, what's worse, I have pretty good authority to suppose she has formed an attachment to another. Have you no guess who I mean?

Joseph: I haven't the most distant idea. It can't be Sir Benjamin Backbite!

Sir Peter: Oh, no! What say you to Charles?

Joseph: My brother! Impossible!

Sir Peter: Oh, my dear friend, the goodness of your own heart misleads you. You judge of others by yourself.

Joseph: Certainly, Sir Peter. The heart that is conscious of its own integrity is ever slow to credit another's treachery.

Sir Peter: True; but your brother has no sentiment. You never hear him talk so.

Joseph: Yet I can't but think Lady Teazle herself has too much principle.

Sir Peter: Ay, but what is principle against the flattery of a handsome, lively young fellow?

Joseph: That's very true.

Sir Peter: But then, again, that the nephew of my old friend Sir Oliver should be the person to attempt such a wrong hurts me more nearly.

Joseph: Ay, there's the point. When ingratitude barbs the dart of injury, the wound has double danger in it.

Sir Peter: Ay, I, that was, in a manner, left his guardian; in whose house he has so often been entertained; who never in my life denied him—my advice!

Joseph: If it should be proved on him, he is no longer a brother of mine; for the man who can break the laws of hospitality, and tempt the wife of his friend, deserves to be branded as the pest of society.

Sir Peter: What a difference there is between you! What noble sentiments!

Joseph: Yet I cannot suspect Lady Teazle's honour.

Sir Peter: I am sure I wish to think well of her, and to remove all ground of quarrel between us. Here, my friend, are the drafts of the two deeds which I wish to have your opinion on. By one, she will enjoy eight hundred a year independent while I live; and, by the other, the bulk of my fortune at my death.

Joseph: This conduct, Sir Peter, is indeed truly generous. (*Aside*) I wish it may not corrupt my pupil.

Sir Peter: And now we will talk over the situation of your hopes with Maria. I am sensibly chagrined at the little progress you seem to make in her affections.

Joseph (*softly*)**:** I beg you will not mention it. What are my disappointments when your happiness is in debate? (*Aside*) 'Sdeath, I shall be ruined every way!

Sir Peter: And although you are averse to my acquainting Lady Teazle with your passion, I'm sure she's not your enemy in the affair.

Joseph: I am too much affected by the subject we have been speaking of to bestow a thought on my own concerns. The man who is entrusted with his friend's distresses can never—— (*Re-enter* **Servant**) Well, sir?

Servant: Your brother, sir, is speaking to a gentleman in the street, and says he knows you are within.

Joseph: 'Sdeath, blockhead, I'm not within. I'm out for the day.

Sir Peter: Stay; a thought has struck me. You shall be at home.

Joseph (*to* **Servant**)**:** Well, well, let him up. (*Aside*) He'll interrupt Sir Peter, however.

Sir Peter: Before Charles comes, let me conceal myself somewhere; then do you tax him on the point we have been talking. If he is innocent, you do him the greatest service by giving him an opportunity of clearing himself, and you will set my heart at rest. (*Going up to the screen*) Here behind the screen will be—— Hey, there seems to be one listener here already. I'll swear I saw a petticoat.

Joseph: Ha, ha, ha! This is ridiculous enough. I'll tell you, Sir Peter; though I hold a man of intrigue to be a most despicable character, it does not follow that one is to be an absolute Joseph either. 'Tis a little French milliner, a silly rogue that plagues me.

Sir Peter: Ah, Joseph! Joseph! Did I ever think that you—— But, egad, she has overheard all I have been saying of my wife.

Joseph: Oh, 'twill never go any further.

Sir Peter: Then, faith, let her hear it out. Here's a closet will do as well. Sly rogue!

[*Goes into the closet. Enter* **Charles Surface.**

'THIS IS ONE OF THE SMARTEST FRENCH MILLINERS I EVER SAW'
From the drawing by Fred Pegram

Charles Surface : Your fellow would not let me up at first. What! Have you had a Jew or a wench with you?

Joseph : Neither, brother, I assure you.

Charles : But what has made Sir Peter steal off? Was the old gentleman afraid I wanted to borrow money off him?

Joseph : No, sir; but I am sorry to find, Charles, you have given that worthy man grounds for great uneasiness.

Charles : How so, pray?

Joseph : He thinks you are endeavouring to gain Lady Teazle's affections from him.

Charles : Who, I? O Lud! not I, upon my word—— Ha, ha, ha! So the old fellow has found out that he has got a young wife, has he?

Joseph : This is no subject to jest on, brother.

Charles : True; then, seriously, I never had the least idea of what you charge me with, upon my honour.

Joseph : Well, It will give Sir Peter great satisfaction to hear this.

[*Raising his voice.*

Charles : Besides you know my attachment to Maria. Besides, you know, you surprise me exceedingly by naming me with Lady Teazle; for, i' faith, I always understood you were her favourite.

Joseph : Oh, for shame, Charles! This retort is foolish.

Charles : Egad, I'm serious! Don't you remember one day when I called and found you together?

Joseph : Gad, I must stop him! (*Aside*) Sir Peter has overheard all we have been saying. I knew you would clear yourself, or I should not have consented.

Charles : Here! Sir Peter! Where is he?

Joseph : Softly—there!

[*Points to the closet.*

Charles : Oh, 'fore Heaven, I'll have him out!

Joseph : No, no——

CHARLES: I say, Sir Peter, come into court. (*Pulls in* **Sir Peter.**) What! my old guardian! What! turn inquisitor, and take evidence incog.? Oh, fie! Oh, fie!

Sir Peter : Give me your hand, Charles. I believe I have suspected you wrongfully; but you mustn't be angry with Joseph; 'twas my plan!

Charles : Indeed!

Sir Peter : What I have heard has given me great satisfaction.

Charles : Egad, then, 'twas lucky you didn't hear any more! Wasn't it, Joseph?

Sir Peter : Ah, you would have retorted on him!

Charles : Ah, ay, that was a joke.

[*Re-enter* **Servant,** *who whispers to* **Joseph** *that* **Lady Sneerwell** *is below.* **Joseph** *leaves the room to send her away, bidding* **Sir Peter** *say not a word to* **Charles** *about the little French milliner.*

Sir Peter : Ah, Charles, if you associated more with your brother, one might indeed hope for your reformation. He is a man of sentiment. Well, there is nothing in the world so noble as a man of sentiment.

Charles : Psha! he is too moral by half. He would as soon let a priest into his house as a wench.

Sir Peter : Come, come, you wrong him. Joseph is no rake, but he is no such saint neither. (*Aside*) I have a great mind to tell him.

Charles : Oh, hang him! he's a very anchorite, a young hermit!

Sir Peter : You must not abuse him; he may chance to hear of it again.

Charles : Why, you won't tell him?

Sir Peter : No. Hark 'ee—have you a mind to have a good laugh at Joseph?

Charles : I should like it of all things.

Sir Peter : Then, i' faith, we will. I'll be quit with him for discovering me. He had a girl with him when I called. [*Whispers.*

Charles : What! Joseph? You jest.

Sir Peter : A little French milliner, and the best of the jest is—she's in the room now.

Charles : The devil she is!

Sir Peter : Hush! I tell you.

[*Points to the screen.*

Charles : Behind the screen! 'Slife, let's unveil her!

Sir Peter : No, no, he's coming: you shan't, indeed!

Charles : Oh, egad, we'll have a peep at the little milliner!

Sir Peter : Not for the world! Joseph will never forgive me!

Charles : I'll stand by you.

Sir Peter : Odds, here he is!

[**Charles** *throws down the screen. Re-enter* **Joseph Surface.**

CHARLES: Lady Teazle, by all that's wonderful!

Sir Peter : Lady Teazle, by all that's damnable!

Charles : Sir Peter, this is one of the smartest French milliners I ever saw. Egad, you seem all to have been diverting yourselves here at hide-and-seek, and I don't see who is out of the secret. Shall I beg your ladyship to inform me? Brother, will you be pleased to explain this matter? What! is Morality dumb, too? Sir Peter, though I found you in the dark, perhaps you are not so now! All mute! Well, though I can make nothing of the affair, I suppose you perfectly understand one another, so I'll leave you to yourselves. (*Going*) Brother, I'm sorry to find you have given that worthy man grounds for so much uneasiness. Sir Peter, there's nothing in the world so noble as a man of sentiment!

[*Exit.*

DESPITE this contretemps, Joseph insists on protesting his innocence, and tells a cock-and-bull story which explains nothing, and which Lady Teazle is so far from corroborating that she reveals to Sir Peter the whole truth.

Unfortunately for the man of sentiment, another interview which he has in the library with a visitor helps still further to disclose his character. Sir Oliver—by arrangement with Sir Peter—calls on his elder nephew, pretending to be Mr. Stanley, a poor relation; and Joseph not only protests his inability to assist him, but says that his uncle is the most avaricious of men, and has scarcely given him anything, and that he himself has again and again assisted his extravagant brother by lending him large sums of money.

Finally, an attempt made by Joseph, who wants to marry Maria, and by Lady Sneerwell, who is in love with Charles, to prevent the union of the two young people by making out that Charles is in honour bound to marry Lady Sneerwell, miscarries, through a creature of that lady's, named Snake, being persuaded to tell the real truth. So Joseph, bankrupt in character and expectations, has the mortification of seeing Maria contracted to Charles, Lady Teazle reconciled to Sir Peter, and his own reputation lost both with his ex-guardian and with his wealthy uncle.]

HENRY FIELDING

The Adventures of JOSEPH ANDREWS

ALTHOUGH priority has been given in these pages to Tom Jones as being the supreme achievement of his genius, that was not the first of Henry Fielding's novels. It had been preceded by Jonathan Wild in 1743 and fourteen months earlier still by The Adventures of Joseph Andrews and His Friend Mr. Abraham Adams, which was published in two duodecimo volumes in February, 1742. In this work Fielding designed a kind of entertainment not hitherto attempted in the English language—the realistic comic romance, a comic epic in prose. He began with the purpose of parodying Richardson's Pamela, but after a few chapters he lost sight of this design in the wider scope of ridiculing the ridiculous wherever he found it in life. In the event he produced a work of remarkable vitality and vigour in which commonplace country scenes 'blaze with light like a comedy of Shakespeare.' His new departure was in introducing 'the unknown plebeian world to letters,' and by his faithful portrayal of human nature he became the deepest and most abiding influence on English fiction. A cheap edition is published by Harrop.

I—The Virtues of Joseph Andrews

MR. JOSEPH ANDREWS was esteemed to be the only son of Gaffer and Gammer Andrews, and brother to the illustrious Pamela.

At ten years old (by which time his education was advanced to writing and reading) he was bound an apprentice to Sir Thomas Booby, an uncle of Mr. Booby's by the father's side. From the stable of Sir Thomas he was preferred to attend as footboy on Lady Booby, to go on her errands, stand behind her chair, wait at her tea-table and carry her prayer-book to church; at every place he behaved so well in every respect at divine service that it recommended him to the notice of Mr. Abraham Adams, the curate, who took an opportunity one day to ask the young man several questions concerning religion, with his answers to which he was wonderfully pleased.

Mr. Abraham Adams was an excellent scholar, a man of good sense and good nature, but at the same time entirely ignorant of the ways of the world. At the age of fifty he was provided with a handsome income of twenty-three pounds a year, which, however, he could not make any great figure with, because he was a little encumbered with a wife and six children.

Adams had no nearer access to Sir Thomas or my lady than through Mrs. Slipslop, the waiting-gentlewoman, for Sir Thomas was too apt to estimate men merely by their dress or fortune, and my lady was a woman of gaiety, who never spoke of any of her country neighbours by any other appellation than the brutes.

Mrs. Slipslop, being herself the daughter of a curate, preserved some respect for Adams; she would frequently dispute with him, and was a mighty affecter of hard words, which she used in such a manner that the parson was frequently at some loss to guess her meaning.

Adams was so much impressed by the industry and application he saw in young Andrews that one day he mentioned the case to Mrs. Slipslop, desiring her to recommend him to my lady as a youth very susceptible of learning, and one whose instruction in Latin he would himself undertake, by which means he might be qualified for a higher station than that of a footman. He therefore desired that the boy might be left in his care when Sir Thomas and my lady went to London.

"La, Mr. Adams," said Mrs. Slipslop, "do you think my lady will suffer any preambles about any such matter? She is going to London very concisely, and I am confidous would not leave Joey behind on any account, for he is one of the genteelest young fellows you may see in a summer's day; and I am confidous she would as soon think of parting with a pair of her grey mares, for she values herself

on one as much as the other. And why is Latin more necessitous for a footman than a gentleman? I am confidous my lady would be angry with me for mentioning it, and I shall draw myself into no such delemy."

So young Andrews went to London in attendance on Lady Booby, and became acquainted with the brethren of his profession. They could not, however, teach him to game, swear, drink, nor any other genteel vice the town abounded with. He applied most of his leisure hours to music, in which he greatly improved himself, so that he led the opinion of all the other footmen at an opera. Though his morals remained entirely uncorrupted, he was at the same time smarter and genteeler than any of the beaux in town, either in or out of livery.

At this time an accident happened, and this was no other than the death of Sir Thomas Booby, who left his disconsolate lady closely confined to her house. During the first six days the poor lady admitted none but Mrs. Slipslop and three female friends, who made a party at cards; but on the seventh she ordered Joseph to bring up her tea-kettle.

Lady Booby's affection for her footman had for some time been a matter of gossip in the town, but her innocent freedoms had made no impression on young Andrews.

Now, however, he thought my lady had become distracted with grief at her husband's death, so strange was her conduct, and he wrote to his sister Pamela on the subject.

'If madam be mad, I shall not care for staying long in the family, so I heartily wish you could get me a place at some neighbouring gentleman's. I fancy I shall be discharged very soon, and the moment I am I shall return to my old master's country seat, if it be only to see Parson Adams, who is the best man in the world. London is a bad place, and there is so little good fellowship that the next-door neighbours don't know one another. Your loving brother,

'Joseph Andrews.'

The sending of this letter was quickly followed by the discharge of the writer. To Lady Booby's open declarations of love Joseph replied that a lady having no virtue was not a reason against his having any.

"I am out of patience!" cries the lady. "Did ever mortal hear of a man's virtue? Will magistrates who punish lewdness, or parsons who preach against it, make any scruple of committing it? And can a boy have the confidence to talk of his virtue?"

"Madam," says Joseph, "that boy is the brother of Pamela, and would be ashamed that the chastity of his family, which is preserved in her, should be stained in him. If there are such men as your ladyship mentions, I am sorry for it, and I wish they had an opportunity of reading my sister Pamela's letters; nor do I doubt but such an example would amend them."

"You impudent villain!" cries the lady in a rage. "Get out of my sight, and leave the house this night!"

Joseph having received what wages were due, took a melancholy leave of his fellow-servants and set out in the evening.

II—What Befell Joseph on His Journey

It may be wondered why Joseph made such extraordinary haste to get out of London, and why, instead of proceeding to the habitation of his father and mother, or to his beloved sister Pamela, he chose rather to set out full speed to Lady Booby's country seat, which he had left on his journey to town.

Be it known, then, that in the same parish where this seat stood there lived a young girl whom Joseph longed more impatiently to see than his parents or his sister. She was a poor girl, formerly bred up in Sir Thomas's house, and now servant to a farmer in the parish.

Fanny was two years younger than our hero, and had been always beloved by him, and returned his affection. They had been acquainted from their infancy, and Mr. Adams had, with much ado, prevented them from marrying, and persuaded them to wait till a few years' service and thrift had a little improved their experience and enabled them to live comfortably together.

Honest Joseph therefore set out on his travels without delay, in order that he

might once more look upon his Fanny, from whom he had been absent for a year.

But on the road he was attacked by robbers, and, having been left wounded in a ditch, was mercifully taken to an inn by some later travellers.

It was at this same inn that, to the great surprise on both sides, Mr. Abraham Adams found Joseph.

The parson informed his young friend, who was still sick in bed, that the occasion of the journey he was making to London was to publish three volumes of sermons, being encouraged, as he said, by an advertisement lately set forth by the Society of Booksellers; but, though he imagined he should get a considerable sum of money on this occasion, which his family were in urgent need of, he protested he would not leave Joseph in his present penniless condition. Finally, he told him he had nine shillings and threepence-halfpenny in his pocket, which he was welcome to use as he pleased.

BEFORE pursuing his journey Adams made the acquaintance of another clergyman named Barnabas at the inn, who in his turn, hearing that Adams was proposing to publish sermons, introduced him to a stranger who he said was a bookseller.

Adams, saluting the stranger, answered Barnabas that he was very much obliged to him; that nothing could be more convenient, for he had no other business to the great city, and was heartily desirous of returning with the young man, who was just recovered of his misfortune. To induce the bookseller to be as expeditious as possible, he assured them their meeting was extremely lucky to himself, for that he had the most pressing occasion for money at that time, his own being almost spent. "So that nothing," says he, "could be so opportune as my making an immediate bargain with you."

"Sir, sermons are mere drugs," said the stranger. "The trade is so vastly stocked with them that really, unless they come out with the name of Whitefield or Wesley, or those sort of people, I don't care to touch. However, I will, if you please, take the manuscript with me to town, and send you my opinion of it in a very short time."

When, however, Adams began to describe the nature of his sermons the bookseller drew back, on the ground that the clergy would be certain to cry down such a book.

AN accident prevented Mr. Adams from pursuing a market for his sermons any farther. This accident was, that those sermons which the parson was travelling to London to publish were left behind; what he had mistaken for them in the saddle-bags were three shirts, which Mrs. Adams, who thought her husband would need shirts rather than sermons on his journey, had carefully provided for him.

Joseph, concerned at the disappointment to his friend, begged him to pursue his journey all the same, and promised he would himself return with the books to him with the utmost expedition.

"No, thank you, child," answered Adams; "it shall not be so. What would it avail me to tarry in the great city unless I had my discourses with me? No; as this accident has happened, I am resolved to return back to my cure, together with you; which, indeed, my inclination sufficiently leads me to."

Mr. Adams, whose credit was good wherever he was known, having borrowed a guinea from a servant belonging to a coach-and-six, who had been formerly one of his parishioners, discharged the bill for Joseph and himself, and the two travellers set off.

III—How Parson Adams Befriended Fanny

ADAMS and Joseph Andrews being for a time separated on the road, through the former's absent-mindedness, it fell to the lot of the parson to hasten to the assistance of a damsel who in a lonely place was being attacked by some ruffian.

Adams was as strong as he was brave, and having rescued the maiden, took her under his protection. It was too dark for either to identify the other, but on Mr. Adams ejaculating the name of Joseph Andrews, for whose safety he was anxious, his companion recognized his voice, and the parson was quickly informed that it was Fanny who was by his side.

The fact was the poor girl had heard of

Joseph's misfortune from the servants of a coach which had stopped at the inn while the poor youth was confined to his bed; and she had that instant abandoned the cow she was milking and, taking with her a little bundle of clothes under her arm, and all the money she was worth in her own purse, immediately set forward in pursuit of one whom she loved with inexpressible violence, though with the purest and most delicate passion.

Fanny was now in the nineteenth year of her age; she was tall and delicately shaped; her hair was of a chestnut brown; her complexion was fair; and, to conclude all, she had a natural gentility which surprised all who beheld her.

Can it be wondered that on the following day, when Adams and the damsel overtook Andrews at a wayside ale-house, the youth imprinted numberless kisses on her lips, while Parson Adams danced about the room in a rapture of joy?

It was so late when our travellers left the ale-house that they had not travelled many miles before night overtook them. They moved towards where the nearest light presented itself; and having crossed a field, they came to an orchard which led them to a house. Fanny begged of Joseph to knock at the door, assuring him she was so weary that she could hardly stand on her feet; and the door being immediately opened, a plain kind of man appeared at it. Adams acquainted him that they had a young woman with them, who was so tired with her journey that he should be much obliged to him if he would suffer her to come in and rest herself.

The man, who saw Fanny by the light of the candle which he held in his hand, perceiving her innocent and modest look, answered that the young woman was very welcome to rest herself in his house, and so were her company. He then ushered them into a very decent room, where his wife was sitting; she immediately rose up, and assisted them in setting forth chairs and desired them to sit down.

They now sat cheerfully round the fire till the master of the house, having surveyed his guests, and conceiving that the cassock which appeared under Adam's great-coat, and the shabby livery on Joseph Andrews, did not well suit the familiarity between them, began to entertain some suspicions not much to their advantage. Addressing himself, therefore, to Adams, he said he perceived he was a clergyman by his dress, and supposed that honest man was his footman.

"Sir," answered Adams, "I am a clergyman, at your service; but as to that young man, whom you have rightly termed honest, he is at present in nobody's service; he never lived in any other family than that of Lady Booby, from whence he was discharged; I assure you, for no crime." Having had a full account from Adams of Joseph's history the gentleman drank their healths and, at the parson's request, told something of his own life.

"Sir," says Adams, at the conclusion of the history, "fortune has, I think, paid you all her debts in this sweet retirement."

"Sir," replied the gentleman, whose name was Wilson, "I have the best of wives and three pretty children; but within three years of my arrival here I lost my eldest son. If he had died I could have borne the loss with patience; but, alas, he was stolen away from my door by some gipsies; nor could I ever, with the most diligent search, recover him. Poor child, he had the sweetest look! The exact picture of his mother!" Mr. Wilson went on to say that he should know his son amongst ten thousand, for he had a mark on his breast of a strawberry.

IV—Fanny Finds Her Parents and Joseph His Father

Our travellers, having well refreshed themselves at Mr. Wilson's house, renewed their journey next morning with great alacrity, and two days later reached the parish they were seeking.

The people flocked about Parson Adams like children round a parent; and the parson, on his side, shook every one by the hand. Nor did Joseph and Fanny want a hearty welcome from all who saw them. Adams carried his fellow-travellers home to his house, where he insisted on their partaking whatever his wife could provide, and on the very next Sunday he published the banns of marriage between Joseph Andrews and Fanny Goodwill.

Lady Booby, who was now at her country seat again, was furious when she heard in church these banns called, and at once sent for Mr. Adams and rated him soundly.

"It is my orders that you publish these banns no more, and if you dare, I will commend it to your master, the rector, to discard you from his service," says my lady. "The fellow Andrews is a vagabond, and shall not settle here and bring a nest of beggars into the parish."

"Madam," answered Adams, "I know not what your ladyship means by the terms 'master' and 'service.' I am in the service of a Master who will never discard me for doing my duty; and if the rector thinks proper to turn me from my cure, God will provide me, I hope, another."

THE malice of Lady Booby did not stop at this; she endeavoured to get Joseph and Fanny convicted on a trumped-up charge of trespass. In this base wickedness she was defeated by her nephew, young Squire Booby, who had married the virtuous Pamela, Joseph's sister; he at once stopped the proceedings. More than that, he carried off Andrews to Lady Booby's, and on his arrival, said, "Madam, as I have married a virtuous and worthy woman, I am resolved to own her relations, and show them all respect; I shall think myself, therefore, infinitely obliged to all mine who will do the same. It is true her brother has been your servant, but he has now become my brother."

Lady Booby answered that she would be pleased to entertain Joseph Andrews; but when the squire went on to speak of Fanny his aunt put her foot down resolutely against her civility to the young woman.

And now both Pamela and her husband were inclined to urge Joseph to break off the engagement with Fanny, but the young man would not give way, and in this he was supported by Mr. Adams.

The arrival of a pedlar in the parish, who had shown some civility to Adams and Andrews when they were travelling on the road, threatened the marriage prospect much more dangerously for a time.

According to the pedlar, who was a man of some education and birth, Fanny had been stolen away from her home when an infant, and sold for three guineas to Sir Thomas Booby; the name of her family was Andrews, and they had a daughter of a very strange name, Pamela. This story he had received from a dying woman.

The only thing now to be done was to send for old Mr. Andrews and his wife; and, in the meantime, the pedlar was bidden to Booby Hall to tell the whole story again. All who heard him were well satisfied of the truth, except Pamela, who imagined as neither of her parents had ever mentioned such an accident to her, it must be false; and except Lady Booby, who suspected the falsehood of the story from her ardent desire that it should be true; and Joseph, who feared its truth, from his earnest wishes that it might prove false.

On the following morning news came of the arrival of old Mr. Andrews and his wife. Mr. Andrews assured Mr. Booby that he had never lost a daughter by gipsies, nor ever had any other children than Joseph and Pamela. But old Mrs. Andrews, running to Fanny, embraced her, crying out, "She is—she is my child!"

The company were all amazed at this disagreement, until the old woman explained the mystery. During her husband's absence at Gibraltar, when he was a sergeant in the army, a party of gipsies had stolen the little girl who had been born to him, and left a small male child in her place. So she had brought up the boy as her own.

"WELL," says Gaffer Andrews, "you have proved, I think, very plainly that this girl does belong to us; I hope you are certain the boy is not ours."

Then it turned out that Joseph had a strawberry mark on his left breast, and this made the pedlar, who knew all about Mr. Wilson's loss, satisfied that Joseph was no other than Mr. Wilson's son.

So Mr. Wilson had to be sent for, who, on his arrival, no sooner saw the mark than he cried out with tears of joy. "I have discovered my son!"

The banns having been duly called, there was now nothing to prevent the wedding, which, having taken place, Joseph and his wife settled down in Mr. Wilson's parish, Mr. Booby having given Fanny a fortune of £2,000. He also presented Mr. Adams with a living of £130 a year.

WILLIAM BATESON

MENDEL'S PRINCIPLES OF HEREDITY

It was not until 1900, sixteen years after Mendel's death, that his forgotten records of his experiments on plants, on the results of which he based his law of heredity, were rediscovered and made widely known by Professor Hugo de Vries of Holland. Almost simultaneously the same facts were given out by Correns in Germany and Tschermak in Austria. In English the standard treatise on the subject is that which is here epitomised. Its author, Professor William Bateson, F.R.S., was born at Whitby in 1861 and educated at Rugby and St. John's College, Cambridge. He devoted himself to the study of the biological problems raised by Darwin, Mendel and others and in 1902 published this treatise, his subsequent Problems of Genetics appearing in 1913. Bateson was appointed professor of biology at Cambridge in 1908 and in 1910 became director of the John Innes Horticultural Institution, Merton Park, Surrey.

I—Man's Triumph Over Nature

Among the biological sciences the study of heredity occupies a central position. Upon this physiological function all the rest in some degree depend. Every advance in knowledge of that central function must affect the course of thought along each several line of biological inquiry.

Moreover, in no region of knowledge is research more likely to increase man's power over nature. The science of sociology and, in many of its developments, the science of medicine also, must of necessity form working hypotheses respecting the course of heredity, and we cannot doubt that a perception of the truth in regard to the function of transmission will greatly contribute to the progress of these sciences. Lastly, to the industrial arts of the breeder of plants or animals this knowledge is of such direct importance that that consideration requires no special emphasis.

Before the rediscovery of Mendel's experiments the facts observed in regard to heredity formed a medley of seeming contradictions, and the attempt to reach wider generalisations by purely statistical methods failed for want of analysis.

With the year 1900 a new era begins. In the spring of that year there appeared, within a few weeks of each other, the three papers of De Vries, Correns and Tschermak, giving the substance of Mendel's long-forgotten treatise. Each of these three writers was able from his own experience to confirm Mendel's conclusions, and to extend them to other cases. There could, therefore, from the first, be no question as to the truth of the facts.

To appreciate what Mendel did the reader should refer to the original paper, which is a model of lucidity and expository skill. His success is due to the clearness with which he thought out the problem. He surmised that the failure of his predecessors to reach definite and consistent conclusions was due to a want of precise and continued analysis. In order to obtain a clear result he saw that it was necessary to start with pure breeding, homogeneous materials, to consider each character separately, and on no account to confuse the different generations together. He also realized that the progeny from distinct individuals must be separately recorded. All these ideas were entirely new in his day. When such precautions had been observed he anticipated that a regular result would be attainable provided the experiments were carried out on a sufficiently large scale.

The case which illustrates Mendelian methods in the simplest way is that in which heredity in respect of height was studied in peas. Mendel took a pair of varieties of peas of which one was tall, being 6 to 7 feet high, and the other was dwarf, $\frac{3}{4}$ to $1\frac{1}{2}$ feet. These two were then crossed together. In peas this is an easy operation. The unbroken anthers can be picked out of a bud with a pair of fine forceps and the pollen of the plant chosen for the father may be at once applied to the stigma of the emasculated flower. The

cross-bred seeds thus produced grew into plants which were always tall, having a height not sensibly different from that of the pure tall variety. In modern terminology such a cross-bred, the first filial generation, is called F_1. From the fact that the character, tallness, appears in the cross-bred to the exclusion of the opposite character, Mendel called it a *dominant* character; dwarfness, which disappears in the F_1 plant, he called *recessive*.

THE tall cross-bred, so produced, in its turn bore seeds by self-fertilisation. These, when sown, become the next generation, F_2. When they grew up they proved to be mixed, many being tall, some being short, like the tall and the short grandparents respectively. Upon counting the members of this F_2 generation it was discovered that the proportion of talls to shorts exhibited a certain constancy, averaging about three talls to one short, or in other words, 75 per cent. dominants to 25 per cent. recessives.

These F_2 plants were again allowed to fertilise themselves and the offspring of each plant was separately sown. It was then found that the offspring, F_3, of the *recessives* consisted entirely of recessives. Further generations bred from these recessives again produced recessives only, and therefore the recessives which appeared in F_2 are seen to be pure to the recessive character, namely, in the case we are considering, to dwarfness.

But the tall F_2 dominants, when tested by a study of their offspring (F_3), instead of being all alike (as the dwarfs, or recessives were), proved to be of two kinds:

(*a*) Plants which gave a mixed F_3 consisting of both talls and dwarfs, the proportion showing again an average of 3 talls to 1 dwarf.

(*b*) Plants which gave talls only and were thus pure to tallness.

The ratio of the impure (*a*) plants to the pure (*b*) plants was as 1 to 2.

The whole F_2 generation, therefore, formed by self-fertilisation of the original hybrid, consists of three kinds of plants:

25%	50%	25%
pure dominants	impure dominants	pure recessives
or 3 dominants	:	1 recessive.

The conclusion that Mendel drew from these observations is one which will suggest itself to anyone who reflects on the facts. The result is exactly what would be expected if both male and female germ-cells of the cross-bred F_1 were in equal numbers bearers of either the dominant (D) or recessive (R) character, but not both. If this were so, and if the union of the male and female germ-cells occurred at random, the result would be an F_2 family made up of

$$\underbrace{{}_{25}DD : {}_{25}DR : {}_{25}RD}_{D} : {}_{25}RR.$$
$$: {}_{1}R.$$

But, as the first cross showed, when D meets R in fertilisation the resulting individual is in appearance D; therefore F_2 appears as $3D : 1R$. The results of the F_3 generation are in agreement with this suggestion: for the R plants give R only; and of the D plants one-third give D only, while two-thirds give the same mixture $3D : 1R$, which was produced by F_1.

In the formation of the germ-cells of the cross-bred there is thus a segregation of the opposite characters, here tallness and dwarfness, from each other. This fact of segregation is the essential discovery which Mendel made. It is known to be one of the normal phenomena of nature. Segregation thus defines units concerned in the constitution of organisms, and provides the clue by which an analysis of living forms may be begun. Such an analysis is spoken of as genetic, and the science concerned with the analytical study of variation and heredity is called 'genetics.'

MENDEL himself proved the existence of segregation in respect of seven characters of colour or form in peas, and the operation of similar processes has now been recognized in a long series of most diverse features of both animals and plants, among which fowls, mice, rabbits, sweet peas, beans, stocks, and various cereals have been especially studied; while other forms, both domesticated and wild, have been the subject of less extensive experiments.

As a consequence of these researches, the facts of heredity are being rapidly shaped into a consistent whole. We have the means of reaching to certainty in problems of physiology which seemed destined to continue inscrutable.

II—Variation—How It Acts

Modern investigation has rendered it probable that in every pair of segregating characters—or allelomorphs, as they are called—one only, the dominant, is due to the *presence* of an actual factor; while the antagonistic recessive character is that which appears in the *absence* of this particular factor. For example, in the case of the tall peas, there is a definite factor which causes the plants to be tall, while the dwarfs are simply plants destitute of this factor.

Factors belonging to distinct pairs may produce joint effects, and the famous 'Reversion on Crossing' studied by Darwin now has been proved to be due to the meeting together of complementary factors separately contained in the two parental types. From the fact that various factors have to be brought into association with others complementary to them before their existence can be manifested, it follows that special tests are needed to reveal such factors when existing in an inoperative condition. For instance, a white sweet pea crossed with a red variety may give a purple offspring, because the factor which turns the red colour purple may be present in the white-flowered plant; though since the white contains no colour-material on which the 'blueness' can act, the presence of such a factor could not be ascertained without a breeding test.

When the factors involved have been determined, it is possible to predict the numerical composition of the resulting families, and in this way types of formulae have been ascertained which express the composition of these families. Conversely, given the average composition of the families, the factorial nature of the parents can be determined. Among plants, families consisting, on an average, of 9 purple, 3 red, 4 white, others of 27 purple, 9 red, 28 white, etc., are often met with, and the meaning of these numbers is now clear. All these are brought about by a redistribution and recombination of the elemental factors introduced by the original parents.

In the process of germ-formation certain factors sometimes exert upon each other complex influences which seem to be of the nature of attractions and repulsions. From these disturbances curious results ensue, and it is likely that the disentangling of such effects will provide data of fundamental importance in the study of genetics. Such phenomena could be made clear only by detailed description. There are signs that sex itself—the distinction between male and female—is determined by the distribution of factors comparable with those which decide the ordinary features of colour and form by which varieties are distinguished.

The operation of Mendelian rules in mankind is for various reasons difficult to ascertain, but numerous diseases and malformations, such as cataract, absence of a joint in the fingers, tylosis—a thickening of the skin of palms and soles—and many others, have been proved to descend normally as Mendelian dominants.

Similar rules obtain for eye-colour. The blue eye has no brown pigment in front of the iris, and as this pigment is produced by a dominant factor, two parents both devoid of it cannot have a brown-eyed child. Brown-eyed parents may have children either all with pigmented iris, or, in the ratio 3 pigmented, 1 blue—*i.e.*, non-pigmented. The children of two parents, one brown-eyed and one blue-eyed—in the critical sense—will be either all brown-eyed, or, on an average, equal numbers of both types.

By the application of Mendelian analysis, it is possible to form an approximate interpretation of the curious phenomena known as sex-limited inheritance. Colour-blindness, for instance, descends in this way. The children of a colour-blind man do not usually exhibit the defect, and the descendants of his normal sons escape it altogether (unless introduced afresh); but the sons of the daughters of the colour-blind man are liable to the affection, and it is an even chance whether any one of them is affected or not. Facts regarding this descent are not yet fully known on an adequate scale, but it is certain that the key to the mystery is to be found in the circumstance that colour-blindness is dominant in males but recessive in females,

and with more data it is likely that a complete analysis of the whole series of facts could now be made.

The discussion of the significance of the various intermediate forms so often seen in experimental breeding constitutes an important part of genetic study, and analytical experiments have shown that such intermediates are most various in their essential nature, and cannot by any means be regarded as transitional types, which till lately they were almost universally held to be.

From the fact that the appearance of characters in animals or plants depends on the presence of definite units or factors in their composition, this paradox at once follows: that an organism may be pure-bred in respect of a given character, though its parents were cross-bred in the same respect. Purity of type thus acquires a precise meaning. It is produced whenever two germ-cells of similar composition meet in fertilisation. The type produced is pure, however its parents were bred.

GREGOR JOHANN MENDEL was born near Odrau in Austrian Silesia, July 22, 1822, the son of a small peasant proprietor. He joined the Augustinian cloister in Brünn in 1843, and there as monk and, after 1860, as abbot he passed the rest of his life. He took a keen interest in natural science, and the experiments which have made his name famous throughout the world were carried on in the cloister garden. He began his series of experiments on plants in 1854, and in 1866 and 1869 he published his records in the Brünn Abhandlungen, a recognized scientific journal, in the files of which, however, they lay unnoticed by the outside world until after his death. Mendel died January 6, 1884.

In the attempt to conceive the process of evolution Mendelian discovery gives important assistance, and, in particular, it abolishes an old difficulty in the way of any affirmation of evolution by the process of natural variation. The notion that a character once appearing in an individual is in danger of obliteration by the intercrossing of that individual with others lacking that character proves to be unreal, because in so far as the character depends on factors which segregate, no obliteration takes place. The factors are permanent by virtue of their own properties, and their permanency is not affected by crossing.

But the chief contribution which Mendelism makes to theoretical biology is the introduction of fresh and definite conceptions of the nature and composition of living things, and the application of a new standard of accurate analysis to the phenomena of genetics.

III—Practical Results and Benefits

No one who is acquainted with Mendelian methods will doubt that by its use practical breeders of animals and plants may benefit. In so far as they are concerned with the fixation of desirable varieties, or in the creation of new types by recombination of pre-existing characters, their operations may now be greatly accelerated. But apart from the obvious advantages which it may confer, the new knowledge of heredity will react most profoundly on the art and practice of the breeder, as upon the theory of evolution, by providing a new standard of precision; and henceforth, except in the case of certain unfixable types which are recognizable in Mendelian language as permanent hybrids, the breeder will expect his pure strains to breed true. If they continue to throw 'rogues,' he will perhaps be right in surmising that this is a consequence of some specific cause which can probably be eliminated.

It may be anticipated that a general recognition of the chief results of Mendelian analysis will bring about a profound change in man's conceptions of his own nature. Many have in all ages held the belief that our powers and characteristics are directly dependent on physical

composition ; but when it becomes known that the dependence is so close that the hereditary descent of certain attributes can be proved to follow definite predicable formulae, these ideas acquire a solidity they never possessed before, and it is more than likely that the science of sociology will pass into a new phase.

The outcome of genetic research is to show that human society can, if it so please, control its composition more easily than was previously supposed possible. Whether such control should be exercised, or the form which it is to take, is another matter. There can be little doubt that before long we shall find that communities emancipated from tradition will make a practical application of genetic principles to their own population.

Interference may take one or both of two courses. Measures may be taken to eliminate strains regarded as unfit and undesirable elements in the population, or to encourage the persistence of elements regarded as desirable. From the standpoint of the sociologist these two kinds of interference may seem merely complementary to each other, but in the light of genetic physiology they are entirely different.

To the naturalist it is evident that while the elimination of the hopelessly unfit is a reasonable and prudent policy for society to adopt, any attempt to distinguish certain strains as superior, and to give special encouragement to them, would probably fail to accomplish the object proposed, and must certainly be unsafe.

Some serious physical and mental defects, almost certainly also some morbid diatheses, and some of the forms of vice and criminality, could be eradicated if society so determined. That is the utmost length to which the authority of physiological science can yet be claimed for interference.

Genetic knowledge must lead to new conceptions of justice, and do more for the extinction of the criminal and degenerate than many ages of penal enactment.

Christendom's Most Cherished Manual of Devotion

THOMAS A KEMPIS

THE IMITATION OF CHRIST

MUCH controversy has raged around the authorship of the Imitatio Christi, or as it should be more correctly entitled Musica Ecclesiastica. It is now generally accepted, however, that its author was Thomas Haemmerlein, born in 1379, the son of a shoemaker, at Kempen, some forty miles north of Cologne, whence he is commonly known as Thomas à Kempis. In 1400 he entered a monastery at Agnetenberg, near Zwolle, where he passed the remainder of his life, dying there August 8, 1471. The Imitation, consisting of four books of meditations, was completed about 1420. It has been translated into something like fifty languages, and has passed through an immense number of editions. The definitive edition is the Latin text edited by Dr. Carl Hirsche of Hamburg, 1874, from which the following epitome has been made. Many good English translations are procurable.

I—Admonitions Useful to the Spiritual Life

'WHOEVER follows Me does not walk in darkness,' says the Lord. These are the words of Christ by which we are admonished how far we should imitate His life and manners if we wish to be truly illumined and liberated from all blindness of heart. Let it, therefore, be our supreme study to meditate on the life of Jesus Christ.

Vanity of vanities, all things are vanity, except to love God and to serve Him only. The highest wisdom is to strive towards celestial kingdoms, through contempt of the world. It is, therefore, vanity to seek the riches that are about to perish, and to hope in them. It is vanity also to solicit honours, and to exalt oneself to high place. It is vanity to follow after the desires of the flesh, and to seek that for which we must soon be heavily punished. It is

vanity to wish a long life, and to care little about a good life. It is vanity to attend only to the present life, and not to provide for things which are to come. It is vanity to love that passes away so speedily, and not to hasten whither eternal joy remains.

Remember often that proverb—'The eye is not satisfied with seeing nor the ear with hearing.' Study, therefore, to withdraw your heart from the love of visible things, and turn yourself to the invisible. For those who follow their sensuality stain their conscience, and lose the grace of God.

Every man naturally desires to know, but what does knowledge signify without the fear of God? The humble peasant who serves God is far better than the proud philosopher who neglects himself and considers the courses of the stars. Whoever knows himself well contemns himself, and takes no delight in human praise. If I should know all things in the world, and yet not be in charity, what would it advantage me in the presence of God, Who is about to judge me for my deeds?

WITHOUT charity, an outward work is of value; but whatever is done from charity, however small and trivial it may be, becomes wholly fruitful. For God weighs more the source from which an action comes than the work which it does. He does much who loves much. He does much who does the deed well. He does well who serves the community rather than his own will.

That often seems to be charity which is rather carnality; for natural inclinations, one's own will, the hope of reward, and the liking for comfort are rarely absent. But whoever has true and perfect charity seeks himself in nothing, but desires only the glory of God.

II—Admonitions Leading to Inward Life

THE kingdom of God is within you,' says the Lord. Turn yourself with your whole heart to the Lord, and leave this miserable world, and your soul shall find rest. Learn to despise outward things, and to give yourself to inward things, and you shall see the kingdom of God rise within you. For the kingdom of God is peace and joy in the Holy Spirit, and is not given to the impious.

Christ shall come to you showing you His consolation, if you prepare within you a home fit for Him. All His glory and beauty are from within, and it is there that He delights Himself. He often visits the man of inward mind, with sweet colloquy, pleasant consolation, great peace and most astounding familiarity.

If you know not how to contemplate high and celestial things, rest in the passion of Christ and willingly dwell in His holy wounds. For if you devoutly have recourse to the wounds of Jesus you will feel great comfort in trouble, care little for human contempt and easily bear detracting words. For Christ, in the world, was despised by men, and in His greatest need was deserted, among insults, by His friends. Christ willed to suffer and to be despised, and shall you dare to complain of anything? Christ had enemies and detractors, and do you wish to have all friends and benefactors? Whence shall your patience be crowned if you have suffered no adversity? If you desire to suffer nothing contrary to you, how shall you be the friend of Christ?

He to whom all things taste as they really are, and not as they are spoken of or esteemed, is the truly wise man, taught by God rather than by men. Whoever knows how to walk from within, and to put little value on things without, needs not to find a place nor wait a time for his devout prayers. The man of inward mind quickly recollects himself, because he never spends himself wholly upon outward things.

First hold yourself in peace, and then you will be able to pacify others. The pacific man is of more service than the learned. But the passionate man turns even good to evil, easily believing evil. The peaceful man is good, and turns all things to good.

Man is raised from earthly matters by two things—namely, simplicity and purity. Simplicity should be in his intention, and purity in his affection. Simplicity tends towards God, purity takes hold of Him.

Always to do well, and to hold oneself in small esteem, is the mark of a humble soul. To desire no consolation from any created thing is the sign of great purity

and inward confidence. The man who seeks no witness for himself from without has plainly committed himself altogether to God. For 'not he who commends himself is approved,' says blessed Paul, 'but he whom God commends.'

Jesus has now many lovers of His celestial kingdom, but few bearers of His Cross. He has many who desire consolation, but few who desire tribulation. He finds many companions of His table, but few of His abstinence. All wish to rejoice with Him; few are willing to bear anything for Him.

In the Cross is safety; in the Cross is life; in the Cross is protection from enemies; in the Cross is the sweetness of heaven; in the Cross is strength of mind; in the Cross is the perfection of sanctity. There is no health for the soul nor hope of eternal life except in the Cross. Take up your cross, therefore, and follow Jesus.

If anything were better and more useful for the welfare of men than to suffer, Christ would have shown it both in His words and in His example. For He calls to the disciples who follow Him, and to all who desire to follow Him, and says: 'If any will come after Me, let him deny himself and lift up his cross and follow Me.'

When all has been read and studied, let this be our conclusion—'That through many tribulations we must enter into the kingdom of God.'

III—Of Inward Consolation

I WILL hear what the Lord God may say in me. It is a blessed soul which hears the Lord speaking in it, and receives the word of consolation from His lips. Speak, Lord, for your servant hears.

'I have taught the prophets from the beginning,' says the Lord, 'and until now I have not ceased to speak at all; but many are deaf and hard to My voice. Many listen more willingly to the world than to God, and more easily follow the appetite of the flesh than God's good pleasure. The world promises small and temporary things, and is served with great eagerness; I promise supreme and eternal things, but the hearts of mortals are torpid. Who serves and obeys Me in everything with so great care as the world and its lords are served? Men run a long way for a trifling reward, but for eternal life many scarcely lift a foot once from earth.'

Lord God, you are all my good. And who am I that I should dare to speak to you? I am the poorest and least of your servants, a wretched little worm, far more miserable and contemptible than I know or dare to say. Yet remember me, Lord, because I am nothing, I have nothing, and am worth nothing. Do not turn your face from me; do not defer your coming; do not withdraw your consolation, lest my soul become like a waterless land before you.

Lord, teach me to do your will; teach me to walk worthily and humbly in your presence; because you are my wisdom, who truly know me, and knew me before the world was made, and before I was born in the world.

'Son, walk in My presence in truth, and seek Me always in the simplicity of your heart. Whoever walks in My presence in truth will be kept safe from the assaults of evil, and truth will liberate him from those who lead astray and from the detractions of unjust men. If truth shall have liberated you, you will be truly free, and you will not care for the vain words of men.'

It is true, Lord; I pray that it may be done with me as you say. Let your truth teach me and keep me to a salutary end. Let it liberate me from every evil affection and inordinate love, and I shall walk with you in great liberty of heart.

I WILL teach you,' says Truth, 'what things are right and pleasing in my sight. Think on your sins with great displeasure and sorrow, and never imagine yourself to be anything because of your good works. You are really a sinner, liable to many passions and entangled in them. Of yourself, you are always tending to nothingness; you quickly slip, you are quickly overcome, you are quickly disturbed, you quickly pass away. You have nothing in which you can glory, but much for which you ought to hold yourself cheap; you are far more infirm than you are able to understand.

'Some do not sincerely walk before me, but, led by a certain curiosity and

arrogance, wish to know my secrets, and to understand the high things of God, neglecting themselves and their welfare. These often fall into great temptations and sins, when I resist them on account of their pride and curiosity. Fear the judgements of God; be exceedingly afraid of the anger of the Omnipotent. Do not discuss the works of the Highest, but scrutinise your iniquities, and see how gravely you have offended and how many good deeds you have neglected.

'There are others, enlightened in mind and purged in their affections, who pant after eternal things and listen unwillingly to earthly things; these perceive what the spirit of truth says within them.

'Love is a great thing, altogether a great good, which alone makes light everything that is heavy, and carries evenly all that is uneven. For it bears the burden without being burdened, and makes sweet and tasteful everything that is bitter.

'The noble love of Jesus drives on to great and noble deeds, and always excites to the desire of more perfect things. Love wills to rise upwards, and not to be held back by the lowest things. Nothing is sweeter than love, nothing is stronger, higher or broader; nothing is more delightful or fuller in heaven or in earth; for love is born of God, and cannot rest except in God, above all created things.'

IV—Devout Exhortation to Holy Communion

THE voice of Christ. 'Come to Me all who labour and are burdened, and I will refresh you,' says the Lord. 'The bread which I will give you is My flesh for the life of the world. Receive and consume it; this is My body which will be delivered for you; do this in commemoration of Me. Whoever eats My flesh and drinks My blood remains in Me, and I in him. The words which I have spoken to you are spirit and life.'

These are your words, Christ, Eternal Truth, although not given at one time nor written in one place. Because they are yours, and true, they are all to be received gratefully by me. They are yours, and you pronounced them; and they are mine also because you uttered them for my welfare. I gladly accept them from your lips, that they may be more closely buried in my heart. Words of such kindness, full of sweetness and love, arouse me. But my own sins frighten me, and my impure conscience repels me from taking hold of such great mysteries.

You bid me come to you trustfully if I would have part with you; and to receive the food of immortality if I wish to obtain eternal life and glory. 'Come to Me,' you say, 'all who labour and are burdened, and I will refresh you.' O sweet and friendly word in the ear of a sinner, that you, my Lord God, invite the destitute and poor to the communion of your most holy Body and Blood.

Lord, all things in heaven and in earth are yours. I desire to offer myself as a willing oblation, and to remain yours in perpetuity. Lord, in the simplicity of my heart I offer myself to you to-day to be for ever your servant—offer myself for obedience and for a sacrifice of eternal praise. Receive me with this holy offering of your precious Body, which I offer to you to-day in the presence of angels, assisting though unseen, that it may be for my welfare and for the welfare of all your people.

THE voice of the beloved. 'God does not deceive you; he is deceived who trusts too much to himself. God walks with the simple, reveals Himself to the humble, gives understanding to the feeble, opens His meaning to pure minds, and hides His grace from the inquisitive and proud. Human reason is weak and may be deceived, but true faith cannot be deceived.

'All reason and natural investigation ought to follow faith, and not precede it nor impair it. For faith and love excel here most of all, and work in hidden ways in this most holy and transcendent sacrament. The eternal and immeasurable God of infinite power does great and inscrutable things in heaven and in earth, and there is no finding out of His wonderful works. If the works of God were such that they could easily be seized by human reason, they would not deserve to be called wonderful or ineffable.'

John Milton was born in Bread Street, Cheapside, London, on December 9, 1608, the son of a well-to-do scrivener. Educated at St. Paul's School and at Cambridge, he devoted himself from the first to poetry, producing the Ode on the Nativity when he was twenty-one. Till he was thirty his work was nearly all cast in the classical mould—L'Allegro, Il Penseroso, Comus, Lycidas. He was later immersed in politics, and so continued for twenty years, during which Areopagitica and the Tractate on Education appeared. After a spell of teaching he served as Latin secretary to Cromwell, and was stricken with blindness when forty-four. He died November 8, 1674. His mighty work, Paradise Lost, puts him in the very front rank of English writers, and makes him a peer with Dante as one of the world's master-poets. Never before nor since has a work of such stupendous conception, or of such a consistent excellence, been published in the language. This portrait is after the engraving by Faithorne in the National Portrait Gallery.

JOHN MILTON

PARADISE LOST

THOUGH it was actually planned in his youth, Milton did not begin the composition of his immortal epic, Paradise Lost, until 1658. The poem was completed in 1665, and was published in 1667. The price arranged for the copyright with Samuel Simmons or Symons, the bookseller, was £5 down and £5 more on each of three editions, of which Milton received £10, and his widow £8, the rest being unpaid. As each edition consisted of 1,500 copies, it will be seen that the work was not instantly popular. Richardson says that it was unknown for two years when Lord Dorset found it on a bookstall as waste paper, and that Dryden, to whom it was shown, remarked, 'this man cuts us all out, and the ancients, too.' But since its author's day Paradise Lost has made a world conquest. It stands alone as an effort of sheer imagination, and its literary charm is as haunting as its conception is stupendous. Our version of the later poem, Paradise Regained, appears in the later pages of *The World's Great Books.*

I—The Army of the Rebel Angels

THE poem opens with an invocation to the Heavenly Muse for enlightenment and inspiration.]

Of Man's first disobedience, and the fruit
Of that forbidden tree whose mortal taste
Brought death into the World, and all our woe,
With loss of Eden, till one greater Man
Restore us, and regain the blissful seat,
Sing, Heavenly Muse, that, on the secret top
Of Horeb, or of Sinai, didst inspire
That Shepherd who first taught the chosen seed
In the beginning how the heavens and earth
Rose out of Chaos; or, if Sion's hill
Delight thee more, and Siloa's brook that flowed
Fast by the oracle of God, I thence
Invoke thy aid to my adventurous song,
That with no middle flight intends to soar
Above the Aonian mount, while it pursues
Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme.
And chiefly thou, O Spirit, that dost prefer
Before all temples the upright heart and pure,
Instruct me, for thou know'st; thou from the first
Wast present, and, with mighty wings outspread,
Dove-like sat'st brooding on the vast Abyss,
And mad'st it pregnant: what in me is dark
Illumine, what is low raise and support;
That, to the highth of this great argument,
I may assert Eternal Providence,
And justify the ways of God to men.

Say first—for Heaven hides nothing from thy view,
Nor the deep tract of Hell—say first what cause
Moved our grand Parents, in that happy state,
Favoured of Heaven so highly, to fall off
From their Creator, and transgress His will
For one restraint, Lords of the World besides?
Who first seduc'd them to that foul revolt?
The infernal Serpent; he it was whose guile,
Stirred up with envy and revenge, deceived
The mother of mankind, what time his pride
Had cast him out from Heaven, with all his host
Of rebel angels. . . . Him the Almighty Power
Hurled headlong flaming from the ethereal sky,
With hideous ruin and combustion, down
To bottomless perdition, there to dwell
In adamantine chains and penal fire,
Who durst defy the Omnipotent to arms.

FOR nine days and nights the apostate Angel lay silent, 'rolling in the fiery gulf,' and then, looking round, he discerned by his side Beelzebub, 'one next himself in power and next in crime.' With him he took counsel, and rearing themselves from off the pool of fire they found footing on a dreary plain. Walking with uneasy steps the burning marle, the lost Archangel made his way to the shore of 'that inflamed sea,' and called aloud to his associates to 'Awake, arise, or be for ever fallen!' They heard, and gathered about him, all who were 'known to men by various names and various idols through the heathen world,' but with looks 'downcast and damp.' He—]

Then straight commands that, at the warlike sound
Of trumpets loud and clarions, be upreared
His mighty standard. That proud honour claimed
Azazel as his right, a cherub tall,
Who forthwith from the glittering staff unfurled
The imperial ensign . . . .
At which the universal host up-sent
A shout that tore Hell's conclave, and beyond
Frighted the reign of Chaos and old Night.

[The mighty host now circled in orderly array about 'their dread Commander.']

He, above the rest
In shape and gesture proudly eminent,
Stood like a tower. His form had yet not lost
All her original brightness, nor appeared
Less than Archangel ruined, and the excess
Of glory obscured: as when the sun new-risen
Looks through the horizontal misty air
Shorn of his beams, or, from behind the moon,
In dim eclipse, disastrous twilight sheds
On half the nations, and with fear of change
Perplexes monarchs. Darkened so, yet shone
Above them all the Archangel. But his face
Deep scars of thunder had intrenched, and care
Sat on his faded cheek, but under brows
Of dauntless courage, and considerate pride,
Waiting revenge. . . .
He now prepared
To speak; whereat their doubled ranks they bend
From wing to wing, and half enclose him round
With all his peers. Attention held them mute.
Thrice he essayed, and thrice, in spite of scorn,
Tears, such as Angels weep, burst forth; at last
Words interwove with sighs found out their way:
"O myriads of immortal Spirits! O Powers,
Matchless, but with the Almighty!—and that strife
Was not inglorious, though the event was dire,
As this place testifies, and this dire change,
Hateful to utter. But what power of mind,
Foreseeing or presaging, from the depth
Of knowledge past or present, could have feared
How such united force of gods, how such
As stood like these, could ever know repulse?
He who reigns
Monarch in Heaven, till then as one secure
Sat on his throne, upheld by old repute,
Consent, or custom, and his regal state
Put forth at full, but still his strength concealed— [fall.
Which tempted our attempt, and wrought our
Henceforth his might we know, and know our own,
So as not either to provoke, or dread
New war, provoked. Our better part remains
To work in close design, by fraud or guile,
What force effected not; that he no less
At length from us may find who overcomes
By force hath overcome but half his foe.
Space may produce new Worlds, whereof so rife
There went a fame in Heaven that he ere long
Intended to create, and therein plant
A generation whom his choice regard
Should favour equal to the Sons of Heaven.
Thither, if but to pry, shall be perhaps
Our first eruption—thither, or elsewhere;
For this infernal pit shall never hold
Celestial Spirits in bondage, nor the abyss
Long under darkness cover. But these thoughts
Full counsel must mature. Peace is despaired;
For who can think submission? War, then, war
Open or understood, must be resolved."

He spake; and to confirm his words, out-flew
Millions of flaming swords, drawn from the thighs
Of mighty Cherubim. The sudden blaze
Far round illumined Hell. Highly they raged
Against the Highest, and fierce with grasped arms
Clashed on their sounding shields the din of war,
Hurling defiance toward the vault of Heaven.

[The exiled host now, led by Mammon, 'the least erected spirit that fell from Heaven,' proceeded to build Pandemonium, their architect being him whom 'men called Mulciber,' and here]

The great seraphic Lords and Cherubim
In close recess and secret conclave sat,
A thousand demi-gods on golden seats.

II—The Fiends' Conclave

High on a throne of royal state, which far
Outshone the wealth of Ormus or of Ind,
Or where the gorgeous East with richest hand
Showers on her kings barbaric pearl and gold,
Satan exalted sat, by merit raised
To that bad eminence.

[Here his compeers gathered round to advise. First, Moloch, the 'strongest and the fiercest spirit that fought in Heaven,' counselled war. Then uprose Belial—'a fairer person lost not Heaven'—and reasoned that force was futile.]

'The towers of Heaven are filled
With armed watch, that render all access
Impregnable.'

[Besides, failure might lead to their annihilation, and who wished for that?]

"Who would lose,
Though full of pain, this intellectual being,
These thoughts that wander through eternity?"

[They were better now than when they were hurled from Heaven, or when they lay chained on the burning lake. Their Supreme Foe might in time remit His anger, and slacken those raging fires. Mammon also advised them to keep the peace, and make the best they could of Hell, a policy received with applause; but then Beelzebub, 'than whom, Satan except, none higher sat,' rose, and with a look which 'drew audience and attention still as night,' developed the suggestion previously made by Satan, that they should attack Heaven's High Arbitrator through His new-created Man, waste His creation, and 'drive as we are driven.']

"This would surpass
Common revenge, and interrupt His joy
In our confusion, and our joy upraise
In His disturbance."

[This proposal was gleefully received. But then the difficulty arose who should be sent in search of this new world? All sat mute, till Satan

declared that he would 'abroad through all the coasts of dark destruction,' a decision hailed with reverent applause. The council dissolved, the Infernal Peers disperse to their several employments: some to sports, some to warlike feats, some to argument, 'in wandering mazes lost,' some to adventurous discovery; while Satan wings his way to the ninefold gate of Hell, guarded by Sin and her abortive offspring Death, and Sin, opening the gate for him to go out, cannot shut it again. The Fiend stands on the brink, 'pondering his voyage,' while before him appear]

The secrets of the hoary Deep—a dark
Illimitable ocean, without bound,
Without dimension; where length, breadth, and highth,
And time and place are lost; where eldest Night
And Chaos, ancestors of Nature, hold
Eternal anarchy.

[At last he spreads his 'sail-broad vans' for flight, and,

'in the surging smoke,
Uplifted spurns the ground.'

He is directed by Chaos and sable-vested Night, and comes to where he can see far off]

The empyreal Heaven, once his native seat,
And, fast by, hanging in a golden chain,
This pendent world, in bigness as a star
Of smallest magnitude close by the moon.

III—Satan Speeds to Earth

An invocation to Light, and a lament for the poet's blindness now preludes a picture of Heaven, and the Almighty Father conferring with the only Son.]

Hail, holy Light, offspring of Heaven first-born!
Bright effluence of bright essence increate!
Whose fountain who shall tell? Before the Sun,
Before the Heavens, thou wert, and at the voice
Of God, as with a mantle, didst invest
The rising world of waters dark and deep,
Won from the void and formless Infinite!
But thou
Revisit'st not these eyes, that roll in vain
To find thy piercing ray, and find no dawn.
With the year
Seasons return; but not to me returns
Day, or the sweet approach of even or morn,
Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,
Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine;
But cloud instead, and ever-during dark
Surrounds me, from the cheerful ways of men
Cut off.

[God, observing the approach of Satan to the world, foretells the fall of man to the Son, who listens while]

In his face
Divine compassion visibly appeared,
Love without end, and without measure grace.

[The Father asks where such love can be found as will redeem man by satisfying eternal Justice.]

He asked, but all the Heavenly Quire stood mute,
And silence was in Heaven.

[Admiration seized all Heaven, and 'to the ground they cast their crowns in solemn adoration,' when the Son replied:

"Account me man. I for his sake will leave
Thy bosom, and this glory next to thee
Freely put off, and for him lastly die
Well pleased; on me let Death wreak all his rage.
Under his gloomy power I shall not long
Lie vanquish'd."

[While the immortal quires chanted their praise, Satan drew near, and sighted the world—the sun, earth, moon and companion planets.]

As when a scout,
Through dark and desert ways with peril gone
All night, at last by break of cheerful dawn
Obtains the brow of some high-climbing hill,
Which to his eye discovers unaware
The goodly prospect of some foreign land
First seen, or some renowned metropolis
With glistering spires and pinnacles adorned,
Which now the rising Sun gilds with his beams,
Such wonder seized, though after Heaven seen,
The Spirit malign, but much more envy seized,
At sight of all this world beheld so fair.

[Flying to the Sun, and taking the form of 'a stripling Cherub,' Satan recognizes there the Archangel Uriel and accosts him.]

Brightest Seraph, tell
In which of all these shining orbs hath Man
His fixed seat, or fixed seat hath none,
But all these shining Orbs his choice to dwell;
That I may find him, and with secret gaze,
Or open admiration him behold
On whom the great Creator hath bestow'd
Worlds, and on whom hath all these graces pour'd.

[And Uriel, although held to be 'the sharpest-sighted spirit of all in Heaven,' was deceived, for angels cannot discern hypocrisy. So Uriel, pointing, answers:]

That place is Earth, the seat of Man, that light
His day, which else as th'other hemisphere
Night would invade, but there the neighbouring moon
(So call that opposite fair star) her aid
Timely interposes, and her monthly round
Still ending, still renewing through mid Heaven,
With borrowed light, her countenance triform
Hence fills and empties to enlighten the Earth,
And in her pale dominion checks the night.
That spot to which I point is Paradise,
Adam's abode; those lofty shades his bower.
Thy way thou canst not miss; me mine requires."
Thus said, he turned; and Satan, bowing low,
As to superior spirits is wont in Heaven,
Where honour due and reverence none neglects,
Took leave, and toward the coast of Earth beneath,
Down from the ecliptic, sped with hoped success,
Throws his steep flight in many an aery wheel,
Nor stayed till on Niphates' top he lights.

IV—Of Adam and Eve in Paradise

COMING within sight of Paradise, Satan's conscience is aroused, and he grieves over the suffering his dire work will entail, exclaiming :]

" Me miserable ! Which way shall I fly
Infinite wrath and infinite despair ?
Which way I fly is Hell ; myself am Hell."

[As he approaches Paradise more closely the deliciousness of the place affects even his senses.]

As when to them who sail
Beyond the Cape of Hope, and now are past
Mozambic, off at sea north-east winds blow
Sabean odours from the spicy shore
Of Araby the Blest, with such delay [league
Well pleased they slack their course, and many a
Cheered with the grateful smell old Ocean smiles,
So entertained those odorous sweets the Fiend.

[At last, after sighting ' all kinds of living creatures new to sight and strange,' he descries Man.]

Two of far nobler shape, erect and tall,
God-like erect, with native honour clad
In naked majesty, seemed lords of all,
And worthy seemed ; for in their looks divine
The image of their glorious Maker shone . . .
For contemplation he, and valour, formed,
For softness she and sweet attractive grace ;
He for God only, she for God in him . . .
So hand in hand they passed, the loveliest pair
That ever since in love's embraces met—
Adam the goodliest man of men since born
His sons ; the fairest of her daughters Eve.

[At the sight of the gentle pair, Satan again almost relents. Taking the shape of various animals, he approaches to hear them talk, and finds from Adam that the only prohibition laid on them is partaking of the Tree of Knowledge. Eve, replying, tells Adam how she found herself alive, saw her form reflected in the water, and thought herself fairer even than he until]

" Thy gentle hand
Seized mine ; I yielded, and from that time see
How beauty is excelled by manly grace
And wisdom, which alone is truly fair."

[While Satan roams through Paradise, with ' sly circumspection,' Uriel descends on an evening sunbeam to warn Gabriel, ' chief of the angelic guards,' that a suspected spirit with looks ' alien from Heaven,' had passed to earth, and Gabriel promises to find him before dawn.]

Now came still Evening on, and Twilight grey
Had in her sober livery all things clad ;
Silence accompanied ; for beast and bird,
They to their grassy couch, these to their nests
Were slunk, all but the wakeful nightingale.
She all night long her amorous descant sung.
Silence was pleased. Now glowed the firmament
With living sapphires ; Hesperus, that led
The starry host, rode brightest, till the Moon,
Rising in clouded majesty, at length
Apparent queen, unveiled her peerless light,
And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw.

[Adam and Eve talk ere they retire to rest—she questioning him.]

" Sweet is the breath of Morn, her rising sweet
With charm of earliest birds ; pleasant the Sun,
When first on this delightful land he spreads
His orient beams on herb, tree, fruit and flower,
Glistering with dew ; fragrant the fertile earth
After soft showers ; and sweet the coming on
Of grateful Evening mild ; then silent Night,
With this her solemn bird, and this fair Moon,
And these the gems of Heaven, her starry train ;
But neither breath of Morn, when she ascends
With charm of earliest birds ; nor rising Sun
On this delightful land ; nor herb, fruit, flower,
Glistering with dew ; nor fragrance after showers ;
Nor grateful Evening mild ; nor silent Night,
With this her solemn bird ; nor walk by moon,
Or glittering star-light, without thee is sweet.
But wherefore all night long shine these ? For whom [eyes ? "
This glorious sight, when sleep hath shut all

[Adam replies.]

THESE have their course to finish round the Earth,
And they, though unbeheld in deep of night,
Shine not in vain. Nor think, though men were none, [praise.
That Heaven would want spectators, God want
Millions of spiritual Creatures walk the earth
Unseen, both when we wake and when we sleep ;
All these with ceaseless praise His works behold
Both day and night. . . . ."
Thus talking, hand in hand, alone they passed
On to their blissful bower.

[Gabriel then sends the Cherubim ' armed to their night watches,' and commands Ithuriel and Zephon to search the Garden, where they find Satan, ' squat like a toad close to the ear of Eve,' seeking to taint her dreams.]

Him thus intent Ithuriel with his spear
Touched lightly ; for no falsehood can endure
Touch of celestial temper, but returns
Of force to its own likeness.

[Satan therefore starts up in his own person, and is conducted to Gabriel, who sees him coming with them, ' a third, of regal port, but faded splendour wan.' Gabriel and he engage in a heated altercation, and a fight seems imminent between the Fiend and the angelic squadrons that ' begin to hem him round,' when, by a sign in the sky, Satan is reminded of his powerlessness in open fight, and flees, murmuring. ' And with him fled the shades of night.']

V—The Morning Hymn of Praise

ADAM, waking in the morning, finds Eve flushed and distraught, and she tells him of her troublous dreams. He cheers her, and they pass out to the open field, and, adoring, raise their morning hymn of praise.]

" These are thy glorious works, Parent of good,
Almighty ! thine this universal frame.
Thus wondrous fair—thyself how wondrous then !
Unspeakable ! who sittest above these heavens
To us invisible, or dimly seen
In these thy lowest works ; yet these declare
Thy goodness beyond thought, and power divine.
Speak, ye who best can tell, ye Sons of Light,
Angels—for ye behold him, and with songs
And choral symphonies, day without night,
Circle his throne rejoicing—ye in Heaven ;
On Earth join, all ye creatures, to extol
Him first, him last, him midst, and without end.
Fairest of Stars, last in the train of Night,
If better thou belong not to the dawn,
Sure pledge of day, that crown'st the smiling morn [sphere
With thy bright circlet, praise him in thy
While day arises, that sweet hour of prime.
Thou Sun, of this great World both eye and soul,
Acknowledge him thy greater ; sound his praise
In thy eternal course, both when thou climb'st
And when high noon hast gained, and when thou fall'st. [fliest,
Moon, that now meet'st the orient Sun, now
With the fixed Stars, fixed in their orb that flies ;
And ye five other wandering Fires, that move
In mystic dance, not without song, resound
His praise who out of Darkness called up Light. . . .
Ye Mists and Exhalations, that now rise
From hill or steaming lake, dusky or grey,
Till the Sun paint your fleecy skirts with gold,
In honour to the World's great Author rise ;
Whether to deck with clouds the uncoloured sky,
Or wet the thirsty earth with falling showers,
Rising or falling, still advance his praise.
His praise, ye Winds, that from four quarters blow, [Pines,
Breathe soft or loud ; and wave your tops, ye
With every plant in sign of worship wave.
Fountains, and ye that warble as ye flow,
Melodious murmurs, warbling, tune his praise.
Join voices, all ye living souls. Ye Birds,
That, singing, up to Heaven's gate ascend,
Bear on your wings and in your notes his praise. . . .
Hail, universal Lord ! Be bounteous still
To give us only good ; and, if the night
Have gathered aught of evil, or concealed,
Disperse it, as now light dispels the dark."
So prayed they innocent, and to their thoughts.
Firm peace recovered soon, and wonted calm

THE Almighty now sends Raphael, 'the sociable Spirit,' from Heaven to warn Adam of his danger, and, alighting on the eastern cliff of Paradise, the Seraph shakes his plumes and diffuses heavenly fragrance around ; then moving through the forest is seen by Adam, who, with Eve, entertains him, and seizes the occasion to ask him of 'their Being, who dwell in Heaven,' and further, what is meant by the angelic caution —'if ye be found obedient.' Raphael thereupon tells of the disobedience, in Heaven, of Satan, and his fall, 'from that high state of bliss into what woe.' He tells how the Divine decree of obedience to the Only Son was received by Satan with envy, because he felt 'himself impaired' ; and how, consulting with Beelzebub, he drew away all the spirits under their command to the 'spacious North,' and taunting them with being eclipsed, proposed that they should rebel. Only Abdiel remained faithful, and urged them to cease their 'impious rage,' and seek pardon in time, or they might find that he who had created them could uncreate them.]

So spake the Seraph Abdiel, faithful found ;
Among the faithless, faithful only he ;
Among innumerable false, unmoved,
Unshaken, unseduced, unterrified,
His loyalty he kept, his love, his zeal ;
Nor number nor example with him wrought
To swerve from truth, or change his constant mind
Though single.

VI—The Story of Satan's Revolt

RAPHAEL, continuing, tells Adam how Abdiel flew back to Heaven with the story of the revolt, but found it was known. The Sovran Voice having welcomed the faithful messenger with 'Servant of God, well done !' orders the Archangels Michael and Gabriel to lead forth the celestial armies, while the banded powers of Satan are hastening on to set the Proud Aspirer on the very Mount of God.

'Long time in even scale the battle hung,' but with the dawning of the third day, the Father directed the Messiah to ascend his chariot, and end the strife. 'Far off his coming shone,' and at his presence 'Heaven his wonted face renewed, and with fresh flowerets hill and valley smiled.' But nearing the foe, his countenance changed into a terror 'too severe to be beheld.']

Among them he arriv'd, in his right hand
Grasping ten thousand thunders, which he sent
Before him, such as in their souls infixed
Plagues ; they, astonished, all resistance lost.
All courage ; down their idle weapons dropt.
The monstrous sight
Struck them with horror ; headlong themselves they threw
Down from the verge of Heaven ; eternal wrath
Burnt after them to the bottomless pit.

[A like fate, Raphael warns Adam, may befall mankind if they are guilty of disobedience.]

ADAM AND EVE SEE THE SERAPH RAPHAEL IN THE FOREST

From the painting by John Martin

VII—The New Creation

THE 'affable Archangel,' at Adam's request, continues his talk by telling how the world began. Lest Lucifer should take a pride in having 'dispeopled Heaven,' God announces to the Son that he will create another world, and a race to dwell in it who may]

Open to themselves at length the way
Up hither, under long obedience tried,
And Earth be changed to Heaven, and Heaven to Earth,

"And thou my Word, begotten Son, by thee
This I perform, speak thou, and be it done:
My overshadowing Spirit and might with thee
I send along: ride forth, and bid the Deep
Within appointed bounds be Heaven and Earth,
Boundless the deep, because I am who fill
Infinitude, nor vacuous the space.
Though I uncircumscrib'd myself retire,
And put not forth my goodness, which is free
To act or not; necessity and chance
Approach not me, and what I will is fate."
So spake th' Almighty, and to what he spake
His word, the Filial Godhead, gave effect.
Immediate are the acts of God, more swift
Than time or motion, but to human ears
Cannot without process of speech be told,
So told as earthly notion can receive.
Great triumph and rejoicing was in Heaven
When such was heard declared th' Almighty's will;
Glory they sung to God most high.

Heaven opened wide
Her ever-during gates, harmonious sound
On golden hinges moving, to let forth
The King of Glory, in his powerful Word
And Spirit coming to create new worlds.
On heavenly ground they stood, and from the shore
They viewed the vast immeasurable abyss,
Outrageous as a sea, dark, wasteful, wild,
Up from the bottom turned by furious winds
And surging waves, as mountains to assault
Heaven's highth, and with the centre mix the pole.
"Silence, ye troubled waves, and thou deep, peace!"
Said then the omnific Word. "Your discord end!"
Nor stayed; but on the wings of Cherubim,
Uplifted in paternal glory rode
Far into Chaos and the World unborn;
For Chaos heard his voice. . . .
And Earth, self-balanced on her centre hung.

[The six days' creative work is then described in the order of Genesis.

Asked by Adam to tell him about the motions of the heavenly bodies, Raphael adjures him to refrain from thought on 'matters hid; to serve God and fear; and to be lowly wise.' He

then asks Adam to tell him of his creation, he having at the time been absent on 'excursion toward the gates of Hell.' Adam complies, and relates how he appealed to God for a companion, and was answered in the fairest of God's gifts. Raphael warns Adam to beware lest passion for Eve sway his judgement, for on him depends the weal or woe of himself and all his sons.]

VIII—The Temptation and the Fall

WHILE Raphael was in Paradise, for seven nights Satan hid himself by circling round in the shadow of the Earth, then, rising as a mist, he crept into Eden undetected, and entered the serpent as the 'fittest imp of fraud,' but not until he had once more lamented that the enjoyment of the earth was not for him.

In the morning, when the human pair came forth to their pleasant labours, Eve suggested that they should work apart, for when near each other 'looks intervene and smiles,' and casual discourse. Adam replied, defending 'this sweet intercourse of looks and smiles,' because they had been made not for irksome toil, but for delight.]

But if much converse perhaps
Thee satiate, to short absence I could yield;
For solitude sometimes is best society,
And short retirement urges sweet return.
But other doubt possesses me, lest harm
Befall thee. . . . . .

[Eve, 'with sweet austere composure,' replies.]

"That such an enemy we have, who seeks
Our ruin, both by thee informed I learn,
And from the parting Angel overheard.

[She, however, repels the suggestion that she can be deceived. Adam replies that he does not wish her to be tempted, and that united they would be stronger and more watchful. Eve responds that if Eden is so exposed that they are not secure apart, how can they be happy? Adam gives way.]

Her long with ardent look his eye pursued
Delighted, but desiring more her stay.
Oft he to her his charge of quick return
Repeated; she to him as oft engaged
To be returned by noon amid the bower,
And all things in best order to invite
Noontide repast, or afternoon's repose.
O much deceived, much failing, hapless Eve,
Of thy presumed return! Event perverse!
Thou never from that hour in Paradise
Found'st either sweet repast or sound repose.

[The Fiend, questing through the garden, finds her]

Veiled in a cloud of fragrance where she stood,
Half-spied, so thick the roses bushing round
About her glowed. . . . Them she upstays
Gently with myrtle band, mindless the while
Herself, though fairest unsupported flower,
From her best prop so far, and storm so nigh.

REMORSE FOR THEIR SIN FALLS ON ADAM AND EVE

From the painting by John Martin

[Seeing her, Satan 'much the place admired, the person more.']

As one who, long in populous city pent,
Forth issuing on a summer's morn to breathe
Among the pleasant villages and farms
Adjoined, from each thing met conceives delight—
The smell of grain, or tedded grass, or kine,
Or dairy, each rural sight, each rural sound—
If chance with nymph-like step fair virgin pass,
What pleasing seemed, for her now pleases more,
She most, and in her looks sums all delight.
Such pleasure took the Serpent to behold
This flowery plat, the sweet recess of Eve
Thus early, thus alone.

[The original serpent did not creep on the ground, but was a handsome creature,]

With burnished neck of verdant gold, erect
Amidst his circling spires, that on the grass
Floated redundant. Pleasing was his shape
And lovely.

[Appearing before Eve with an air of worshipful admiration, and speaking in human language, the arch-deceiver gains her ear with flattery. 'Empress of this fair world, resplendent Eve.' She asks how it is that man's language is pronounced by 'tongue of brute.' The reply is that the power came through eating the fruit of a certain tree, which gave him reason, and also constrained him to worship her as 'sovran of creatures.' Asked to show her the tree, he leads her swiftly to the Tree of Prohibition, and replying to her scruples and fears, declares]

QUEEN of this Universe! Do not believe
Those rigid threats of death. Ye shall not die
How should ye? By the fruit? It gives you life [me—
To knowledge. By the Threatener? Look on
Me who have touched and tasted, yet both live
And life more perfect have attained than Fate
Meant me, by venturing higher than my lot.
Shall that be shut to Man which to the Beast
Is open? Or will God incense his ire
For such a petty trespass? . . .
God therefore cannot hurt ye and be just.
Goddess humane, reach, then, and freely taste!"
He ended; and his words, replete with guile,
Into her heart too easy entrance won.

[Eve herself then took up the argument and repeated admiringly the Serpent's persuasions.]

"In the day we eat
Of this fair fruit our doom is we shall die!
How dies the serpent? He hath eaten and lives,
And knows, and speaks, and reasons, and dis- [cerns,
Irrational till then. For us alone
Was death invented? Or to us denied
This intellectual food, for beasts reserved?
Here grows the cure of all, this fruit divine,
Fair to the eye, inviting to the taste,
Of virtue to make wise. What hinders then
To reach and feed at once both body and mind?"
. . . So saying, her rash hand in evil hour
Forth-reaching to the fruit, she plucked, she ate.
Earth felt the wound, and Nature from her seat,
Sighing through all her works, gave signs of woe
That all was lost. Back to the thicket slunk
The guilty serpent.

[At first elated by the fruit, Eve presently began to reflect, excuse herself, and wonder what the effect would be on Adam.]

"And I perhaps am secret. Heaven is high—
High, and remote to see from thence distinct
Each thing on Earth; and other care perhaps
May have diverted from continual watch
Our great Forbidder, safe with all his spies
About him. But to Adam in what sort
Shall I appear? Shall I to him make known
As yet my change?
But what if God have seen,
And death ensue? Then I shall be no more;
And Adam, wedded to another Eve,
Shall live with her enjoying, I extinct!
A death to think! Confirmed then, I resolve
Adam shall share with me in bliss or woe;
So dear I love him that with him all deaths
I could endure, without him live no life."
Adam the while
Waiting desirous her return, had wove
Of choicest flowers a garland, to adorn
Her tresses. . . . Soon as he heard
The fatal trespass done by Eve, amazed,
Astonied stood and blank. [Eve
From his slack hand the garland wreathed for
Down dropt, and all the faded roses shed.
Speechless he stood and pale, till thus at length,
First to himself, he inward silence broke:
"O fairest of creation, last and best
Of all God's works, creature in whom excelled
Whatever can to sight or thought be formed,
Holy, divine, good, amiable, or sweet,
How art thou lost! How on a sudden lost!
Some cursed fraud
Of enemy hath beguiled thee, yet unknown,
And me with thee hath ruined; for with thee
Certain my resolution is to die.
How can I live without thee? How forego
Thy sweet converse, and love so dearly joined,
To live again in these wild woods forlorn?"

[Then, turning to Eve, he tried to comfort her.]

PERHAPS thou shalt not die . . .
Nor can I think that God, Creator wise,
Though threatening, will in earnest so destroy
Us, his prime creatures, dignified so high,
Set over all his works. . . .
However, I with thee have fixed my lot,
Certain to undergo like doom. If death
Consort with thee, death is to me as life.
Our state cannot be severed; we are one."
So Adam; and thus Eve to him replied:
"O glorious trial of exceeding love,
Illustrious evidence, example high!"
So saying she embraced him, and for joy
Tenderly wept, much won that he his love
Had so ennobled as of choice to incur
Divine displeasure for her sake, or death.
In recompense . . .
She gave him of that fair enticing fruit

With liberal hand. He scrupled not to eat
Against his better knowledge, not deceived,
But fondly overcome with female charm.

[The effect of the fruit on them is first to excite lust, with guilty shame following, and realizing this after 'the exhilarating vapour bland' had spent its force, Adam found utterance for his remorse.]

"O Eve, in evil hour thou didst give ear
To that false Worm. . . .
. . . How shall I behold the face
Henceforth of God or Angel, erst with joy
And rapture so oft beheld? Those Heavenly shapes
Will dazzle now this earthly, with their blaze
Insufferably bright. Oh, might I here
In solitude live savage, in some glade
Obscured, where highest woods, impenetrable
To star, or sunlight, spread their umbrage broad,
And brown as evening! Cover me, ye Pines!
Ye Cedars, with innumerable boughs
Hide me, where I may never see them more!"

[Then they cower in the woods, and clothe themselves with leaves.]

Covered, but not at rest or ease of mind
They sat them down to weep.

[But passion also took possession of them, and they began to taunt each other with recriminations, Adam, with estranged look, exclaimed:]

"Would thou hadst hearkened to my words, and stayed
With me, as I besought thee, when that strange
Desire of wendering, this unhappy morn,
I know not whence possessed thee! We had then
Remained still happy!"

[Eve retorts:]

"Hadst thou been firm and fixed in thy dissent
Neither had I transgressed nor thou with me."

[Then Adam:]

'What could I more?
I warned thee, I admonished thee, foretold
The danger, and the lurking enemy
That lay in wait; beyond this had been force."

Thus they in mutual accusation spent
The fruitless hours, but neither self-condemning;
And of their vain contest appeared no end.

IX—Sin and Death Triumph

THE Angels left on guard now slowly return from Paradise to Heaven to report their failure, but are reminded by God that it was ordained; and the Son is sent down to judge the guilty pair, after hearing their excuses, and to punish them with the curses of toil and death. Meantime Sin and Death 'snuff the smell of mortal change' on Earth, and leaving Hell-gate 'belching outrageous flame,' erect a broad road from Hell to Earth through Chaos, and as they come in sight of the World meet Satan steering his way back as an angel 'between the Centaur and the Scorpion.' He makes Sin and Death his plenipotentiaries on Earth, adjuring them first to make man their thrall, and lastly kill; and as they pass to the evil work 'the blasted stars look wan.' The return to Hell is received with loud acclaim, which comes in the form of a hiss, and Satan and all his hosts are turned into grovelling snakes. Adam is sternly resentful against Eve, but both pass to 'sorrow unfeigned and humiliation meek.']

X—Repentance and the Doom

THE repentance of the pair is accepted by God, who sends down the Archangel Michael, with a cohort of Cherubim, to announce that death will not come until time has been given for repentance, but Paradise can no longer be their home. Whereupon Eve laments.]

"O unexpected stroke, worse than of Death!
Must I thus leave thee, Paradise? Thus leave
Thee, native soil? These happy walks and shades,
Fit haunt of gods, where I had hoped to spend
Quiet, though sad, the respite of that day
That must be mortal to us both? O flowers,
That never will in any other climate grow,
My early visitation and my last
At even, which I bred up with tender hand
From the first opening bud and gave ye names,
Who now shall rear ye to the Sun, or rank
Your tribes, and water from the ambrosial fount?
Thee lastly, nuptial bower, by me adorned
With what to sight or smell was sweet; from thee
How shall I part, and whither wander down
Into the lower world, to this obscure
And wild, how shall we breathe in other air
Less pure, accustomed to immortal fruits?"

[The Angel counsels her:]

"Lament not, Eve, but patiently resign
What justly thou hast lost; nor set thy heart
Thus over-fond, on that which is not thine;
Thy going is not lonely; with thee goes
Thy husband; him to follow thou art bound;
Where he abides, think there thy native soil."

[Michael then ascending a hill with Adam shows him a vision of the world's history, and first of the ravages of death, while Eve sleeps.]

Adam wept,
Though not of woman born; compassion quelled
His best of Man, and gave him up to tears
A space, till firmer thoughts restrained excess,
And scarce recovering words his plaint renewed.
"O miserable Mankind, to what fall
Degraded, to what wretched state reserved!
. . . . . Can thus
Th' Image of God in man created once
To such unsightly sufferings be debased?"

XI—Paradise Behind, the World Before

THE history is continued, with its promise of redemption, until Adam exclaims :]

" Full of doubt I stand
Whether I should repent me now of sin
By me done and occasioned, or rejoice
Much more that much more good thereof shall spring——
To God more glory, more good will to men
From God, and over wrath grace shall abound.
But say, if our deliverer up to Heaven
Must re-ascend, what will betide the few
His faithful, left among th' unfaithful herd,
The enemies of truth ; who then shall guide
His people, who defend ? will they not deal
Worse with his followers than with him they dealt ? "

[Heav'n

" Be sure they will," said th' Angel ; " but from
He to his own a Comforter will send,
The promise of the Father, who shall dwell
His spirit within them, and the law of Faith
Working through love, upon their hearts shall write,
To guide them in all truth, and also arm
With spiritual armour, able to resist
Satan's assaults, and quench his fiery darts,
What Man can do against them, not afraid,
Though to the death, against such cruelties
With inward consolations recompensed,
And oft supported so as shall amaze
Their proudest persecutors : for the Spirit
Pour'd first on his Apostles, whom he sends
To evangelise the nations, then on all
Baptiz'd, shall them with wondrous gifts endue
To speak all tongues, and do all miracles,
As did their Lord before them. Thus they win
Great numbers of each nation to receive
With joy the tidings brought from Heav'n : at length
Their ministry perform'd, and race well run,
Their doctrine and their story written left,
They die."

[Eve awakens from propitious dreams, it having been shown to her that]

" Though all by me is lost
Such favour I unworthy am vouchsafed.
By me the Promised Seed shall all restore."

THE time, however, has come when they must leave. A flaming sword, 'fierce as a comet,' advances towards them before the bright array of Cherubim.]

Whereat
In either hand the hastening Angel caught
Our lingering parents, and to the eastern gate
Led them direct, and down the cliff as fast
To the subjected plain—then disappeared.
They, looking back, all the eastern side beheld
Of Paradise, so late their happy seat,
Waved over by that flaming brand, the gate
With dreadful faces thronged and fiery arms.
Some natural tears they dropped, but wiped them soon ;
The world was all before them, where to choose
Their place of rest, and Providence their guide.
They, hand in hand, with wandering steps and slow,
Through Eden took their solitary way.

THE EXPULSION OF ADAM AND EVE FROM PARADISE

From the painting by Abbey Altson

Henry David Thoreau

Walden or Life in the Woods

The fame of Henry David Thoreau will always rest on Walden, his great naturalistic, philosophical and autobiographical work, first published in 1854. It is a work which is not above criticism: its author is often prone to base the laws of life and of the universe on the results of his own experience—that of a recluse; and in his writing he has a tendency to strive continually after the effects produced by the use of antithesis and paradox. Yet Walden must remain immortal. It is a record of two years' solitary life in the Walden Woods in Massachusetts, and the fascination of its author is irresistible. He was not only a keen observer, but also a great naturalist, though entirely lacking the dullness of the pedant, and his communion with birds, animals and fishes was characterised by an intimacy more extraordinary even than that of St. Francis of Assisi. Walden must always have a deep psychological interest. The book has been reprinted in many cheap editions.

I—Pleasures of the Simple Life

When I wrote the following pages I lived alone in the woods, a mile from my neighbours, in a house I had built for myself, on the shore of Walden Pond, in Concord, Massachusetts, and earned my living by the labour of my hands only. I lived there two years and two months. At present I am a sojourner in civilized life again.

Men labour under a mistake. By a seeming fate, commonly called necessity, they are employed laying up treasure which moth and rust will corrupt. It is a fool's life, as they will find when they get to the end of it, if not before.

But it is never too late to give up our prejudices. What old people say you cannot do, you try and find that you can. I have lived some thirty years, and I have yet to hear the first syllable of valuable advice from those who are my seniors.

To many creatures there is but one necessity of life—food. None of the brute creation requires more than food and shelter. The necessaries of life for man in this climate may be distributed under the several heads of food, shelter, clothing and fuel. I find by my own experience a few implements, a knife, an axe, a spade, a wheelbarrow, etc.; and for the studious, lamplight, stationery, and access to a few books rank next to necessaries, and can all be obtained at a trifling cost.

Most of the luxuries, and many of the so-called comforts, of life are positive hindrances to the elevation of mankind. None can be an impartial or wise observer of human life but from the vantage ground of voluntary poverty.

If I should attempt to tell how I have desired to spend my life in years past, it would probably astonish those who know nothing about it.

I long ago lost a hound, a bay horse, and a turtle dove, and am still on their trail. Many are the travellers I have spoken to concerning them, describing their tracks and what calls they answered to. I have met one or two who had heard the hound and the tramp of the horse, and even seen the dove disappear behind a cloud, and they seemed as anxious to recover them as if they had lost them themselves.

How many mornings, summer and winter, before my neighbour was stirring about his business, have I been about mine. So many autumn, aye, and winter, days spent outside the town, trying to hear what was in the wind, to hear and carry it express! At other times waiting at even-

ings on the hill-tops for the sky to fall that I might catch something, though I never caught much, and that, manna-wise, would dissolve again in the sun.

For many years I was self-appointed inspector of snowstorms and rainstorms, and did my duty faithfully; surveyor, if not of highways, then of forest paths. I have watered the red huckleberry, the sand cherry and the nettle tree, the white grape and the yellow violet, which might have withered else in dry seasons.

My purpose in going to Walden Pond was not to live cheaply, nor to live dearly there, but to transact some private business with the fewest obstacles.

II—My House and How I Made My Living

When I consider my neighbours, the farmers of Concord, I find that for the most part they have been toiling twenty, thirty, or forty years that they may become the real owners of their farms; and we may regard one third of that toil as the cost of their houses. And when the farmer has got his house he may not be the richer, but the poorer for it, and it be the house that has got him.

The very simplicity and nakedness of man's life in the primitive ages imply that they left him still a sojourner in nature. When he was refreshed with food and sleep, he contemplated his journey again. He dwelt, as it were, in the tent of this world. We now no longer camp as for a night, but have settled down on earth, and forgotten heaven.

Near the end of March, 1845, I borrowed an axe and went down to the woods by Walden Pond, nearest to where I intended to build my house, and began to cut down some tall, arrowy, white pines, still in their youth, for timber. It was a pleasant hillside where I worked, covered with pine woods, through which I looked out on the pond and a small open field in the woods where pines and hickories were springing up. Before I had done, I was more the friend than the foe of the pine tree, having become better acquainted with it.

By the middle of April my house was framed and ready for raising. At length, in the beginning of May, with the help of some of my acquaintances, I set up the frame of my house. I began to occupy it on July 4, as soon as it was boarded and roofed, for the boards were carefully feather-edged and lapped, so that it was perfectly impervious to rain; but before boarding I laid the foundation of a chimney. I built the chimney after my hoeing in the fall, before a fire became necessary for warmth, doing my cooking in the meantime out of doors on the ground, early in the morning. When it stormed before my bread was baked, I fixed a few boards over the fire, and sat under them to watch my loaf, and passed some pleasant hours in that way.

The exact cost of my house, not counting the work, all of which was done by myself, was just over twenty-eight dollars. I thus found that the student who wishes for a shelter can obtain one for a lifetime at an expense not greater than the rent which he now pays annually.

Before I finished my house, wishing to earn ten or twelve dollars by some honest and agreeable method in order to meet my unusual expenses, I planted about two acres and a half of light and sandy soil near it chiefly with beans, but also a small part with potatoes, corn, peas and turnips. I was obliged to hire a team and a man

for the ploughing, though I held the plough myself. My farm outgoes for the first season were, for implements, seed, work, etc., 14 dollars 72½ cents. I got twelve bushels of beans and eighteen bushels of potatoes, besides some peas

and sweet corn. My whole income from the farm was 23 dollars 44 cents, a profit of 8 dollars 71½ cents, besides produce consumed.

The next year I did better still, for I spaded up all the land which I required, about a third of an acre, and I learnt from the experience of both years, not being in the least awed by many celebrated works on husbandry, that if one would live simply, and eat only the crop which he raised, he would need to cultivate only a few rods of ground, and that it would be cheaper to spade up that than to use oxen and to plough it; and he could do all his necessary farm work, as it were, with his left hand, at odd hours in the summer.

My food for nearly two years was rye and Indian meal without yeast, potatoes, rice, a very little salt pork, molasses and salt, and my drink, water. I learned from my two years' experience that it would cost incredibly little trouble to obtain one's necessary food even in this latitude, and that a man may use as simple a diet as the animals, and yet retain health and strength.

Bread I at first made of pure Indian meal and salt, genuine hoe-cakes, which I baked before my fire out of doors; but at last I found a mixture of rye and Indian meal most convenient and agreeable. I made a study of the ancient and indispensable art of bread-making, going back to the primitive days. Leaven, which some deem to be the soul of bread, I discovered was not indispensable.

Thus I found I could avoid all trade and barter, so far as my food was concerned, and having a shelter already, it would only remain to get clothing and fuel. My furniture, part of which I made myself, consisted of a bed, a table, a desk, three chairs, a looking-glass three inches in diameter, a pair of tongs and andirons, a kettle, a skillet and a frying-pan, a dipper, a wash-bowl, two knives and forks, three plates, one cup, one spoon, a jug for oil, a jug for molasses and a japanned lamp. When I have met an immigrant tottering under a bundle which contained his all, I have pitied him, not because it was his all, but because he had all that to carry.

For more than five years I maintained myself solely by the labour of my hands, and I found that by working about six weeks in the year I could meet all the expenses of living. The whole of my winters, as well as most of my summers, I had free and clear for study. I have thoroughly tried school-keeping, and found that my expenses were out of proportion to my income; for I was obliged to dress and train, not to say think and believe, accordingly, and I lost my time into the bargain. I have tried trade, but I have learned that trade curses everything it handles, and though you trade in messages from heaven the whole curse of trade attaches to the business. I found that the occupation of day labourer was the most independent of any, especially as it required only thirty or forty days in the year to support one. The labourer's day ends with the going down of the sun, and he is then free to devote himself to his chosen pursuit, independent of his labour; but his employer, who speculates from month to month, has no respite from one end of the year to the other.

But all this is very selfish, I have heard some of my townsmen say. I confess that I have hitherto indulged very little in philanthropic enterprises. However, when I thought to indulge myself in this respect by maintaining certain poor persons as comfortably as I maintain myself, and even ventured to make them the offer, they one and all unhesitatingly preferred to remain poor.

III—The Life With Nature

When I took up my abode in the woods, I found myself suddenly neighbour to the birds, not by having imprisoned one, but having caged myself near them. I was not only nearer to some of those which commonly frequent the garden and orchard, but to those wilder and more thrilling songsters which never, or rarely, serenade a villager.

Every morning was a cheerful invitation to make my life of equal simplicity, and I may say, innocence, with nature herself. I have been as sincere a worshipper of Aurora as the Greeks. Morning brings back the heroic ages. Then, for an hour at least, some part of us awakes which slumbers all the rest of the day and night.

Why should we live with such hurry and waste of life? As for work we haven't any of any consequence. Hardly a man takes a nap after dinner but when he wakes he holds up his head and asks, 'What's the news?' as if the rest of mankind had stood his sentinels. 'Pray tell me everything new that has happened to a man anywhere on this globe'—and he reads it over his coffee and rolls that a man has had his eyes gouged out this morning on the Wachito River, never dreaming the while that he lives in the dark, unfathomed mammoth cave of this world, and has but the rudiment of an eye himself.

Time is but the stream I go fishing in. I drink at it; but while I drink I see the sandy bottom and detect how shallow it is. Its current glides away, but eternity remains. I would drink deeper; fish in the sky, whose bottom is pebbly with stars. My residence was more favourable, not only to thought but to serious reading, than a university, and though I was beyond the range of the ordinary circulating library, I had more than ever come within the influence of those books which circulate round the world. I kept Homer's Iliad on my table through the summer, though I looked at his page only now and then. To read well—that is to read true books in a true spirit—is a noble exercise, and one that will task the reader more than any exercise. Books must be read deliberately as they were written.

I did not read books the first summer; I hoed beans. Nay, I often did better than this. There were times when I could not afford to sacrifice the bloom of the present moment to any work, whether of the head or hands. I love a broad margin to my life. Sometimes in a summer morning, having taken my accustomed bath, I sat in my sunny doorway from sunrise till noon, rapt in a reverie, amidst the pines and hickories and sumachs, in undisturbed solitude and stillness; while the birds sang around or flitted noiseless through the house, until by the sun falling in at my west window, or the noise of some traveller's waggon on the distant highway, I was reminded of the lapse of time. I grew in those seasons like corn in the night, and they were far better than any work of the hands would have been.

They were not time subtracted from my life, but so much over and above my usual allowance. I realized what the Orientals mean by contemplation and the forsaking of works. This was sheer idleness to my fellow-townsmen, no doubt; but if the birds and flowers had tried me by their standard, I should not have been found wanting.

IV—Night Sounds in the Companionable Woods

Regularly at half-past seven in one part of the summer the whippoorwills chanted their vespers for half an hour, sitting on a stump by my door, or upon the ridge-pole of the house. When the other birds were still, the screech-owls took up the strain, like mourning women their ancient u-lu-la. Wise midnight hags! I love to hear their wailing, their doleful responses, trilled along the woodside. They give me a new sense of the variety and capacity of that nature which is our common dwelling. *Oh-o-o-o-o that I had never been bor-r-r-r-n!* sighs one on this side of the pond, and circles, with the restlessness of despair, to some new perch on the grey oaks. Then—*That I had never been bor-r-r-r-n!* echoes another on the farther side with tremulous sincerity, and—*bor-r-r-r-n!* comes faintly from far in the

Lincoln woods. I rejoice that there are owls. They represent the stark twilight and unsatisfied thoughts which all have.

I am not sure that ever I heard the sound of cock-crowing from my clearing, and I thought that it might be worth while to keep a cockerel for his music merely, as a singing bird. The note of this once wild Indian pheasant is certainly the most remarkable of any bird's, and if they could be naturalised without being domesticated, it would soon become the most famous sound in our woods.

I kept neither dog, cat, cow, pig, nor hens, so that you would have said there was a deficiency of domestic sounds; neither the churn, nor the spinning-wheel, nor even the singing of the kettle, nor the hissing of the urn, nor children crying, to comfort me; only squirrels on the roof, a whippoorwill on the ridge-pole, a blue jay screaming beneath the window, a woodchuck under the house, a laughing loon on the pond, and a fox to bark in the night.

HENRY DAVID THOREAU, America's poet-naturalist, was born at Concord, Massachusetts, July 12, 1817; his parentage was of Franco-Scottish origin. Thoreau was educated at Harvard for the teaching profession, but the example of Emerson, his bosom friend, led him to write and to study outdoor life. In 1845 he built himself a hut by Walden Pond and lived there, solitary, for two years. After this he mingled writing and the doing of odd jobs for a living. His books, The Maine Woods, A Yankee in Canada, Excursions in Field and Wood, were mostly published posthumously. He died May 6, 1862, from consumption.

This is a delicious evening, when the whole body is one sense and imbibes delight through every pore. I go and come with a strange liberty in nature, a part of herself. Sympathy with the fluttering alder and poplar leaves almost takes away my breath; yet, like the lake, my serenity is rippled, but not ruffled. Though it is now dark, the wind still blows and roars in the wood, the waves still dash, and some creatures lull the rest with their notes. The repose is never complete.

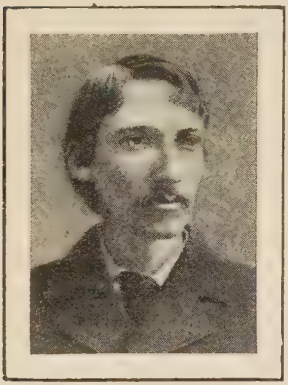
I find it wholesome to be alone the greater part of the time. I never found the companion that was so companionable as solitude. A man thinking or working is always alone, let him be where he will. I am no more lonely than the loon in the pond that laughs so loud. God is alone, but the devil, he is far from being alone; he sees a great deal of company, he is legion. I am not more lonely than a single dandelion in a pasture, or a humble bee, or the north star, or the first spider in a new house.

I left the woods for as good a reason as I went there. Perhaps it seemed to me that I had several more lives to live, and could not spare more time for that one. It is remarkable how easily and insensibly we fall into a particular route and make a beaten track for ourselves. I had not lived there for a week before my feet wore a path from my door to the pond-side, and though it is five or six years since I trod it, it is still quite distinct. So with the paths which the mind travels. How worn and dusty, then, must be the highways of the world, how deep the ruts of tradition and conformity.

I learned this, at least, by my experiment, that if one advances confidently in the direction of his dreams, and endeavours to live the life which he has imagined, he will meet with a success unexpected in common hours. In proportion as he simplifies his life the laws of the universe will appear less complex, and solitude will not be solitude, nor will poverty be poverty, nor weakness weakness.

A Note on Robert Louis Stevenson

WITHIN his comparatively short span of 44 years of life Robert Louis Stevenson definitely established himself as a predominant influence in nineteenth century prose. He was born in Edinburgh, November 13, 1850, the only child of Thomas Stevenson, civil engineer, and although of delicate constitution and a sufferer intermittently from ill health all his life, he produced a quantity of work of finished excellence that is nothing short of marvellous and has invested his name and character with the immortality of youth.



R. L. S. about 1883

He entered Edinburgh University at seventeen, studied law, and read widely in English and French. Though called to the Bar in 1875, he made no attempt to practise, having from his earliest years aimed at and trained himself for a literary career. For the next few years he wandered in France, Germany and Scotland, travelling directly for his health's sake, but the indirect benefit of his travels to English literature it is difficult to overestimate. Stevenson has been described as 'the happiest master of vagabond discourse in the whole of the nineteenth century.'

HE began as an essayist, and his chief prose works, apart from fiction, are An Inland Voyage (1878), Travels with a Donkey in the Cevennes (1879), Virginibus Puerisque (1881), Familiar Studies of Men and Books (1882), Memories and Portraits (1887) and Across the Plains (1892). He won fame first as a writer of romance, and then, turning to the hitherto almost neglected prose essay, captured the public with the most intimate and delightful self-revelations of a winning personality.

It is Stevenson the traveller, the essayist, the writer of short stories, for whom competent literary critics have an even greater admiration than for Stevenson the novelist. Yet it was as a novelist that Stevenson brought the greatest influence to bear upon contemporary literature, simply because it was as a novelist he made his largest conquests.

His best writing is to be found in his short stories, his travels and his essays, and his main service to contemporary letters was concerned with style. He brought to the novel a keener sense of form, and the world being still young for him he set about furthering the revival of the latent spirit of romance, which Blackmore a full decade earlier had awakened in Lorna Doone.

TREASURE ISLAND (1882) and Kidnapped (1886) restored to literature a story material that had been long worked only by crude writers for young, uncritical readers, and Catriona alone, written seven years later, as a continuation of Kidnapped, ought to silence the critics who talk of Stevenson's inability to draw feminine character.

Following a considerably prolonged yachting excursion in the South Seas Stevenson, towards the end of 1890, made his home at Vailima, in Samoa, with his wife—he had married in 1879—his mother and his stepson, Lloyd Osbourne, in collaboration with whom he wrote The Wrecker (1892) and The Ebb Tide (1894). Four years of happy and industrious life remained to him, faithfully mirrored in the posthumous Vailima Letters (1895), and then on December 3, 1894, a day when, apparently in his usual health, he had been dictating Weir of Hermiston, he had a stroke of apoplexy and passed quietly away.

OF late there has been some effort to minimise Stevenson's posthumous popularity. Few, indeed, in the annals of literature are the reputations that are secure against all the assaults of time. Stevenson's is not of these few: while he is sufficiently distant to be appreciated with some detachment, he is still too recent for the mind of his lingering generation to be swept so clean of prejudice as to pass unclouded judgement. But of this we may be sure: his name more than that of any other contemporary prose master will rubricate the two closing decades of the nineteenth century. And that because Stevenson was the true herald of a return to literary style in an age when slovenliness was common. He never wrote a careless or ill-considered phrase. Read Kidnapped and Treasure Island, remembering that they were originally written for a boys' paper in which he might have flung off his story without the least regard to literary grace. Yet they were written with all that sensitive feeling for rhythm and that savour of the right word which marked his finest work. He carried the banner of literary style and set it on an alp, where it has since fluttered to some purpose, as no writer of real note who has arisen since the 'eighties of last century has been able to disregard the improved standard of taste in prose form.

Robert Louis Stevenson

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ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

AN INLAND VOYAGE

I—The Setting-Out of Arethusa and Cigarette

We made a great stir in Antwerp docks when we left. The *Cigarette* went off with a splash and a bubble of small breaking water. Next moment the *Arethusa* was after her. After a stroke or two our canvas was hoisted, and the canoes were away out in mid-stream, in bright sunshine, with the tide on the Scheldt making at four miles an hour.

For long the wind served us well on that river, and thereafter up the Rumpel; and we were running pretty free when we began to sight the brickyards of Boom away up the right bank. The left bank was still green and pastoral, with alleys of trees along the embankment, and here and there a flight of steps to serve a ferry, where perhaps there sat a woman with her elbows on her knees, or an old man with a staff and silver spectacles. Every now and then we met or overtook a long string of barges, all tied one behind the other with tow ropes.

Of all the creatures of commercial enterprise a canal barge is by far the most delightful to consider. It may spread its sails, and then you see it sailing high above the tree tops and the windmills, sailing on the aqueduct, sailing through the green corn-lands, the most picturesque of all things amphibious. Or the horse plods along at a foot-pace as if there was no such thing as business in the world; and the man at the tiller sees the same spire, the same windmills, on the horizon all day long. It is a mystery how things get to their destination thus; and to see the barges, waiting their turn at a lock, affords a fine lesson of how easily the world may be taken.

There should in truth be many contented spirits on board, for such a life is both to travel and to stay at home. . . . I am sure I would rather be a bargee than follow any calling that required regular attendance at an office. There are few callings, I should say, where a man gives up less of his liberty in exchange for regular meals. . . . . It was with such company on the way that we passed Willebroek and Villeborde, and came to Laeken.

After Maubeuge and Hautmont the river wound among low hills, so that sometimes

ARETHUSA AND CIGARETTE EN ROUTE

Portion of the frontispiece drawing by Walter Crane for the original edition; by permission of Chatto and Windus

the sun was at our backs, and sometimes it stood right ahead; and then the river before us was one sheet of intolerable glory.

On either hand, broad meadows and orchards bordered with a margin of sedge and waterflowers upon the river. The hedges were of a great height, woven about the trunks of hedgerow elms; and the fields looked like a series of bowers along the stream. There never was any prospect; sometimes a hill-top would look over the nearest hedgerow, just to make a middle distance for the sky; but that was all. There were many fishermen, stupefied with contentment, and when we induced them to exchange a few words with us, their voices sounded quiet and far away. . . . It was thus that we came to Quartes. I never saw the *Cigarette* in such an idyllic frame of mind. He waxed positively lyrical in praise of these country scenes. I was little less exhilarated myself.

II—A By-Day at Origny Sainte-Benoîte

A LATE bell was ringing in Origny Sainte-Benoîte when we arrived. The next day was Sunday, and while the bells made merry in the sunshine, all the world and his dog was out shooting among the beets and colza. Our companion—no less a personage than the landlady's husband—was a man worn to skin and bone by perpetual excitement, with baldish head and swift, shining eyes. Whenever he spoke he would look all round with chin raised, and a spark of green in either eye, seeking approval. I never saw such a petard of a man; . . . I think the devil was in him.

The conversation was of the day's shooting; it was plain that questions of priority had arisen. "Here now," cried our comrade, brandishing a plate, "here is a field of beetroot. Well. Here am I then. I advance, do I not? *Eh bien, sacristi!*" and the statement rolls off into a reverberation of oaths, everybody nodding in the name of peace. Another told some tales of his own prowess in keeping order, notably one of a marquis.

"Marquis," I said, "if you take another step I fire upon you. You have committed a dirtiness, marquis."

Whereupon, it appeared, the marquis withdrew.

The landlord applauded noisily. He was no marquis-lover either, but he had a sense of justice in him, this proletarian landlord of ours. The dishes reeled upon the table under a cannonade of blows.

III—Down the Golden Valley to Noyon

BELOW La Fère (of cursed memory) there were hills in the distance on either hand; and on one side the river sometimes bordered on the wooded spurs of Coucy and St. Gobain. . . . The willows nodded; the clay banks tumbled in; the Oise, which had been so many centuries making the Golden Valley, seemed to have changed its fancy, and be bent on undoing its performance. What a number of things a river does, by simply following Gravity in the innocence of its heart!

Noyon entirely covers an eminence with its tile roofs, surmounted by the two towers of the cathedral. We had the superb east end before our eyes from our window. I have seldom looked on the east end of a church with more complete sympathy. As it flanges out in three wide terraces, it looks like the poop of some great old battleship. There is a roll in the ground and the towers just appear above the roof as though the ship were bowing lazily over an Atlantic swell. At any moment a window might open, and some old admiral thrust forth a cocked hat and proceed to take an observation. . . . The old admirals sail the sea no longer; the old ships are all broken up; but this, that was a church before ever they were thought upon, is still a church, and makes as brave an appearance by the Oise. All Noyon is blotted out for me by the memory of the cathedral; and I do not care to say more about the place. It is but a stack of brown roofs; but the shadow of the church falls upon it when the sun is low, and the five bells are heard in all quarters. . . . If ever I join the Church of Rome, I shall stipulate to be Bishop of Noyon on the Oise.

IV—Halcyon Days on the Lower Oise

THE *Cigarette* greeted the landlady at Pimprez with aplomb. It was near here that the canal joined the river. A little below this junction we made another meeting, for there we were joined by the Aisne, already a far-travelled river and fresh out of Champagne. Here ended the adolescence of the Oise; this was his marriage day. He was conscious of his own dignity and sundry dams, and bore us lightly on his breast. We made Compiègne as the sun was going down: a fine profile of a town above the river.

My great delight was the town hall. Over the statue of Louis XII, in a tall turret, appears the dial of a clock; high above that three little mechanical figures, each with a hammer, whose business it is to chime the hours and halves and quarters. The central figure has a gilt breastplate; the two others wear trunk hose; and they all have elegant, flapping hats like cavaliers. As the quarter approaches they turn their heads and look knowingly at each other, and then *kling* go the three hammers on three little bells below. The hour follows, deep and sonorous, from the inside of the tower; and the gilded gentlemen rest from their labour with contentment. I thought there was something absurd in the exposition of such toys to the outrages of winter. . . . Above all, at night, when the children are in bed, does it not seem impertinent to leave the gingerbread figures winking and tinkling to the stars and the rolling moon? . . . These toys should be put away among some cotton, until the sun rises and the children are abroad again to be amused.

Of the next day's sail little remains in my mind, and nothing whatever in my notebook. At Pontoise we drew up our keels for the last time out of that river of Oise that had faithfully piloted them for so long. Now we were to return, like the voyager in the play, and see what rearrangements fortune had perfected the while in our surroundings; what surprises stood ready for us at home; and whither and how far the world had voyaged in our absence. You may paddle all day long; but it is when you come back at nightfall, and look in at the familiar room, that you find Love or Death awaiting you beside the stove; and the most beautiful adventures are not those we go to seek.

The Most Delightful Holiday Book in Literature

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

TRAVELS WITH A DONKEY IN THE CEVENNES

I—The Green Donkey Driver

IN a little place called Le Monastier, in a pleasant highland valley fifteen miles from Le Puy, I spent about a month of days. Monastier is noted for the making of lace, for drunkenness, and for unparalleled political dissension. 'Tis a mere mountain Poland. In the midst of this Babylon, I found myself a rallying-point; this arose largely from my projected excursion southward through the Cevennes. I was looked upon with contempt, like a man who should project a journey to the moon, but yet with a respectful interest, like one setting forth for the inclement Pole: all were ready to help in my preparations.

It was hard upon October before I set forth, and at the high altitudes over which my road lay there was no Indian summer to be looked for. I had got made a large sleeping sack, a sort of long roll or sausage, green waterproof cart-cloth without, and blue sheep's fur within, commodious as a valise, warm and dry for a bed. It remained to choose a beast of burden. What I required was something cheap and small and hardy, and of a stolid and peaceful temper; and all

these requirements pointed to a donkey. An old man, known to fame as Father Adam, had a diminutive she-ass, not much larger than a dog, with a kindly eye and a determined under-jaw. There was something neat and high-bred, a quakerish elegance, about the rogue that hit my fancy on the spot. She passed into my service for the consideration of sixty-five francs and a glass of brandy. The sack had already cost me eighty francs and two glasses of beer; so that Modestine, as I instantly baptised her, was upon all accounts the cheaper article.

A bell was striking nine as we descended the hill through the common. We got across the ford without difficulty, but where the road begins to mount through pine woods I had to take in my right hand the unhallowed staff and apply it to the donkey. Modestine brisked up for perhaps three steps and then relapsed into her former minuet. It goes against my conscience to lay my hands rudely on a female, so I desisted: but what that pace was, there is no word mean enough to describe. What the devil was the good of a she-ass if she could not carry a sleeping-bag and a few necessaries? I saw the end of the fable approaching, when I should have to carry Modestine. Aesop was the man to know the world! "Your donkey," said a peasant who overtook us, "is very old." I told him, I believed not. "You must have no pity on these animals," he said, and plucking a switch, laced Modestine about the stern-works, uttering the true cry, or masonic word, of donkey-drivers, 'Proot!' And now the rogue broke into a round pace and I had time to look about.

In a pleasant humour I came down the hill to where Goudet stands in a green end of a valley, with Château Beaufort opposite upon a rocky steep, and the stream, as clear as crystal, lying in a deep pool between them. Above and below you may hear it wimpling over the stones, an amiable stripling of a river, which it seems absurd to call the Loire. On all sides Goudet is shut in by the mountains; rocky footpaths, practicable only for donkeys, join it to the outer world of France. It is, you would think, in an isolation like that of Homer's Cyclops. But it is not so; the aspiring youth of Goudet are within a day's march of the railway at Le Puy; and here in the inn you may find an engraved portrait of the host's nephew, Régis Senac 'Professor of Fencing and Champion of the two Americas', a distinction gained by him, along with the sum of five hundred dollars, at Tammany Hall, New York, on April 10, 1876.

II—Our Lady of the Snows

On Tuesday, September 24, I set out for Le Cheylard l'Evêque, a place on the borders of the forest of Mercoire, but failed to reach the place and was forced to encamp at Fouzilhac. I tied Modestine conveniently for herself, arranged my knapsack for a pillow under the flap of my sleeping-bag, insinuated my limbs into the interior, and buckled myself in like a *bambino*. I questioned at first if I were sleepy, but as soon as my eyelids touched, that subtle glue leaped between them, and they would no more come separate. When I awoke, the world was flooded with a blue light, the mother of dawn, but by the time I had set off again with Modestine, the day was tip-toe on the threshold of the east.

I came out at length above the Allier between Cheylard and Luc. Shelving hills rose on all sides, and came to peaks alternately naked and hairy with pines. The colour throughout was black or ashen, and came to a point in the ruins of the castle of Luc, carrying on a pinnacle a white statue of Our Lady, which, I heard with interest, weighed fifty quintals. The inn at Luc, with its box beds and wide stone chimney was clean and large.

My way now lay along the march of Vivarais and Gévaudan. At a place called La Bastide I was directed to leave the river and follow a road that mounted on the left among the hills of Ardèche; for I was now come within a little way of the Trappist monastery of Our Lady of the Snows. I had not gone far ere the wind brought to me the clanging of a bell, and somehow my heart sank at the sound. This it is to have a Protestant education.

Though I did not stop in my advance, I went on slowly, like a man who should have passed a bourne unnoticed, and strayed into the country of the dead. For there, upon the new-made road, between the stripling pines, was a medieval friar.

I was troubled in my mind. Durst I address one who was under a vow of silence? Clearly not. I doffed my cap. He nodded back and cheerfully addressed me. Was I going to the monastery? Who was I? As our talk ran on it turned out that I was a literary man who was going to write a book. He thought he might manage to have me received at Our Lady of the Snows. Might he say I was a geographer? No; I thought, in the interests of truth, he positively might not.

"Very well, then" (with disappointment), "an author."

When we were hard upon the monastery, Father Apollinaris (for that was my companion's name), stopped me. "I must not speak to you down here," he said; "ask for the Brother Porter, and all will be well." And then suddenly raising his arms and crying out twice, "I must not speak!" he disappeared into the monastery door.

When I had eaten well and heartily, Brother Ambrose came and told me an English boarder would like to speak to me. A fresh, young, little Irishman of fifty, a deacon of the church, in full canonicals, was ushered in. He was a man eminently sociable, greedy of news, and simple minded like a child. He showed me his own room, where he passed his time among breviaries, Hebrew Bibles, and the Waverley Novels. Thence he led me into the cloisters, into the chapter house, through the vestry, where the brothers' gowns and broad straw hats were hanging up, each with his religious name on a board—names full of legendary gravity and interest, such as Basil, Hilarion, Rafael, or Pacifique; into the library where were all Chateaubriand, and the Odes et Ballades, even Molière. Thence my good Irishman took me to the workshops, where brothers bake bread, and make wheels, and take photographs. For in a Trappist monastery each monk has an occupation of his own choice, apart from the general labours of the house. The Abbot binds books. It is not so long since the Abbot was consecrated, by the way; and on that occasion his mother was permitted to enter the chapel and witness the consecration. A proud day for her to have a son a mitred abbot; it makes you glad to think they let her in.

At night I took my place in the gallery to hear compline and the *Salve Regina*, with which the Cistercians end every day. There were none of those circumstances which strike the Protestants as childish or as tawdry in the public offices of Rome. Its stern simplicity, heightened by the romance of the surroundings, spoke directly to the heart. Afterwards the cold and the raving of the wind among the pines disposed me to slumber. I was wakened, at two in the morning, by the first stroke of the bell. The dead in life were already beginning the uncompleted labours of the day. I blessed God that I was free to wander, free to hope, free to love.

III—In the Country of the Camisards

The valley below La Vernède pleased me more and more as I went forward. Now the hills approached from either hand, naked and crumbling, and walled in the river between cliffs; and now the valley became green and widened. The hills, however much the vale might open, were still tall and bare, with cliffy battlements, and here and there a pointed summit; and the tarn still rattled on through the stones with a mountain noise. There was something in this landscape, smiling although wild, that explained to me the spirit of the Southern Covenanters. Those who took to the hills in Scotland had gloomy and bedevilled thoughts, but the Camisards had only bright and supporting visions. The soul of Séguier, let us not forget, was like a garden.

I had hurried from Saint Germain de Calberte, to the topmost powers of Modestine, for I dearly desired to see the view upon the other side before the day had faded. But it was night when I reached the ridge, and the moon threw the outlines of the hills sharp against the sky. There was Mount Aigoal, the stronghold of Castanet, and Castanet deserves some mention

R. L. S. AND MODESTINE IN THE CEVENNES

From the frontispiece drawing by Walter Crane for the original edition; by permission of Chatto and Windus

among Camisards, for there is a spray of rose among his laurel. In the high tide of war he married, in his mountain citadel, a young and pretty lass called Mariette. There were great rejoicings, and the bridegroom released five-and-twenty prisoners in honour of the glad event. Seven months afterwards Mariette fell into the hands of the authorities, when it was like to have gone ill with her. But Castanet was a man of execution. He fell on Vallerange, and got a lady there for a hostage ; and for the first and last time in that war there was an exchange of prisoners. Their daughter, pledge of some starry night upon Mount Aigoal, has left descendants to this day.

At St. Jean du Gard, on the morning of October 3, Modestine was pronounced unfit for travel. She would need two days' repose, according to the ostler ; but I was now eager to reach Alais for my letters ; so I determined to sell my lady friend, and be off by diligence that afternoon. Before ten I had an offer of twenty-five francs ; and before noon, after a desperate engagement, I sold her for five and thirty. The pecuniary gain is not obvious ; but I had bought freedom into the bargain. . . .

St. Jean du Gard is a large place, largely Protestant. The maire asked me to help him in a small matter which is itself characteristic of the country. The young women of the Cevennes profit by the common religion and the difference of the language to go largely as governesses into England, and here was one struggling with English circulars from two agencies in London. I gave what help I could, and volunteered some advice which struck me as being excellent.

It was not until I was fairly seated by the driver, and rattling through a rocky valley with dwarf olives, that I became aware of my bereavement. I had lost Modestine. Up to that moment I had thought I hated her ; but now she was gone,

> 'And oh!
> The difference to me.'

For twelve days we had been fast companions ; we had crossed several respectable ridges, and jogged along by many a rocky and many a boggy by-road. Modestine's faults were those of her race and sex ; her virtues were her own. Father Adam wept when he sold her to me ; after I had sold her in my turn I was tempted to follow his example ; and being alone with a stage-driver and four or five agreeable young men, I did not hesitate to yield to my emotion.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

THE SCARLET LETTER

RECOGNITION came slowly to Nathaniel Hawthorne in his own country, and he had already been writing industriously for more than twenty years when in 1850, being then forty-six years of age, he definitely established his reputation with his masterpiece The Scarlet Letter. A poignant study of the havoc wrought by a secret sin of adultery in the hearts and consciences of husband, wife and lover, this fine piece of imaginative work is distinguished by a stern simplicity that increases the intensity of the drama, and is set down with a felicity of phrasing and an exquisite perfection of rhythm that give its author high rank among writers of English prose. Of Hawthorne's other books Mosses from an Old Manse, published in 1846, The House of the Seven Gables (1851), and The Blithedale Romance (1852), are the best and the best known. Many cheap editions of The Scarlet Letter are procurable.

I—The Pedestal of Shame

THE grass plot before the jail in Prison Lane, on a certain summer morning, not less than two centuries ago, was occupied by a pretty large number of the inhabitants of Boston, all with their eyes intently fastened on the iron-clamped oaken door.

The door of the jail being flung open from within, there appeared, in the first place, the grim presence of the town beadle, and following him a young woman who bore in her arms a baby of some three months old.

The young woman was tall, and those who had known Hester Prynne before were astonished to perceive how her beauty shone out. On the breast of her gown, in fine red cloth, surrounded with an elaborate embroidery and fantastic flourishes of gold thread, appeared the letter A, and it was that scarlet letter which drew all eyes and, as it were, transfigured the wearer.

A lane was forthwith opened through the crowd of spectators. Preceded by the beadle, and attended by an irregular procession of stern-browed men and unkindly visaged women, Hester Prynne set forth towards the place appointed for her punishment. It was no great distance from the prison door to the market-place and, in spite of the agony of her heart, Hester passed with almost a serene deportment to the scaffold where the pillory was set up.

The crowd was sombre and grave, and the unhappy prisoner sustained herself as best a woman might under the heavy weight of a thousand unrelenting eyes.

One man, small in stature, and of a remarkable intelligence in his features, who stood on the outskirts of the crowd, attracted the notice of Hester Prynne, and he in his turn bent his eyes on the prisoner till, seeing she appeared to recognize him, he slowly raised his finger and laid it on his lips.

Then, touching the shoulder of a townsman who stood next to him, he said, "I pray you, good sir, who is this woman, and wherefore is she here set up to public shame?"

"You must needs be a stranger, friend," said the townsman, "else you would surely have heard of Mistress Hester Prynne, and her evil doings. She hath raised a great scandal in godly Master Dimmesdale's church. The penalty thereof is death. But the magistracy, in their great mercy and tenderness of heart, have doomed Mistress Prynne to stand only a space of three hours on the platform of the pillory, and for the remainder of her natural life to wear a mark of shame upon her bosom for all the world to see."

"A wise sentence!" remarked the stranger gravely. "It irks me, nevertheless, that the partner of her iniquity should not at least stand on the scaffold by her side. But he will be known—he will be known!"

Directly over the platform on which Hester Prynne stood was a kind of balcony, and here sat Governor Bellingham, with four sergeants about his chair, and ministers of religion.

Mr. John Wilson, the eldest of these clergymen, first spake, and then urged a younger minister, Mr. Dimmesdale, to exhort the prisoner to repentance and confession.

The Rev. Mr. Dimmesdale was a man of high native gifts, whose eloquence and religious fervour had already wide eminence in his profession. He bent his head in silent prayer, and then came forward.

"Hester Prynne," said he, "if thou feelest it to be for thy soul's peace, I charge thee to speak out the name of thy fellow-sinner and fellow-sufferer. Be not silent from any mistaken pity and tenderness for him, for, believe me, though he were to step down from a high place, and stand there beside thee, on thy pedestal of shame, yet better were it so than to hide a guilty heart through life."

Hester only shook her head.

"She will not speak," murmured Mr. Dimmesdale. "Wondrous strength and generosity of a woman's heart!"

Hester Prynne kept her place upon the pedestal of shame with an air of weary indifference. With the same hard demeanour she was led back to prison.

That night the child at her bosom writhed in convulsions of pain, and the jailer brought in a physician, whom he announced as Mr. Roger Chillingworth, and who was none other than the stranger whom Hester had noticed in the crowd.

He took the infant in his arms and administered a draught, and its moans and convulsive tossings gradually ceased.

"HESTER," said he, when the jailer had withdrawn, "I ask not wherefore thou hast fallen into the pit. It was my folly and thy weakness. What had I—a man of thought, the bookworm of great libraries—to do with youth and beauty like thine own? I might have known that in my long absence this would happen."

"I have greatly wronged thee," murmured Hester.

"We have wronged each other," he answered. "But I shall seek this man whose name thou wilt not reveal, as I seek truth in books, and sooner or later he must needs be mine. I shall contrive nought against his life. Let him live! Not the less he shall be mine. One thing, thou that wast my wife, I ask. Thou hast kept his name secret. Keep, likewise, mine. Let thy husband be to the world as one already dead, and breathe not the secret, above all, to the man thou wottest of."

"I will keep thy secret, as I have his."

II—A Pearl of Great Price

WHEN her prison door was thrown open and she came forth into the sunshine, Hester Prynne did not flee.

On the outskirts of the town was a small thatched cottage, and there, in this lonesome dwelling, Hester established herself with her infant child. Without a friend on earth who dared to show himself, she, however, incurred no risk of want. She possessed an art that sufficed to supply food for her thriving infant and herself—the art of needlework.

By degrees her handiwork became what would now be termed the fashion. She bore on her breast, in the curiously embroidered letter, a specimen of her skill, and her needlework was seen on the ruff of the governor; military men wore it on their scarfs, and the minister on his bands.

As time went on, the public attitude to Hester changed. Human nature, to its credit, loves more readily than it hates. Hester never battled with the public, but submitted uncomplainingly to its worst usage, and so a species of general regard had ultimately grown up about her.

Hester had named the infant 'Pearl,' as being of great price, and little Pearl grew up a wondrously lovely child, with a strange, lawless character. At times she seemed rather an airy sprite than human, and never did she seek to make acquaintance with other children, but was always Hester's companion in her walks about the town.

At one time some of the leading inhabitants of the place sought to deprive Hester of her child; and at the governor's mansion, whither Hester had repaired, with some gloves which she had embroidered at his

PEARL GREW UP, A LOVELY CHILD ALWAYS HESTER'S COMPANION

From the painting by Norman Carstin, by permission of the artist

order, the matter was discussed in the mother's presence by the governor and his guests—Mr. John Wilson, Mr. Arthur Dimmesdale, and old Roger Chillingworth, now established as a physician of great skill in the town.

"God gave me the child!" cried Hester. "He gave her in requital of all things else which ye have taken from me. Ye shall not take her. I will die first! Speak thou for me," she cried, turning to the young clergyman, Mr. Dimmesdale. "Thou wast my pastor. Thou knowest what is in my heart, and what are a mother's rights, and how much the stronger they are when that mother has but her child and the scarlet letter! I will not lose the child! Look to it!"

"There is truth in what she says," began the minister. "God gave her the child, and there is a quality of awful sacredness between this mother and this child. It is good for this poor, sinful woman that she hath an infant confided to her care—to be trained up by her to righteousness, to remind her and to teach her that, if she bring the child to heaven, the child also will bring its parent thither. Let us then leave them as Providence hath seen fit to place them!"

"You speak, my friend, with a strange earnestness," said old Roger Chillingworth, smiling at him.

"He hath adduced such arguments that we will even leave the matter as it now stands," said the governor. "So long, at least, as there shall be no further scandal in the woman."

The affair being thus concluded, Hester Prynne, with Pearl, departed.

III—The Leech and His Patient

It was at the solemn request of the deacons and elders of the church in Boston that the Rev. Mr. Dimmesdale went to Roger Chillingworth for professional advice. The young minister's health was failing, his cheek was paler and thinner, and his voice more tremulous with every successive Sabbath.

Roger Chillingworth scrutinised his patient carefully and, accepted as the medical adviser, determined to know the man before attempting to do him good. He strove to go deep into his patient's bosom, delving among his principles and prying into his recollections.

After a time, at a hint from old Roger Chillingworth, the friends of Mr. Dimmesdale effected an arrangement by which the two men were lodged in the same house; so that every ebb and flow of the minister's life-tide might pass under the watchful eye of his anxious physician.

Old Roger Chillingworth, throughout life, had been calm in temperament, of kindly affections, and ever in the world a pure and upright man. He had begun an investigation, as he imagined, with the severe integrity of a judge, desirous only of truth. But, as he proceeded, a terrible fascination seized the old man within its grip, and never set him free again until he had done all its bidding. He now dug into the poor clergyman's heart, like a miner searching for gold. "This man," the physician would say to himself at times, "pure as they deem him, hath inherited a strong animal nature from his father or his mother. Let us dig a little farther in the direction of this vein."

Henceforth Roger Chillingworth became not a spectator only, but a chief actor in the poor minister's inner world. And Mr. Dimmesdale grew to look with horror and hatred at the old physician.

And still the minister's fame and reputation for holiness increased, even while he was tortured by bodily disease and the black trouble of his soul.

More than once Mr. Dimmesdale had gone into the pulpit with a purpose never to come down until he should have spoken the truth of his life. And ever he put a cheat upon himself by confessing in general terms his exceeding vileness and sinfulness. One night in early May, driven by remorse and still indulging in the mockery of repentance, the minister sought the scaffold where Hester Prynne had stood. The town was all asleep. There was no peril of discovery. And yet his vigil was surprised by Hester and her daughter, returning from a death-bed in the town, and presently by Roger Chillingworth himself.

"Who is that man?" gasped Mr. Dimmesdale, in terror. "I shiver at him,

Hester. Canst thou do nothing for me? I have a nameless horror of the man!"

Hester remembered her promise and was silent.

"Worthy sir," said the physician, when he had advanced to the foot of the platform, "pious Master Dimmesdale! Can this be you? Come, good sir, I pray you, let me lead you home! You should study less, or these night-whimseys will grow upon you."

"I will go home with you," said Mr. Dimmesdale.

And now Hester Prynne resolved to do what might be in her power for the victim whom she saw in her former husband's grip. An opportunity soon occurred when she met the old physician stooping in quest of roots to concoct his medicines.

"When we last spake together," said Hester, "you bound me to secrecy touching our former relations. But now I must reveal the secret. He must discern thee in thy true character. What may be the result I know not. So far as concerns the overthrow or preservation of his fair fame and his earthly state, and perchance his life, he is in thy hands. Nor do I—whom the scarlet letter has disciplined to truth—nor do I perceive such advantage in his living any longer a life of ghastly emptiness, that I shall stoop to implore thy mercy. Do with him as thou wilt! There is no good for him, no good for me, no good for thee! There is no good for little Pearl!"

"Woman, I could well-nigh pity thee!" said Roger Chillingworth. "Peradventure, hadst thou met earlier with a better love than mine, this evil had not been. I pity thee, for the good that has been wasted in thy nature!"

"And I thee," answered Hester Prynne, "for the hatred that has transformed a wise and just man to a fiend! Forgive, if not for his sake, then for thine own!"

"Peace, Hester, peace!" replied the old man with gloom. "It is not granted me to pardon. It is our fate. Now go thy ways, and deal as thou wilt with yonder man."

IV—Open Confession after Long Penitence

A WEEK later Hester Prynne waited in the forest for the minister as he returned from a visit to his Indian converts. He walked slowly and, as he walked, kept his hand over his heart.

"Arthur Dimmesdale! Arthur Dimmesdale!" she cried out.

"Who speaks?" answered the minister. "Hester! Hester Prynne! Is it thou?" He fixed his eyes upon her and added, "Hester, hast thou found peace?"

"Hast thou?" she asked.

"None! Nothing but despair! What else could I look for, being what I am, and leading such a life as mine?"

"You wrong yourself in this," said Hester gently. "Your sin is left behind you, in the days long past. But, Arthur, an enemy dwelleth with thee, under the same roof. That old man—the physician, whom they call Roger Chillingworth—he was my husband! Forgive me. Let God punish!"

"I do forgive you, Hester," replied the minister. "May God forgive us both!"

They sat down, hand clasped in hand, on the mossy trunk of a fallen tree.

It was Hester who bade him hope, and spoke of seeking a new life beyond the seas, in some rural village in Europe.

"Oh, Hester," cried Arthur Dimmesdale, "I lack the strength and courage to venture out into the wide, strange world alone."

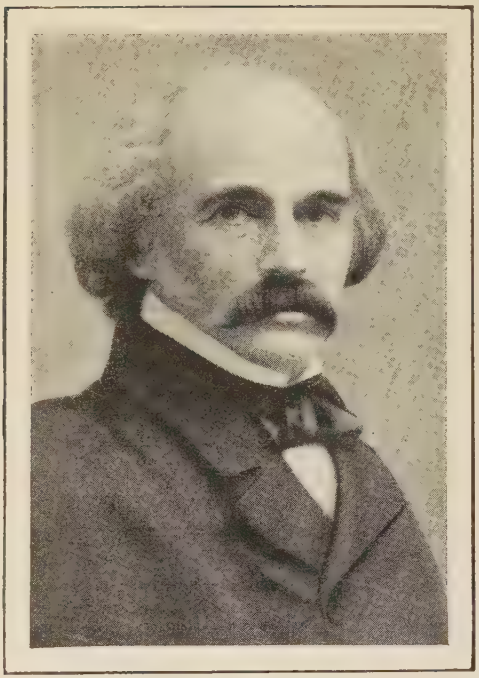
"Thou shalt not go alone!" she whispered.

Before Mr. Dimmesdale reached home he was conscious of a change of thought and feeling. Roger Chillingworth observed the change, and knew that now in the minister's regard he was no longer a trusted friend, but his bitterest enemy.

A New England holiday was at hand, the public celebration of the election of a new governor, and the Rev. Arthur Dimmesdale was to preach the election sermon.

Hester had taken berths in a vessel that was about to sail; and then, on the very day of holiday, the shipmaster told her that Roger Chillingworth had also taken a berth in the same vessel.

Hester said nothing, but turned away and waited in the crowded market-place beside the pillory with Pearl, while the procession re-formed after public worship.



NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE was born in 1804. He graduated at Bowdoin College in 1825 and for twelve years lived in seclusion at Salem, writing tales and verses. His first novel, Fanshawe, appeared in 1828. A year spent with the socialistic community at Brook Farm furnished material for the Blithedale Romance. Hawthorne served as American Consul at Liverpool before settling down at Concord. He died May 18, 1864.

The street and the market-place absolutely bubbled with applause of the minister, whose sermon had surpassed all previous utterances.

At that moment Arthur Dimmesdale stood on the proudest eminence to which a New England clergyman could be exalted. The minister, surrounded by the leading men of the town, halted at the scaffold and, turning towards it, cried, "Hester, come hither! Come, my little Pearl!"

Leaning on Hester's shoulder, the minister, with the child's hand in his, slowly ascended the scaffold steps.

"Is not this better," he murmured, "than what we dreamed of in the forest? For, Hester, I am a dying man. So let me make haste to take my shame upon me."

"I know not. I know not."

"Better? Yea; so we may both die, and little Pearl die with us."

He turned to the market-place and spoke with a voice that all could hear.

"People of New England! At last, at last I stand where seven years since I should have stood. Lo, the scarlet letter which Hester wears! Ye have all shuddered at it! But there stood one in the midst of you, at whose brand of sin and infamy ye have not shuddered! Stand any here that question God's judgement on a sinner? Behold a dreadful witness of it!"

With a convulsive motion he tore away the ministerial gown from before his breast. It was revealed! For an instant the multitude gazed with horror on the ghastly miracle, while the minister stood with a flush of triumph in his face. Then, down he sank upon the scaffold. Hester partly raised him, and supported his head against her bosom. Old Roger Chillingworth knelt beside him.

"Thou hast escaped me!" he repeated more than once.

"May God forgive thee!" said the minister. "Thou, too, hast deeply sinned!"

He fixed his dying eyes on the woman and the child.

"My little Pearl," he said feebly, "thou wilt kiss me. Hester, farewell. God knows, and He is merciful! His will be done! Farewell."

That final word came forth with the minister's expiring breath. The multitude, silent till then, broke out in a strange, deep voice of awe and wonder.

After many days there was more than one account of what had been witnessed on the scaffold. Most of the spectators testified to having seen, on the breast of the unhappy minister, a scarlet letter imprinted in the flesh. Others denied that there was any mark whatever on his breast, more than on a newborn infant's. According to these highly respectable witnesses the minister's confession implied no part of the guilt of Hester Prynne, but was made intentionally to teach us that we were all sinners alike. Old Roger Chillingworth died and bequeathed his property to little Pearl.

For years the mother and child lived in England, and then Pearl married, and Hester returned alone to the little cottage by the forest.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

THE LIFE OF BENJAMIN FRANKLIN WRITTEN BY HIMSELF

GREATEST of American diplomats and one of the heroes of the American War of Independence, Benjamin Franklin was also gifted by nature with a versatility of genius unexampled by any figure known to history, with the exception, perhaps, of Leonardo da Vinci. The life-story of such a man must necessarily be of exceptional interest, and as told by Franklin himself, in his own singularly simple, facile and pellucid style, ranks among the very few great autobiographies in the world's literature. Begun as a private chronicle for his son, Governor William Franklin, the Life was first published in 1817 and was immediately established as a classic: it is procurable now in many inexpensive editions. It ends at the year 1757, and the story of the last 43 years of Franklin's life can be followed in his correspondence and other writings edited and published with the complete autobiography in 1888.

I—Early Education and First Employments

OUR family had lived in the village of Ecton, Northamptonshire, for 300 years, the eldest son being always bred to the smith's business. I was the youngest son of the youngest son for five generations back. My father married young, and carried his wife and three children to New England, about 1685, that they might there enjoy their Nonconformist religion with freedom. He married a second time, and had in all seventeen children.

I had but little schooling, being taken home at ten years to help in my father's business of tallow-chandler. I disliked the trade, and desired to go to sea. Living near the water in our home at Boston, I learned to swim well and to manage boats.

From a child I was fond of reading, and laid out all my little money on books, such as Bunyan's works, which I sold to get Burton's Historical Collections; and in my father's little library there were Plutarch's Lives, Defoe's Essay on Projects, and Mather's Essays to Do Good. This bookish inclination determined my father to bind me apprentice to my brother James, a printer in Boston, and in a little time I became very proficient. I had access to more books, and often sat up most of the night reading. I had also a fancy to poetry and made some little pieces; my brother printed them and sent me about the town to sell them.

I now took in hand the improvement of my writing by various exercises in prose and verse, being extremely ambitious to become a good English writer. My time for these exercises was at night and on Sundays. At about 16 years of age, meeting with a book on the subject, I took to a vegetable diet, and thus not only saved an additional fund to buy books, but also gained greater clearness of head.

I now studied arithmetic, navigation, geometry, and read Locke On the Human Understanding, the Art of Thinking, by Messrs. du Port Royal, and Xenophon's Memorable Things of Socrates. From this last I learned to drop my abrupt contradiction and positive argumentation, and to put on the humble inquirer and doubter.

My brother had begun to print a newspaper, The New England Courant, the second that appeared in America. Some of his friends thought it not likely to succeed, one newspaper being enough for America; yet at this time there are not less than five-and-twenty. To this paper I began to contribute anonymously, disguising my hand and putting my MSS. at night under the door of the printing-house. These were highly approved, until I claimed their authorship.

But I soon took upon me to assert my freedom, and determined to go to New York. A friend of mine agreed with the captain of a sloop for my passage; I was taken on board privately and in three days found myself in New York, near 300 miles from home, a boy of but seventeen, and with very little money in my pocket. The

printer there could not give me employment, but told me of a vacancy in Philadelphia, 100 miles further. Thither, therefore, I proceeded, partly by land and partly by sea, and landed with one Dutch dollar in my pocket.

There were two printers in the town, both of them poorly qualified. Bradford was very illiterate, and Keimer, though something of a scholar, was a mere compositor, knowing nothing of press-work. Keimer gave me employment. He had been one of the French prophets, and could act their enthusiastic agitations. He did not profess any particular religion, but something of all on occasion, and had a good deal of the knave in his composition. I began to have acquaintance among the young people that were lovers of reading; and, gaining money by industry and frugality, I lived very agreeably, forgetting Boston as much as I could.

At length my brother-in-law, master of a sloop, heard of me, and wrote exhorting me to return, to which I answered in a letter which came under the eyes of Sir William Keith, governor of the province. He was surprised when he was told my age and said that I ought to be encouraged; if I would set up in Philadelphia he would procure me the public business.

Sir William promised to set me up himself. I did not know his reputation for promises which he never meant to keep, and at his suggestion I sailed for England to choose the types. Understanding that his letters recommendatory to a number of friends and his letter of credit to furnish me with the necessary money, which he had failed to give me before the ship sailed, were with the rest of his despatches, I asked the captain for them, and when we came into the Channel he let me examine the bag. I found none upon which my name was put as under my care. I began to doubt his sincerity and a fellow passenger, on my opening the affair to him, let me into the governor's character and told me that no one had the smallest dependence on him.

I immediately got work at Palmer's, a famous printing-house in Bartholomew Close, London. I was employed in composing for the second edition of Wollaston's Religion of Nature and, some of his reasonings not appearing to me well founded, I wrote a little metaphysical piece entitled A Dissertation on Liberty and Necessity, Pleasure and Pain. This brought me the acquaintance of Dr. Mandeville, author of the Fable of the Bees, a most facetious, entertaining companion.

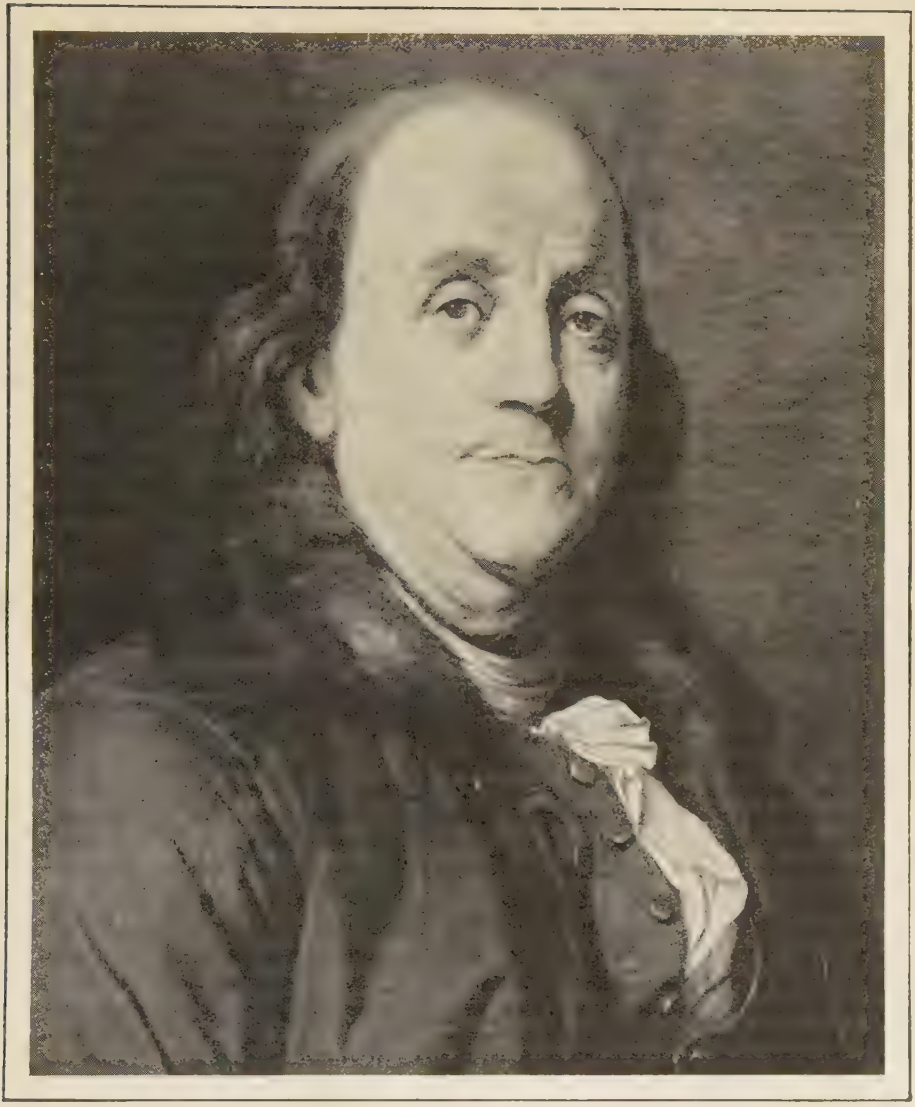
I PRESENTLY left Palmer's to work at Watt's, near Lincoln's Inn Fields, and here I continued for the rest of my eighteen months in London. But I had grown tired of that city and when a Mr. Denham, who was returning to Philadelphia to open a store, offered to take me as his clerk, I gladly accepted.

We landed in Philadelphia on October 11, 1726, where I found sundry alterations. Keith was no longer governor; and Miss Read, to whom I had paid some courtship, had been persuaded in my absence to marry one Rogers, a potter. With him, however, she was never happy, and soon parted from him; he was a worthless fellow. Mr. Denham took a store, but died next February, and I returned to Keimer's printing-house.

II—The Junto Club and the First Subscription Library

I HAD now just passed my twenty-first year; and it may be well to let you know the then state of my mind with regard to my principles and morals. My parents had brought me through my childhood piously in the dissenting way, but now I had become a thorough Deist. My arguments had perverted some others, but as each of these persons had afterwards wronged me greatly without the least compunction, and as my own conduct towards others had given me great trouble, I began to suspect that this doctrine, though it might be true, was not very useful. I now, therefore, grew convinced that truth, sincerity and integrity between man and man were of the utmost importance to the felicity of life; and I formed written resolutions to practise them ever while I lived.

I now set up in partnership with Meredith, one of Keimer's workmen, the money being found by Meredith's father. In the autumn of the preceding year,



Benjamin Franklin a great and typical American, and one of the noblest figures who took part in the foundation of the young republic, was born at Boston, Massachusetts, January 17, 1706. His autobiography, published in 1817, relates the tale of the first fifty years of his life, but ceases just when its author was about to take a foremost place in international politics, as the official representative of the New World in the Old. He remained in England for five years as the agent for Pennsylvania, and later for others of the American colonies. Franklin fought assiduously for their right not to be taxed by the home country without themselves having a voice in the matter. From 1776 to 1785 he was in Paris, and obtained the assistance of France in the War of Independence. He returned to America in 1785 and became President of the State of Pennsylvania. His death occurred in April 1790.

This portrait hangs in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.

I had formed most of my ingenious acquaintance into a club of mutual improvement, which we called the Junto; it met on Friday evenings for essays and debates. Every one of its members exerted himself in recommending business to our new firm.

Soon Keimer started a newspaper, The Universal Instructor in all Arts and Sciences and Pennsylvania Gazette, but after carrying it on for some months with only ninety subscribers he sold it to me for a trifle, and it proved in a few years extremely profitable. I bought out Meredith in 1729, and continued the business alone.

I had turned my thoughts to marriage, but soon found that, the business of a printer being thought a poor one, I was not to expect money with a wife. Friendly relations had continued between me and Mrs. Read's family; I pitied poor Miss Read's unfortunate situation, and our mutual affection revived. Though there was a report of her husband's death, and another report that he had a preceding wife in England, neither of these was certain, and he had left many debts, which his successor might be called on to pay.

But we ventured over these difficulties, and I took her to wife September 1, 1730. She proved a good and faithful helpmate; we throve together, and have ever mutually endeavoured to make each other happy.

I now set on foot my first project of a public nature, that for a subscription library. By the help of our club, the Junto, I procured fifty subscribers of forty shillings each to begin with, and ten shillings a year for fifty years. We afterwards obtained a charter, and this was the mother of all the North American subscription libraries now so numerous, which have made the common tradesmen and farmers as intelligent as most gentlemen.

III—The Scheme of Virtues

It was about 1733 that I conceived the bold and arduous project of arriving at moral perfection. I wished to live without committing any fault at any time; I would conquer all that natural inclination, custom, or company might lead me into. As I knew, or thought I knew, what was right and wrong, I did not see why I might not always do the one and avoid the other. But I soon found that I had undertaken a task of great difficulty and I therefore contrived the following method. I included under thirteen names of virtues all that at that time occurred to me as necessary or desirable, and annexed to each a short precept, which expressed the extent which I gave to its meaning.

The names of the virtues were: Temperance, silence, order, resolution, frugality, industry, sincerity, justice, moderation, cleanliness, tranquillity, chastity and humility. My list contained at first only twelve virtues, but, a friend having informed me that I was generally thought proud, I determined endeavouring to cure myself of this vice or folly among the rest; and, though I cannot boast of much success in acquiring the reality of this virtue, I had a good deal of success with regard to the appearance of it.

My intention being to acquire the habitude of all these virtues, I determined to give a week's strict attention to each of them successively, thus going through a complete course in thirteen weeks, and four courses in a year. I had a little book, in which I allotted a page for each of the virtues; the page was ruled into days of the week and I marked in it, by a little black spot, every fault I found by examination to have been committed respecting that virtue upon that day. My scheme of order was as follows:

> 5—8 a.m.—What good shall I do this day? Rise, wash and address Powerful Goodness. Contrive day's business, and take the resolution of the day; prosecute the present study, and breakfast.
>
> 8 a.m.—12 noon. Work.
>
> 12—1 p.m.—Read, or overlook my accounts, and dine.
>
> 2—6 p.m. Work.
>
> 6—10 p.m. Put things in their places. Supper. Music or diversion, or conversation. Examination of the day. What good have I done this day?
>
> 10 p.m.—5 a.m. Sleep.

In truth, I found myself incorrigible

with regard to order, yet I was, by the endeavour, a better and a happier man than I should have been if I had not attempted it. It may be well that my posterity should be informed that to this little artifice, with the blessing of God, their ancestor owed the constant felicity of his life.

I purposed publishing my scheme, writing a little comment on each virtue, and I should have called my book The Art of Virtue, distinguishing it from the mere exhortation to be good. But my intention was never fulfilled, for it was connected in my mind with a great and extensive project, which I have never had time to attend to. I had set forth on paper the substance of an intended creed, containing, as I thought, the essentials of every known religion, and I conceived the project of raising a united party for virtue, by forming the virtuous and good men of all nations into a regular body, to be governed by suitable rules.

I thought that the sect should be begun and spread at first among young and single men only, that each person to be initiated should declare his assent to my creed, and should have exercised himself with the thirteen weeks' practice of the virtues, that the existence of the society should be kept a secret until it was become considerable, that the members should engage to assist one another's interests, business and advancement in life, and that we should be called The Society of the Free and Easy, as being free from the dominion of vice and of debt. I am still of opinion that it was a practicable scheme.

In 1732 I first published my Almanack, commonly called Poor Richard's Almanack, and continued it for about twenty-five years. It had a great circulation, and I considered it a proper vehicle for conveying instruction among the common people. Thus, I assembled the proverbs containing the wisdom of many ages and nations into a discourse prefixed to the Almanack of 1757, as the harangue of a wise old man to the people attending an auction. I considered my newspaper also as a means of instruction, and published in it extracts from moral writers and little pieces of my own, in the form sometimes of a Socratic dialogue, tending to prove the advantages of virtue.

I had begun in 1733 to study languages. I made myself master of French so as to be able to read books with ease, and then Italian and, later, Spanish. Having an acquaintance with these, I found, on looking over a Latin Testament, that I understood much of that language, which encouraged me to study it with success.

Our secret club, the Junto, had turned out to be so useful that I now set every member of it to form each of them a subordinate club, with the same rules, but without informing the new clubs of their connexion with the Junto. The advantages proposed were, the improvement of so many young citizens; our better acquaintance with the general sentiments of the inhabitants on any occasion, as the Junto member was to report to the Junto what passed in his separate club; the promotion of our particular interests in business by more extensive recommendation; and the increase of our influence in public affairs. Five or six clubs were completed, and answered our views of influencing public opinion on particular occasions.

IV—Public Service in Many Capacities

My first promotion was my being chosen, in 1736, clerk of the General Assembly. In the following year I received the commission of postmaster at Philadelphia, and found it of great advantage. I now began to turn my thoughts a little to public affairs, beginning, however, with small matters, and preparing the way for my reforms through the Junto and subordinate clubs. Thus I reformed the city watch, and established a company for the extinguishing of fires. In 1739 the Rev. Mr. Whitefield arrived among us and preached to enormous audiences throughout the colonies. I knew him intimately, being employed in printing his sermons and journals; he used sometimes to pray for my conversion, but never had the satisfaction of believing that his prayers were heard.

My business was now continually augmenting and my circumstances daily

growing easier. Spain having been several years at war against Great Britain, and being at length joined by France, our situation became one of great danger; our colony was defenceless, and our Assembly was composed principally of Quakers. I therefore formed an association of citizens, numbering ten thousand, into a militia; these all furnished themselves with arms and met every week for drill, while the women provided silk colours painted with devices and mottoes which I supplied. With the proceeds of a lottery we built a battery below the town, and borrowed eighteen cannon of the governor of New York.

PEACE being concluded, and the association business therefore at an end, I turned my thoughts to the establishment of an academy. I published a pamphlet; set on foot a subscription, not as an act of mine, but of some 'public-spirited gentlemen,' and the schools were opened in 1749. They were soon moved to our largest hall; the trustees were incorporated by a charter from the governor, and thus was established the University of Pennsylvania. The building of an hospital for the sick, and the paving, lighting and sweeping of the streets of the city, were among the reforms in which I had a hand at this time.

In 1753 I was appointed, jointly with another, postmaster-general of America, and the following year I drew up a plan for the union of all the colonies under one government for defence and other important general purposes. Its fate was singular; the assemblies did not adopt it, as they thought there was too much prerogative in it, and in England it was judged to be too democratic. The Board of Trade therefore did not approve of it, but substituted another scheme for the same end. I believe that my plan was really the true medium and that it would have been happy for both sides of the water if it had been adopted.

When war was in a manner commenced with France, the British Government, not choosing to trust the union of the colonies with their defence, lest they should feel their own strength, sent over General Braddock in 1755 with two regiments of regular English troops for that purpose. He landed at Alexandria and marched to Frederictown in Maryland, where he halted for carriages. I was sent to him by the Assembly, stayed with him for several days, and had full opportunity of removing all his prejudices against the colonies by informing him of what the assemblies had done and would still do to facilitate his operations.

This general was a brave man, and might have made a figure as a good officer in some European war. But he had too much self-confidence, too high an opinion of regular troops, and too mean a one of both Americans and Indians. In the first engagement his force was routed in panic, and two-thirds of them were killed, by no more than 400 Indians and French together. This gave us the first suspicion that our exalted ideas of the prowess of British regulars had not been well founded.

After this the governor prevailed with me to take charge of our north-west frontier, which was infested by the enemy, and I undertook this military business, although I did not conceive myself well suited for it.

MY account of my electrical experiments was read before the Royal Society of London, and afterwards printed in a pamphlet. The Count de Buffon, a philosopher of great reputation, had the book translated into French, and then it appeared in the Italian, German and Latin languages. What gave it the more sudden celebrity was the success of its proposed experiment for drawing lightning from the clouds. I was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society, and they presented me with the gold medal of Sir Godfrey Copley, for 1753.

The Assembly had long had much trouble with the 'proprietary,' or great hereditary landowners. Finally, finding that they persisted obstinately in shackling their deputies with instructions inconsistent not only with the privileges of the people but with the service of the crown, the Assembly resolved to petition the king against them, and appointed me agent in England to present and support the petition. I sailed from New York with my son in the end of June; we dropped anchor in Falmouth harbour, and reached London on July 27, 1757.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE

WRITTEN about 1596, first mentioned in 1598, and first printed in 1600, The Merchant of Venice is Shakespeare's first great comedy of character and one of the most popular of his plays. The central theme is almost tragic, but a wholesome, almost idyllic atmosphere pervades the work throughout. Owing something to Marlowe's play The Jew of Malta and perhaps suggested by the case of the Jew physician Lopez, executed in 1594 on a charge of having accepted a bribe to poison Queen Elizabeth, its sources are varied—Greek, Roman and Oriental. But the story in the main follows that of Giannetto in Ser Giovanni Fiorentino's Il Pecorone, published in Italian in 1558. Other possible sources are the medieval Gesta Romanorum, Wilson's play The Three Ladies of London, 1584, and Anthony Munday's translation, 1596, of Alexandre Silvayn's The Orator. Charles Macklin, Edmund Kean, and Henry Irving are among noteworthy actors of the part of Shylock. Helen Faucit and Ellen Terry were delightful impersonators of Portia. The scene is laid partly at Venice and partly at Belmont, on the mainland.

PERSONS IN THE PLAY

Duke of Venice
Antonio, a merchant of Venice
Bassanio, his friend, suitor to **Portia**
Lorenzo, in love with **Jessica**
Shylock, a Jew
Gratiano, Salanio, Salarino, Salerio, friends to **Antonio** and **Bassanio**
Launcelot Gobbo, a clown
Portia, a rich heiress
Nerissa, her waiting-maid
Jessica, daughter to **Shylock**

First Act

ANTONIO : In sooth, I know not why I am so sad.
And such a want-wit sadness makes of me, [myself.
That I have much ado to know
Salarino : Your mind is tossing on the ocean,
There where your argosies with portly sail,
Like signiors and rich burghers on the flood,
Do overpeer the petty traffickers
That curt'sy to them. I know Antonio
Is sad to think upon his merchandise. [it,
Ant. : Believe me, no. I thank my fortune for
My ventures are not in one bottom trusted,
Nor to one place ; nor is my whole estate
Upon the fortune of this present year :
Therefore, my merchandise makes me not sad.
Salar. : Why, then you are in love.
Ant. : Fie, fie !
Salar. : Not in love neither ? Then let's say you are sad
Because you are not merry ; and 'twere as easy
For you to laugh and leap, and say you are merry
Because you are not sad. Now, by two-headed Janus,
Nature hath framed strange fellows in her time :
Some that will evermore peep through their eyes
And laugh like parrots at a bag-piper ;
And other of such vinegar aspect,
That they'll not show their teeth in way of smile
Though Nestor swear the jest be laughable.
Gratiano : You look not well, Signior Antonio ;
You have too much respect upon the world :
They lose it that do buy it with much care.
Ant. : I hold the world but as the world, Gratiano ;
A stage, where every man must play a part,
And mine a sad one.
Gra. : Let me play the fool :
With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come,
And let my liver rather heat with wine
Than my heart cool with mortifying groans.
Why should a man whose blood is warm within
Sit like his grandsire cut in alabaster,
Sleep when he wakes, and creep into the jaundice
By being peevish ? I tell thee what, Antonio—
I love thee, and it is my love that speaks—
There are a sort of men whose visages
Do cream and mantle like a standing pond,
And do a wilful stillness entertain
With purpose to be dressed in an opinion
Of wisdom, gravity, profound conceit ;
As who should say, ' I am Sir Oracle,
And when I ope my lips, let no dog bark ! '
O, my Antonio, I do know of these,
That therefore only are reputed wise,
For saying nothing ; when, I am very sure, [ears,
If they should speak, would almost damn those
Which, hearing them, would call their brothers
I'll tell thee more of this another time : [fools.
But fish not with this melancholy bait
For this fool-gudgeon, this opinion.
Bassanio (*alone with* Antonio) : Gratiano speaks an infinite deal of nothing. His reasons are as two grains of wheat hid in two bushels of chaff.
Ant. [coming now to the reason of his sadness, the feared loss of his friend to another] :
Well : tell me now, what lady is the same
To whom you swore a secret pilgrimage,
That you to-day promised to tell me of ?
Bass. : My chief care
Is to come fairly off from the great debts
Wherein my time, something too prodigal,
Hath left me gaged. To you, Antonio,

I owe the most, in money and in love ;
And from your love I have a warranty
To unburthen all my plots and purposes
How to get clear of all the debts I owe. [it ;

Ant. : I pray you, good Bassanio, let me know
And if it stand as you yourself still do,
Within the eye of honour, be assured,
My purse, my person, my extremest means,
Lie all unlocked to your occasions.

Bass. : In Belmont is a lady richly left,
And she is fair, and, fairer than that word,
Of wondrous virtues. Sometimes from her eyes
I did receive fair speechless messages.
Her name is Portia ; and her sunny locks
Hang on her temples like a golden fleece,
And many Jasons come in quest of her.
O, my Antonio, had I but the means
To hold a rival place with one of them,
I have a mind presages me such thrift
That I should questionless be fortunate.

Ant. : Thou know'st that all my fortunes are at sea ;
Neither have I money, nor commodity
To raise a present sum ; therefore, go forth ;
Try what my credit can in Venice do :
That shall be racked even to the uttermost,
To furnish thee to Belmont, to fair Portia.

[Follows a scene at Belmont between Portia and Nerissa.]

Portia : By my troth, Nerissa, my little body is aweary of this great world.

Nerissa : You would be, sweet madam, if your miseries were in the same abundance as your good fortunes are. And yet, for aught I see, they are as sick that surfeit with too much as they that starve with nothing. Superfluity comes sooner by white hairs, but competency lives longer.

Por. : Good sentences, and well pronounced.

Ner. : They would be better, if well followed.

Por. : If to do were as easy as to know what were good to do, chapels had been churches, and poor men's cottages princes' palaces. The brain may devise laws for the blood ; but a hot temper leaps o'er a cold decree. But this reasoning is not in the fashion to choose me a husband—O me, so is the will of a living daughter curbed by the will of a dead father. Is it not hard, Nerissa, that I cannot choose one, nor refuse none ?

Ner. : Your father was ever virtuous, and holy men at their death have good inspirations ; therefore, the lottery that he hath devised in these three chests, of gold, silver and lead (whereof who chooses his meaning, chooses you), will, no doubt, never be chosen by any rightly, but one whom you shall rightly love. But what warmth is there in your affection towards any of these princely suitors that are already come ?

Por. : I pray thee, over-name them, and as thou namest them I will describe them.

[Portia describes the Neapolitan prince as one who doth nothing but talk of his horse, while the County Palatine doth nothing but frown. As to the French lord, ' God made him, and therefore let him pass for a man.' The young baron of England ' hath neither Latin, French nor Italian,' and ' who can converse with a dumb-show ? ' The Scottish lord ' hath a neighbourly charity in him ; for he borrowed a box of the ear of the Englishman, and swore he would pay him again, when he was able.' She likes the young German ' very vilely in the morning, when he is sober, and most vilely in the afternoon, when he is drunk.']

Ner. : You need not fear, lady ; these lords have determined to trouble you with no more suit, unless you may be won by some other sort than your father's imposition. Do you not remember, lady, in your father's time, a Venetian —a scholar and a soldier—that came hither ?

Por. : Yes, yes, it was Bassanio. I remember him well ; and I remember him worthy of thy praise.

[A servant announces four strangers as ready to take their leave, and the coming of a fifth, the Prince of Morocco.]

Por. : If I could bid the fifth welcome with so good heart as I can bid the other four farewell, I should be glad of his approach.

[In the next scene, set in a public place in Venice, Bassanio meets Shylock. They discuss a loan by the Jew of three thousand ducats for three months.]

Shylock : May I speak with Antonio ?

Bass. : If it please you to dine with us.

Shy. : Yes, to smell pork ; to eat of the habitation which your prophet, the Nazarite, conjured the devil into. I will buy with you, sell with you, talk with you, walk with you ; but I will not eat with you, drink with you, nor pray with you. Who is he comes here ?

[*Enter* **Antonio**.

Bass. : This is Signior Antonio. [looks !

Shy. (*aside*) : How like a fawning publican he
I hate him for he is a Christian ;
But more, for that in low simplicity
He lends out money gratis, and brings down
The rate of usance here with us in Venice.
If I can catch him once upon the hip,
I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him.

Bass. : Shylock, do you hear ?

Shy. : I am debating of my present store.
And, by the near guess of my memory,
I cannot instantly raise up the gross
Of full three thousand ducats. What of that ?
Tubal, a wealthy Hebrew of my tribe,
Will furnish me.

[In discussion, Shylock recalls the time when Jacob grazed his uncle Laban's sheep.]

Ant. : Mark you this, Bassanio ;
The devil can cite Scripture for his purpose.

Shy. : Three thousand ducats—'tis a good round sum. [you ?

Ant. : Well, Shylock, shall we be beholding to

Shy. : Signior Antonio, many a time and oft
In the Rialto you have rated me
About my moneys and my usances :
Still have I borne it with a patient shrug ;

For sufferance is the badge of all our tribe.
You call me misbeliever, cut-throat dog,
And spit upon my Jewish gaberdine,
And all for use of that which is mine own.
Well then, it now appears, you need my help :
Go to then ; you come to me, and you say,
' Shylock, we would have moneys,' you say so ;
You that did void your rheum upon my beard
And foot me as you spurn a stranger cur
Over your threshold : moneys is your suit.
What should I say to you ? Should I not say,
' Hath a dog money ? Is it possible
A cur can lend three thousand ducats ? ' or
Shall I bend low, and in a bondman's key,
With bated breath, and whispering humbleness,
Say this :—
' Fair sir, you spit on me on Wednesday last ;
You spurned me such a day ; another time
You called me dog ; and for these courtesies
I'll lend you thus much moneys ? '

Ant. : I am as like to call thee so again,
To spit on thee again, to spurn thee too.
If thou wilt lend this money, lend it not
As to thy friends ; for when did friendship take
A breed of barren metal of his friend ?
But lend it rather to thine enemy,
Who, if he break, thou may'st with better face
Exact the penalty.

Shy. : Why, look you, how you storm !
I would be friends with you, and have your love,
Forget the shames that you have stained me with,
Supply your present wants, and take no doit
Of usance for my moneys, and you'll not hear me.
This is kind I offer.

Bass. : This were kindness.

Shy. : This kindness will I show.
Go with me to a notary, seal me there
Your single bond ; and, in a merry sport,
If you repay me not on such a day,
In such a place, such sum or sums as are
Expressed in the condition, let the forfeit
Be nominated for an equal pound
Of your fair flesh, to be cut off and taken
In what part of your body pleaseth me.

SHYLOCK SPEAKS BITTERLY TO SALANIO AND SALARINO OF HIS DAUGHTER'S FLIGHT

From the water-colour by Sir John Gilbert, R.A., in the Victoria and Albert Museum

Ant. : Content, in faith : I'll seal to such a bond,
And say there is much kindness in the Jew. [me :
Bass. : You shall not seal to such a bond for
I'll rather dwell in my necessity. [it :
Ant. : Why, fear not, man ; I will not forfeit
Within these two months, that's a month before
This bond expires, I do expect return
Of thrice three times the value of this bond.
Yes, Shylock, I will seal unto this bond.
Shy. : Then meet me forthwith at the notary's,
Give him direction for this merry bond,
And I will go and purse the ducats straight ;
See to my house, and presently
I will be with you.
Ant. : Hie thee, gentle Jew. [*Exit* **Shylock.**
This Hebrew will turn Christian : he grows
kind.
Bass. : I like not fair terms and a villain's
mind.

Second Act

LAUNCELOT GOBBO leaves the service of Shylock for that of Bassanio, and acts as messenger between the Jew's daughter Jessica and Lorenzo. Jessica tells Launcelot, 'I am sorry thou wilt leave my father so : Our house is hell, and thou, a merry devil, Didst rob it of some taste of tediousness.' While the Jew goes to sup 'in hate' with Bassanio, Jessica, left alone in the house, elopes with Lorenzo, taking with her much of Shylock's treasure. At Belmont the Prince of Morocco, pursuing his suit of Portia, surveys the caskets : that of lead, with its motto, 'Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath' ; that of silver, with its legend 'Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves' ; and that of gold, whereon is graven, 'Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire.' He unlocks the golden casket.]

Morocco : O hell ! what have we here ?
A carrion death, within whose empty eye
There is a written scroll. I'll read the writing.

Reads : All that glisters is not gold ;
Often have you heard that told :
Many a man his life hath sold
But my outside to behold :
Gilded tombs do worms infold.
Had you been as wise as bold,
Young in limbs, in judgement old,
Your answer had not been inscroll'd.
'Fare you well, your suit is cold.'

Cold, indeed, and labour lost :
Then, farewell, heat, and, welcome, frost :
Portia, adieu, I have too grieved a heart,
To take a tedious leave : thus losers part.
[*Exit.*
Portia : A gentle riddance.

[In Venice Salarino and Salanio discuss the frenzy into which Shylock has been cast by the elopement of his daughter ; how in the streets, all the boys of Venice following him, he cried :

'My daughter !—O my ducats !—O my daughter !
Fled with a Christian ! O my Christian ducats !'

and called on the Duke for justice and the law. The converse turns then to a mishap at sea, to fear for Antonio, and next to Antonio's love for Bassanio and his deeply affectionate leave-taking when Bassanio left for Belmont. At Belmont the Prince of Arragon, another of Portia's suitors, chooses the silver casket and departs, like the Prince of Morocco, pledged to a life of celibacy. A young Venetian, bearing rich gifts for Portia from his lord, is announced.]

Third Act

SALANIO : Now, what news on the Rialto ?
Salarino : Why, that Antonio hath a ship of rich lading wrecked on the narrow seas. I would it might prove the end of his losses.
Salan. : Let me say 'Amen' betimes, lest the devil cross my prayer, for here he comes in the likeness of a Jew. [*Enter* **Shylock.**
How now, Shylock, what news among the merchants ?

[Shylock speaks bitterly, first of his daughter's flight, then of Antonio as a bankrupt, a beggar. 'He was wont to call me usurer ; let him look to his bond.']

Salar. : Why, I am sure, if he forfeit, thou wilt not take his flesh ; what's that good for ?
Shylock : To bait fish withal ; if it will feed nothing else, it will feed my revenge. He hath disgraced me, and hindered me half a million, laughed at my losses, mocked at my gains, scorned my nation, thwarted my bargains, cooled my friends, heated mine enemies ; and what's his reason ? I am a Jew. Hath not a Jew eyes ? hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions ? fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer, as a Christian is ? If you prick us, do we not bleed ? if you tickle us, do we not laugh ? if you poison us, do we not die ? and if you wrong us, shall we not revenge ? If we are like you in the rest, we will resemble you in that. If a Jew wrong a Christian, what is his humility ? revenge. If a Christian wrong a Jew, what should his sufferance be by Christian example ? why, revenge. The villainy you teach me, I will execute ; and it shall go hard but I will better the instruction.
[*Enter* **Tubal.**
How now, Tubal ? what news from Genoa ? Hast thou found my daughter ?
Tubal : I often came where I did hear of her, but cannot find her.
Shy. : Why there, there, there ! a diamond gone, cost me two thousand ducats in Frankfort. The curse never fell upon our nation till now ; two thousand ducats in that, and other precious, precious jewels. I would my daughter were dead at my foot, and the jewels in her ear ! would she were hearsed at my foot, and the ducats in her coffin.
Tub. : Other men have ill-luck too. Antonio, as I heard in Genoa——

Shy. : What, what, what ? ill-luck, ill-luck ?

Tub. : ——hath an argosy cast away, coming from Tripolis.

Shy : I thank God ! I thank God ! Go, Tubal, fee me an officer, bespeak him a fortnight before. I will have the heart of him, if he forfeit.

[Bassanio, with Gratiano, arrives at Belmont to make his choice of the caskets. Portia bids music sound while he makes his choice——

' Then, if he lose, he makes a swan-like end ' ; and this song is sung while Bassanio comments on the caskets to himself :]

Tell me where is fancy bred,
Or in the heart, or in the head ?
How begot, how nourishèd ?
Reply, reply.
It is engendered in the eyes,
With gazing fed, and fancy dies
In the cradle where it lies,
Let us all ring fancy's knell :
I'll begin it,—Ding, dong, bell.

All : Ding, dong, bell.

[Bassanio by choosing the leaden casket wins the right to claim Portia as his bride. The lovers kiss, and Portia gives Bassanio a ring he is not to part with. Gratiano is affianced to Nerissa. Joy is turned to distress by the arrival of Salerio with a letter from Antonio and news that Antonio's vessels have been lost, that the term of the bond has expired, and that the Jew will not take the money now if it be offered but has appealed to the Duke and the magnificoes for forfeiture, justice and his bond.]

Por. (*referring to the letter as* **Bassanio** *reads it*) : There are some shrewd contents in yon same paper
That steals the colour from Bassanio's cheek :
Is it your dear friend that is thus in trouble ?

Bass. : The dearest friend to me, the kindest man,
In doing courtesies . and one in whom
The ancient Roman honour more appears,
Than any that draws breath in Italy.

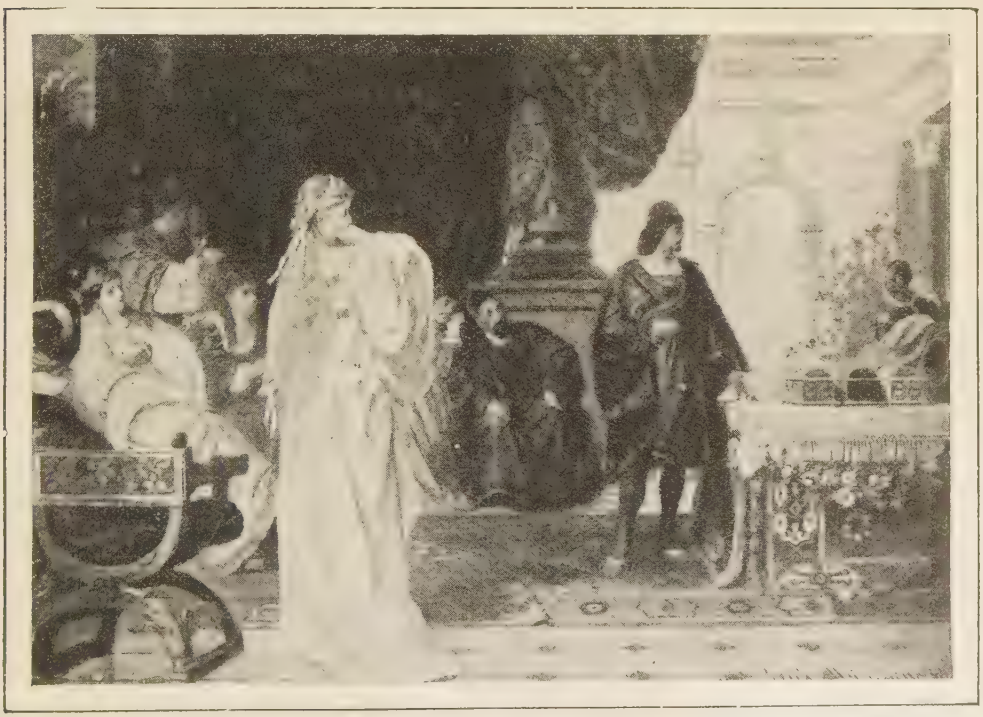
Por. : What sum owes he the Jew ?

Bass. : For me, three thousand ducats.

Por. : What, no more ?
Pay him six thousand and deface the bond :
Double six thousand, and then treble that,
Before a friend of this description
Shall lose a hair through Bassanio's fault.
First go with me to church and call me wife
And then away to Venice to your friend.
But let me hear the letter.

Bass. (*reads*) : Sweet Bassanio, my ships have all miscarried, my creditors grow cruel, my estate is very low ; my bond to the Jew is forfeit, and since in paying it, it is impossible I should live, all debts are cleared between you and I if I might but see you at my death. Notwithstanding, use your pleasure : if your love do not persuade you to come, let not my letter.

Por. : O, love, despatch all business, and be gone.



THE PRINCE OF MOROCCO SURVEYS THE GOLD, SILVER AND LEAD CASKETS

From the painting by Barth

[Leaving Lorenzo and Jessica in charge of her house, Portia with Nerissa departs ostensibly for a monastery, in reality to consult her cousin, Doctor Bellario at Padua. Lorenzo and Jessica talk together in a garden at Belmont.]

Lorenzo : How dost thou like the Lord Bassanio's wife ?

Jessica : Past all expressing. It is very meet
The Lord Bassanio live an upright life,
For, having such a blessing in his lady,
He finds the joys of heaven here on earth.

Fourth Act

Venice : A Court of Justice.

Duke (*to* **Antonio**) : I am sorry for thee : thou art come to answer
A stony adversary, an inhuman wretch
Uncapable of pity.

Antonio : . . . . . I do oppose
My patience to his fury, and am armed
To suffer with a quietness of spirit
The very tyranny and rage of his.

Duke : Go, one, and call the Jew into the court.
[*Enter* **Shylock.**

Duke : Shylock, the world thinks, and I think so too,
That thou but lead'st this fashion of thy malice
To the last turn of act ; and then, 'tis thought,
Thou'lt show thy mercy and remorse more
Than is thy strange apparent cruelty. [strange

Shylock : I have possessed your grace of what I purpose ;
And by our holy Sabbath have I sworn :
To have the due and forfeit of my bond.
If you deny it, let the danger light
Upon your charter and your city's freedom.
You'll ask me, why I rather choose to have
A weight of carrion flesh, than to receive
Three thousand ducats ? I'll not answer that
But, say, it is my humour.
So can I give no reason, nor I will not,
More than a lodged hate, and a certain loathing
I bear Antonio.

Bassanio : For thy three thousand ducats here is six.

Shy. : If every ducat in six thousand ducats
Were in six parts, and every part a ducat,
I would not draw them : I would have my bond.

Duke : How shalt thou hope for mercy, rendering none ?

Shy. : What judgement shall I dread, doing no wrong ?
You have among you many a purchased slave,
Which, like your asses, and your dogs, and mules,
You use in abject and in slavish parts
Because you bought them :—shall I say to you,
Let them be free ; marry them to your heirs ?
Why sweat they under burdens ? let their beds
Be made as soft as yours, and let their palates
Be seasoned with such viands ? You will answer,
The slaves are ours. So do I answer you :
The pound of flesh which I demand of him
Is dearly bought ; 'tis mine, and I will have it.
If you deny me, fie upon your law !
There is no force in the decrees of Venice.
I stand for judgement ; answer, shall I have it ?

Duke : Upon my power I may dismiss this court,
Unless Bellario, a learned doctor
Whom I have sent for to determine this,
Come here to-day.

Salarino : My lord, here stays without
A messenger with letters from the doctor,
New come from Padua.

Duke : Bring us the letters ; call the messenger.
[*Enter* **Nerissa,** *dressed like a lawyer's clerk.*

Duke : Came you from Padua, from Bellario ?

Nerissa : From both, my lord. Bellario greets your grace. [*Presents a letter.*

Bass. (*to* **Shylock**) : Why dost thou whet thy knife so earnestly ?

Shy. : To cut the forfeiture from that bankrupt there.

Duke : This letter from Bellario doth commend
A young and learned doctor to our court.
Where is he ?

Ner. : He attendeth here hard by
To know your answer, whether you'll admit him.

Duke : With all my heart. Some three or four of you
Go give him courteous conduct to this place.
Meantime, the court shall hear Bellario's letter.

Clerk (*reads*) : Your grace shall understand, that, at the receipt of your letter, I am very sick ; but in the instant that your messenger came, in loving visitation was with me a young doctor of Rome ; his name is Balthazar. I acquainted him with the cause in controversy between the Jew and Antonio, the merchant ; we turned o'er many books together : he is furnished with my opinion, which, bettered with his own learning, the greatness whereof I cannot enough commend, comes with him, at my importunity, to fill up your grace's request in my stead. I beseech you, let his lack of years be no impediment to let him lack a reverend estimation, for I never knew so young a body with so old a head. I leave him to your gracious acceptance, whose trial shall better publish his commendation. [*Enter* **Portia** *for* **Balthazar.**

[She is welcomed by the Duke, states she is informed of the cause, and asks : ' Which is the merchant here, and which the Jew ? ']

Duke : Antonio and old Shylock, both stand forth.

Portia : Is your name Shylock ?

Shy. : Shylock is my name.

Por. : Of a strange nature is the suit you follow ;
Yet in such rule, that the Venetian law
Cannot impugn you, as you do proceed.
(*To* **Antonio**) : You stand within his danger, do you not ?

Antonio : Ay, so he says.

Por. : Do you confess the bond ?

Ant. : I do.

Por. : Then must the Jew be merciful.

Shy. : On what compulsion must I ? Tell me that.

Por. : The quality of mercy is not strained,
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath : it is twice blessed :
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes.
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest, it becomes
The thronèd monarch better than his crown :
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings ;
But mercy is above this sceptred sway,
It is enthronèd in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute to God himself,
And earthly power doth then show likest God's
When mercy seasons justice. Therefore Jew,
Though justice be thy plea, consider this,
That in the course of justice none of us
Should see salvation : we do pray for mercy,
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy.

Shy. : My deeds upon my head ! I crave the Law.

Por. : Is he [**Antonio**] not able to discharge the money ?

Bass. : Yes, here I tender it for him in the court ;
Yea, twice the sum : if that will not suffice,
I will be bound to pay it ten times o'er,
On forfeit of my hands, my head, my heart.
If this will not suffice, it must appear
That malice bears down truth. And I beseech you,
Wrest once the law to your authority :
To do a great right, do a little wrong,
And curb this cruel devil of his will.

Por. : It must not be : there is no power in Venice
Can alter a decree establishèd ;
'Twill be recorded for a precedent,
And many an error, by the same example,
Will rush into the State : it cannot be.

Shy. : A Daniel come to judgement ! yea, a Daniel !
O wise young judge, how I do honour thee !

[Portia asks for the bond, declares it forfeit, and again pleads with the Jew.]

Por. Be merciful :
Take thrice thy money ; bid me tear the bond.

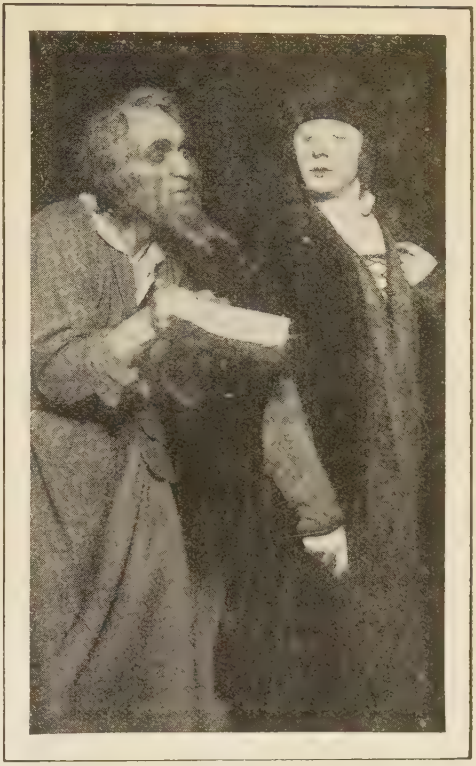
Shy. : When it is paid, according to the tenour.
By my soul I swear,
There is no power in the tongue of man
To alter me. I stay here on my bond.

Por. (*to* **Antonio**) : Why then, thus it is :
You must prepare your bosom for his knife.

Shy. : O noble judge ! O excellent young man !

[Shylock declares he has the balance to weigh the flesh, but has summoned no surgeon since none is nominated in the bond. Antonio in affectionate words bids Bassanio farewell. Shylock prays Portia pursue sentence. Portia declares the award a pound of flesh to be cut off the breast of the merchant.]

Shy.: Most learned judge !—A sentence ! come, prepare !



SHYLOCK AND PORTIA AT THE TRIAL

Edith Evans and Baliol Holloway in a recent representation of The Merchant of Venice at the Old Vic., London.

Por. : Tarry a little ; there is something else.
This bond doth give thee here no jot of blood ;
The words expressly are, a pound of flesh :
Take then thy bond, take thou thy pound of flesh ;
But in the cutting it, if thou dost shed
One drop of Christian blood, thy lands and goods
Are, by the laws of Venice, confiscate
Unto the State of Venice.

Gratiano : O upright judge ! Mark, Jew : O learned judge !

Shy. : Is that the law ?

Por. : Thyself shall see the Act ;
For, as thou urgest justice, be assured,
Thou shalt have justice, more than thou desirest.

Shy. : I take this offer then ; pay the bond thrice,
And let the Christian go.

Bass. : Here is the money.

Por. : Soft !
The Jew shall have all justice ;—soft !—no haste :
He shall have nothing but the penalty.
(*To* **Shylock**) : Therefore prepare thee to cut off the flesh.
Shed thou no blood ; nor cut thou less nor more
But just a pound of flesh : if thou takest more
Or less than a just pound—be it but so much
As makes it light or heavy in the substance

Or the division of the twentieth part
Of one poor scruple, nay if the scale do turn
But in the estimation of a hair,
Thou diest, and all thy goods are confiscate.
Gra. : A second Daniel, a Daniel, Jew !
Now, infidel, I have thee on the hip.
Por. : Why doth the Jew pause ? Take thy forfeiture.
Shy. : Give me my principal, and let me go.
Bass. : I have it ready for thee ; here it is.
Por. : He hath refused it in the open court :
He shall have merely justice, and his bond.
Gra. : A Daniel, still say I ; a second Daniel !
I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word.

[Shylock prepares to go, but Portia bids him tarry. She declares that, for conspiring against the life of a citizen, his goods are forfeit, half to Antonio and half to the State, while his life lies in the mercy of the Duke.]

Duke : That thou shalt see the difference of our spirits,
I pardon thee thy life before thou ask it.
For half thy wealth, it is Antonio's :
The other half comes to the general State,
Which humbleness may drive into a fine.
Shy. : Nay, take my life and all ; pardon not that :
You take my house, when you do take the prop
That doth sustain my house ; you take my life,
When you do take the means whereby I live.
Por. : What mercy can you render him, Antonio ?
Ant. : So please my lord the Duke, and all the court,
To quit the fine for one half of his goods,
I am content so he will let me have
The other half in use, to render it
Upon his death unto the gentleman
That lately stole his daughter :
Two things provided more—that, for this favour,
He presently become a Christian ;
The other, that he do record a gift,
Here, in the court, of all he dies possessed
Unto his son Lorenzo and his daughter.
Duke : He shall do this, or else I do recant
The pardon, that I late pronouncèd here.
Por. : Art thou contented, Jew ? what dost thou say ?
Shy. : I am content.
Por. : Clerk, draw a deed of gift.
Shy. : I pray you give me leave to go from hence.
I am not well. Send the deed after me,
And I will sign it.
Duke : Get thee gone, but do it.

[Pressed by Antonio and Bassanio to accept some remembrance, Portia (still unrecognized) says she accounts herself well paid by delivering Antonio. Finally, however, she asks Bassanio for his ring. He would give her, he says, the dearest ring in Venice in place of it. Portia departs, but, urged by Antonio, Bassanio sends Gratiano after her with the ring. Nerissa determines also to secure the ring she had given to Gratiano.]

Fifth Act

[It is a moonlight night, and Jessica and Lorenzo are talking in the avenue to Portia's house at Belmont.]

Lorenzo : How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank ! [music
Here we will sit, and let the sounds of
Creep in our ears : soft stillness and the night
Become the touches of sweet harmony.
Sit, Jessica ; look, how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold.
There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubins :
Such harmony is in immortal souls :
But, whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.
[*Music.*
Jessica : I am never merry when I hear sweet music.
Lor. : The reason is, your spirits are attentive.
The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils ;
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus ;
Let no such man be trusted.
[*Enter* **Portia** *and* **Nerissa** *at a distance.*
Portia : That light we see is burning in my hall.
How far that little candle throws his beams !
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.

[Portia and Nerissa are welcomed by Lorenzo and Jessica. Bassanio, Antonio and Gratiano arrive. Bassanio presents Antonio to Portia. Nerissa taxes Gratiano, and Portia Bassanio with the loss of their rings. Then Portia explains.]

Por. : You are all amazed :
Here is a letter, read it at your leisure ;
It comes from Padua, from Bellario :
There you shall find, that Portia was the doctor,
Nerissa there, her clerk. Lorenzo here
Shall witness, I set forth as soon as you,
And even but now returned ; I have not yet
Entered my house. Antonio, you are welcome ;
And I have better news in store for you,
Than you expect ; unseal this letter soon ;
There you shall find, three of your argosies
Are richly come to harbour suddenly.
Antonio : Sweet lady, you have given me life and living.
Por. : How now, Lorenzo ?
My clerk hath some good comforts too for you.
Nerissa : Ay, and I'll give them him without [a fee.
There do I give to you and Jessica,
From the rich Jew, a special deed of gift,
After his death, of all he dies possessed of.
Lor. : Fair ladies, you drop manna in the way
Of starvéd people.
Por. : It is almost morning,
And yet I am sure you are not satisfied
Of these events at full. Let us go in ;
And we will answer all things faithfully.
Gratiano : Well, while I live I'll fear no other thing
So sore, as keeping safe Nerissa's ring. [*Exeunt.*

SIR WALTER SCOTT

GUY MANNERING

OR THE ASTROLOGER

THE second of the Waverley Novels, Guy Mannering, or The Astrologer, was published six months after the appearance of Waverley, and represents the labour of about six weeks. For the theme Scott was indebted to an old legend of the horoscope of a new-born infant; and several of the characters are founded upon real persons, many of the features of Dominie Sampson being obtained from a clergyman who was once a tutor at Abbotsford. In the preface to the first edition, Sir Walter says that 'the motto of this novel was taken from the Lay of the Last Minstrel, to evade the conclusion of those who began to think that as the author of Waverley never quoted the works of Sir Walter Scott, he must have reason for doing so, and that this circumstance might argue an identity between them.'

I—The Astrologer

IT was in the month of November 17—, when a young English gentleman, who had just left the University of Oxford, being benighted while in Dumfriesshire, sought shelter at Ellangowan, on the very night the heir was born. Our hero, Guy Mannering, entering into the simple humour of Mr. Bertram, his host, agreed to calculate the infant's horoscope by the stars, having in early youth studied with an old clergyman who had a firm belief in astrology.

Mannering had once before tried a similar piece of foolery, at the instance of the young lady to whom he was betrothed, and now found that the result of the scheme in both cases presaged misfortune to the infant and to her in the same year. To the baby, three periods would be particularly hazardous—his fifth, his tenth, his twenty-first year.

He mentally relinquished his art for ever, and to prevent the child being supposed to be the object of evil prediction, he gave the paper into Mr. Bertram's hand, and requested him to keep it for five years with the seal unbroken, after which period he left him at liberty, trusting that the first fatal year being safely overpast, no credit would be paid to its farther contents.

When Mrs. Bertram was able to work again, her first employment was to make a small velvet bag for the scheme of nativity; and though her fingers itched to break the seal she had the firmness to enclose it in two slips of parchment, and put it in the bag aforesaid, and hang it round the neck of the infant.

. . . . . .

It was again in the month of November, more than twenty years after the above incident, that a loud rapping was heard at the door of the Gordon Arms at Kipple-tringan.

"I wish, madam," said the traveller, entering the kitchen, where several neighbours were assembled, "you would give me leave to warm myself here, for the night is very cold."

His appearance, voice and manner produced an instantaneous effect in his favour. The landlady installed her guest comfortably by the fireside, and offered what refreshment her house afforded.

"A cup of tea, ma'am, if you will favour me." Mrs. MacCandlish bustled about, and proceeded in her duties with her best grace, explaining that she had a very nice parlour, and everything agreeable for gentlefolks; but it was bespoke to-night for a gentleman and his daughter that were going to leave this part of the country.

The sound of wheels was now heard, and the postillion entered. "No, they canna' come, at no rate, the laird's sae ill," said he.

"But, God help them," said the landlady. "The morn's the term—the very last day they can bide in the house—a' thing's to be roupit."

"Weel, I tell you, Mr. Bertram canna be moved."

"What Mr. Bertram?" said the stranger. "Not Mr. Bertram of Ellangowan, I hope?"

"Just e'en that same, sir; and if ye be a friend o' his, ye've come at a time when he's sair bested."

"I have been abroad for many years. Is his health so much deranged?"

"Aye, and his affairs an' a'. The creditors have entered into possession o' the estate, and it's for sale. And some that made the maist by him, they're sairest on him now. I've a sma' matter due mysell, but I'd rather have lost it than gane to turn the auld man out of his house, and him just dying."

"Aye, but," said the parish clerk, "Factor Glossin wants to get rid of the auld laird, and drive on the sale, for fear the heir-male should cast up; for if there's an heir-male, they canna sell the estate for auld Ellangowan's debt."

"He had a son born a good many years ago," said the stranger. "He is dead, I suppose?"

"Dead! I'se warrant him dead lang syne. He hasna' been heard o' these twenty years or thereby."

"I wot weel it's no twenty years," said the landlady. "It's no abune seventeen in this very month. It made an unco noise ower a' this country. The bairn disappeared the very day the Supervisor Kennedy cam by his end. He was a daft dog! Ye see, sir, there was a king's sloop down in Wigton Bay, and Frank Kennedy he behoved to have her up to chase Dirk Hatteraick's lugger. He was a daring chield, and fought his ship till she blew up like peelings o' ingans."

"And Mr. Bertram's child," said the stranger; "what is all this to him?"

"Ou, sir, the bairn aye had an unca wark wi' the supervisor, and it was generally thought he went on board the vessel with him."

"No, no; you're clean out there, Luckie! The young laird was stown awa' by a randy gipsy woman they ca'd Meg Merrilies," said the deacon.

But the precentor would not have this version, and told a tale of how an astrologer, an ancient man, had appeared at the time of the heir's birth, and told the laird that the Evil One would have power over the knave-bairn, and he charged him that the bairn should be brought up in the ways of piety, and should aye hae a

MOONLIGHT CASTS SHADOWS OVER THE CASTLE OF ELLANGOWAN
From the painting by John McWhirter, R.A.

godly minister at his elbow ; and the aged man vanished away, and so they engaged Dominie Sampson to be with him morn and night. But even that godly minister had failed to protect the child, who was last seen being carried off by Frank Kennedy on his horse to see a king's ship chase a smuggler. The exciseman's body was found at the foot of the crags at Warroch Point, but no one knew what had become of the child.

A smart servant entered with a note for the stranger, saying, " The family at Ellangowan are in great distress, sir, and unable to receive any visits."

" I know it," said his master. " And now, madam, if you will have the goodness to allow me to occupy the parlour——"

" Certainly, sir," said Mrs. MacCandlish, and hastened to light the way

" And wha' may your master be, friend ? " said the deacon to the servant.

" What ! That's the famous Colonel Mannering, sir, from the East Indies."

" What, him we read of in the papers ? "

" Lord safe us ! " said the landlady. " I must go and see what he would have for supper—that I should set him down here ! "

When the landlady re-entered, Colonel Mannering asked her if Mr. Bertram lost his son in his fifth year.

" O aye, sir, there's nae doubt of that ; though there are mony idle clashes about the way and manner. And the news being rashly tell'd to the leddy cost her her life that samyn night ; and the laird never throve from that day, but was just careless of everything. Though when Miss Lucy grew up she tried to keep order. But what could she do, poor thing ? So now they're out of house and hauld."

II—The Death of the Laird of Ellangowan

Early next morning, Mannering took the road to Ellangowan. He had no need to inquire the way ; people of all descriptions streamed to the sale from every quarter.

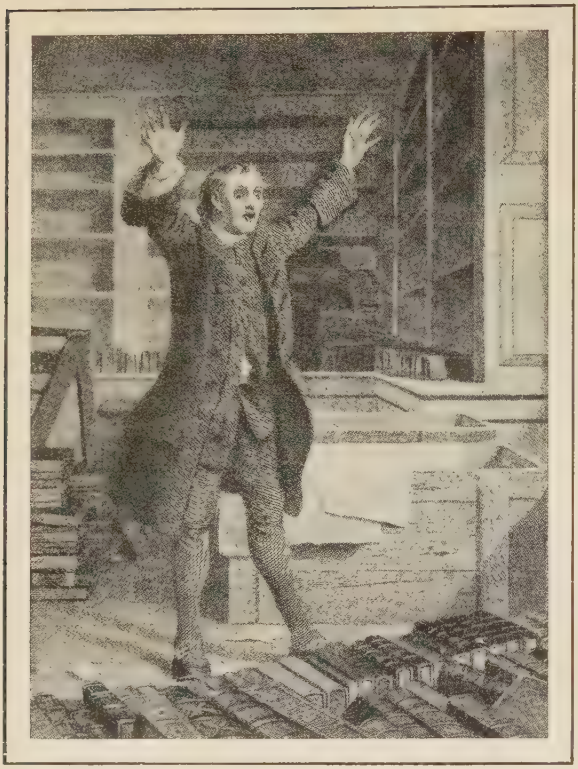
When the old towers of the ruin rose upon his view, thoughts thronged upon the mind of the traveller. How changed his feelings since he lost sight of them so many years before ! Then life and love were new, and all the prospect was gilded by their rays. And now, disappointed in affection, sated with fame, goaded by bitter and repentant recollections, his best hope was to find a retirement in which to nurse the melancholy which was to accompany him to his grave.

About a year before, in India, he had returned from a distant expedition to find a young cadet named Vanbeest Brown established as the habitual attendant on his wife and daughter, an arrangement which displeased him greatly, owing to the suggestions of another cadet, though no objection could be made to the youth's character or manners. Brown made some efforts to overcome his colonel's prejudice, but feeling himself repulsed, and with scorn, desisted, and continued his attentions in defiance.

At last some trifle occurred which occasioned high words and a challenge. They met on the frontiers of the settlement, and Brown fell at the first shot. A horde of Looties, a species of banditti, poured in upon them, and Colonel Mannering and his second escaped with some difficulty. His wife's death shortly after, and his daughter's severe illness, made him throw up his command and come home. She was now staying with some old friends in Westmoreland, almost restored to her wonted health and gaiety.

When Colonel Mannering reached the house he found his old acquaintance paralysed, helpless, waiting for the post chaise to take him away. Mannering's evident emotion at once attained him the confidence of Lucy Bertram. The laird showed no signs of recognizing Mannering ; but when the man, Gilbert Glossin, who had brought him to this pass, had the effrontery to make his appearance, he started up, violently reproaching him. When he had gone the laird sank into his chair and died almost without a groan.

A torrent of sympathy now poured forth, the sale was postponed, and Mannering decided on making a short tour till it should take place. But he was called back to Westmoreland, and, owing to the delay of his messenger, the estate passed into the hands of Glossin. Lucy and Dominie Sampson, who would not be



THE DOMINIE'S JOY IN THE COLONEL'S LIBRARY
After the drawing by C R. Leslie, R.A.

separated from his pupil, found a temporary home in the house of Mr. MacMorlan, the sheriff-substitute, a good friend of the family.

Colonel Mannering lost no time in hiring for a season a large and comfortable mansion not far from Ellangowan, having some hopes of ultimately buying that estate. Besides a sincere desire to serve the distressed, he saw the advantage his daughter Julia might receive from the company of Lucy Bertram, whose prudence and good sense might be relied on. He therefore induced her to become the visitor of a season, and the dominie thereupon required no pressing to accept the office of librarian. He entered the titles of the books in the catalogue in his best running hand, forming each letter with the accuracy of a lover writing a valentine, and placed each individually on the destined shelf with all the reverence which a lady might pay to a jar of old china. Even with all his zeal his labours proceeded slowly. The household was soon settled in its new quarters, and the young ladies followed their studies and amusements together.

Society was quickly formed, and most of the families in the neighbourhood visited Colonel Mannering. Charles Hazlewood soon held a distinguished place in the colonel's favour and was a frequent visitor, his parents quite forgetting their old fear of his boyish attachment to penniless Lucy Bertram in the thought that the beautiful Miss Mannering of high family, with a great fortune, was a prize worth looking after.

They did not know that the colonel's journey to Westmoreland was in consequence of a letter from his friend there expressing uneasiness about serenades from the lake beside the house. However, he had returned without making any discovery or any advance in his daughter's confidence, who might have told him that Brown still lived, had not her natural good sense and feeling been warped by the folly of a misjudging, romantic mother, who had called her husband a tyrant until she feared him as such.

Vanbeest Brown had escaped from captivity and attained the rank of captain after Mannering left India, and his regiment having been recalled home, he was determined to persevere in his addresses to Julia while she left him a ray of hope, believing that the injuries he had received from her father might dispense with his using much ceremony towards him.

So, soon after the Mannerings settlement in Scotland, he was staying in the inn at Kippletringan; and, as the landlady said, 'a' the hoose was ta'en wi' him, he was such a frank, pleasant young man.' There had been a good deal of trouble with the smugglers of late, and one day Brown met the young ladies with Hazlewood. Julia's alarm at his appearance misled that young man, and he spoke roughly to Brown, even threatening him with his gun. In the confusion the gun went off, wounding Hazlewood, whereupon Brown bounded over a hedge and disappeared into the plantations.

III—Glossin's Conspiracy with Dirk Hatteraick

GILBERT GLOSSIN, ESQ., now Laird of Ellangowan, and justice of the peace, saw an opportunity of ingratiating himself with the county gentry, and exerted himself to discover the person by whom young Charles Hazlewood had been wounded. So it was with great pleasure he heard his servants announce that MacGuffog, the thief-taker, had a man waiting his honour, handcuffed and fettered.

The chink of irons was immediately afterwards heard upon the stair, and in two or three minutes a man was introduced, handcuffed and fettered. He was thick, brawny and muscular, and although his shagged and grizzled hair marked an age somewhat advanced, and his stature was rather low, he appeared, nevertheless, a person whom few would have chosen to cope with in personal conflict. His coarse and savage features were still flushed, and his eye still reeled under the influence of the strong potation which had proved the immediate cause of his seizure. But the sleep, though short, which the MacGuffog had allowed him, and still more a sense of the peril of his situation, had restored to him the full use of his faculties.

The worthy judge and the captive looked at each other steadily. At length Glossin said, "Soh, captain, this is you? You've been a stranger on these coasts for some years."

"Stranger!" replied the other. "Strange enough, I should think, for, hold me der deyvil if I been ever here before."

Glossin took a pair of pistols and loaded them.

"You may retire," said he to his clerk, "and carry the people with you, but wait within call." Then, "You are Dirk Hatteraick of Flushing, are you not?—Dirk Hatteraick, formerly of the Yungfrauw Haagenslaapen?"

The prisoner turned his eye instinctively to the door, as if he apprehended someone was listening. Glossin opened the door so that the prisoner might satisfy himself no-one was eavesdropping.

"Tousand deyvils!" he said. "And if you know that, why ask me?"

"Captain, bullying won't do. You'll hardly get out of this country without accounting for a little accident at Warroch Point a few years ago."

Hatteraick's looks grew black as midnight.

"For my part," continued Glossin, "I have no wish to be hard on an old acquaintance, but I must send you off to Edinburgh."

"Poz donner! You would not do that?" said the prisoner. "Why, you had the matter of half a cargo in bills on Vanbeest and Vanbruggen!"

"It was an affair in the way of business," said Glossin, "and I have retired from business for some time."

"Ay, but I have a notion I could make you go steady about, and try the old course again," said Dirk Hatteraick. "I had something to tell you."

"Of the boy?" said Glossin eagerly.

"Yaw, mynheer," replied the captain coolly.

"He does not live, does he?"

"As litelich as you or me," said Dirk.

"Good God! But in India?" exclaimed Glossin.

"No, tousand deyvils, here—on this dirty coast of yours!" rejoined the prisoner.

"But, Hatteraick, this—if it be true—will ruin us both, for he cannot but remember."

"I tell you," said the seaman, "it will ruin none but you, for I am done up already, and if I must strap for it, all shall out."

GLOSSIN paused—the sweat broke upon his brow; while the miscreant sat opposite, coolly rolling his tobacco in his cheek.

"Hark you, Hatteraick," said Glossin, "I can't set you at liberty, but I can put you where you can set yourself at liberty. I always like to assist an old friend."

He gave him a file.

"There's a friend for you, and you know the way to the sea, and you must remain snug at the Point of Warroch till I see you."

The justice dismissed the party to keep

guard for the night in the old castle with a large allowance of food and liquor, with the full hope and belief that they would spend the night neither in watching nor prayer. Next morning great was the alarm when the escape of the prisoner was discovered. When the officers had been sent off in all directions (except the right one), Glossin went to Hatteraick in the cave.

A light soon broke upon his confusion of ideas. This Vanbeest Brown, who had wounded young Hazlewood, was the missing heir to Ellangowan. He hastily explained to Dirk Hatteraick that his goods which had been seized were lying in the Custom-house at Portanferry, and there to the Bridewell beside it he would send this younker, when he had caught him; would take care that the soldiers were dispersed, and he, Dirk Hatteraick, could land with his crew, receive his own goods, and carry the younker Brown back to Flushing.

"Nein, nein! You leave that to me. Sturmwetter! I know you of old. But, hark ye, what am I to be the better for this?"

Glossin made him understand it would not be safe for either of them if young Ellangowan settled in the country, and their plans were soon arranged.

Brown, or, as we may now call him, Harry Bertram, had retreated into England, but now, hearing that Hazlewood's wound was trifling, returned and landed at Ellangowan Bay; he approached the castle, unconscious as the most absolute stranger, where his ancestors had exercised all but regal dominion. Confused memories thronged his mind, and he paused, by a curious coincidence, on nearly the same spot on which his father had died, just as Glossin came up the bank with an architect, to whom he was talking of alterations. Bertram turned short round upon him, and said, "Would you destroy this fine old castle, sir?"

He was so exactly like his father in his best days that Glossin thought the grave had given up its dead. He staggered back, but instantly recovered, and whispered a few words in the ear of his companion, who immediately went towards the house, while Glossin talked civilly to Bertram. By the next evening he had him safely locked up in the Bridewell at Portanferry.

IV—Harry Bertram's Restoration to His Own

BERTRAM, unable to sleep, gazing out of the window of his prison, saw a long boat making for the quay. About twenty men landed and disappeared, and soon a miscellaneous crowd came back, some carrying torches, some bearing packages and barrels, and a red glare illuminated land and sea, and shone full on them, as with ferocious activity they loaded their boats. A fierce attack was made on the prison gates; they were soon forced, and three or four smugglers hurried to Bertram's apartment. "Der deyvil," said the leader, "here's our mark!" Two of them seized on Bertram, and one whispered, "Make no resistance till you are in the street."

They dragged him along, and in the confusion outside the gang got separated. A noise as of a body of horse advancing seemed to add to the disturbance; shots were fired, and the glittering swords of dragoons began to appear. Now came the warning whisper in the confusion, "Shake off that fellow, and follow me!"

Bertram, exerting his strength suddenly, easily burst from the other man's grasp, and dived after his guide through a narrow lane, at the end of which stood a post-chaise.

"Get into it," said the guide. "You will soon be in a place of safety."

They were driven at a rapid rate through the dark lanes, and suddenly stopped at the door of a large house. Brown almost unconsciously entered the open door, and confronted Colonel Mannering, and interpreting his astonishment as displeasure at his intrusion, hastened to say it was involuntary.

"Mr. Brown, I believe?" said Colonel Mannering.

"Yes, sir," said the young man modestly but firmly. "The same you knew in India, who ventures to hope that you would favour him with your attestation to his character as a gentleman and man of honour."

At this critical moment appeared Mr. Pleydell, the lawyer who had conducted the inquiry as to the disappearance of Harry Bertram, and happened to be staying with Colonel Mannering. Instantly he saw the likeness to the late laird.

Bertram was as much confounded at the appearance of those to whom he so unexpectedly presented himself as they were at the sight of him. Mr. Pleydell alone was in his element, and at once took upon himself the whole explanation. His catechism had not proceeded far before Dominie Sampson rose hastily, with trembling hands, and called aloud, "Harry Bertram, look at me!"

"Yes," said Bertram, starting from his seat, "yes, that was my name, and that is my kind old master."

When they parted for the night Colonel Mannering walked up to Bertram, gave him joy of his prospects, and hoped unkindness would be forgotten between them. It was he who had sent the post-chaise to Portanferry in consequence of a letter he had received from Meg Merrilies; it was she who had sent back the soldiers so opportunely, and through her the next day Dirk Hatteraick was captured; but, unhappily, she was killed by that ruffian at the moment of the fulfilment of her hopes for the family of Ellangowan. Glossin met the fate he deserved at the hands of Hatteraick.

MR. PLEYDELL carried through his law business successfully, and we leave him and the colonel examining plans for a new house for Julia and Bertram on the estate of Ellangowan. Another house on the estate was to be repaired for the other young couple, Lucy and Hazlewood, and called Mount Hazlewood.

The Dominie was summoned by Mannering to assist in calculating some proportions relating to his large and splendid house to be built in a style corresponding to the magnificence of the ruins in the vicinity. Among the rooms the Dominie observed that one of the largest was entitled The Library, and close by a snug chamber entitled Mr. Sampson's Apartment. "Prodigious, pro-di-gi-ous!" shouted the enraptured Dominie.

"And you will repair the tower for the nocturnal contemplation of the heavenly bodies," said Mr. Pleydell, who took delight in building-plans. "Bravo, colonel!"

"No, no, my dear Pleydell! Here ends the astrologer."

MEG MERRILIES, BERTRAM AND DINMONT AT THE TAKING OF HATTERAICK

From the painting by J. B. Macdonald, A.R.S.A.

LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU
LETTERS OF LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU

AN accomplished and vivacious woman of the world, Lady Mary Wortley Montagu took full advantage of the opportunities her rank and position gave her for forming first-hand impressions of everything and everyone worthy of study wherever duty or inclination took her. Her first book, a volume of Court Poems piratically published in 1716 and afterwards re-issued under the title Town Eclogues, shows considerable satirical genius, but it is on her letters that Lady Mary's literary reputation is securely established. Those written from the East were given by her in 1761 to the English clergyman at Rotterdam to be used as he thought fit, and they appeared in 1763 as Letters of Lady M—y W—y M——. Other editions followed at intervals, and in 1837 her great-grandson, Lord Wharncliffe, edited her works, with fresh letters and other material. This edition, revised by W. Moy Thomas, is published by George Bell in Bohn's Library. Another popular edition is included in Everyman's Library.

I—Courtship and Elopement

To Miss Anne Wortley

THORESBY, NOTTINGHAMSHIRE, August 21, 1709. I am infinitely obliged to you, my dear Mrs. Wortley, for the wit, beauty and other fine qualities you so generously bestow upon me. I am very well satisfied you owe them to your own delicacy of imagination, which represents to you the idea of a fine lady, and you have good nature enough to fancy I am she. All this is mighty well, but you do not stop there ; imagination is boundless.

After giving me imaginary wit and beauty, you give me imaginary passions, and tell me I'm in love ; if I am 'tis a perfect sin of ignorance, for I don't so much as know the man's name. Pray tell me the name of him I love, that I may (according to the laudable custom of lovers) sigh to the woods and the graves hereabouts and teach it to the echo.

You see, being I am in love, I am willing to be so by order and rule. Recommend an example to me ; and, above all, let me know whether 'tis most proper to walk in the woods, increasing the winds with my sighs, or to sit by a purling stream, swelling the rivulet with my tears ; maybe, both may do well in their turns.

But, to be a minute serious, what do you mean by this reproach of inconstancy ? I confess you give me several good qualities I have not, and I am ready to thank you for them ; but then you must not take away those few I have. How should I despise myself if I could think I was capable of either inconstancy or deceit ? I have always took so little care to please the generality of the world that I am never mortified or delighted by its reports, which is a piece of stoicism born with me ; but I cannot be one minute easy while you think ill of

Your faithful——.

To Mr. Wortley Montagu

LONDON, November 1710. I begin to be tired of my humility ; I have carried my complaisances to you further than I ought. You make new scruples ; you have a great deal of fancy ; and your distrusts, being all of your own making, are more immovable than if there was some real ground for them. You are the first I ever had a correspondence with, and I thank God I have done with it for all my life.

I have not spirits to dispute any longer with you. Adieu for ever ! Make no answer. 'Tis a piece of vanity and injustice I never forgive in a woman, to delight to give pain ; what must I think of a man that takes pleasure in making me uneasy ? After the folly of letting you know it is in your power, I ought in prudence to let this go no further, except I thought you had good nature enough never to make use of that power. I have no reason to think so ; but I am willing to do you the highest obligation 'tis possible for me to do ; that is, to give you a fair occasion of being rid of me.

To The Same

LONDON, Friday night, August 15, 1712. I tremble for what we are doing. Are you sure you will love me for ever? Shall we never repent? I fear and I hope. I foresee all that will happen on this occasion. I shall incense my family in the highest degree. The generality of the world will blame my conduct; yet, 'tis possible you may recompense everything to me. I will be only yours, and will do what you please. You shall hear from me again to-morrow, not to contradict, but to give some directions. Love me and use me well.

II—Eighteenth-Century Vienna

To The Countess of Mar

VIENNA, September 8, 1716. I am now, my dear sister, safely arrived in Vienna; and, I thank God, have not at all suffered in my health, nor (what is dearer to me) in that of my child.

This town, which has the honour of being the emperor's residence, did not at all answer my ideas of it, being much less than I expected to find it; the streets are very close and so narrow one cannot observe the fine fronts of the palaces, though many of them very well deserve observation, all built of white stone, and excessive high.

There is no house that has so few as five or six families in it. The apartments of the greatest ladies, and even of the ministers of state, are divided but by a partition from those of a tailor or a shoemaker. Those that have houses of their own let out the rest of them to whoever will take them; thus the great stairs are as common and as dirty as the street. 'Tis true, nothing can be more surprisingly magnificent than the apartments. They are commonly a suite of eight or ten large rooms, all inlaid, the doors and windows richly carved and gilt, and the furniture such as is seldom seen in the palaces of sovereign princes in other countries.

To The Same

VIENNA, September 14, 1716. I will now keep my promise in giving you an account of my first going to court.

In order to that ceremony, I was squeezed up in a gown, and adorned with a gorget and the other implements thereunto belonging; a dress very inconvenient, but which certainly shows the neck and shape to great advantage. I cannot forbear in this place giving you some description of the fashions here, which are more monstrous and contrary to all common-sense and reason than 'tis possible for you to imagine.

They build certain fabrics of gauze on their heads about a yard high, consisting of three or four stories, fortified with numberless yards of heavy ribbon. The foundation of this structure is a thing they call a *bourle*, which is exactly of the same shape and kind, but about four times as big, as those rolls our prudent milkmaids make use of to fix their pails upon. This machine they cover with their own hair, which they mix with a great deal of false, it being a particular beauty to have their heads too large to go into a moderate tub.

Their hair is prodigiously powdered to conceal the mixture, and set out with three or four rows of bodkins (wonderfully large, that stick out two or three inches from their hair), made of diamonds, pearls, red, green and yellow stones, that it certainly requires as much art and experience to carry the load upright as to dance upon May-day with the garland. Their whalebone petticoats outdo ours by several yards' circumference, and cover some acres of ground.

You may easily suppose how much this extraordinary dress sets off and improves the natural ugliness with which God Almighty has been pleased to endow them all generally. Even the lovely empress herself is obliged to comply in some degree with these absurd fashions, which they would not quit for all the world.

III—Among the Turks

To The Countess of Bristol

ADRIANOPLE, April 1, 1717. As I never can forget the smallest of your ladyship's commands, my first business here has been to inquire after the stuffs you ordered me to look for, without being able to find what you would like. However, I will not give over my search, but renew it again at Constantinople, though I have reason to believe there is nothing

finer than what is to be found here, being the present residence of the court.

The government here is entirely in the hands of the army ; and the grand signior, with all his absolute power, is as much a slave as any of his subjects, and trembles at a janissary's frown. Here is, indeed, a much greater appearance of subjection than among us ; a minister of state is not spoken to but upon the knee ; should a reflection on his conduct be dropped in a coffee-house (for they have spies everywhere), the house would be razed to the ground, and perhaps the whole company put to the torture. No huzzaing mobs, and tavern disputes about politics ; none of our harmless calling names !

But when a minister here displeases the people, in three hours' time he is dragged even from his master's arms. They cut off his hands, head and feet, and throw them before the palace gate, with all the respect in the world ; while that sultan (to whom they all profess an unlimited adoration) sits trembling in his apartment, and dare neither defend nor revenge his favourite. This is the blessed condition of the most absolute monarch upon earth, who owns no *law* but his *will*.

To The Countess of Mar

ADRIANOPLE, April 1, 1717. It must be owned that every beauty is more common here than with us. 'Tis indeed surprising to see a young woman that is not very handsome. They have naturally the most beautiful complexions in the world, and generally large black eyes. I can assure you with great truth that the court of England cannot show so many beauties as are under our protection here.

As to their morality or good conduct, I can say, like Harlequin, that 'tis just as it is with you ; and the Turkish ladies don't commit one sin the less for not being Christians. Now I am a little acquainted with their ways I cannot forbear admiring either the exemplary discretion or extreme stupidity of all the writers that have given accounts of them. 'Tis very easy to see they have more liberty than we have.

Upon the whole, I look upon the Turkish women as the only free people in the empire. The very divan pays a respect to them ; and the grand signior himself, when a pasha is executed, never violates the privileges of the harem, which remain, unsearched, entire to the widow. They are queens of their slaves, whom the husband has no permission so much as to look upon, except it be an old woman or two that his lady chooses. 'Tis true their law permits them four wives ; but there is no instance of a man of quality that makes use of this liberty, or of a woman of rank that would suffer it.

To Miss Sarah Chiswell

ADRIANOPLE, April 1, 1717. Those dreadful stories you have heard about the plague have very little foundation in truth. I own I have much ado to reconcile myself to the sound of a word which has always given me such terrible ideas, though I am convinced there is little more in it than a fever.

Apropos of distempers, I am going to tell you a thing that I am sure will make you wish yourself here. The small-pox, so fatal and so general amongst us, is here entirely harmless by the invention of *ingrafting*, which is the term they give it. There is a set of old women who make it their business to perform the operation in autumn, when the heat is abated.

People send to one another to know if any of their family has a mind to have the small-pox. They make parties for this purpose, and when they are met (commonly fifteen or sixteen together) the old woman comes with a nutshell full of the matter of the best sort of small-pox, and asks what veins you please to have opened. She immediately rips open that you offer to her with a large needle (which gives you no more pain than a common scratch), and puts into the vein as much venom as can lie upon the head of her needle, and, after, binds up the little wound with a hollow bit of shell ; and in this manner opens four or five veins.

The children or young patients play together all the rest of the day, and are in perfect health to the eighth. Then the fever seizes them, and they keep their beds two days, seldom three. In eight days' time they are as well as before their illness. Every year thousands undergo this operation. There is no example of anyone

LADY MARY MONTAGU, AS A CHILD OF LEARNING, TOASTED BY THE KIT-KAT CLUB
From the painting by W. F. Yeames, by permission of the artist

that has died in it ; and you may believe I am very well satisfied of the safety of the experiment, since I intend to try it on my dear little son.

I am patriot enough to take pains to bring this useful invention into fashion in England ; and I should not fail to write to some of our doctors very particularly about it, if I knew any of them that I thought had virtue enough to destroy such a considerable branch of their revenue for the good of mankind. Perhaps, if I live to return, I may have courage to war with them.

IV—An Invasion of the Amazons

To The Countess of Pomfret

LONDON, March 1739. There is no news to be sent you from this place, which has been for this fortnight, and still continues, overwhelmed with politics, and which are of so mysterious a nature one ought to have some of the gifts of Lilly or Partridge to be able to write about them ; and I leave all these dissertations to those distinguished mortals who are endowed with the talent of divination ; though I am at present the only one of my sex of that opinion.

At the last warm debate in the House

LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU was born in 1689, eldest daughter of Evelyn Pierrepont, 5th Earl (afterwards 1st Duke) of Kingston. In 1712 she was secretly married to Edward Wortley Montagu, and she accompanied her husband to Constantinople on his appointment as ambassador to the Porte in 1716. After their return to England in 1718, Lady Mary was for some years a leader of London society, but from 1739 to 1762 she lived abroad. She died in England August 21, 1762.

of Lords it was unanimously resolved there should be no crowd of unnecessary auditors; consequently the fair sex were excluded. Notwithstanding which, a tribe of dames resolved to show that neither men nor laws could resist them.

They presented themselves at the door at nine o'clock in the morning, where Sir William Saunderson respectfully informed them the chancellor had made an order against their admittance. The Duchess of Queensberry, as head of the squadron, pished at the ill-breeding of a mere lawyer, and desired him to let them upstairs privately. After some modest refusals, he swore he would not let them in. Her grace, with a noble warmth, answered they would come in in spite of the chancellor and the whole House.

This being reported, an order was made that the doors should not be opened till they had raised their siege. These amazons now showed themselves qualified for the duty even of foot soldiers; they stood there till five in the afternoon, every now and then playing volleys of thumps, kicks and raps against the door.

When the lords were not to be conquered by this, the duchess commanded a dead silence of half an hour; and the chancellor, who thought this a certain proof of their absence, gave order for the opening of the door; upon which they all rushed in, and placed themselves in the front row of the gallery. They stayed there till the house rose; and during the debate gave applause and showed marks of dislike by noisy laughs and apparent contempt.

I beg your pardon, dear madam, for this long relation; but 'tis impossible to be short on so copious a subject.

V—Old Age

To The Countess of Bute

PADUA, September 5, 1758. I wrote you very lately, my dear child, in answer to that letter Mr. Hamilton brought me; but I am so delighted with this, dated August 4, giving an account of your little colony, I cannot help setting pen to paper to tell you the melancholy joy I had in reading it. You would have laughed to see the old fool weep over it. I now find that age, when it does not harden the heart and sour the temper, naturally returns to the milky disposition of infancy. Time has the same effect on the mind as the face.

The predominant passion, the strongest feature, becomes more conspicuous from the others retiring; the various views of life are abandoned, from want of ability to pursue them, as the fine complexion is lost in wrinkles; but, as surely as a large nose grows larger, and a wide mouth wider, the tender child in your nursery will be a tender old woman, though, perhaps, reason may have restrained the appearance of it, till the mind, relaxed, is no longer capable of concealing its weakness; for weakness it is to indulge any attachment at a period of life when we are sure to part with life itself at a very short warning. Young people may die, but old must.

You see, I am very industrious in finding comfort to myself in my exile, and to guard, as long as I can, against the peevishness which makes age miserable in itself and contemptible to others.

My compliments to Lord Bute, and blessing to our dear children.

HERBERT SPENCER

FIRST PRINCIPLES

IN 1860 Herbert Spencer issued the prospectus of his masterpiece, the Synthetic Philosophy, and in spite of ill health he completed in 1896, with the third volume of the Principles of Sociology, this heroic attempt at a synthesis of all scientific knowledge. First Principles, the initial volume of the series, appeared in 1862. Its thesis is that, while metaphysical questions are ultimately insoluble, they compel the recognition of an inscrutable power beyond all phenomena; secondly, it formulates and illustrates the law and philosophy of evolution. Spencer added a postscript to the 1900 edition which shows some consciousness of self-contradiction in his declared knowledge of the unknowable, and this led some critics to describe his philosophy as an *asylum ignorantiae*.

Spencer's Autobiography appears in later pages of *The World's Great Books*.

I—The Unknowable and Absolute

IN all commonly accepted beliefs there is an underlying verity. Even beliefs that seem contradictory are in fundamental harmony, and though science and religion may seem in opposition, they really only express opposite sides of the same fact, and their views may be reconciled.

When we analyse different religious views of the origin and nature of the universe, we find that all religions, howsoever opposed in their overt doctrines, are perfectly at one in the conviction that the universe is a mystery; and we find, too, that all religions fail to solve the mystery.

When, again, we examine such ultimate scientific ideas as space and time, we find that they all are representative of realities that cannot be comprehended. The explanation of that which is explicable merely shows the unknowable and the inexplicable behind.

On the basis of this deepest, widest and most certain of all facts—that the power which the universe manifests to us is utterly inscrutable—a reconciliation between science and religion is possible. To understand fully how real is the reconciliation thus reached it will be needful to look at the respective attitudes which religion and science have all along maintained towards this belief in the Unknowable and Absolute.

Religion has always, amid its many errors and corruptions, maintained the supreme verity that all things are manifestations of a power that transcends our knowledge. This has been the most vital and most truly religious element of religion, and its errors and defects in doctrine and practice have been due to disloyalty to this fundamental verity.

And this disloyalty science has always opposed; for the progress of science is of necessity a progress to causes that are more and more abstract and less and less conceivable; and, indeed, the most abstract conception to which science is ever slowly approaching is one that merges into the inconceivable and unthinkable. And so the beliefs which science has forced upon religion have been essentially more religious than those which they supplanted. Only when science has rested content with superficial solutions has it been in conflict with true religion.

Some maintain that though the ultimate cause of things is unknowable, yet we must endow it with definite attributes, and this is a legitimate enough course, provided that we understand that the idea we thus create is merely a symbol utterly without resemblance to that for which it stands. For certainly most men will refuse an indefinite and shadowy belief, and will demand definite formal conceptions. Having always embodied the ultimate cause so far as was needful to its mental realization, they must necessarily resent the substitution of an ultimate cause which cannot be mentally realized at all.

To cultivate the widest spirit of tolerance, let three cardinal principles be borne in mind.

1. That there is a fundamental verity under all forms of religion, however degraded.

2. That the concrete elements in which each creed embodies this truth are relatively good.

3. That varying beliefs are necessary parts of the constituted order of things, and are severally fitted to the societies in which they are indigenous.

These principles do not imply that the current theology should be passively accepted. Though existing religious ideas and institutions have an average adaptation to the characters of the people who live under them, yet as the characters change, the ideas and institutions require remodelling. It is requisite that free play should be given to conservative thought and action; it is equally requisite that progressive thought and action should also have free play, for without the agency of both there cannot be the continual readaptations necessary to orderly progress.

II—The Data of Philosophy

As with religious beliefs so with the varied beliefs respecting the nature of philosophy. After the elimination of their discordant elements there remains, as a common element, the conception of philosophy as 'knowledge of the highest degree of generality.' As each widest generalisation of science comprehends and consolidates those narrower ones of its own division, so the generalisations of philosophy comprehend and consolidate the widest generalisations of science. Knowledge of the lowest kind is *un-unified* knowledge; science is *partially unified* knowledge; and philosophy is *completely unified* knowledge. The purpose of philosophy is the integration of knowledge.

What is the datum, or, rather, the data, which philosophy requires? It is that congruities and incongruities exist and are cognizable by us. The permanence of a consciousness of likeness or difference is our ultimate warrant for asserting the existence of likeness or difference. Knowledge is the grouping of the like and the unlike, and its unification must specify the antithesis between two ultimate classes of experiences. What are these?

Setting out from the conclusion that all things known to us are the manifestations of the Unknowable, we find these manifestations are divisible into two classes—the *vivid* and the *faint*. The former, occurring under the conditions of perception, are originals. The latter, occurring under those of reflection, memory, imagination, or ideation, are copies.

This division is equivalent to that between *object* and *subject*, between *self* and *not-self*. The power which manifests itself in the *faint* series we call the *ego*, while that in the *vivid* we call the *non-ego*. This ultimate primordial division of self from not-self is a cumulative result of persistent consciousness of likenesses and unlikenesses among manifestations.

The data of philosophy accordingly are: (*a*) an unknowable power; (*b*) the existence of knowable likenesses and unlikenesses among the manifestations of that power; (*c*) a resulting segregation of the manifestations into those of subject and object.

All the ultimate scientific ideas—space, time, matter, motion, force—are derivatives from experience of force, and force is the ultimate of ultimates, the unknowable. By the indestructibility of matter we really mean the indestructibility of the *force* with which matter affects us. As we become conscious of matter only through the resistance it opposes to our muscular energy, so do we become conscious of the permanence of matter only through the permanence of this resistance—of this *force* either as immediately or as mediately proved to us.

Persistence of force cannot be proved, for it must be assumed in every experiment or observation by which it is proposed to prove it. And what is the force of which we predicate persistence? It is that absolute force of which we are indefinitely conscious as the necessary correlate of the force we know. Thus we come once more to that ultimate truth in which religion and

science are reconciled—to the continued existence of an unknowable as the necessary correlative of the knowable.

From the ultimate universal truth that force persists can be deduced the truth that the relations among forces persist.

Given charges of powder, alike in quantity and quality, fired from barrels of the same structure, and propelling bullets of equal weights, sizes and forms, similarly rammed down, no difference can be imagined among the results. And that which here holds good between antecedents and consequents that are comparatively simple, must hold, however involved the antecedents and the consequents may be.

Those modes of the unknowable which we call motion, light, heat, chemical affinity, etc., are alike transformable into each other, and into those modes of the unknowable which we distinguish as sensation, emotion, thought, these in their turns being directly or indirectly retransformable into the original shapes. How this metamorphosis takes place remains an unfathomable mystery.

III—Evolution Scientifically Defined

An entire history of anything must include its appearance out of the imperceptible and its disappearance into the imperceptible, for our theory of things is imperfect so long as any portion of their sensible existences is unexplained.

The entire series of changes is comprehended in this: Loss of motion and consequent integration, eventually followed by gain of motion and consequent disintegration.

Everywhere, and to the last, the change at any moment going on forms a part of one or other of the two processes. While the general history of every aggregate is definable as a change from a diffused imperceptible state to a concentrated perceptible state and again to a diffused imperceptible state, every detail of the history is definable as part of either the one change or the other.

These processes, everywhere in antagonism, are evolution and dissolution. We shall everywhere mean by the latter the absorption of motion and disintegration of matter; and by the former, the process which is always an integration of matter and dissipation of motion.

Everywhere evolution, as defined, is at work; it is exemplified in the integration of the earth from a nebula, in the integration of plants and animals from the elements of their food, in the integration of the social organism and of language.

Evolution, then, is a change from a less coherent to a more coherent form, consequent on the dissipation of motion and integration of matter. But, simultaneously with integration of the whole, there is differentiation and integration of parts in the whole. This is the second aspect of evolution. We have here to regard existences of all orders as showing progressive differentiation.

The advance from the homogeneous to the heterogeneous is well seen in man. Man, as an individual, develops from the less to the more heterogeneous, and man, as a species, has been made more heterogeneous by the multiplication and differentiation of human races.

On passing to humanity, as socially embodied, the general law is richly exemplified. The development of literature, science, architecture, the drama and dress, all alike show that from the remotest past an essential trait of evolution has been the transformation of the homogeneous into the heterogeneous.

Hence, as we now understand it, evolution is definable as a change from an incoherent homogeneity to a coherent heterogeneity accompanying the dissipation of motion and integration of matter.

But even this generalisation does not express the whole truth. At the same time that evolution is a change from homogeneous to heterogeneous it is a change from the indefinite to the definite. Illustrations of this change, which is a secondary phenomenon, are found everywhere, from the solar system to the industrial and aesthetic arts.

To complete our conception of evolution, we have to contemplate, through the cosmos, the metamorphoses of retained motion that accompany the metamorphoses of component matter. When we investigate this question, we find that

the rhythmical actions going on in the aggregate differentiate and integrate, *pari passu*, with differentiation and integration of structure. During the evolution of the solar system, the confused, indeterminate motions of the nebula become definite and heterogeneous. During the evolution of organisms, their functions become more multiform and distinct. And in societies the movements and functions produced by the confluence of individual actions increase in number, multiformity, complexity and precision.

Our formula, therefore, requires an additional clause, and will take this final form. Evolution is an integration of matter and concomitant dissipation of motion, during which the matter passes from an indefinite, incoherent homogeneity to a definite, coherent heterogeneity, and during which the retained motion undergoes a parallel transformation.

IV—General Causes of Evolution and Change

THE instability of the homogeneous—illustrated by such facts as that red-hot matter, however evenly heated, soon ceases to be so, and that a pair of scales, perfectly balanced, will not remain so—is obviously consequent on the fact that the several parts of any homogeneous aggregation are necessarily exposed to different forces and are of necessity differently modified, and is a corollary for the persistence of force. The relations of outside and inside, and of comparative nearness to neighbouring sources of influence, imply the reception of influences that are unlike in quantity or quality, or both, and it follows that unlike changes will be produced in the parts thus dissimilarly acted upon.

To the conclusion that the changes with which evolution *commences* are thus necessitated, remains to be added the conclusion that these changes must *continue*. The absolutely homogeneous must lose its equilibrium, and the relatively homogeneous must lapse into the relatively less homogeneous. That which is true of any total mass is true of the parts into which it segregates. The uniformity of each such part must as inevitably be lost in multiformity as was that of the original whole, and for like reasons.

A further cause of increasing complexity has to be added. Action and reaction being equal and opposite, it follows that, in differentiating the parts on which it falls in unlike ways, the incident force must itself be correspondingly differentiated. Thus, when one body is struck against another, there may be, besides the mechanical result, sound, air currents, fracture, incandescence and chemical combination. An incident force decomposed by the reactions of a body into a group of unlike forces, a uniform force thus reduced to a multiform force, becomes the cause of a secondary increase of multiformity in the body which decomposes it. The multiplication of effects must proceed in geometrical progression. Each stage of evolution must initiate a higher stage.

These conclusions are not only to be established inductively, but they are deducible from the deepest of all truths. The multiplication of effects is a corollary from the persistence of force.

Thus far no reason has been assigned why there should not ordinarily arise a vague chaotic heterogeneity in place of that orderly heterogeneity displayed in evolution. It still remains to find out the cause of that local integration which accompanies local differentiation—that gradually completed segregation of like units into a group, distinctly separated from neighbouring groups which are severally made up of other kinds of units.

SEGREGATION depends on the principle that different units acted on by the same force must be differently moved, and that similar units must be differently moved by different forces. There is also the complementary truth that mixed forces are segregated by the reaction of uniform matters, just as mixed matters are segregated by the action of uniform forces. The general principle may be deduced from the persistence of force. For the abstract propositions involved amount to this—that in the actions and reactions of force and matter an unlikeness in either of the factors necessitates an unlikeness in the

effects, and that, in the absence of unlikeness in either of the factors, the effects must be alike.

That universal coexistence of antagonist forces which necessitates the universality of rhythm, and the decomposition of every force into divergent forces, at the same time necessitates the ultimate establishment of a balance. The evolution of every aggregate must go on until a moving equilibrium, or *equilibrium mobile*, is established, since an excess of force which the aggregate possesses in any direction must eventually be expended in overcoming resistances to change in that direction, leaving behind only those movements which compensate each other, and so forming a moving equilibrium.

From the highest point of view, all terrestrial changes are incidents in the course of cosmic equilibration. For, of the incessant alterations which the crust and atmosphere of the earth undergo, those which are not due to the still progressing motion of the earth's substance towards its centre of gravity are due to the still progressing motion of the sun's substance towards its centre of gravity, the continuance of which integrations is a continuance of that transformation of sensible motion into insensible motion which ends in equilibration.

EVERY living body exhibits in a four-fold form the process of equilibration: from moment to moment in the balancing of mechanical forces; from hour to hour in the balancing of functions; from year to year in the changes of state that compensate changes of condition; and, finally, in the complete arrest of vital movements at death. Every species of plant and animal is perpetually undergoing a rhythmical variation in number: now, from abundance of food and absence of enemies, rising above its average; and then, by a consequent scarcity of food and abundance of enemies, being depressed below its average. Amid these oscillations lies that average of the species at which its expansive tendency is in equilibrium with the surrounding repressive tendencies.

In society the same equilibrating process is going on, and equilibrium will be reached when the individual has no desires but those which may be satisfied without transgressing his proper sphere of action, while society imposes no restraints save those which the individual voluntarily respects.

The persistence of force and the establishment of equilibria lead to the inferences that there is a gradual advance towards harmony between man's mental nature and his environment, and that evolution can end only in the achievement of the greatest perfection and the most complete happiness.

WHEN an aggregate has reached that equilibrium in which its changes end, it thereafter remains subject to all actions in its environment which may increase the quantity of motion it contains, and are sure, slowly or suddenly, to give its parts such excess of motion as will cause disintegration.

It may be suggested that the evolution will end in universal and eternal equilibrium. But this is not so. Motion, as well as matter, being fixed in quantity, it would seem that the change in the distribution of matter which motion effects, coming to a limit in whichever direction it is carried, the indestructible motion thereupon necessitates a reverse distribution. Apparently, the universally coexistent forces of attraction and repulsion which, as we have seen, necessitate rhythm in all minor changes throughout the universe, also necessitate rhythm in the totality of its changes—produce now an immeasurable period during which the predominance of attractive forces causes universal concentration, and then an immeasurable period during which the predominance of repulsive forces causes universal diffusion—alternate eras of evolution and dissolution. And thus there is suggested the conception of a past during which there have been successive evolutions—like the evolution which is now going on—and a future during which other such evolutions may go on—ever the same in principle but never the same in result.

Thus we are led to the conclusion that the entire process of things, as displayed in the aggregate of the visible universe, is analogous to the entire process of things as displayed in the smallest aggregates.

GEORGE ELIOT

ADAM BEDE

WITH all her sense of humour, there is a note of sadness in the work of George Eliot, and this is clearly perceptible in Adam Bede. When it was published, in 1859, it attracted the enthusiasm of the critics, who had extended only a languid welcome to Amos Barton, The Essence of Christianity and the translation of Strauss's Leben Jesu. In Adam Bede the authoress drew her material from recollections of her early life in the Midlands, and the plot is simple, pure and strong. The religious attitude from which she had made such a determined volte-face is admirably reflected; and though the novel is an indictment of all narrowness, it is yet a tribute to the power of religious motives, and offers unqualified praise to Christian virtue. The authoress herself declared that one of her own favourite characters was Dinah Morris, the Methodist preacher. Many inexpensive editions of the works of George Eliot have been published.

I—The Two Brothers

IN the roomy workshop of Mr. Jonathan Burge, carpenter and builder, in the village of Hayslope, on the eighteenth of June 1799, five workmen were busy on the making of doors and window-frames.

The tallest of the five was a large-boned, muscular man, nearly six feet high. The sleeve rolled up above the elbow showed an arm that was likely to win the prize for feats of strength; yet the long, supple hand, with its broad finger-tips, looked ready for works of skill. In his tall stalwartness Adam Bede was a Saxon, and justified his name. The face was large and roughly hewn, and when in repose had no other beauty than such as belongs to an expression of good-humoured, honest intelligence.

It is clear at a glance that the next workman is Adam's brother. He is nearly as tall; he has the same type of features. But Seth's broad shoulders have a slight stoop and his glance, instead of being keen, is confiding and benignant.

The idle tramps always felt sure they could get a copper from Seth; they scarcely ever spoke to Adam.

At six o'clock the men stopped working and went out. Seth lingered, and looked wistfully at Adam, as if he expected him to say something.

"Shalt go home before thee go'st to the preaching?" Adam asked.

"Nay, I sha'nt be home before going for ten. I'll happen see Dinah Morris safe home, if she's willing. There's nobody comes with her from Poyser's, thee know'st."

Adam set off home, and at a quarter to seven Seth was on the village green where the Methodists were preaching. The people drew nearer when Dinah Morris mounted the cart which served as a pulpit. There was a total absence of self-consciousness in her demeanour; she walked to the cart as simply as if she were going to market. There was no keenness in the eyes; they seemed rather to be shedding love than making observations. When Dinah spoke it was with a clear but not loud voice, and her sincere, unpremeditated eloquence held the attention of her audience without interruption.

When the service was over, Seth Bede walked by Dinah's side along the hedgerow path that skirted the pastures and cornfields which lay between the village and the Hall Farm.

Seth could see an expression of unconscious placid gravity on her face—an expression that is most discouraging to a lover. He was timidly revolving something he wanted to say, and it was only when they were close to the yard gates of the Hall Farm that he had the courage to speak.

"It may happen you'll think me overbold to speak to you again after what you told me o' your thoughts. But it seems to

me there's more texts for your marrying than ever you can find against it. St. Paul says, 'Two are better than one,' and that holds good with marriage as well as with other things. For we should be o' one heart and o' one mind, Dinah. I'd never be the husband to make a claim on you as could interfere with your doing the work God has fitted you for. I'd make a shift and fend to give you more liberty—more than you can have now; for you've got to get your own living now and I'm strong enough to work for us both."

They had reached one of those narrow passes between two tall stones which performed the office of a stile in Loamshire, and Dinah paused and said, in her tender but calm notes:

"Seth Bede, I thank you for your love towards me, and if I could think of any man as more than a Christian brother, I think it would be you. But my heart is not free to marry, or to think of making a home for myself in this world. God has called me to speak His word, and He has greatly owned my work."

They said farewell at the yard gate, for Seth wouldn't enter the farmhouse, choosing rather to turn back along the fields through which he and Dinah had already passed. It was ten o'clock when he reached home, and he heard the sound of tools as he lifted the latch.

"Why, mother," said Seth, "how is it as father's working so late?"

"It's none o' thy feyther as is a-workin'; it's thy brother as does iverything, for there's niver nobody else to do nothin'."

Lisbeth Bede was going on, for she was not at all afraid of Seth—who had never in his life spoken a harsh word to his mother—and usually poured into his ears all the querulousness which was repressed by the awe which mingled itself with her idolatrous love of Adam.

But Seth, with an anxious look, had passed into the workshop, and said, "Addy, how's this? What! Father's forgot the coffin?"

"Ay, lad, th' old tale; but I shall get it done," said Adam, looking up. "Why, what's the matter with thee—thee'st in trouble?"

Seth's eyes were red and there was a look of deep depression on his mild face.

"Yes, Addy, but it's what must be borne, and can't be helped. Let me take my turn now, and do thee go to bed."

"No, lad; I'd rather go on, now I'm in harness. The coffin's promised to be ready at Brox'on by seven o'clock to-morrow morning. I'll call thee up at sunrise, to help me carry it when it's done."

ADAM worked throughout the night, thinking of his childhood and its happy days, and then the days of sadness that came later when his father began to loiter at public-houses and Lisbeth began to cry at home. He remembered well the night of shame and anguish when he first saw his father quite wild and foolish.

The two brothers set off in the early sunlight, carrying the long coffin on their shoulders. By six o'clock they had reached Broxton, and were on their way home.

When they were coming across the valley, and had entered the pasture through which the brook ran, Seth said suddenly, beginning to walk faster, "Why, what's that sticking against the willow?"

They both ran forward, and dragged the tall, heavy body out of the water; and then looked with mute awe at the glazed eyes—forgetting everything but that their father lay dead before them.

II—The Hall Farm

IT is a very fine old place of red brick, the Hall Farm—once the residence of a country squire, and the Hall.

Plenty of life there, though this is the drowsiest time of the year, just before the hay-harvest; and it is the drowsiest time of the day, too, for it is half-past three by Mrs. Poyser's handsome eight-day clock.

Mrs. Poyser, a good-looking woman, not more than eight-and-thirty, of fair complexion and sandy hair, well shapen, light-footed, had just taken up her knitting and was seated with her niece, Dinah Morris. Another motherless niece, Hetty Sorrel, a distractingly pretty girl of seventeen, was busy in the adjoining dairy.

"You look th' image o' your aunt Judith, Dinah, when you sit a-sewing," said Mrs. Poyser. "I allays said that o' Judith, as she'd bear a pound weight any

day to save anybody carrying a ounce. And it made no difference in her, as I could see, when she took to the Methodists; only she talked a bit different, and wore a different sort o' cap. If you'd only come and live i' this country you might get married to some decent man, and there'd be plenty ready to have you, if you'd only leave off that preaching, as is ten times worse than anything your aunt Judith ever did. And even if you'd marry Seth Bede, as is a poor, wool-gathering Methodist, and's never like to have a penny beforehand, I know your uncle 'ud help you with a pig, and very like a cow, for he's allays been good-natur'd to my kin, for all they're poor, and made 'em welcome to the house; and 'ud do for you, I'll be bound, as much as ever he'd do for Hetty, though she's his own niece."

THE arrival of Mr. Irwine, the rector of Hayslope, and Captain Donnithorne, Squire Donnithorne's grandson and heir, interrupted Mrs. Poyser's flow of talk.

"I'll lay my life they're come to speak about your preaching on the Green, Dinah. It's you must answer 'em, for I'm dumb. I've said enough a'ready about your bringing such disgrace upo' your uncle's family. I wouldn't ha' minded if you'd been Mr. Poyser's own niece. Folks must put up wi' their own kin as they put up wi' their own noses; it's their own flesh and blood."

Mr. Irwine, however, was the last man to feel any annoyance at the Methodist preaching, and young Arthur Donnithorne's visit was merely an excuse for exchanging a few words with Hetty Sorrel.

The rector mentioned before he left that Thias Bede had been found drowned in the Willow Brook; and Dinah Morris at once decided that she might be of some comfort to the widow and set out for the village.

As for Hetty Sorrel, she was thinking more of the looks Captain Donnithorne had cast at her than of Adam and his troubles. Bright, admiring glances from a handsome young gentleman were warm rays that set poor Hetty's heart vibrating.

Hetty was quite used to the thought that people liked to look at her. She was aware that Mr. Craig, the gardener at Squire Donnithorne's, was over head-and-ears in love with her. She knew still better that Adam Bede—tall, upright, clever, brave Adam Bede—who carried such authority with all the people round about, and whom her uncle was always delighted to see of an evening, saying that 'Adam knew a fine sight more o' the natur o' things than those as thought themselves his betters'—she knew that this Adam, who was often rather stern to other people, and not much given to run after the lasses, could be made to turn pale or red any day by a word or a look from her.

Hetty's sphere of comparison was not large, but she couldn't help perceiving that Adam was 'something like' a man; always knew what to say about things.

Hetty was quite certain her uncle wanted her to encourage Adam and would be pleased for her to marry him. For the last three years—ever since he had superintended the building of the new barn—Adam had always been made welcome at the Hall Farm, and for the last two years at least Hetty had been in the habit of hearing her uncle say, 'Adam Bede may be working for a wage now, but he'll be a master-man some day, and I'm sure the woman as marries him 'ull have a good take, be't Lady Day or Michaelmas.'

"Ah," she would say, "it's all very fine having a ready-made rich man, but may happen he'll be a ready-made fool; and it's no use filling your pocket full of money if you've got a hole in the corner. It'll do you no good to sit in a spring-cart o' your own if you've got a soft to drive you; he'll soon turn you over into the ditch."

BUT Hetty had never given Adam any encouragement. She liked to feel that this strong man was in her power; but as to marrying him that was another affair.

Hetty's dreams were all of luxuries. She thought if Adam had been rich and could have given the things of her dreams—large, beautiful earrings and Nottingham lace and a carpeted parlour—she loved him well enough to marry him.

The last few weeks a new influence had come over Hetty; she had become aware that Mr. Arthur Donnithorne would take a good deal of trouble for the chance of seeing her. And Dinah was away, preaching and working in a manufacturing town.

IN MAD DESPAIR HETTY SORREL FLEES FROM THE WOOD

From the painting by the Hon. John Collier in the Blackburn Art Gallery

III—Adam's First Love

Adam Bede, like many other men, thought the signs of love for another were signs of love towards himself. The time had come to him that summer, as he helped Hetty pick currants in the orchard of the Hall Farm, that a man can least forget in after-life—the time when he believes that the first woman he has ever loved is beginning to love him in return.

He was not wrong in thinking that a change had come over Hetty; the anxieties and fears of a first passion with which she was trembling had become stronger than vanity, and while Adam drew near to her she was absorbed and wondering about Arthur Donnithorne's possible return.

For the first time Hetty felt that there was something soothing to her in Adam's timid yet manly tenderness; she wanted to be treated lovingly. And Arthur was away from home; and, oh, it was very hard to bear the blank of absence. She was not afraid that Adam would tease her with love-making and flattering speeches; he had always been so reserved to her. She could enjoy without any fear the sense that this strong, brave man loved her and was near her. It never entered into her mind that Adam was pitiable, too, that Adam, too, must suffer one day.

It was from Adam she found out that Captain Donnithorne would be back in a day or two, and this knowledge made her the more kindly disposed towards him. But, for all the world Adam would not have spoken of his love to Hetty yet, till this commencing kindness towards him should have grown into unmistakable love. He plucked a rose for her and walked back to the farm with her arm in his.

When Adam, after stopping awhile to chat with the Poysers, had said good-night, Mr. Poyser remarked, "If you can catch Adam for a husband, Hetty, you'll ride in your own spring-cart some day, I'll be your warrant."

Her uncle did not see the little toss of the head with which Hetty answered him. To ride in a spring-cart seemed a very miserable lot indeed to her now.

It was on August 18, when Adam, going home from some work he had been doing at one of the farms, passed through a grove of beeches and saw, at the end of the avenue, about twenty yards before him, two figures. They were standing opposite to each other with clasped hands, and they separated with a start at a sharp bark from Adam Bede's dog. One hurried away through a gate out of the grove; the other, Arthur Donnithorne, looking flushed and excited, sauntered towards Adam. The young squire had been home for some weeks celebrating his twenty-first birthday and he was leaving on the morrow to rejoin his regiment.

Hitherto there had been a cordial and sincere liking and a mutual esteem between the two young men; but now Adam stood as if petrified, and his amazement turned quickly to fierceness.

Arthur tried to pass the matter off lightly, as if it had been a chance meeting with Hetty; but Adam, who felt that he had been robbed treacherously by the man in whom he had trusted, would not so easily let him off. It came to blows, and Arthur sank under a well-planted blow of Adam's, as a steel rod is broken by an iron bar.

Before they separated, Arthur promised that he would write and tell Hetty there could be no further communication between them. And this promise he kept. Adam rested content with the assurance that nothing but an innocent flirtation had been stopped. As the days went by he found that the calm patience with which he had waited for Hetty's love had forsaken him since that night in the beech grove. The agitations of jealousy had given a new restlessness to his passion.

Hetty, for her part, after the first misery caused by Arthur's letter, had turned into a mood of dull despair, and sought only for change. Why should she not marry Adam? She did not care what she did so that it made some change in her life.

So, in November, when Mr. Burge offered Adam a share in his business, Adam not only accepted it, but decided that the time had come to ask Hetty to marry him.

Hetty did not speak when Adam got out the question, but his face was very close to hers and she put up her round cheek against his, like a kitten. She wanted

to be caressed—she wanted to feel as if Arthur were with her again.

Adam only said after that, " I may tell your uncle and aunt, mayn't I, Hetty ? "

The red firelight on the hearth at the Hall Farm shone on joyful faces that evening when Adam took the opportunity of telling Mr. and Mrs. Poyser that he saw his way to maintaining a wife now and that Hetty had consented to have him.

There was a great deal of discussion before Adam went away about the possibility of his finding a house to settle in.

" Well, well," said Mr. Poyser at last, " we needna fix everything to-night. You canna think o' getting married afore Easter. I'm not for long courtships, but there must be a bit o' time to make things comfortable."

This was in November.

Then in February came the full tragedy of Hetty Sorrel's life. She left home, and in a strange village, a child—Arthur Donnithorne's child—was born. Hetty left the baby in a wood, and returned to find it dead. Arrest and trial followed, and it was only at the last moment that the capital sentence was mercifully commuted to one of transportation.

MARY ANN EVANS, whose pseudonym was George Eliot, was born at Arbury Farm, Nuneaton, in 1819. When 22 she moved to Coventry. Here her opinions developed quickly, and she abandoned all creeds to become a rationalist. She accepted the assistant editorship of The Westminster Review and met such men as Spencer, Carlyle, Newman and Lewes, with the last-named of whom her friendship led to a closer relationship which she regarded as marriage. Lewes died in 1878, and Miss Evans married Mr. J. W. Cross in 1880. Her greatest works are Adam Bede, The Mill on the Floss, Romola, Felix Holt, and Daniel Deronda. George Eliot died at Chelsea, December 22, 1880.

A few years later she was pardoned, but died on her way home.

IV—The Wife of Adam Bede

It was the autumn of 1801, and Dinah Morris was once more at the Hall Farm, only to leave it again for her work in the town. Mrs. Poyser noticed that Dinah, who never used to change colour, flushed when Adam said, ' Why, I hoped Dinah was settled among us for life. I thought she'd given up the notion o' going back to her old country."

" Thought ! Yes," said Mrs. Poyser ; " and so would anybody else ha' thought as had got their right ends up'ards. But I suppose you must *be* a Methodist to know what a Methodist 'ull do. It's ill guessing what the bats are flying after."

" Why, what have we done to you, Dinah, as you must go away from us ? " said Mr. Poyser. " It's like breaking your word ; for your aunt never had no thought but you'd make this your home."

" Nay, uncle," said Dinah, trying to be quite calm. " When I first came I said it was only for a time, as long as I could be of any comfort to my aunt."

" Well, an' who said you'd ever left off being a comfort to me ? " said Mrs. Poyser. " If you didna mean to stay wi' me, you'd better never ha' come. Them as ha' never had a cushion don't miss it."

Dinah set off with Adam, for Lisbeth was ailing and wanted Dinah to sit with her a bit. On the way he reverted to her leaving the Hall Farm. " You know best, Dinah, but if it had been ordered so that you could ha' been my sister, and lived wi' us all our lives, I should ha' counted it the greatest blessing as could happen."

Dinah made no answer, and they walked on in silence, until presently, crossing the stone stile, Adam saw her face, flushed and with a look of suppressed agitation.

It struck him with surprise, and then he said, " I hope I've not hurt or displeased you by what I've said, Dinah ; perhaps I was making too free. I've no wish different from what you see to be best ; and I'm satisfied for you to live thirty mile off if you think it right."

Poor Adam! Thus do men blunder.

Lisbeth opened his eyes on the Sunday morning when Adam sat at home and read from his large pictured Bible.

For a long time his mother talked on about Dinah and about how they were losing her when they might keep her, and Adam at last told her she must make up her mind that she would have to do without Dinah.

"Nay, but I canna ma' up my mind, when she's just cut out for thee; an' nought shall ma' me believe as God didna make her and send her here o' purpose for thee. What's it sinnify about her being a Methody? It 'ud happen wear out on her wi' marryin'"

Adam threw himself back in his chair and looked at his mother. He understood now what her talk had been aiming at, and tried to chase the notion from her mind.

But Lisbeth would not be put off, insisting that Dinah was in love with him, and the suggestion worked on Adam till he could not sit still, but must needs go out.

He was amazed at the way in which this new thought of Dinah's love had taken possession of him with an overmastering power that made all other feelings give way before the impetuous desire to know that the thought was true. He spoke to Seth, who said quite simply that he had long given up all thoughts of Dinah ever being his wife, and would rejoice in his brother's joy. But he could not tell whether Dinah was for marrying.

"Thee might'st ask her," Seth said presently. "She took no offence at *me* for asking, and thee'st more right than I had."

When Adam did ask, Dinah answered that her heart was strongly drawn towards him, but that she must wait for divine guidance. So she left the Hall Farm and went back to the town, and Adam waited—waited for some weeks, and then went after her to get his answer.

"ADAM," she said when they had met and walked some distance together, "it is the divine will. My soul is so knit to yours that it is but a divided life I live without you. At this moment, now you are with me, and I feel that our hearts are filled with the same love, I have a fullness of strength to bear and do our Heavenly Father's will that I had lost before."

"Then we'll never part any more, Dinah, till death parts us."

They kissed each other with deep joy.

Theology Applied to Every-day Life

WILLIAM LAW

A SERIOUS CALL TO A DEVOUT AND HOLY LIFE

WILLIAM LAW was born at King's Cliffe, Northamptonshire, in 1686, and took Holy Orders in 1711, but refusing to take the oath of allegiance to George I, in 1714, he lost all hope of a career in the Church of England, and became a tutor in the house of the Gibbons (ancestors of the historian) until 1737, after which he lived in retirement until his death, in 1761. His A Serious Call to a Devout and Holy Life stands alone of its kind in literature. Dr. Johnson said of it: 'I found Law quite an overmatch for me, and this was the first occasion of my thinking in earnest about religion.' 'His satire is sharp,' says Gibbon, 'but it is drawn from human life.'

I—Of the Nature and Extent of Christian Devotion

DEVOTION is neither private nor public prayer; but prayers, whether private or public, are particular parts or instances of devotion. Devotion signifies a life given, or devoted, to God.

He, therefore, is the devout man who lives not to his own will, but to the sole will of God; who considers God in everything, who serves God in everything, who makes all the parts of his common life parts of piety. For any way of life, any employment of our talents, whether of our parts, our time, or money, that is not strictly according to the will of God is as great an absurdity as prayers that are not according to the will of God.

We readily acknowledge that God is to be the rule and measure of our prayers; that in them we are to look wholly unto Him, and act wholly for Him.

It is for want of considering this that we see such a mixture of ridicule in the lives of many people. You see them strict as to times and places of devotion, but when the service of the church is over they are like those that seldom or never come there. In their way of life, their manner of spending their time and money, in their cares and fears, in their pleasures and indulgences, in their labours and diversions, they are like the rest of the world. This is the reason why they are the jest of worldly people.

REASON and religion prescribe rules and ends to all the ordinary actions of our life. It is very observable that there is not one command in all the Gospel for public worship, but our Saviour and His apostles are wholly taken up in doctrines that relate to common life. They call us to differ in every temper and way of life from the spirit and way of the world, to be as new-born babes that are born into a new state of things, to deny ourselves, to live in humility, to bear injuries; and yet, though this alone is Christianity, there is little of this to be found. Christians are different from other people, so far as to times and places of prayer; but, like the rest of the world, in the other parts of their lives they add Christian devotion to a heathen life.

This is because men have not even the intention to please God in all their actions. Yet if this intention were among Christians it would change the whole face of the world. True piety and exemplary holiness would be as common and visible as buying and selling. Let a clergyman be but thus pious, and he will converse as if he had been brought up by an apostle. He will no more complain of the frowns of the world, or a small cure, or the want of a patron, than he will complain of the want of a laced coat. Let a tradesman but have this intention, and it will make him a saint in his shop. Let the gentleman of birth and fortune be so minded, and he will make every doctrine, parable, or instruction that relates to rich men a law to himself.

The salvation of our souls is set forth in Scripture as a thing of difficulty that requires all our diligence. If I am seeking everything that can delight my senses, and am a stranger to watchings, fastings, prayers and mortification; if I use the world as the generality of people now do, and in all ages have done; why should I think that I am among those few who are walking in the narrow way to Heaven?

Calidus has traded above thirty years in the greatest city of the kingdom. Every hour of the day is with him an hour of business, and though he eats and drinks very heartily, every meal seems to be in a hurry, and he would say grace if he had time. Calidus ends every day at the tavern, but has not leisure to be there till near nine o'clock. He is always forced to drink a good, hearty glass, to drive thoughts of business out of his head, and make his spirits drowsy enough for sleep. His prayers are a short ejaculation or two, which he never misses in stormy, tempestuous weather, because he always has something or other at sea. He will tell you, with great pleasure, that he has been in this hurry for so many years, and that it must have killed him long ago but that it has been a rule with him to get out of town every Saturday, and make Sunday a day of quiet refreshment in the country. He is now so rich that he would leave off his business and amuse his old age with building and furnishing a fine house in the country, but that he is afraid he should grow melancholy if he was to quit his business. He will tell you that it is dangerous for a man that has been used to get money, ever to leave off. If thoughts of religion happen to steal into his head, Calidus contents himself with thinking that he never was a friend to heretics, that he has always been civil to the minister of his parish, and has often given something to the charity schools.

NOW, this way of life is at such a distance from all the doctrine and discipline of Christianity that no one can live in it through ignorance or frailty. Calidus cannot imagine that he lives here as a stranger and pilgrim, setting his affections on things above and laying up treasures in Heaven.

II—Of the Responsibility of Leisured Persons

GREAT part of the world are free from the necessities of labour, and have their time and fortunes in their own disposal. But the freedom of their state lays them under a greater necessity of always choosing and doing the best things. All ways of holy living, all instances and all kinds of virtue, lie open to them who are masters of themselves, their time and their fortune.

Our estate is as much the gift of God as our eyes or our hands. If reason and religion govern us in the way we spend our money, then reason and religion have got great hold of us. If we waste money, we do not waste a trifle, but that which might be as eyes to the blind, as a husband to the widow, and as a father to the orphan. So much as is spent in the vanity of dress is laid out to fix vanity in our souls, and so much as is laid out for idleness and indulgence is given to render our hearts dull and sensual.

Flavia and Miranda are two maiden sisters that have each of them two hundred pounds a year. Flavia has been the wonder of her friends for her excellent management in making so surprising a figure on so moderate a fortune. She has everything in the fashion and is in every place where there is any diversion. If anyone asks Flavia to do something in charity, if she likes the person who makes the proposal, or happens to be in a right temper, she will toss him half-a-crown. As for poor persons, she is positive they are all cheats and liars, and will say anything to get relief; and therefore it must be a sin to encourage them in their evil ways.

Flavia would be a miracle of piety if she were but half so careful of her soul as she is of her body. The rising of a pimple in her face will make her keep her room two days. She never thinks she is well enough, and is so over-indulgent that she never can be really well. It costs her a great deal in sleeping draughts and waking draughts, in spirits for the head, drops for the nerves and cordial for her tea.

If you would know who is rude and ill-natured, who is vain and foppish, who lives too high, and who is in debt; if you would know what is the quarrel at a certain house, or who are in love; if you would know how late Belinda comes home at night, and what clothes she has bought; or how Lucius and his wife hate one another in their hearts though they appear so kind in public; you must visit Flavia on the Sunday.

Thus lives Flavia; and if she lives ten years longer she will have spent about fifteen hundred and sixty Sundays in this manner. She will have worn about two hundred suits of clothes. Out of these thirty years of her life, fifteen will have been disposed of in bed, and, of the remaining fifteen, about fourteen will have been consumed in eating, drinking, visiting, reading romances, and at operas, balls and diversions.

I shall not take it upon me to say that it is impossible for Flavia to be saved; but she has no grounds from Scripture to think that she is in the way of salvation. And the poor, vain turn of mind, the irreligion, folly and vanity of this life of Flavia is all owing to the manner of using her estate.

MIRANDA is a sober, reasonable Christian. She has but one reason for doing or not doing, for liking or not liking anything, and that is the will of God. She is not so weak as to add the fine lady to the true Christian; she has renounced the world to follow Christ in the exercise of humility, charity and heavenly affections.

Her fortune is divided between herself and several other poor people, and she has only her part of relief from it. As she will not give a poor man money to go see a puppet-show, neither will she allow herself any to spend in the same manner, thinking it proper to be as wise herself as she expects poor men should be. If you were to see her, you would wonder what poor body it was that was so surprisingly neat and clean. Everything about her resembles the purity of her soul, and she is always clean without because she is always pure within.

Every morning sees her early at her prayers; she seems to be as a guardian angel to those that dwell about her. There is scarce a poor family in the neighbourhood but wears something that has had

the labour of her hands. She eats and drinks only for the sake of living; Miranda will never pant under a heavy load of flesh until she has changed her religion. 'It may be,' says she, 'that I often give to those that will make an ill use of my alms. But what then? Is not this the very method of Divine goodness?'

This is the spirit and this is the life of the devout Miranda; and when she dies she must stand among the first servants of God.

Ever since the beginning of Christianity there have been two orders of people amongst good Christians. The one served God in the common offices and business of a secular life. The other, renouncing the common business and enjoyments of life, as riches, marriage, honour and pleasures, devoted themselves to voluntary poverty, virginity, devotion and retirement, that by this means they might live wholly unto God. And if in these our days we are so far departed from this spirit that a man seems a setter forth of strange doctrines when he recommends self-denial, renunciation of the world, regular devotion, retirement, virginity and voluntary poverty, it is because we are fallen into an age where the love, not only of many, but of most, is waxed cold. 'He that hath ears to hear, let him hear.'

III—Of the Happiness of Life Devoted to God

So far from making our lives dull and melancholy, the rules of holy living will render them full of content and strong satisfactions. For by these rules we change the childish satisfactions of vain and sickly passions for the solid enjoyments of a sound mind. The man of pride has a thousand wants, which only his own pride has created; and these render him as full of trouble as if God had created him with a thousand appetites, without creating anything that was proper to satisfy them.

Flatus is rich and in health, yet always uneasy, and always searching after happiness. Every time you visit him you find some new project in his head.

At his first setting out in life, fine clothes were his delight; his inquiry was only after the best tailors and perukemakers. But, this happiness not answering his expectations, he put off his brocades, railed at fops and beaux, and gave himself up to gaming. He left off the dice, and for more than a twelvemonth you heard him talk of nothing but ladies, drawing-rooms, plays and balls. But, growing sick of these, he had recourse to drinking, and met with stronger joys than any he had felt before, until he fell into a fever and took leave of the happiness of being drunk.

Next, nothing was so happy as hunting; you never saw him but in a green coat; he was the envy of all that blew the horn, and always spoke to his dogs with great propriety of language. But he had no sooner built new kennels and bought a hunting-seat than he gave away the dogs, and was deep in the pleasures of building. He was wholly bent on the improvement of architecture, and would hardly hang a door in the ordinary way. Next he sought happiness in riding about the country; then in visiting foreign countries; then he was a student for a whole year. He is now living upon herbs, and running about the country to get himself into as good wind as any running footman.

I am afraid that the character of Flatus is one of the most general characters in life, and that few people can read it without seeing something in it that belongs to themselves. Thus must it necessarily be, more or less, with all those who propose any other happiness than that which arises from a strict and regular piety. If all that is in the world is only so many empty cups, what does it signify which you take, or how many, or how many you leave?

To meditate upon the perfection of the divine attributes, and to contemplate the glories of Heaven—these are the meditations of souls advanced in piety, and are not suited to every capacity. But to see the emptiness and error of all worldly happiness; to see the grossness of sensuality, the poorness of pride, the stupidity of covetousness, the delusion of honour, the blindness of our passions, the uncertainty of our lives and the shortness of all worldly projects—these are meditations fitted to strike all minds, and are taught us by almost everything we see and hear.

This is that wisdom that crieth in the streets, that standeth at all our doors, that

appealeth to all our senses, teaching us by births and burials, by sickness and health, by pains and poverty, by misery and vanity, and by all the changes and chances of life, that there is nothing else for a man to look after but a happiness which is only to be found in the hopes of religion.

How soon will every man that is in health want all the same comforts of religion which every dying man wants!

IV—Of Times and Forms of Prayer

I TAKE it for granted that every Christian that is in health is up early in the morning; it is much more reasonable to suppose a person up early because he is a Christian than because he is a labourer or a tradesman. Mortification of all kinds is the very life and soul of piety, and he that is not able to be early at his prayers can have no reason to think that he has taken up his cross.

This much, I believe, is certain, that the generality of Christians ought to use forms of prayer at all the regular times of prayer. Private devotion should be under the direction of some form, but not so tied down to it but that it may be free to take such new expressions as its present fervours happen to furnish it with. If you were to accustom yourself as far as you can to pray always in the same place; if you were to reserve that place for devotion, and not allow yourself to do anything common in it; if any little room, or if any particular part of a room, were thus used; this kind of consecration of it as a place holy to God would dispose you to such tempers as would assist your devotion.

The devout Christian should renew his acts of prayer at the ninth hour in the morning, making humility the constant subject of his devotions at this hour.

In order to begin the practice of humility, you must take it for granted that you are proud, and that pride is your greatest weakness. All our education has been against humility. The first temper that we try to awaken in children is pride. When we have taught them to scorn to be outdone by any, to bear no rival, to thirst after applause, to be content with nothing but the highest distinctions, then we begin to take comfort in them.

Paternus lived about two hundred years ago, and had but one son, whom he educated himself. As they were sitting together in the garden, when the child was ten years old, Paternus thus began to him:

'God, my child, is all love, and wisdom, and goodness; and you cannot please God but so far as you strive to walk in love, wisdom and goodness. Worship and adore God; think of Him magnificently; magnify His providence; frequent His service, and pray to Him constantly. Love your neighbour, which is all mankind, with such tenderness and affection as you love yourself.

'But, above all, my son, mark this—never do anything through strife, or envy, or emulation, or vain glory. Never do anything in order to excel other people, but only in order to please God. Hate and despise all human glory, for it is nothing else but human folly. Love humility in all its instances; practise it in all its parts; for it is the noblest state of the soul of man. Condescend to all the weaknesses and infirmities of your fellow-creatures, love their excellences, encourage their virtues, relieve their wants, rejoice in their prosperities, receive their friendship, overlook their malice, be a servant of servants, and condescend to do the lowest offices to the lowest of mankind. May God give you grace and love to follow these instructions.'

Thus did Paternus educate his son.

V—Of Universal Charity

LET universal love and intercessions for all men be the subject of your prayers at noon. 'A new commandment,' says our blessed Lord, 'I give unto you, That ye love one another as I have loved you. By this shall all men know that ye are My disciples, if ye love one another.' A love which is not universal may indeed have tenderness and affection, but it has nothing of righteousness or piety in it; it is but humour and temper, or interest, or such a love as publicans and heathens practise. The noblest motive to this universal affection is

founded in this doctrine—'God is love, and he that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God.'

Ouranius is a holy priest, full of the spirit of the Gospel, watching, labouring and praying for a poor country village. Every soul in it is as dear to him as himself; and he loves them all as he loves himself because he prays for them all as often as he prays for himself.

When Ouranius first entered into holy orders he had a haughtiness in his temper, a great contempt and disregard for all foolish and unreasonable people; but he has prayed away this spirit. At his first coming to his little village it was as disagreeable to him as a prison, and every day seemed too tedious to be endured in so retired a place. He kept much at home, writ notes upon Homer and Plautus, and sometimes thought it hard to be called to pray by any poor body when he was just in the midst of one of Homer's battles.

But now his days are so far from being tedious, or his parish too great a retirement, that he now only wants more time to do that variety of good which his soul thirsts after. The solitude of his little parish is become a matter of great comfort to him, because he hopes that God has placed him and his flock there to make it their way to Heaven.

You cannot possibly despise and ridicule that man whom your private prayers recommend to the love and favour of God.

Let the subject of your prayers at three o'clock be resignation to the divine pleasure; seeking, in all actions and designs, conformity to the will of God. And let evening prayer, at six o'clock, be given to an account and review of your behaviour from the first action of the day. It is only a particular examination and a particular repentance that touches the heart, awakens the conscience, and leaves detestation of sin upon the mind.

Finally, virginity, voluntary poverty and such other restraints of lawful things are not necessary to Christian perfection; but are much to be commended in those who choose them as helps and means of a more safe and speedy arrival at it.

The thing which is here pressed upon all is a life of great devotion, which is equally the duty and happiness of all orders of men.

Bizarre Product of a Precocious Genius

THOMAS LOVELL BEDDOES

THE BRIDE'S TRAGEDY

THE son of a famous physician and scientific writer, and the nephew of Maria Edgeworth, Thomas Lovell Beddoes was born in 1803. Educated at Oxford, he found time thoroughly to steep himself in Elizabethan literature, the influence of which is seen in all his work. The Bride's Tragedy was written in 1819, but remained in his desk until 1822 when it was hailed with such an enthusiasm as rarely falls to a young writer. Abandoning literature for medicine, Beddoes entered the University of Göttingen in 1825. His later life was spent out of England. The effect of an operation necessitated by an accident in 1848 had a depressing influence on him, and he died on January 26, 1849, from the effects, it is thought, of self-administered poison. His complete works are published in the Temple Classics.

PERSONS IN THE PLAY

Lord Ernest	Hesperus, his son	Lenora
Boy, page to Orlando	Olivia, sister to Orlando	Floribel, her daughter

Orlando Claudio Hubert Lords Citizens Attendants Guards etc.

First Act

SCENE I.—*A room in* Orlando's *palace.* Claudio *and* Orlando *meeting.*

ORLANDO: Thanks for thy speed, good Claudio; is all done
As I have ordered? [ing
Claudio: Could I be unwill-
In the performance of what you command,
I'd say with what regret I led Lord Ernest
Into the prison.
He was your father's friend—
Orl.: Nay, you shall hear. The sums he owes,
Of which his whole estate is scarce a fourth,
Are never to be claimed if Hesperus,
His son, be wedded to Olivia. Now
This Hesperus is a votary of my goddess,
The Dian of our forest, Floribel;
Therefore I use this show of cruelty
To scare a rival and to gain a brother. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A prison. Enter guards leading* **Lord Ernest** *in chains.*

Lord Ernest : I pray you do not pity me. I
A kind of joy to meet Calamity, [feel
My old, old friend again. Go, tell my lord,
I give him thanks for these his iron bounties.
[*Exeunt* **Guards.**

Enter **Hesperus.**

Come here, I'll tell thee all they've done to me,
How they have scoffed and spurned me, thrown
In wretched loneliness. [me here
Hesperus : Alas ! my father.
Lord E. : Oh, set me free, I cannot bear this air.
If thou didst think me, in my gentlest moods
Patient and mild, and even somewhat kind—
Hesp. : Were it my soul's last sigh, I'd give it thee.
Lord E. : Marry.
Hesp. : I—cannot.
Lord E. : But thou dost not know.
Thy best-loved wooes thee. Oft I've stood unseen,
In some of those sweet evenings you remember,
Watching your innocent and beauteous play
(More innocent because you thought it secret,
More beautiful because so innocent) ;
Oh, then I knew how blessed a thing I was
To have a son so worthy of Olivia.
Hesp. : Olivia !
Lord E. : Blush not, though I name your mistress ;
You soon shall wed her.
Hesp. : I will wed the plague.
I would not grudge my life ; but to wed
Olivia—there's damnation in the thought.
Lord E. : Come, speak to him, my chains, for ye've a voice
To conquer every heart that's not your kin !
Hesp. : Were it not best for both to die at once ?
Lord E. : Die ! Thou hast spoke a word that makes my heart
Grow sick and wither ; thou hast palsied me.
Hesp. : I pray thee, stop, or I am made a villain.
Oh, if you love me, curse !
Lord E. : Aye, thou shalt hear
A father's curse ; oh, never may a thought
Of others' sorrow, even of old Ernest's,
Darken thy calm, uninterrupted bliss ;
And be thy end—oh ! anything but mine.
Hesp. : Guilt, thou art sanctified in such a cause.
Guards ; (*They enter*) I am ready. Go, lead him to freedom,
And tell your lord I will not—that's I will.
[*Exeunt* **Lord Ernest** *and* **Guards.**
There, there they go ; my hopes, my youthful hopes,
Like ingrate flatterers. What have I to do
With life ? Ye sickly stars, that look with pity
On this cursed head, be kind and tell the lightning
To scathe me to a cinder ; or if that
Be too much blessing for a child of sin,
But strike me mad, I do not ask for more. [*Exit.*

Second Act

The interior of a cottage. **Floribel** *alone. Enter* **Hesperus.** *She charges him in melancholy raillery with neglect of her whom he had before loved so faithfully.*

FLORIBEL : If you are weary of poor Floribel,
Pray be not troubled ; she can do without thee.
Oh, Hesperus, come hither, I must weep ;
Say you will love me still, and I'll believe it,
When I forget my folly.
Hesperus : Dear, I do ;
By the bright fountains of those tears, I do.
Flor. : You don't despise me much ? May
And meet no frown ? [I look up
Hesp. : Try to look through my breast
And see my truth. But, oh, my Floribel,
Take heed how thou dost look unkindly on me ;
For greybeards have been kneeling, and with prayers
Trying to pluck thee from my bosom ; fairness
And innocence and duty league against thee.
Then do't not, sweet, again ; for sometimes strange
And horrid thoughts bring whispers to my soul ;
They shall not harm thee, girl. I meant indeed
Hard-hearted as I was, to have disclosed
A tale of terror ; but I'll back again ;
Why, let the old man die.
Flor. : Oh, no, no, no ;
We will let no one die, but cherish them
With love like ours, and they will soon be well :
Stay, and I'll tell you how to save him.
Hesp. : Thou ! Excellent loveliness,
Thou save him ! But I must be gone, or else
Those looks will lure a secret from my breast.
[*Exit.*

Enter **Orlando's Boy.**

Boy : These for fair Floribel ; you are the one
I hear my master talk of, surely, lady ;
And yet his words are feeble shadowers
Of such pure beauty. Please you read his thoughts. [such years.
Flor. : You hold a courtly language for
[*Reads : ' From the sad-souled* **Orlando.**'
Fie, sir ; your gifts are dangerous. Look you
As I disperse the wicked syllables [here,
Met in this little parliament of words,
And give them to the light and careless winds,
So I bid him tear the thoughts of me
Out of his breast, and hold me as a thing
Further from him than misery. [so—
Boy : It is ungently done—nay, I must say
To hurt the generous blossom of his love ;
I am sorry that a hand so beautiful
Can be so fell.
Flor. : Boy, thou dost not know
The fears that urge me. Had my Hesperus
Seen these or thee, I know not what of ill
Must have befallen us.
Boy : Lady, do not weep ;
I have a ballad which my master hears
In his sad moods ; it has the art to raise
A dimple on the cheek of moody care.
I'll sing it you.
Flor. : Young one, I almost love thee.
[*Kisses him.*

Enter **Hesperus.**

Hesp. : Why, Floribel, girl ! Painted fickleness !
Madam, I'm rude ; but Hesperus did not think
He could intrude on—what was Floribel.

Flor. : Nor doth he ever.

Hesp. : If he does not now,
Be sure he won't again. Oh, girl, girl, girl,
Thou'st killed my heart : I thought thee once, good fool—
I will not tell thee what, thou'lt laugh at me.

Flor. : The angels know that I am spotless.

Hesp. : Go to them ; I'm not one ;
Perhaps this pap-faced chit may be. Nay, girl,
Wet not thy cheeks ; I've seen a player weep.
Strain not your lungs with laughter when I'm gone. [*Exit.*

Flor. : Poor boy, thou has undone me : lead me in. [*Exeunt.*

Third Act

SCENE I.—*An apartment in* **Orlando's** *palace.* **Hesperus** *formally betrothes himself to* **Olivia** *in an interview at which he professes that he has learned to love her, and she confesses that she has always loved him.*

SCENE II.—*A suicide's grave.* **Hesperus** *in despair invokes the spirit of Hades.*

YE citizens of Hades' capital,
That by the rivers of remorseful tears
Sit and despair for ever, bear this breath
This inner Hesperus, away, and bring [of mine,
Another guest to its deserted home ;
The mind of him whose dust is on my feet,
And let his daring spirit inhabit there
But for a passing day. 'Tis here
I see a shadowy image of myself,
Yet not my perfect self, a brother's self,
That steps into my bosom.
Yes, this is courage warms my heart's full tide ;
Hesperus is a man, a demon-man,
And there's a thing he lives for, shall amaze
The emulous bad powers. [*Exit.*

Fourth Act

SCENE I.—*A wood.* **Floribel** *and* **Hesperus.**

FLORIBEL : I knew thou would'st be faithful to thy promise,
And claim me openly.

Hesperus: Aye, I am come
In all my solemn pomp ; Darkness and Fear,
And the great Tempest in his midnight car,
The sword of lightning girt across his thigh,
And the whole demon brood of night, blind Fog,
And withering Blight—all these are my retainers.
How : not one smile for all this bravery ?

Flor. : Ah, how my veins are chilled—why, Hesperus ? [girl ?

Hesp. : What hero of thy dreams art calling,
Look in my face—it's mortal ? Dost thou think
The voice that calls thee is not of a mouth
Long choked with dust ?

Flor. : Sweetest, what mean you
By these strange words ?

Hesp. : What mean I ? Death and murder,
Darkness and misery. To thy prayers and shrift ;
Earth gives thee back ; thy God hath sent for thee ;
Repent and die.

Flor. : Oh, if thou willest it, love,
If thou but speak it with thy natural voice,
And smile upon me, I'll not think it pain,
But cheerfully I'll seek me out a grave,
And sleep as sweetly as on Hesperus' breast.

Hesp. : Here 'tis then ; [*Stabs her.*
Shall I thrust deeper yet ?

Flor. : Quite through my soul—
That all my senses, deadened at the blow,
May never know the giver. Oh, my love !
His lips are ice. Oh, my beloved Hesperus,
Help ! [*Dies.*

Hesp. : Look, what a face ; had our first mother worn
But half such beauty, when the serpent came,
His heart, all malice, would have turned to love.
[*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*A banqueting hall.* **Lord Ernest, Orlando, Claudio, Olivia, Lords, Ladies** *and* **Attendants.**

LORD ERNEST : Sit here, my daughter ; sit and welcome, all ;
Ye shall not say my Hesperus' nuptial night
Lacks its due orgies.

Claudio : Look upon the bride,
How blushes open their envermeiled leaves
On her fair features.

Lord E. : Sit, I pray you, sirs.
We will have deep and jovial carousal.

Enter **Hesperus.**

Hesp. (*aside*) : What's all this blaze and riot ?
They should have got me here the seven sins,
And all the evil things that haunt the world ;
Then what a goodly revel would we hold.

Lord E. : Hither, Hesperus ;
Thou dost not mark this company of kinsmen,
Met to congratulate you, and partake
Your gladness.

Hesp. : Sirs, I thank you heartily.

Lord E. : They say you're ill, my boy.

Hesp. : They say the truth.

Lord E. : What is your ailment ?

Hesp. : Life ; but here is one
Born to smile misery out of the world.
Look on me, my Olivia.

Olivia : Dearest Hesperus,
Be calmer, I beseech you ; all are here
My friends and yours.

Hesp. : No doubt. They drain our goblets.
Put out the lights, I like the beams o' th' moon ;
And tell those revellers to tope in silence.

Lord E. : You would not overcast our best-meant mirth ? [is on earth

Hesp. : Ay, by my grave I would. There
One face alone, one heart, that Hesperus needs ;
'Twere better all the rest were not. Olivia !
[*Music. Enter* **Hubert.**

Hubert : Hush, hush ; ye ill-timed sounds, let
I come to bid you to a funeral. [darkness come,

Hesp. : Turn out that fellow ;
I know him for a crazy marvel-monger.

Hub. : Thy guilt is hid no more. Ho ! there, the guard. [*Enter* **Guards.**

That is your prisoner.
Hesp. : Ah! my Floribel,
Thou draggest my steel away, thou'st frozen me.
[*The* **Guards** *seize him.*
Lord E. : Ruffians, where do you bear my boy? Release him.
Hub. : Stand back, my lords; let the duke's prisoner pass.
Oh! good old man; alas! he is a murderer.
Oliv. : Save him, oh, save him! I am very faint.
[**Orlando** *and* **Attendants** *carry her out.*
Lord E. : A murderer! (*Drops his sword.*)
This is a baby's arm.
These limbs aren't mine, but some consumptive girl's. [*Exeunt all.*

Fifth Act

SCENE I.—*A prison.* **Hesperus** *is alone and has been warned to prepare for death.*

Enter **Lenora.**

HESPERUS: Who art thou?
Lenora : Ha! knowest thou not the wretch thou'st made Lenora?
Alone I've found thee, villain.
Hesp : Not alone;
Oh! not alone, the world hath burst its ribs,
And let out all the demons in the pit;
Thick, thick they throng; I cannot breathe for them.
The hounds of Lucifer are feeding on me,
Yet I endure; Remorse and Conscience too,
Stirring the dying embers of my heart,
Which Passion hath burnt out, like midnight gossips
Sit idly chattering of the injured dead;
But thou'rt the last and worst; I hoped to hide
Beneath the turf from thee.
Len. : Thou shalt not leave me; stand and hear my curse.
Oh such a curse! I learned it from a voice
That wandered 'mid the damned; it burns my tongue.
Listen, wretch, listen;
Thus, thus I curse thee . . No, I do revoke it.
Though thou didst stab me through my Floribel,
I think thou once didst love her, didst thou not?
Hesp. : With my whole soul, as now I worship her.
Len. : Alas! say no; I wish thou'dst break my heart;
Now prithee do; I'll bless thee for't again.
Hesp. : What! is it stubborn yet? Then thou canst teach me
How to bear misery—but I need it not,
They've dug my grave.
Len. : But, while you still are living
What say you to some frolic merriment?
There are two grassy mounds beside the church,
My husband and my daughter; let us go
And sit beside them, and learn silence there:
Even with such guests we'll hold our revelry.
[*Enter* **Guards.**
Hesp. : See you these men before us?
They bid me to a strange solemnity.
Len. : Farewell; farewell. They drag him to the scaffold,
My son, the husband of my Floribel.
They shall not slaughter him upon the block,
And to the cursing multitude hold up
The blackened features which she loved. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*The place of execution.* **Hesperus** *guarded,* **Hubert, Orlando.**

Enter **Lord Ernest.**

HESPERUS (*falling upon the ground and covering himself with loose earth*) : Oh, trample me to dust.
Lord Ernest : My own dear child!
Aye, we will lie thus sweetly in thy grave,
The wind will not awake us, nor the rain,
Thou and thy mother and myself.
Hesp. : Dear father!
And wilt thou pray for me? Oh, no! thou canst not.
Lord E. : Let him not use me thus. Hesperus, Hesperus.
Thou'rt going to thy mother; tell her, son,
My heart will soon be broken; so prepare
To have me with you. Bless thee, boy, good-night. [*Exit.*
Hesp. : My father, heaven will curse thee if I bless;
But I shall die the better for this meeting.
Enter **Lenora.**
Lenora : Where's Hesperus? Not gone?
Hesp. : I stay one moment for the signal here.
The next I am no more.
Len. : Then we have conquered.
Look, Hesperus, upon these flowers I bring;
They grew upon the grave of Floribel.
Is't not her breath?
Hesp. (*smelling them*) : It falls upon my soul
Like an unearthly sense.
Len. : And so it should,
For it is death thou'st quaffed.
I steeped the plants in a magician's potion
More deadly than the scum of Pluto's pool.
Hesp. : 'Tis true: I feel it gnawing at my heart,
And my veins boil as though with molten lead.
How shall I thank thee for this last, best gift?
Len. : Oh! come with me and view
These banks of stars, these rainbow-girt pavilions.
These rivulets of music—hark, hark, hark!
And here are winged maidens floating round,
With smiles and welcomes; this bright beaming seraph
I should remember; is it not—my daughter?
[*Dies.*
Hesp. : I see not those; but the whole earth's in motion;
I cannot stem the billows; now they roll;
And what's this deluge? Ah! Infernal flames.
[*Falls.*
Hubert : Guards, lift him up.
Hesp. : The bloody hunters and their dogs! Avaunt—
Down with their fiery fangs!—I'm not dead yet.
[*Dies.*

THEOPHILE GAUTIER

MADEMOISELLE DE MAUPIN

Done by Edgar Preston from the French

THE most famous, most discussed work of Théophile Gautier, Mademoiselle de Maupin appeared in 1835, when the author was but twenty-four, and, like his volume of verse, Albertus (1830), was attacked with a good deal of bitterness as being licentious. The fact that it was a work of genius was either not observed or not regarded by the majority of those whom it scandalised. One reads and reads again with amusement and admiration the famous Preface, in which Gautier turns on his critics and rends them—especially the reviewers in the press : ' those penny-a-line Catos ' ! After the big novel came more verse, notably the exquisite Emaux et Camées (1852) ; then the strange ingenious Roman de la Momie (1856), and the spirited Capitaine Fracasse (1863). There were books of travel, too, and sundry volumes on literature and art, all distinguished by the same marvellous wealth of language, the same sheer perfection of style. But Mademoiselle de Maupin remains his masterpiece. An English translation is published by Collins in the Lotus Library.

I—Chevalier D'Albert to His Friend Sylvio

YOU complain, dearest and oldest friend of mine, that my letters are few and far between. Well, what am I to write about ? My life is one of complete monotony ; to-day brings me what yesterday brought ; to-morrow will be like to-day. What can I say to you, unless it be that I am well and that my affection for you is as strong as ever ? You have heard this before ? Stay ! No one knows me, my heart, my mind so well as you : why should I have any secrets from my most intimate friend ; why should I not unburden myself of the load which oppresses me ? Well, dear Sylvio, I am not in love—but long to be !

I see so many men, ignoble in every respect, with lovely women whose shoes they are not fit to brush, that I am filled with shame, for the women themselves—and for myself as well. It forces me to conceive a very poor opinion of the other sex when I see them attracted by coarse, common fellows, who despise and deceive them, instead of choosing some honest, loyal lover who would appreciate their favours and fall on his knees in adoration—a lover like myself, for instance !

But not only am I reserved and timid and self-conscious ; I—at twenty-two—am very hard to please. I have my Ideal, but where shall I find her ? Does she even exist ? Yes, I feel sure of it. Somewhere this woman I have never seen is at this very time in being, and, please Heaven, I shall find her. I know exactly what she is like, and when we meet I shall recognize her !

Shall I try to describe my Ideal ? Her age is six-and-twenty ; no more and no less. She is not ignorant of life, nor is she *blasée*. She shall be of medium height. I don't want a giantess ; still less a dwarf. Let it be someone I can lift and carry when necessary. Her lips, when she stands on tip-toe, must be level with those about to kiss her. Rather plump than skinny, if you please. I have something of the Turk's taste in this respect ; and when I'm seeking a curve I do not want to come across an angle. My Ideal is fair, with eyes of black ; pale as a blonde, yet toned like a brunette, with a gleam of red in her laugh. The lower lip is full ; her wrists are delicate ; her hands long and soft. When she walks her hips have undulations that make one think of a serpent erect upon its tail. Her shoulders are wide, and a silky down covers the nape of her neck. In short, a beauty at once fine and firm, full of grace and full of life ; a combination of poetry and reality ; a Giorgione *motif* carried out by a Rubens.

A *post scriptum*, dear friend, to tell you that since this letter was begun I have an *affaire* : she is not my ideal, it is true, but still a woman of many charms, a widow, quite young, and, they tell me, excessively rich. When I first met her she was dressed in pink. So henceforth let

her be known under the name of Rosette.

How did I come to make her acquaintance? It was through my friend De C***, who, when I told him I was in search of an Ideal, at once, in one of the many drawing-rooms to which he has the *entrée*, presented me to the lady receiving therein and, after her, to a succession of more or less desirable dames, her guests. Before I left the *salon* of Madame de Thémines that night I was caught in the soft toils of Madame Rosette, after escaping, not without some hesitation, from those of a languid beauty with swan-like neck and downcast eyes whose amorous experiences, nevertheless—according to my all-wise *cicerone*—were at least equal to those of any two women in the room. Shall I in due course become the *amant en pied* of the fair lady in pink—she is very dark, by the way, with blue-black hair like a jay's wing—or shall I have a disappointment to record? Who knows? I will tell you in my next epistle.

II—The Same to the Same

WELL, it is near six months since last I wrote to you, my trusted Sylvio, and for nearly all that time Rosette and I have been together—the best of friends, and a good deal more. She is the most delightful woman imaginable—light-hearted, contented, thoughtful, indulgent, generous, loving, faithful. And yet I don't love her, while realizing, admiring, even wondering at, all her many and excellent qualities. In a word, Rosette is not my Ideal.

Conscious of my growing indifference, to hide which I make almost superhuman efforts, the good creature has thought it well to change the scene, and has brought me down here to her estate in the country. Only a monster could cut such a woman adrift. Can it be that, in my search for somebody, something that perhaps does not exist, I am come to such a state that I am incapable of loving?

Of woman I ask but one thing—beauty; easily I can dispense with mind and with soul. In my eyes a beautiful woman is always *spirituelle*; she has intelligence enough to be beautiful, and I know no other quality to equal that. Above all things I love beauty of form. To me it is divinity made visible, happiness incarnate, heaven come down to earth. Of what use all the qualities in the world if the setting be imperfect? The finest wine, in a coarse, ill-shapen glass, to my palate were no better than swipes!

My fair hostess has invited sundry guests. Among them are several quite pretty women, and some of the young men are lively and sociable. One of these *cavaliers*, who came a day or two ago, interested me at once, if only to see him get off his horse. Since then I have conceived a great liking for him. He is grace in person; not very tall, but supple and well-built, and with a certain something in his walk and in his every gesture that pleases me infinitely. Many a woman might envy him his hands and his feet. In fact, he comes very near to my Ideal of beauty, with his splendid eyes and his dark, lustrous curls. What a pity that he is a man, or, rather, that he is not a woman! My Adonis, by the way, is wise and witty and alert, as well as handsome. Further, he is dressed in exquisite taste; he rides a mettlesome thoroughbred, and shares my liking for all things lovely. In a word, perfection itself! His name, I should tell you, is Théodore de Sérannes.

II—At Madame Rosette's Château

WITH the reader's permission we will now leave our young visionary d'Albert to his reflections awhile, and adopt for a little the ordinary narrative form, instead of the epistolary.

The Chevalier Théodore de Sérannes had not long retired to his room, on the night of his arrival, ere a gentle tapping made itself heard.

"Théodore!" exclaimed a soft voice, as the young man opened the door to admit his hostess, Madame Rosette. "Théodore, at last you are back again! What have you been doing all this time? Where have you been? Do you know, it is six months since I saw you last? Ah, Théodore, that was not kind of you. Even though you do not love me as I

love you, you ought to have some thought for me, some pity ! "

" Oh, as for me, I've done nothing in particular. I've rather less money than I had six months ago, and I'm six months older. I've just been living—that's all. And you, what have *you* been doing ? "

" I've been loving *you*."

" What ! Nothing else ? "

" Absolutely nothing."

" You might have spent it better, my dear Rosette. Why not have loved someone who could return your love ? Have you had no other lover since we parted ? "

" I have had and still have one—a poet. He is a friend of De C***, and I met him at Madame de Thémines's. His name is d'Albert—the Chevalier d'Albert."

" Surely that's the man who was on the balcony when I dismounted. Yes ? I thought him rather nice. No doubt he's very much in love with you ? "

Madame Rosette makes it clear to Théodore that, although she and d'Albert are fond enough of one another, there is no passion on either side. Neither can show what is best within them since real love is absent.

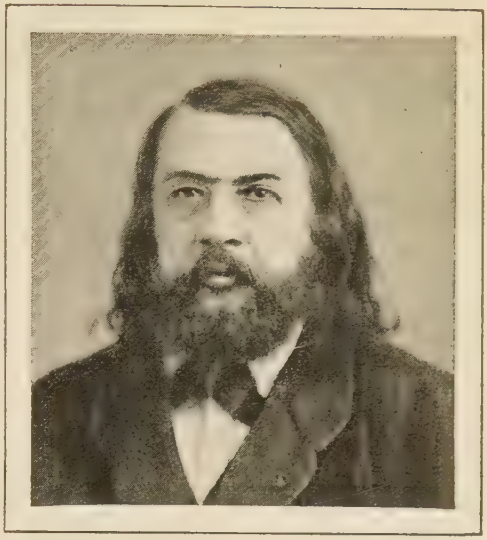
" Alas ! " says Théodore, " what you say, Rosette, applies to all humanity. The best part of us is that which remains within us, that which we cannot show. Thus, it is with the poet. His finest poem is the poem he has not written ; he takes with him to the grave more poems than he will ever have composed ! "

" Ah ! " replies Rosette. " I shall take *my* poem with me ! "

Théodore consoles Rosette to the best of his power, and at length she leaves him, fearful lest d'Albert should seek her.

NEXT morning early d'Albert comes to Rosette's room to pay his respects. He has not been there long before Théodore is announced. He apologises gracefully for interrupting their conversation.

Madame, drawing the bedclothes up to her chin, laughingly tells him they were only talking business, and introduces the two men to one another. There is sympathy between them at once, and when Rosette rings for her maid to dress her the Chevaliers go out arm-in-arm.



THEOPHILE GAUTIER was born at Tarbes in the Pyrenees August 31, 1811. Becoming a member of the brilliant group that circled round Victor Hugo, he devoted himself to the cause of romanticism and won his early triumphs in literature as an extreme romanticist. He soon outgrew this phase, however, the extravagances of which he afterwards satirised. In addition to much fiction and poetry he wrote theatrical and art criticism of permanent value. Gautier died at Neuilly, October 23, 1872.

Soon d'Albert is at his desk again, writing to his friend and confidant, Sylvio. The letter—suffice it to the reader to know—is long and lyrical—a sustained rhapsody—proclaiming the discovery of the Ideal he has so long and ardently been seeking.

' Yes,' he exclaims, ' I have found the type of beauty that has been haunting me. I have discovered my phantom in the flesh—seen it, spoken to it, touched its hand ; for it exists and is not a mere dream. But, oh, Sylvio, you who know my heart, pity me now, not because I cannot love, but because I *do* love ! Sylvio, I can hide my secret from you no longer, horrible as it is. I am in love with a *man !* How often have I not striven to deceive myself ! Surely, I said, this most beautiful thing, all grace and delicacy and charm, must be a woman ! But no woman ever had this sovereign air of authority ; what woman ever rode as he rides ; what woman, foil in hand, could, by a simple turn of the wrist, disarm his adversary as I have seen him disarm the most skilled fencers of his own sex ? No, he is a man ; and I am in love with his perfect beauty ! '

IV—Théodore to Graciosa

DEAREST of friends, you were indeed right in trying to dissuade me from carrying out the scheme I had devised for studying men through and through, before giving my hand to any one of them. Now that I know them, love, the very possibility of love is for ever extinguished! Oh! Graciosa, how I curse the moment when the idea of this disguisement came to me! How much better the virginal innocence, the ignorance in which we carefully-guarded girls are brought up, than realization of the horrors, the infamies, the grossness I have been forced to hear and to witness! I was so curious, so anxious to know what lay behind this mask of convention that men wear. I guessed that among themselves they were not what they had seemed to be in the presence of women. Now I know that I was right—and I wish I had never sought the knowledge I possess!

On the death of my only near relative, my uncle, I was free, as you know, to do as I liked, without interference; and thus it came about that I was able to put my mad plan into execution. I took the most careful precautions to hide my sex. I learnt to fence and to use the pistol; already I was quite at home on horseback, and capable of performing many feats that most male riders even might not have achieved. I acquired the knack of wearing my cloak and cracking my whip; in fact, from a pretty girl I turned into a much too nice-looking young man, lacking in almost nothing that counted, save, perhaps, a moustache.

So forth I went, determined not to return till I had got to know all I wanted to know. I was not long in learning that while women have read the *romance* of Man they have never read his true story! When I had completed my masculine toilette I dropped, with my skirts and petticoats, all that was feminine about me. On my door I might well have written: 'Here lies Madeleine de Maupin'—since I had become Théodore de Sérannes, never again to be called by the sweet name of Madeleine. I was a man; or, at any rate, I looked like one.

I rode all alone through the forest without misadventure, and at nightfall my horse, scenting the sweet smell of stables not far distant, made straight for the Red Lion inn. I had ordered supper, and was listening, by the great chimney corner, to the agreeable music of knives and forks and platters, when several gentlemen came into the kitchen. Of good appearance, they were all young, the eldest certainly not more than thirty or so. My reverie was suddenly broken by one of the youngest of them smacking me on the shoulder and inquiring if I would not take my supper in their company. Of course, I consented, so we all sat together at the same table. Soon the wine was flowing freely, but I took care that my glass was always nearly full. All these young men, it seemed, were on their way to Court. It remained for me to inform them that I was fresh from the University, returning home to the family estate by the longest route I could find—a pleasantry which put us on good terms at once.

THEN they began to talk of women; of the conquests they had made; of the gay ladies they had known; of the virtuous women—poor creatures!—who were pining for them. On one thing they were all agreed, and they drank with heartiness: 'To hell with skinny women and high sentiments!' If I wanted to cure any girl of her romance, I would make her listen for half an hour to conversation such as this; it would be far better and more efficacious than all the maternal remonstrances and warnings ever spoken!

Our supper came to an end, and the question was where we all should sleep. There were twice as many guests as beds, so it was inevitable that we should go in pairs. I had a fright when I thought of certain possibilities arising from this arrangement; but, as luck would have it, my partner was more than half drunk. No sooner on the mattress than he fell fast asleep, so all I had to do was to step across and lie down next to the wall.

So here was I in bed with a man—not a bad start! But, while my companion snored away, not a wink of sleep could I

get. All sorts of strange ideas came into my head, one after the other. You will hardly credit me, but I was actually on the point of waking the sleeper and telling him who and what I was! After all, he was young and not ill-looking, and, in any case, was he not that mysterious mixture of attraction and repulsion—a man? I resisted the inclination with all my might, and in the end my virtue triumphed. But it was touch and go!

With the first sign of dawn I rose, put on my clothes, and went out into the fresh air. For some hours past my companion, still fast asleep, had been lying on the floor. Soon we were all in the saddle, and on our way once more. The continuation of my adventures in my next letter.

V—'As You Like It'

From discussing that strange, elusive, insubstantial and altogether lovely fantasy 'As You Like It' we were performing it. 'We,' as I need hardly remind you, my good Sylvio, are Madame Rosette and the guests at her country mansion. It fell to your poor friend d'Albert's lot not only to act as stage-manager, but to play the *rôle* of Orlando as well. Rosette, as mistress of the house—and of myself!—should, of course, have played Rosalind, but, for some curious reason, she would not consent to dress up as a man; nor would any of the ladies take the part. Eventually Théodore came to the rescue, by offering to assume a female disguise for once. You know the play, Sylvio, so I need not remind you that Rosalind is in man's clothes nearly all the time except in the first act, when she is herself—a woman. Rosette was content to be Phoebe, the shepherdess who is secretly in love with Rosalind in her male attire.

To come to the performance. We were all assembled except Théodore, and at last his step was heard in the corridor. The door opened slowly, and when Rosalind appeared there was a general cry of admiration. Rosette turned pale and leant against the wall, as though a sudden revelation had passed through her brain. I have long thought she is in love with Théodore. Really, he was lovely in his woman's clothes, so lovely that he made all the other ladies seem absolutely ugly by comparison. Here was my long-sought Ideal, my dream of perfection, no longer in the derisory form of a young man, but in the actual shape of the most charming of women. It was as though a mountain's weight had been lifted from my breast. I felt the old horror of myself vanish quite away. No longer was I the monster I had seemed to be. I was in love with a *woman*—this could be no man!

Of how the play was played I could tell you much, but were I to begin I should never know when to end. Of the wonderful Rosalind alone I could write page after page. Oh, the significance she put into some of the passages between herself and me! Perhaps I am wrong, but it seemed to me that Théodore must have been conscious of my love. What a cruel thing is life! The happiness of the one must needs mean the misery of another. Most fortunate for me that Théodore should be a woman; most unfortunate for poor Rosette that he should not be the man he first appeared to be.

Back in my room that night, I resolved to write to Théodore—to Rosalind—without a moment's delay. I laid bare my heart, telling her of my adoration, and begging her to cure my love-sickness. I sealed my letter and laid it on Théodore's table. Then I fled as though I had committed some abominable action.

VI—Théodore's Narrative Continued

My dearest Graciosa, I resume my story at the point where I left it—the departure of myself and the young *cavaliers* from the inn where we had passed the night. My mount was much admired, and when I had put him through a few exercises and cleared one or two obstacles which were too high for the rest, all showed me considerable respect. My bed companion especially took a great liking for me, and when it came to parting, he pressed me so hard to spend a few days at his *château* that I could not refuse. So, having said good-bye to the others,

Alcibiades—such was his name—and I went on alone.

At his home we were greeted by a lady in black—his sister—a young widow of great charm and beauty, and later I was presented to their aunt, a venerable, stately dame who took an immediate interest in me because, she said, I reminded her so strongly of a much-loved son, killed in the war. With the fair widow, whose period of mourning was approaching its end, I found myself at once in complete sympathy. Perhaps I should have been more discreet, but I am compelled to tell you I took a certain pleasure in watching her growing fondness for my society. My attentions gave her the utmost satisfaction, and day by day our intimacy—thoroughly approved by brother and aunt alike—grew closer, until, to my shame, I realized that handsome Rosette had conceived for me a passion she found it hard to conceal.

One day we went for a long walk in the park. Rosette, leaning confidently on my arm, led me through divers narrow paths and by-ways, half-hidden by the leafy boughs and undergrowth, until at length we reached a small hut which, when I had opened the door, proved, to my astonishment, to be furnished in the most dainty fashion imaginable, just like a boudoir. Leaving me seated on a luxurious sofa, my companion opened a cupboard let into the wall, and produced therefrom flasks containing liqueurs of various sorts and several plates of confectionery and sweetmeats, with which, if you please, she began to feed me with her own delicate fingers. Presently she laid her head on my shoulder, her half-opened lips sought mine, and I could do no less than give her kisses which she returned with interest. She was really bewitching and sincerely I wished I could be for awhile the man I looked to be!

My position was indeed becoming more embarrassing, even more ridiculous, every moment when, to my secret joy and her undisguised disappointment, a loud barking was heard outside, followed by a sound as of scratching at the door. An instant later there bounded in a fine white greyhound. Rosette, who had already rushed to the other end of the hut, had only just made herself presentable ere her brother entered, booted and spurred and whip in hand.

"If Snug had not routed you out," he exclaimed, with a sly laugh, to his sister, now all blushes, "*I* should never have discovered you. So this is where you two discuss theology and the double nature of the soul! Better come and have a ride with me, both of you. I've a new mare I want you to try, Théodore."

. . . . .

After this I thought it high time to take my departure. It was impossible for me to let so false a situation continue longer to exist. At dinner that night I announced that I should be obliged to leave next day; but so earnestly was I begged to stay longer—the aged aunt being quite as insistent as were Rosette and her brother—that there was nothing for it but to consent. The look of supplication that came into the young widow's eyes must have melted the heart of a fasting tiger!

A few nights later, when I was alone in my room, watching the stars, Rosette entered silently. I had done my best to avoid finding myself *en tête-à-tête* with her since the episode in the hut, and now she had resolved, at all hazards, to have an explanation of my sudden coldness. How describe our interview—her passion, her tears, her despair; my own regrets, my helplessness, my dismay when the poor girl, after trying every sort of endearment to melt me, flung herself on my bed, refusing to move from it?

Once again her brother arrived opportunely. This time he had a sword in his hand. He was furious. While Rosette hid herself under the bedclothes, Alcibiades, after abusing me roundly for my treachery—as he called it—gave me the choice of marrying his sister or fighting him on the spot. I replied that since it was, to my infinite regret, beyond my power to make Madame Rosette my wife, there was no alternative but to cross swords.

Very powerful, and a splendid swordsman, Alcibiades pressed me hard, doing his utmost to avenge the slight put on the

family honour. You know my skill with the sword, Graciosa. I needed it all to save my skin now. At last he gave me an opening, which I did not fail to take, and I left him for dead on the floor.

To my infinite relief and happiness, I learnt soon after that his wound, though severe, was not fatal.

VII—Rosalind Doffs Her Disguise

So ended my eventful visit to the *château* of ——. Since then I have fought many a duel; indeed, I have heard my prowess as a fighter highly praised. Certainly, it has been a satisfaction to me on more than one occasion to administer a little much-needed correction to gentlemen of whose behaviour to members of my own sex I did not approve.

Some months after the unfortunate termination of my intimacy with Alcibiades and his family I received a letter from Rosette, who had contrived to discover my whereabouts, begging me to visit her at her country house. I went, and there I met for the first time a young man of the name of d'Albert, who has become her *amant en pied*. Although fond enough of Rosette, he is not really in love with her; nor—as I know only too well—is she in love with him. When I was forced to leave her she grew reckless, committed many follies, and has now the reputation of being *légère*. As you know, the wretched man is desperately attached to me—to the *female* me, since he has guessed my sex, and truly I am perplexed as to what I should do. I like him well enough; in many ways our tastes and opinions are akin, and I feel I owe him something for his perspicacity, or his intuition. Yes, I will make him happy; and, since yield I must sooner or later, there shall be no delay! After all, he may cure the love-sickness *I* feel, just as I may cure that which is afflicting him!

. . . . .

A fortnight had passed since d'Albert's burning epistle had been laid on Théodore's table, without any reply having reached him. Sitting in solitary meditation in his bedroom, his thoughts were gloomy enough. Evidently his Ideal was offended at his boldness. Should he write again, begging for pardon? Suddenly a hand was placed on his shoulder, and, raising his eyes in astonishment and delight, he beheld the adored one radiantly lovely in the garb of Rosalind.

"Well, Orlando," she exclaimed, "do you not know your Rosalind? But perhaps" (with the most bewitching smile) "you are cured of the love-sickness you entreated me to heal? I fear it is so."

"Oh, no, Rosalind! My malady increases. A little more and I shall die of it! You did well to come to-night. To-morrow I might not have been here!"

Thereupon the beautiful girl threw herself into his arms and wound her white arms around his neck.

"To-night," she cried, "I am Rosalind, and I belong to my Orlando. To-morrow I put on my man's clothes again, and to all the world am Théodore de Sérannes once more!"

On the following night Théodore—for the disguise had been resumed—retired to rest early, and before the others were awake had saddled his horse and departed.

For d'Albert there was left a letter of farewell. "Do not blame me for going away," it said. "I was your Ideal; you longed for me; I gratified your wish, which was also my own; and now it pleases me to leave you. We could never be to one another more than we have been. In time you would have tired of me; I should have tired of you. As it is, we have the most delightful memories, each of the other. Do not try to trace me, for you would not succeed. Absent, I shall think of you often—more often than if we were together. Do your best, my dear d'Albert, to console poor Rosette, who must be quite as much grieved to lose me as *you* are. Be very fond of one another, in memory of me, whom you both have loved, and breathe my name sometimes between your kisses."

A Beautiful Monument of Wifely Devotion

LUCY HUTCHINSON

MEMOIRS OF THE LIFE OF COLONEL HUTCHINSON

IN the small but invaluable company of books which though not written for publication have found their way into print and taken a permanent place in literature the memoirs of which an outline is here presented hold a high position. The book is remarkable among biographies for the personality of its author almost as much as for that of its subject. Mrs. Hutchinson tells us that she had an excellent education, but her book shows that her native gifts were of a quite exceptional kind; in her a wide grasp of the affairs of the time, a penetrating insight into character and a balanced judgement are joined to a courageous and even fiery spirit and a deep and simple tenderness. The memoirs were written between 1664 and 1667 solely for the preservation of Colonel Hutchinson's memory and for the instruction of his children. They were first published in 1806 and have been widely circulated ever since. The best edition was that edited by C. H. Firth in 1885. Of several popular editions mention may be made of that included in Everyman's Library.

To My Children

I THAT am under a command not to grieve at the common rate of desolate women, while I am studying which way to moderate my woe, and if it were possible to augment my love, can for the present find out none more just to your dear father and consolatory to myself than the preservation of his memory; which I need not gild with such flattering commendations as the hired preachers do equally give to the truly and titularly honourable. A naked, undressed narrative, speaking the simple truth of him, will deck him with more substantial glory than all the panegyrics the best pens could ever consecrate to the virtues of the best of men.

Desiring, if my treacherous memory have not lost the dearest treasure that ever I committed to its trust, to relate to you his holy, virtuous, honourable life, I would put his picture in the front of his book, but my unskilful hand will injure him. Yet since even the rudest draft that endeavours to counterfeit him will have much delightful loveliness in it, I will make what shift I can.

In frame he was slender and exactly proportioned, and rather vigorous and active than robust; his countenance carried in it something of magnanimity and majesty mixed with sweetness, that at the same time bespoke love and awe in all that saw him; he was apt for any bodily exercise, and any that he did became him. He was eager in everything he did, and anything that it was necessary for him to do he did with delight, free and unconstrained. But how intent soever he were in anything, how much soever it delighted him, he could easily cast it away when God called him to something else.

In all, there was in him something extraordinary and tending to virtue, beyond what I can describe, or can be gathered from a bare dead description; there was a life of spirit and power in him that is not to be found in any copy drawn from him. And as to his outward frame and disposition, we must truly conclude that it was a very handsome and well-furnished lodging prepared for the reception of that prince who, in the administration of all excellent virtues, reigned there a while, till he was called back to the palace of the Universal Emperor.

To number his virtues is to give the epitome of his life which was nothing else but a progress from one degree of virtue to another till in a short time he arrived to that height which many longer lives could never reach, and had I but the power of rightly disposing and relating them his single example would be more instructive than all the rules of the best moralists, for his practice was of a more divine extraction, drawn from the word of God and wrought up by the assistance of His spirit.

I—Of His Youth, & How He Took up Arms for Parliament

MR. JOHN HUTCHINSON was born in the year 1615, of an honourable and virtuous family. Even in his early youth he gave promise of a serious and lofty spirit, and when he became a fellow-commoner of Peter House at Cambridge he betook himself with such delight to his studies that he became the grace of the whole university.

He was yet quite in his youth when he met that gentlewoman who became his wife, and whom he loved with a love which time in no wise lessened, but rather increased. He loved her better than his life, at such a kind and generous rate that words cannot express; yet even this, which was the highest love he or any man could have, was yet bounded by a superior. For he loved her in the Lord as his fellow-creature, not his idol, but in such a manner as showed that an affection bounded in the just rules of duty far exceeds every way all the irregular passions of the world.

And yet, of that virtue which he doted on he himself was the author; and the greatest excellency she had was the power of apprehending and the virtue of loving his; so as his shadow she waited on him everywhere, till he was taken into that region of light which admits of none, and then she vanished into nothing.

After this his marriage, he had by the providence of God two years of leisure before the noise of war and tumult came upon him; and these he employed most zealously in the study of divinity. He was by this time already an accomplished scholar, and he loved music, playing masterly upon the viol; there was, indeed, no knowledge or skill proper to a gentleman with which he was not acquainted, and in most he excelled. Also he understood well the military art and naturally loved it, conceiving a mutual delight in leading those men who loved his conduct.

He was never surprised, amazed, nor confounded with great difficulties or dangers, which rather served to animate his spirits; he had made up his accounts with Life and Death, and fixed his purpose to entertain both honourably, so that no accident ever dismayed him.

And thus was he marvellously ready when it pleased God to call him to fight in defence of that cause which men called the Puritans', but which was verily the cause of His kingdom. For so great had the tyranny of the king and his officers become, and so frivolous and unjust were the ways of the people of the court, that godly men were not able to bear it, and all that were sober and religious departed from them and joined themselves to the side of the Parliament.

But though this was so, yet were not all who ranged themselves there true men, but some were rather taken up with the spirit of faction and of pride, and delighted to manifest it in an outward show of zeal, and of affectations of habit, looks and words; with which also the weaker sort of those who were sincere concerned themselves unduly, so that they would not allow Mr. Hutchinson to be religious because his hair was not in their cut, nor his words in their phrase, nor such little formalities altogether fitted to their humour.

BUT as Mr. Hutchinson chose not them, but the God they served, so did not their weaknesses, censures, ingratitude, or discouraging behaviour, with which he was abundantly exercised all his life, make him forsake them in anything wherein they adhered to just and honourable principles, though when they apostatised from these none cast them off with greater indignation, how shining soever the profession were that gilt but a tomb which only held the carcase of religion.

But though he was so apt to the enterprise of arms, he sought not to take any part in the discords of the time, but dwelt peacefully at Owthorpe, his house near Nottingham, until by the greatness of the disturbances that arose in his own country he thought himself verily called by God to endeavour its protection, and also to serve that cause which he saw to be just. To this end he and others of the Parliament side sought especially to secure Nottingham, for on it depended greatly for them the intercourse between the north and south.

II—How He Defended the Castle and Town of Nottingham

In the year 1643 Mr. Hutchinson was made governor of the Castle of Nottingham and, later in that year, governor also of the town. The castle was very ill-prepared for defence, and the town likewise, and the governor set himself with all his might to strengthening the place and setting in order the garrison, of whom, indeed, there were very few, and at first the governor was forced to make shift as best he might with the townsmen to defend it.

And herein he was often put to great perplexity and hazard, for of these townsmen a great number were malignants at heart, and even of those well affected to the Parliament, many were so full of jealousy of the governor that they would not obey him, and yet others preferred their private interests to the public service. So that, in all, the governor had trials enough to overwhelm a spirit less high and courageous than his, who only grew the more resolute and cheerful in the face of them. And while he wanted not just and hot anger at the dishonest behaviour of these men, he was ever ready to forgive them if they seemed to amend.

While they plotted in secret, he ever met them with discretion, but likewise with openness and often with a high hand. Thus, when some in the town were speaking with jealousy of his commission to be governor, he, who hated secret heart-boilings, earnestly desired them, if they had any dislike to his holding the commission, that they would now freely declare it ; for as he should take it exceedingly kind of them to do so at this time, so, if after he had undertaken the charge, there were any thwarting or crossing of his command, he should not bear it : for as he should not stand upon all punctual niceties in his command, so he would not be abridged of the just and lawful power due to him in his place.

Nevertheless, in the main he would take no notice if this or that man spake ill of him, but let them gnash their teeth as they would, for it sufficed him for his inward peace that he did not thrust himself into this and other employments for any interest of his own, but that he was called thereto of God, for His service and the defence of the country. But if in ill-will to him any man threatened the public welfare, the governor would not brook it.

Thus it was when Captain White had disobeyed an order of the governor's to lead out his troop of horse on a certain design. Soon afterwards White's officer came up with warrants for hay for the governor to sign, but he tore them across, and said that he would sign no warrants for such a disorderly troop, as would do no service but what they list, whose officers knew neither how to give nor obey commands.

With these foes, as it were, in their own household, the governor and those who were stout and faithful had to meet the many alarms and assaults which came from without. How these came, and especially how the governor commanded his men, in cheering them, rebuking them and lending them some of his very spirit, one example will show in little.

In the first winter of his command, a great body of the Cavalier forces from Newark marched upon the town. The horse who were sent down to dispute their entrance into the town, perceiving their number, retreated to the castle, and the foot after them. Then the works were easily entered, and the enemy possessed themselves of part of the town.

The governor was very angry with the horse for coming up so suddenly, and stirred them up to such a generous shame that they dismounted, and all took muskets to serve as foot, with which they did such very good service that they exceedingly well regained their reputations, and with one of the governor's own companies they beat the Cavaliers out of the nearest lanes and houses.

But there remained yet above a thousand Cavaliers in the town, and as many without, and Sir Charles Lucas, their commander, had prepared a letter demanding the surrender of the castle. But before he could get it to the governor's hands, the governor's men chased his people from street to street, who ran away

confusedly. Many of them died on their retreat, and many, discouraged by this service, ran away. For two miles they left a great track of blood, which froze as it fell upon the snow, for it was such bitter weather that the foot had waded almost to the middle in snow when they came into the town.

Thus that assault, which began so ill for the town, ended in defeat for the Cavaliers, and that in marvellous fashion. For, indeed, no one can believe, but those that saw that day, what a strange ebb and flow of courage and cowardice there was in both parties then.

The Cavaliers marched in with such terror to the garrison, and such gallantry, that they started not when one of their leading files fell before them all at once, but marched boldly over the dead bodies of their friends, under their enemies' cannon, and carried such valiant dreadfulness about them as made very courageous stout men recoil.

Our horse, who fled at first when they might more easily have defended, returned fiercely to the fight, as men who thought nothing too great for them.

It was a wonder of Providence, and a great instruction, that the best and highest courages are but the beams of the Almighty, now given and again withheld.

III—Of a Plot Against the Governor, & of Unhappy Factions

Soon after this there was hatched a very wicked plot by those in Nottingham who hated the governor, whereby he and his brother were to be accused of a design to betray the town to the enemy, and though this was frustrated, yet lying accusations were brought against the governor, then in London, and pushed especially by Captain White, the devil's exquisite solicitor.

These, though they cost the governor much vexation, were so fully answered, that the committee appointed to hear his business sent him back to his charge with letters commanding all the troops and townsmen to be obedient to him. And his enemies therefore fleeing the town for a time, he was received by those who loved him with such demonstrations of joy and expressions of love and honour as made the day a very festival.

Yet was this only one time out of many when the governor was cruelly persecuted with false accusations and beset with mutiny. And, indeed, such doings were much fostered by the unhappy factions of the times, in the disagreements of the Presbyterian and Independent parties, of which Colonel Hutchinson had much experience after he was elected to Parliament in 1645.

When the trial of the king was determined, Colonel Hutchinson was appointed one of the commissioners, though very much against his will; yet, looking upon himself as called hereunto, he durst not refuse it. And when he signed the sentence against the king, he did it only after much addressing himself to God by prayer, desiring the Lord that if through any human frailty he were led into any error or false opinion in these great transactions He would open his eyes and not suffer him to proceed, but that He would confine his spirit in the truth, and lead him by a right-enlightened conscience, and after serious debate both privately and in these addresses to God, and after conference with conscientious, unbiassed persons.

After the death of the king, Colonel Hutchinson was appointed one of the first council of state, and in this employment he protected and helped some of his enemies, as was his wont when he could do so without harm to the public welfare. For they had entered so deeply into the Presbyterian conspiracy that their lives would have been forfeit but that he so managed that they were only kept from doing further mischief, and afterwards released.

About this time the minds of honest men were greatly troubled at the ambition of Cromwell, who was subtly advancing his power by means of the army, and the wiser sort saw how he creeped on, but could not stop him. And now, as at some other times, the colonel spoke to him with great plainness, showing him how dangerous to the cause were his ways; and though Cromwell received his caution with much semblance of gratitude, yet he gave him small thanks in his heart, and remembered it against him.

IV—Peace and Quietness: Then a Cloud Like a Man's Hand

After this, Colonel Hutchinson passed his time in quietness at Owthorpe, Cromwell having violently broken up the parliament. He governed his own country so well that very suddenly it was clear of all vagrants and beggars, which before was overrun by them; he put down unnecessary ale-houses, and if any one suffered any disorder in his house, he forbade him to brew any more. And though some railed at him, so much were the children of darkness convinced by his light that they were more in awe of his virtue than his authority.

At home he delighted himself with the choice paintings, gravings and other such curiosities as he had bought in London, and took much pleasure in music, in which he advanced his children more than did their tutors. He was himself their instructor in all godliness and virtue, which he rather strove to make them exercise with love and delight than by constraint.

At the same time his company was much sought by those of all parties, for the pleasantness and wisdom of his conversation, and there was a very kind correspondence between him and all his countrymen. But he would not return to any service of state, because his conscience condemned the ways of Cromwell and his creatures.

After the close of Oliver's mutable reign, many began to espouse the king's interest, and they often besought and tried to tempt the colonel to fall in with it; yet was he never moved thereto a hair's breadth. Then, after the king's return he was suspended from sitting in parliament.

At this, Mrs. Hutchinson was awakened to fear for him, and saw that he was ambitious of being a public sacrifice; and therefore, herein only in her whole life, resolved to disobey him, and to improve all the affection he had to her for his safety, and prevailed with him to retire; for, she said, she would not live to see him a prisoner.

With this unquietness, she drove him out of her own lodgings into the custody of a friend, for his better protection, and then made it her business to solicit all her friends for his safety. Her efforts resulted in this, that for the time he seemed to come off lightly, with only his discharge from all offices in the state for ever.

Yet his wife found that she had never displeased him more in her life than in this, and he would have made himself a voluntary sacrifice to suffer with his friends but for her entreaties, and that also he believed it was by the providence of God that he was delivered.

He had not long retired to the country before he was fetched up to give testimony concerning some who were with him in the matter of the king's execution, and displeased the Attorney-General because he would not witness against them. For this, and through the malice of his enemies, he fell more and more into disfavour, until at last there came soldiers to Owthorpe, and carried him to Newark, where he was most vilely lodged in an inn, and kept under guard.

V—How He was Kept in Prison and so Died

It was on the eleventh of October 1663 that he was seized, and on the fourth of November he was committed a close prisoner to the Tower. Thereafter was he nevermore free until it pleased God to work His servant's final deliverance, but a few months afterwards was carried to Sandown Castle, in Kent. This was a lamentable, old, ruined place, not weather-proof, nor with any kind of accommodation either for lodging or diet.

Notwithstanding all this, the colonel was very cheerful, and made the best shifts he could with things as he found them, and was never more pleasant and content in his life. When no other recreation was left him, he diverted himself with sorting and dressing cockle-shells, which his wife and daughter gathered for him, with as much delight as he used to take in the richest agates and onyxes he could compass, with the most artificial engravings. These were but his trifling diversions; his continual study was the Scripture, which the more he conversed in, the more it delighted him.

COLONEL JOHN HUTCHINSON AND HIS WIFE LUCY HUTCHINSON

John Hutchinson was born in 1615, son of Sir Thomas Hutchinson of Owthorpe, Nottinghamshire. He was educated at Nottingham and at Peterhouse, Cambridge, and became a lawyer, but on the outbreak of the Civil War took up arms for the Parliament. The salient facts of his career until his death, September 11, 1664, are related in the memoirs written by his widow Lucy. She was born January 29, 1620, daughter of Sir Allen Apsley, at one time Lieutenant of the Tower; a brave and devoted woman, she shared every trouble and difficulty with him and refused to mourn bitterly at the end. The date of her death is unknown.

His wife, who had taken lodgings in Deal, to be as near as might be to him, bore all her own toils joyfully enough for the love of him, but could not but be very sad at the sight of his undeserved sufferings; and he would very sweetly chide her for it, and tell her that if she were but cheerful, he should think his sufferings the happiest thing that ever befel him.

With gracious words he essayed to comfort her when, with a very heavy heart, she left him to go to Owthorpe to fetch supplies for him; though, said he, 'I myself begin to be loath to part with thee.' But then he seemed so confident of seeing Owthorpe that he gave her directions for planting trees, and for many other things belonging to his house.

Yet it was soon afterwards, on the third of September, that he was seized with a kind of feverish distemper, exceeding heavy upon him. The physician who was fetched said that he could not live, for that chamber had killed him. His sleep left him, but he continued very peaceful, and in his perfect senses, and when they told him that he could not live, he replied, very composedly, 'The will of the Lord be done; I am ready for it.'

The doctor asked him concerning the ground of his hope, to which he answered, 'There's none but Christ, none but Christ, in whom I have unspeakable joy, more than I can express.'

Again, when his daughter wept, he said, 'Fie, Bab, do you mourn for me as for one without hope? There is hope.'

Then within a little while he departed peacefully, his countenance settling so amiably and cheerfully after death that he looked as he used to do when best pleased in life.

His body was brought to Owthorpe, very seriously bewailed all the way he came along by those who knew his worth; thus he was brought home with honour to his grave through the dominions of his murderers, who were ashamed of his glories, which all their tyrannies could not extinguish with his life.

And for us, let us remember that he and all his excellencies came from God, and flowed back into their own spring; there let us seek them, thither let us hasten after him; there having found him, let us cease to bewail among the dead that which is risen, or, rather, was ever immortal.

JAMES THOMSON

THE SEASONS

IN the year 1725 James Thomson left his home in Scotland to seek a career in literature in London. In the following year appeared Winter, the first of the series of The Seasons. Its praises were sung on every hand, and it was succeeded by Summer in 1727, and Spring in 1728. Autumn was not published until 1730, when the four poems appeared together as The Seasons. Thomson first challenged the artificiality of the work and influence of Cowley and Pope, and transmitted the sentiment of nature to Gray, Cowper and Wordsworth. 'From 1750 to 1850,' says Thomas Seccombe, 'Thomson was the poet of the large middle class. Royal Academicians quoted him to illustrate their landscapes, and Haydn made a good oratorio of The Seasons. In the possession of the true poetic temperament he has been surpassed not even by Tennyson.' The Seasons is published in a cheap edition by the Oxford University Press.

Spring

THE north-east spends his rage; he now shut up
Within his iron caves—th' effusive south
Warms the wide air, and o'er the void of heaven
Breathes the big clouds with vernal showers distent.
At first a dusky wreath they seem to rise,
Scarce staining ether; but by swift degrees,
In heaps on heaps, the doubling vapour sails
Along the loaded sky, and mingling deep
Sits on th' horizon round, a settled gloom:
Not such as wintry storms on mortals shed,
Oppressing life; but lovely, gentle, kind,
And full of every hope and every joy,
The wish of Nature. Gradual sinks the breeze
Into a perfect calm; that not a breath
Is heard to quiver through the closing woods,
Or, rustling, turn the many twinkling leaves
Of aspen tall. Th' uncurling floods, diffus'd
In glassy breadth, seem through delusive lapse
Forgetful of their course. 'Tis silence all,
And pleasing expectation. Herds and flocks
Drop the dry sprig, and, mute-imploring, eye
The falling verdure. Hush'd in short suspense,
The plumy people streak their wings with oil,
To throw the lucid moisture trickling off,
And wait th' approaching sign to strike at once
Into the general choir. Even mountains, vales,
And forests seem impatient to demand
The promis'd sweetness. . . . . At last
The clouds consign their treasure to the fields;
And, softly shaking on the dimpled pool
Prelusive drops, let all their moisture flow
In large effusion o'er the freshen'd world.
The stealing shower is scarce to patter heard
By such as wander thro' the forest walks
Beneath the umbrageous multitude of leaves.

But who can hold the shade, while Heaven descends
In universal bounty, shedding herbs
And fruits and flowers on Nature's ample lap?
Swift fancy fired anticipates their growth;
And, while the milky nutriment distils,
Beholds the kindling country colour round.
Thus all day long the full-distended clouds
Indulge their genial stores, and well-showered Earth
Is deep enrich'd with vegetable life;
Till in the western sky, the downward sun
Looks out, effulgent, from amid the flush
Of broken clouds, gay-shifting to his beam.
The rapid radiance instantaneous strikes
Th' illumined mountain, through the forest streams,
Shakes on the floods, and in the yellow mist,
Far smoking o'er the interminable plain,
In twinkling myriads lights the dewy gems.

Fair-handed Spring unbosoms every grace;
Throws out the snowdrop and the crocus first,
The daisy, primrose, violet darkly blue,
And polyanthus of unnumber'd dyes;
The yellow wallflower, stained with iron brown;
And lavish stock, that scents the garden round;
From the soft wing of vernal breezes shed,
Anemones; auriculas enriched
With shining meal o'er all their velvet leaves;
And full ranunculas, of glowing red.
Then comes the tulip-race, where Beauty plays
Her idle freaks: from family diffus'd
To family, as flies the father-dust,
The varied colours run; and while they break
On the charm'd eye, the exulting florist marks
With secret pride the wonders of his hand,
No gradual bloom is wanting; from the bud,
First-born of Spring, to Summer's musky tribes:
Nor hyacinths, of purest virgin white,
Low-bent, and blushing inward; nor jonquils,
Of potent fragrance; nor Narcissus fair,
As o'er the fabled fountain hanging still;
Nor broad carnations, nor gay spotted pinks,

Nor shower'd from every bush, the damask-rose.
Infinite numbers, delicacies, smells,
With hues on hues expression cannot paint,
The breath of Nature, and her endless bloom,

Hail, Source of Being, Universal Soul
Of Heaven and Earth ! Essential Presence, hail !
To Thee I bend the knee ; to Thee my thoughts
Continual climb ; who, with a master-hand,
Hast the great whole into perfection touched.
By Thee the various vegetative tribes,
Wrapped in a filmy net, and clad with leaves,
Draw the live ether, and imbibe the dew :
By Thee disposed with congenial soils,
Stands each attractive plant, and sucks, and swells
The juicy tide, a twining mass of tubes.
At Thy command the vernal sun awakes
The torpid sap, detruded to the root
By wintry winds, that now, in fluent dance
And lively fermentation, mounting, spreads
All this innumerous-coloured scene of things.

As rising from the vegetable world
My theme ascends, with equal wing ascend,
My panting Muse ; and hark, how loud the woods
Invite you forth in all your gayest trim.
Lend me your song, ye nightingales ! Oh, pour
The mazy-running soul of melody
Into my varied verse, while I deduce,
From the first note the hollow cuckoo sings,
The symphony of Spring. . . . .
Up springs the lark,
Shrill-voic'd and loud, the messenger of morn :
Ere yet the shadows fly, he, mounted, sings
Amid the dawning clouds, and from their haunts
Calls up the tuneful nations. Every copse
Deep-tangled, tree irregular, and bush
Bending with dewy moisture o'er the heads
Of the coy quiristers that lodge within,
Is prodigal of harmony. The thrush
And wood-lark, o'er the kind-contending throng
Superior heard, run through the sweetest length
Of notes ; when listening Philomela deigns
To let them joy, and purposes, in thought
Elate, to make her night excel their day.
The blackbird whistles from the thorny brake ;
The mellow bullfinch answers from the grove ;
Nor are the linnets, o'er the flowering furze
Poured out profusely, silent. Join'd to these
Innumerous songsters, in the freshening shade
Of new sprung leaves, their modulations mix
Mellifluous. The jay, the rook, the daw,
And each harsh pipe, discordant heard alone,
Aid the full concert ; while the stock-dove breathes
A melancholy murmur through the whole.

Summer

Now, flaming up the heavens, the potent sun
Melts into limpid air the high-rais'd clouds,
And morning fogs that hover'd round the hills
In party-colour'd bands ; till wide unveil'd
The face of Nature shines, from where earth seems
Far stretched around, to meet the bending sphere.

Half in a blush of clustering roses lost,
Dew-dropping Coolness to the shade retires ;
There, on the verdant turf, or flowery bed,
By gelid founts and careless rills to muse ;
While tyrant Heat, dispreading thro' the sky,
With rapid sway, his burning influence darts
On man, and beast, and herb and tepid stream

Who can unpitying see the flowery race,
Shed by the morn, their new-flush'd bloom resign
Before the parching beam ? So fade the fair,
When fevers revel thro' their azure veins.
But one, the lofty follower of the sun,
Sad when he sets, shuts up her yellow leaves,
Drooping all night ; and, when he warm returns,
Points her enamoured bosom to his ray.

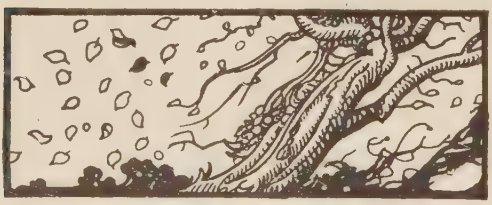
Home from his morning task the swain retreats,
His flock before him stepping to the fold ;
While the full-udder'd mother lows around
The cheerful cottage, then expecting food,
The food of innocence and health ! The daw,
The rook and magpie, to the grey-grown oaks
That the calm village in their verdant arms,
Sheltering, embrace, direct their lazy flight ;
Where on the mingling boughs they sit embower'd
All the hot noon, till cooler hours arise,
Faint, underneath, the household fowls convene ;
And, in a corner of the buzzing shade,
The house-dog, with the vacant greyhound, lies
Out-stretch'd, and sleepy. In his slumbers, one
Attacks the nightly thief, and one exults
O'er hill and dale ; till, waken'd by the wasp,
They starting snap. Nor shall the Muse disdain
To let the little noisy summer-race
Live in her lay, and flutter through her song ;
Not mean, tho' simple ; to the sun allied,
From him they draw their animating fire.

Wak'd by his warmer ray, the reptile young
Come wing'd abroad ; by the light air upborn,
Lighter, and full of soul. From every chink
And secret corner, where they slept away
The wintry storms ; or rising from their tombs
To higher life ; by myriads, forth at once,
Swarming they pour ; of all the varied hues
Their beauty-beaming parent can disclose.
Ten thousand forms ! Ten thousand different tribes !
People the blaze. To sunny waters some

By fatal instinct fly ; where on the pool [stream,
They, sportive, wheel ; or, sailing down the
Are snatched immediate by the quick-eyed trout, [glade
Or darting salmon. Through the green-wood
Some love to stray. . . .

Thick in yon stream of light, a thousand ways
Upward and downward, thwarting and convolved,
The quivering nations sport; till, tempest-winged,
Fierce Winter sweeps them from the face of day.
Even so luxurious men, unheeding, pass
An idle summer life in fortune's shine,
A season's glitter! Thus they flutter on
From toy to toy, from vanity to vice,
Till, blown away by death, oblivion comes
Behind, and strikes them from the book of life.

Now swarms the village o'er the jovial mead:
The rustic youth, brown with meridian toil,
Healthful and strong; full as the summer-rose,
Blown by prevailing suns, the ruddy maid,
Her kindling glances burning o'er her cheek;
Even stooping age is here; and infant-hands
Trail the long rake, or, with the fragrant load
O'ercharged, amid the kind oppression roll.
Wide flies the tedded grain; all in a row,
Advancing broad, or wheeling round the field,
They spread their breathing harvest to the sun,
That throws refreshful round a rural smell;
Or, as they rake the green-appearing ground,
And drive the dusky wave along the mead,
The russet hay-cock rises thick behind,
In order gay; while, heard from dale to dale,
Waking the breeze, resounds the blended voice
Of happy labour, love and social glee.



Autumn

Crown'd with the sickle and the wheaten sheaf,
While Autumn, nodding o'er the yellow plain,
Comes jovial on, the Doric reed once more,
Well pleased, I tune. Whate'er the Wintry frost,
Nitrous prepared, the various blossom'd Spring
Put in white promise forth, and Summer suns
Concocted strong, rush boundless now to view,
Full, perfect all, and swell my glorious theme.

Soon as the morning trembles o'er the sky,
And, unperceiv'd, unfolds the spreading day,
Before the ripen'd field the reapers stand,
In fair array; each by the lass he loves,
To bear the rougher part, and mitigate
By nameless gentle offices her toil.
At once they stoop and swell the lusty sheaves;
While thro' their cheerful band the rural talk,
The rural scandal, and the rural jest,
Fly harmless, to deceive the tedious time,
And steal unfelt the sultry hours away. . .
The gleaners spread around, and here and there,
Spike after spike, their scanty harvest pick.
Be not too narrow, husbandmen! But fling
From the full sheaf, with charitable stealth,
The liberal handful. Think, oh, grateful think,
How good the God of harvest is to you!

Defeating oft the labours of the year,
The sultry south collects a potent blast.
At first the groves are scarcely seen to stir
Their trembling tops; and a still murmur runs
Along the soft-inclining fields of corn.
But as the aerial tempest fuller swells,
And in one mighty stream, invisible,
Immense, the whole excited atmosphere
Impetuous rushes o'er the sounding world:
Strain'd to the root, the stooping forest pours
A rustling shower of yet untimely leaves.
High-beat, the circling mountains eddy in,
From the bare wild, the dissipated storm,
And sent it in a torrent down the vale.
Expos'd and naked to its utmost rage,
Thro' all the sea of harvest rolling round,
The billowy plain floats wide; nor can evade,
Tho' pliant to the blast, its seizing force;
Or whirl'd in air, or into vacant chaff,
Shook waste. And sometimes, too, a burst of rain,
Swept from our black horizon, broad, descends still
In one continuous flood. Still overhead
The mingling tempest weaves its gloom,
The deluge deepens, till the fields around
Lie sunk and flatted in the sordid wave.
Sudden, the ditches swell, the meadows swim.
Red from the hills, innumerable streams
Tumultuous roar; and high above its banks
The river lifts; before whose rushing tide
Herds, flocks and harvests, cottages and swains,
Roll mingled down; all that the winds had spar'd
In one wild moment ruin'd; the big hopes
And well-earn'd treasures of the painful year.

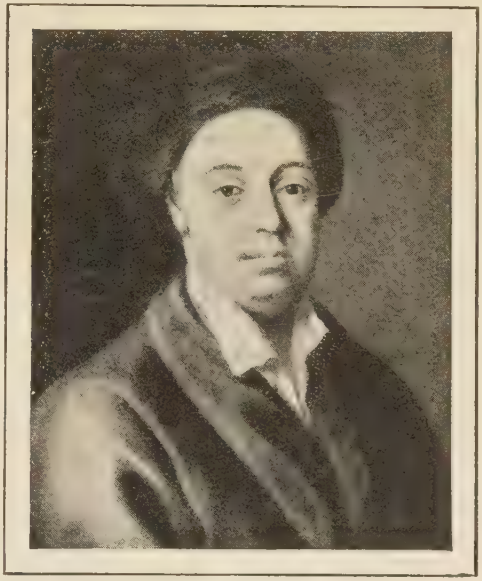
Hence, from this scene of miserable wreck,
In cheerful error, let us tread the maze
Of Autumn, unconfin'd; and taste, reviv'd,
The breath of orchard big with bending fruit.
Obedient to the breeze and beating ray.
From the deep-loaded bough a mellow shower
Incessant melts away. The juicy year
Lies, in a soft profusion, scattered around.
A various sweetness swells the gentle race;
By Nature's all-refining hand prepar'd;
Such, falling frequent thro' the chiller night,
The fragrant stores, the wide-projected heaps
Of apples, which the lusty-handed year,
Innumerous, o'er the blushing orchard shakes.

In this glad season, while his sweetest beams
The sun sheds equal o'er the meeken'd day;
Oh, lose me in the green delightful walks
Of, Doddington, thy seat, serene and plain.
Here, as I steal along the sunny wall,
Where Autumn basks, with fruit empurpled deep,
My pleasing theme continual prompts my thought:
Presents the downy peach, the shining plum;
The vine, too, here her curling tendrils shoots,
Hangs out her clusters, glowing to the south,
And scarcely wishes for a warmer sky.

Winter

THE keener tempests rise : and fuming dun
From all the living east, or piercing north,
Thick clouds ascend ; in whose capacious
A vapoury deluge lies, to snow congeal'd. [womb
Heavy they roll their fleecy world along,
And the sky saddens with the gather'd storm.
Through the hush'd air the whitening shower
descends,
At first thin-wavering, till at last the flakes
Fall broad and wide and fast, dimming the day
With a continual flow. The cherish'd fields
Put on their winter robe of purest white. [melts
'Tis brightness all ; save where the new snow
Along the mazy current. Low, the woods
Bow their hoar heads, and, ere the languid sun
Faint from the west emits his evening ray,
Earth's universal face, deep hid and chill,
Is one wide dazzling waste, that buries wide
The works of man. Drooping, the labourer-ox
Stands cover'd o'er with snow, and then demands
The fruit of all his toil. The fowls of heaven,
Tam'd by the cruel season, crowd around
The winnowing store, and claim the little boon
Which Providence assigns them. One alone,
The redbreast, sacred to the household gods,
Wisely regardful of th' embroiling sky,
In joyless fields and thorny thicket leaves
His shivering mates, and pays to trusted Man
His annual visit. Half afraid, he first
Against the window beats ; then, brisk, alights
On the warm hearth, then, hopping o'er the
Eyes all the smiling family askance, [floor,
And pecks, and starts, and wonders where he is ;
Till, more familiar grown, the table-crumbs
Attract his slender feet. The foodless wilds
Pour forth their brown inhabitants. The hare,
Though timorous of heart, and hard beset
By death in various forms—dark snares and dogs
And more unpitying men—the garden seeks,
Urg'd on by fearless want. The bleating kind
Eye the bleak heaven, and next the glistening
earth,
With looks of dumb despair ; then, sad dispers'd,
Dig for the wither'd herb through heaps of snow.

Loud rings the frozen earth, and hard reflects
A double noise ; while, as his evening watch,
The village dog deters the nightly thief ;
The heifer lows ; the distant waterfall
Swells in the breeze ; and, with the hasty tread
Of traveller, the hollow-sounding plain
Shakes from afar. The full ethereal round,
Infinite worlds disclosing to the view,
Shines out intensely keen ; and, all one cope
Of staring glitter, glows from pole to pole.
From pole to pole the rigid influence falls
Thro' the still night, incessant, heavy, strong,
And seizes Nature fast. It freezes on,
Till morn, late-rising o'er the drooping world,
Lits her pale eye unjoyous. Then appears
The various labour of the silent night :
Prone from the dripping eave, and dumb cascade,
Whose idle torrents only seem to roar,
The pendent icicle ; the frost-work fair ;
Wide-spouted o'er the hill, the frozen brook,
A livid tract, cold-gleaming on the morn ;
The forest bent beneath the plumy wave ;
And by the frost refin'd the whiter snow
Incrusted hard, and sounding to the tread
Of early shepherd, as he pensive seeks
His pining flock, or from the mountain top,
Pleas'd with the slippery surface, swift descends.



JAMES THOMSON was born at Ednam, Roxburghshire, in 1700. The son of a minister, he was himself intended for the ministry, but he left the University of Edinburgh and sailed for London in 1725. The publication of The Seasons being enthusiastically received, Thomson decided to try his fortune at playwriting, but Sophonisba, Agamemnon and Coriolanus were plays of ephemeral popularity. Rule Britannia, his most famous ode, appeared in The Masque of Alfred for which Arne wrote the music. Thomson died in 1748. This portrait is in the National Portrait Gallery.

ON blithesome frolics bent, the youthful
swains,
While every work of Man is laid at rest,
Fond o'er the river crowd, in various sport
And revelry dissolv'd ; where mixing glad,
Happiest of all the train, the raptur'd boy
Lashes the whirling top. . . .
Pure, quick and sportful is the wholesome day ;
But soon elaps'd. The horizontal sun,
Broad o'er the south, hangs at his utmost noon :
And, ineffectual, strikes the gelid cliff :
His azure gloss the mountain still maintains,
Nor feels the feeble touch. Perhaps the vale
Relents awhile to the reflected ray ;
Or from the forest falls the cluster'd snow,
Myriads of gems, that in the waving gleam
Gay-twinkle as they scatter.

THOMAS CARLYLE

SARTOR RESARTUS

WHILE, during 1833–4, Sartor Resartus was appearing in Fraser's Magazine, the publisher declared that it was meeting with unqualified disapproval. The failure of this remarkable work of genius to attract enthusiasm at once is unintelligible, but later generations have more justly gauged its worth, and it is now the most popular of Carlyle's works. It is largely autobiographical, and was begun just after the author's romantic and eventful courtship of Jane Baillie Welsh had culminated in their marriage and the two great spirits were fighting poverty in the farm-house of Craigenputtock. There is much here that proves why Carlyle became one of the most influential writers of his century. Others of his works are epitomised in *The World's Great Books*. Many cheap editions of Sartor Resartus are available.

I—The Philosophy of Clothes

CONSIDERING our present advanced state of culture, and how the torch of science has now been brandished and borne about, with more or less effect, for five thousand years and upwards, it is surprising that hitherto little or nothing of a fundamental character, whether in the way of philosophy or history, has been written on the subject of clothes. Every other tissue has been dissected, but the vestural tissue of woollen or other cloth, which man's soul wears as its outmost wrappage, has been overlooked. All speculation has tacitly figured man as a clothed animal, whereas he is by nature a naked animal and only in certain circumstances, by purpose and device, masks himself in clothes.

But here, as in so many other cases, learned, indefatigable, deep-thinking Germany comes to our aid. The editor of these sheets has lately received a new book from Professor Teufelsdröckh, of Weissnichtwo, treating expressly of Clothes, their Origin and Influence (1831). This extensive volume, a very sea of thought, discloses to us not only a new branch of philosophy, but also the strange personal character of Professor Teufelsdröckh.

When we knew him at Weissnichtwo, Professor Teufelsdröckh lived a still and self-contained life, devoted to the higher philosophies and to a certain speculative radicalism. The last words that he spoke in our hearing were to propose a toast in the coffee-house—'The cause of the poor, in heaven's name and the devil's.' But we looked for nothing moral from him, still less anything didactico-religious.

Brave Teufelsdröckh, who could tell what lurked in thee? In thine eyes, deep under thy shaggy brows, and looking out so still and dreamy, have we not noticed gleams of an ethereal or else a diabolic fire? Our friend's title was that of Professor of Things in General, but he never delivered any course. We used to sit with him in his attic, overlooking the town; he would contemplate that wasp-nest or bee-hive spread out below him, and utter the strangest thoughts. 'That living flood, pouring through these streets, is coming from eternity, going onward to eternity. These are apparitions. What else?' Thus he lived and meditated, with Heuschrecke for his Boswell.

'As Montesquieu wrote a Spirit of Laws,' observes our professor, 'so could I write a Spirit of Clothes, for neither in tailoring nor in legislating does man proceed by mere accident, but the hand is ever guided by the mysterious operations of the mind.' And so he deals with Paradise and fig-leaves, and proceeds to view the costumes of all mankind, in all countries, in all times.

The first purpose of clothes, he imagines, was not warmth or decency, but ornament.

'Yet what have they not become? Increased security and pleasurable heat soon followed; divine shame or modesty, as yet a stranger to the anthropophagous bosom, arose there mysteriously under clothes, a mystic shrine for the holy in

man. Clothes gave us individuality, distinctions, social polity ; clothes have made men of us ; they are threatening to make clothes-screens of us.'

Teufelsdröckh dwells chiefly on the seams, tatters and unsightly wrong-side of clothes, but he has also a superlative transcendentalism. To him, man is a soul, a spirit and divine apparition, whose flesh and senses are but a garment. He deals much in the feeling of wonder, insisting that wonder is the only reasonable temper for the denizen of our planet. 'Wonder,' he says, 'is the basis of worship,' and that progress of science, which is to destroy wonder and substitute mensuration and numeration, finds small favour with him. 'Clothes, despicable as we think them, are unspeakably significant.'

II—Biography of Diogenes Teufelsdröckh

So far as we can gather from the disordered papers which have been placed in our hands, the genesis of Diogenes Teufelsdröckh is obscure. We see nothing but an exodus out of invisibility into visibility. In the village of Entepfuhl we find a childless couple, verging on old age. Andreas Futteral, who has been a grenadier sergeant under Frederick the Great, is now cultivating a little orchard.

To him and Gretchen his wife there entered one evening a stranger of reverend aspect, who deposited a silk-covered basket, saying, "Good people, here is an invaluable loan ; take all heed thereof ; with high recompense, or else with heavy penalty, will it one day be required back."

Therein they found, as soon as he had departed, a little infant in the softest sleep. Our philosopher tells us that this story, told him in his twelfth year, produced a quite indelible impression. Who was his unknown father, whom he was never able to meet ?

We receive glimpses of his childhood, schooldays and university life, and then meet with him in that difficulty, common to young men, of 'getting under way.'

'Not what I have,' he says, 'but what I do, is my kingdom ; and we should grope throughout our lives from one expectation and disappointment to another were we not saved by one thing—our hunger.'

He had thrown up his legal profession, and found himself without landmark of outward guidance ; whereby his previous want of decided belief, or inward guidance, is frightfully aggravated. So he sets out over an unknown sea ; but a certain Calypso Island at the very outset falsifies his whole reckoning.

'Nowhere,' he says, 'does Heaven so immediately reveal itself to the young man as in the young maiden." The feeling of our young forlorn towards the queens of this earth was, and indeed is, altogether unspeakable. A visible divinity dwelt in them ; to our young friend all women were holy, were heavenly. And if, on a soul so circumstanced, some actual air-maiden should cast kind eyes, saying thereby, "Thou, too, mayest love and be loved," and so kindle him—good Heaven, what an all-consuming fire were probably kindled !

Such a fire of romance did actually burst forth in Herr Diogenes. We know not who 'Blumine' was, nor how they met. She was young, hazel-eyed, beautiful, high-born and of high spirit, but unhappily dependent and insolvent, living perhaps on the bounty of moneyed relatives.

To our friend the hours seemed moments ; holy was he and happy ; the words from those sweetest lips came over him like dew on thirsty grass. At parting, the Blumine's hand was in his ; in the balmy twilight, with the kind stars above them, he spoke something of meeting again, which was not contradicted ; he pressed gently those soft, small fingers, and it seemed as if they were not hastily, not angrily withdrawn.

Poor Teufelsdröckh, it is clear to demonstration thou art smit ! Flame-clad, thou art scaling the upper Heaven, and verging towards insanity, for prize of a high-souled brunette, as if the earth held but one and not several of these !

One morning, he found his morning-star all dimmed and dusky-red ; doomsday had dawned ; they were to meet no more ! Their lips were joined for the first time and the last, and Teufelsdröckh was made

immortal by a kiss. And then—thick curtains of night rushed over his soul, and he fell, through the ruins as of a shivered universe, towards the abyss.

He quietly lifts his pilgrim-staff, and begins a perambulation and circumambulation of the terraqueous globe. We find him in Paris, in Vienna, in Tartary, in the Sahara, flying with hunger always parallel to him and a whole infernal chase in his rear. He traverses mountains and valleys with aimless speed, writing with foot-prints his sorrows, that his spirit may free herself, and he become a man. Vain truly is the hope of your swiftest runner to escape from his own shadow! We behold him, through these dim years, in a state of crisis, of transition; his aimless pilgrimings are but a mad fermentation, wherefrom, the fiercer it is, the clearer product will one day evolve itself.

MAN has no other possession but hope; this world of his is emphatically the 'Place of Hope'; yet our professor, for the present, is quite shut out from hope. As he wanders wearisomely through this world he has now lost all tidings of another and higher.

'Doubt,' says he, 'had darkened into unbelief.' It is all a grim desert, this once fair world of his; and no pillar of cloud by day, and no pillar of fire by night, any longer guides the pilgrim.

'Invisible yet impenetrable walls, as of enchantment, divided me from all living; was there, in the wide world, any true bosom I could press trustfully to mine? O Heaven, no, there was none! To me the universe was all void of life, of purpose, of volition, even of hostility; it was one huge, dead, immeasurable steam-engine, rolling on, in its dead indifference, to grind me limb from limb. O, the vast, gloomy, solitary Golgotha, and mill of death!

'Full of such humour, and perhaps the miserablest man in the whole French capital or suburbs, was I, one sultry dog-day, after much perambulation, toiling along the dirty little Rue Saint Thomas de l'Enfer, among civic rubbish enough, in a close atmosphere and over pavements hot as Nebuchadnezzar's furnace; whereby doubtless my spirits were a little cheered; when, all at once, there rose a thought in me, and I asked myself, "What *art* thou afraid of? Wherefore, like a coward, dost thou forever pip and whimper, and go cowering and trembling? Despicable biped! what is the sum-total of the worst that lies before thee? Death? Well, death; and say the pangs of Tophet too, and all that the devil and man may, will, or can do against thee! Hast thou not a heart; canst thou not suffer whatever it be; and, as a child of freedom, though outcast, trample Tophet itself under thy feet, while it consumes thee? Let it come, then; I will meet it and defy it!" And, as I so thought, there rushed like a stream of fire over my whole soul; and I shook base fear away from me for ever. Ever from that time, the temper of my misery was changed; not fear or whining sorrow was it, but indignation and grim fire-eyed defiance.

'Thus had the *Everlasting No* pealed authoritatively through all the recesses of my being, of my *Me*; and then was it that my whole *Me* stood up, in native God-created majesty, and with emphasis recorded its protest. The Everlasting No had said, "Behold, thou are fatherless, outcast, and the universe is mine, the devil's;" to which my whole *Me* now made answer, "I am not thine, but free, and for ever hate thee!"

'It is from this hour that I incline to date my spiritual new-birth, or Baphometic Fire-baptism; perhaps I directly thereupon began to be a man.'

OUR wanderer's unrest was for a time but increased. 'Indignation and defiance are not the most peaceable inmates;' yet it was no longer a quite hopeless unrest. He looked away from his own sorrows, over the many-coloured world, and few periods of his life were richer in spiritual culture than this. He had reached the Centre of Indifference wherein he had accepted his own nothingness.

'I renounced utterly; I would hope no more and fear no more. To die or to live was to me alike insignificant. Here, then, as I lay in that Centre of Indifference, cast by benignant upper influence into a healing sleep, the heavy dreams rolled gradually away, and I awoke to a new

Annan

Thomas Carlyle (1795 1881) ranks with Samuel Johnson as one of the dominating figures in English literature. A profound scholar, steeped in German philosophy, he absorbed the Teuton spirit, and all his work is coloured by the idealism of Fichte and the romantic individualism of Jean Paul Richter. In his isolated and unrestful soul there was a singular blend of the Hindu seer and the Hebrew prophet. On the one hand he was filled with a sense of the illusion of things, the only certain fact in the ever-shifting mirage being the unvarying moral law of cause and effect, the retributive law of justice. On the other hand he had an exaggerated sense of his individual personality which drove him into tremendous denunciation and gave his forthright utterances the dynamic vehemence of a major prophet. By his savage denunciation of shams, his insistence upon justification by work and his unshakable belief in the justice of the 'great soul of the world' he profoundly influenced the finer minds of his age. Our portrait is from the famous painting by J. McNeill Whistler in the Glasgow Art Galleries.

heaven and a new earth. I saw that man can do without happiness and instead thereof find blessedness. 'Love not pleasure; love God. This is the *Everlasting Yea*, wherein all contradiction is solved; wherein whoso walks and works, it is well with him. In this poor, miserable, hampered, despicable Actual, wherein thou even now standest, here or nowhere is thy Ideal; work it out therefrom; and working, believe, live, be free! Produce! produce! Work while it is called to-day.'

III—The Volume on Clothes

In so capricious a work as this of the professor's, our course cannot be straightforward, but only leap by leap, noting significant indications here and there.

Thus, 'perhaps the most remarkable incident in modern history,' he says, 'is George Fox's making to himself a suit of leather, when, desiring meditation and devout prayer to God, he took to the woods, chose the hollow of a tree for his lodging and wild berries for his food, and for clothes stitched himself one perennial suit of leather. Then was there in broad Europe one free man, and Fox was he!'

Under the title Church-Clothes, by which Teufelsdröckh signifies the forms, the vestures, under which men have at various periods embodied and represented for themselves the religious principle, he says, 'These are unspeakably the most important of all the vestures and garnitures of human existence. Church-clothes are first spun and woven by society; outward religion originates by society; society becomes possible by religion.'

Of 'symbols,' as means of concealment and yet of revelation, thus uniting in themselves the efficacies at once of speech and of silence, our professor writes: 'In the symbol proper there is ever, more or less distinctly and directly, some embodiment and revelation of the Infinite; the Infinite is made to blend itself with the finite; to stand visible and, as it were, attainable there. Of this sort are all true works of art; in them, if thou know a work of art from a daub of artifice, wilt thou discern eternity looking through time; the God-like rendered visible. But nobler than all in this kind are the lives of heroic God-inspired men, for what other work of art is so divine?'

As for Helotage, or that lot of the poor wherein no ray of heavenly nor even of earthly knowledge visits him, Teufelsdröckh says, 'That there should one man die ignorant who had capacity for knowledge, this I call a tragedy, were it to happen more than twenty times in the minute.'

Of mankind in general the professor says: 'In vain thou deniest it, thou art my brother. Wondrous truly are the bonds that unite us one and all; whether by the soft binding of love, or the iron chaining of necessity, as we would like to choose it. Yes truly, if nature is one and a living indivisible whole, much more is mankind, the image that reflects and creates nature, without which nature were not. As palpable life-streams in that wondrous individual mankind, among so many life-streams that are not palpable flow on those main currents of what we call opinion, as preserved in institutions, polities, churches, above all in books. Beautiful it is to understand and know that a thought did never yet die; that as thou, the originator thereof, hast gathered it and created it from the whole past, so thou wilt transmit it to the whole future. It is thus that the heroic past, the seeing eye of the first times, still feels and sees in us of the latest; that the wise man stands ever encompassed and spiritually embraced by a cloud of witnesses and brothers; and there is a living, literal communion of saints, wide as the world itself and as the history of the world.'

In another place, our professor meditates upon the awful procession of mankind. 'Like a God-created, fire-breathing spirit-host, we emerge from the inane; haste stormfully across the astonished earth; then plunge again into the inane. But whence?—O Heaven, whither? Sense knows not; Faith knows not; only that it is through mystery to mystery; from God and to God.

> We are such stuff
> As dreams are made on, and our little life
> Is rounded with a sleep!'

LEWIS CARROLL

ALICE'S ADVENTURES IN WONDERLAND

No modern fairy tale approaches this wonderful phantasy on which the fame of 'Lewis Carroll,' whose real name was Charles Lutwidge Dodgson, will rest for ever. The charms of the book are its unstrained humour and its childlike fancy, held in check by the discretion of a clear, analytical mind. Though it is strange that an authority on Euclid should have invented so diverting and irresponsible a tale, we shall see, if we examine his story critically, that only a logical mind could have derived so much genuine humour from a deliberate attack on reason, in which a considerable element of fun arises from efforts to reconcile the irreconcilable. The original work was illustrated by Sir John Tenniel. We are fortunate in being able to enrich our condensed version with a series of drawings by Harry Furniss, the well-known Dickens illustrator, who was chosen by Dodgson himself to draw the pictures for his Sylvie and Bruno. Macmillans publish several cheap editions of Alice in Wonderland.

I—What Happened Down the Rabbit-Hole

ALICE was beginning to get very tired of sitting by her sister on the bank and of having nothing to do. Once or twice she had peeped into the book her sister was reading, but it had no pictures or conversations in it, 'and what is the use of a book,' thought Alice, 'without pictures or conversations?'

So she was considering in her own mind (as well as she could, for the hot day made her feel very sleepy and stupid) whether the pleasure of making a daisy-chain would be worth the trouble of getting up and picking the daisies, when suddenly a White Rabbit with pink eyes ran close by her.

There was nothing so *very* remarkable in that; nor did Alice think it so very much out of the way to hear the Rabbit say to himself: 'Oh dear! Oh dear! I shall be too late!' But when the Rabbit actually *took a watch out of his waistcoat pocket* and looked at it, and then hurried on, Alice started to her feet, for it flashed across her mind that she had never before seen a rabbit with either a waistcoat pocket or a watch to take out of it and, burning with curiosity, she ran across the field after him, and was just in time to see him pop down a large rabbit-hole under the hedge.

In another moment down went Alice after him, never once considering how in the world she was to get out again.

The rabbit-hole went straight on like a tunnel for some way and then dipped suddenly down—so suddenly that Alice had not a moment to think about stopping herself before she found herself falling down what seemed to be a very deep well.

Either the well was very deep or she fell very slowly, for she had plenty of time as she went down to look about her and to wonder what was going to happen next.

'Well,' thought Alice to herself, 'after such a fall as this, I shall think nothing of tumbling downstairs.'

Down, down, down. Would the fall *never* come to an end? 'I wonder if I shall fall right *through* the earth? How funny it'll seem to come out among the people that walk with their heads downwards! The Antipathies, I think' (she was rather glad there was no one listening this time, as it didn't sound at all the right word).

Down, down, down. Then suddenly, thump! thump!—down she came upon a heap of sticks and dry leaves, and the fall was over.

Alice was not a bit hurt, and she jumped up on to her feet in a moment. She looked up, but it was all dark overhead; before her was another long passage, and the White Rabbit was still in sight, hurrying down it. There was not a moment to be lost. Away went Alice like the wind and was just in time to hear him say, as he turned a corner, 'Oh, my ears and whiskers, how late it's getting!' She was

close behind him when she turned the corner, but the Rabbit was no longer to be seen. She found herself in a long narrow hall, which was lit up by lamps hanging from the roof.

In the hall she came upon a little three-legged table, all made of solid glass. There was nothing on it but a tiny golden key, and Alice's first idea was that this might belong to one of the doors of the hall; but, alas! either the locks were too large, or the key was too small, for, at any rate, it would not open any of them. However, on the second time round, she came upon a low curtain she had not noticed before, and behind it was a door about fifteen inches high. She tried the little golden key in the lock and, to her great delight, it fitted.

ALICE opened the door and found that it led into a small passage, not much larger than a rat-hole. She knelt down and looked along the passage into the loveliest garden you ever saw. How she longed to get out of that dark hall and wander about among those beds of bright flowers and those cool fountains, but she could not even get her head through the doorway.

There seemed to be no use in waiting near the little door, so she went back to the table, half hoping she might find another key on it, or, at any rate, a book of rules for shutting people up like telescopes. This time she found a little bottle on it ('which certainly was not here before,' said Alice), and tied round the neck of the bottle was a paper label, with the words DRINK ME beautifully printed on it in large letters.

Alice tasted it, and very soon finished it off.

'What a curious feeling!' said Alice. 'I must be shutting up like a telescope.'

And so it was, indeed; she was now only ten inches high, and her face brightened up at the thought that she was now the right size for going through the little door into that lovely garden. . . . But, alas for poor Alice, when she got to the door she found she had forgotten the little golden key, and when she went back to the table for it she found she could not possibly reach it.

Soon her eye fell on a little glass box that was lying under the table. She opened it, and found in it a very small cake, on which the words EAT ME were beautifully marked in currants.

She very soon finished off the cake.

'Curiouser and curiouser!' cried Alice (she was so much surprised that for the moment she quite forgot how to speak good English). 'Now I'm opening out like the largest telescope that ever was. Good-bye, feet!' (for when she looked down at

'OH DEAR! I SHALL BE TOO LATE!'

her feet they seemed to be almost out of sight, they were getting so far off). 'Oh, my poor little feet! I wonder who will put on your shoes and stockings for you now, dears?'

Just at this moment her head struck against the roof of the hall; in fact, she was now more than nine feet high, and she at once took up the little golden key, and hurried off to the garden door.

Poor Alice! It was as much as she could do, lying down on one side, to look through into the garden with one eye; but to get through was more hopeless than ever. She sat down and began to cry again, shedding gallons of tears, until there was a large pool all round her, about four inches deep, and reaching half down the hall.

After a time she heard a little pattering of feet in the distance and she hastily dried her eyes to see what was coming. It

was the White Rabbit returning, splendidly dressed, with a pair of white kid gloves in one hand and a large fan in the other. He came trotting along in a great hurry, muttering to himself as he came, 'Oh, the Duchess! the Duchess! Oh, won't she be savage if I've kept her waiting!'

Alice felt so desperate that she was ready to ask help of anyone; so, when the Rabbit came near her, she began, in a timid voice: "If you please, sir——"

The Rabbit started violently, dropped the gloves and the fan and scurried away into the darkness as hard as he could go.

Alice took up the fan and gloves and, as the hall was very hot, she kept fanning herself all the time she went on talking.

'Dear, dear! How queer everything is to-day! How puzzling it all is! I'll try if I know all the things I used to know. Let me see: four times five is twelve, and four times six is thirteen, and four times seven is—oh, dear, I shall never get to twenty at that rate!' But presently, on looking down at her hands, she was surprised to see that she had put on one of the Rabbit's little white kid gloves while she was talking.

'How *can* I have done that?' she thought. 'I must be growing small again.'

She got up and went to the table to measure herself by it and found that, as nearly as she could guess, she was now about two feet high and was going on shrinking rapidly. She soon found out that the cause of this was the fan she was holding and she dropped it hastily, just in time to save herself from shrinking away altogether. Now she hastened to the little door, but alas, it was shut again.

'I declare it's too bad, that it is!' she said aloud, and just as she spoke her foot slipped and in another moment, splash! she was up to her chin in salt water. It was the pool of tears she had wept when she was nine feet high!

II—The Pool of Tears and the Animals' Party

JUST then she heard something splashing about in the pool a little way off and she swam nearer to make out what it was. At first she thought it must be a walrus or hippopotamus, but then she remembered how small she was now and she soon made out that it was only a mouse that had slipped in like herself.

'Would it be of any use now,' thought Alice, 'to speak to this mouse? Everything is so out-of-the-way down here that I should think it very likely it can talk; at any rate, there's no harm in trying.' So she began, "O Mouse, do you know the way out of this pool? I am very tired of swimming about here, O Mouse." The Mouse looked at her rather inquisitively, and seemed to her to wink with one of its little eyes, but it said nothing.

'Perhaps it doesn't understand English,' thought Alice; 'I daresay it's a French mouse, come over with William the Conqueror.' So she began again, "*Ou est ma chatte?*" which was the first sentence in her French lesson book. The Mouse gave a sudden leap out of the water and seemed to quiver all over with fright. "Oh, I beg your pardon!" cried Alice hastily, afraid that she had hurt the poor animal's feelings, "I quite forgot you don't like cats."

"Not like cats!" cried the Mouse, in a shrill, passionate voice. "Would *you* like cats if you were me?" The Mouse was swimming away from her as hard as it could go. So she called very softly after it.

"Mouse dear! Do come back again and we won't talk about cats, or dogs either, if you don't like them!" When the Mouse heard this, it turned round and swam slowly back to her; its face was quite pale (with passion, Alice thought), and it said in a low, trembling voice, "Let us get to the shore, and I'll tell you my history and you'll understand why it is that I hate cats and dogs."

It was high time to go, for the pool was getting quite crowded with the birds and animals that had fallen into it; there were a duck and a dodo, a lory and an eaglet, and other curious creatures. Alice led the way and the party swam to the shore.

A very queer-looking party of dripping birds and animals now gathered on the bank of the Pool of Tears; but they were not so queer as their talk. First the Mouse, who was quite a person of authority among them, tried to dry them by telling them frightfully dry stories from history. But Alice confessed she was as wet as ever after she had listened to the bits of English

history; so the Dodo proposed a Caucus race. They all started off when they liked, and stopped when they liked. The Dodo said everybody had won, and Alice had to give the prizes. Luckily she had some sweets, which were not wet, and there was just one for each of them, but none for herself. The party were anxious she, too, should have a prize and, as she happened to have a thimble, the Dodo commanded her to hand it to him, and then, with great ceremony, the Dodo presented it to her, saying, "We beg your acceptance of this elegant thimble," and they all cheered.

Of course, Alice thought this all very absurd; but they were dry now and began eating their sweets. Then the Mouse began to tell Alice its history, and to explain why it hated C and D—for it was afraid to say cats and dogs. But she soon offended the Mouse, first by mistaking its 'long and sad tale' for a 'long tail,' and next by thinking it meant 'knot' when it said 'not,' so that it went off in a huff. Then when she mentioned Dinah to the others, and told them that was the name of her cat, the birds got uneasy and one by one the whole party gradually went off and left her all alone. Just when she was beginning to cry, she heard a pattering of little feet, and half thought it might be the Mouse coming back to finish its story.

It was the White Rabbit, trotting slowly back again and looking anxiously about as he went, as if he had lost something; and she heard him muttering to himself, 'The Duchess! The Duchess! Oh, my dear paws! Oh, my fur and whiskers! She'll get me executed, as sure as ferrets are ferrets! Where *can* I have dropped them, I wonder?'

Very soon the Rabbit noticed Alice and called out to her in an angry tone, "Why, Mary Ann, what *are* you doing out here? Run home this moment, and fetch me a pair of gloves and a fan. Quick, now!"

'He took me for his housemaid,' she said to herself as she ran. 'How surprised he'll be when he finds out who I am! But I'd better find him his fan and gloves.'

As she said this, she came upon a neat little house, on the door of which was a bright brass plate with the name W. RABBIT engraved upon it.

INSIDE the house she had a strange adventure, for she tried what the result of drinking from a bottle she found in the room would be, and grew so large that the house could hardly hold her. The White Rabbit and some of his friends, including Bill, the Lizard, threw a lot of little pebbles through the window, and these turned into tiny cakes. So Alice ate some and was delighted to find that she began shrinking directly.

As soon as she was small enough to get through the door, she ran out of the house and found quite a crowd of little animals and birds waiting outside. The poor little Lizard, Bill, was in the middle, being held up by two guinea-pigs, who were giving it something out a bottle. They all made a rush at Alice the moment she appeared; but she ran off as hard as she could and soon found herself safe in a thick wood.

III—The Adventures in the Wood

ONCE in the wood, she was anxious to get back to her right size again and then to get into that lovely garden. But how? Peeping over a mushroom, she beheld a large blue caterpillar sitting on the top with its arms folded, quietly smoking a long hookah and taking not the smallest notice of her or of anything else. At length, in a sleepy sort of way, it began talking to her, and she told it what she wanted so much—to grow to her right size again.

"I should like to be a *little* longer," she said. "Three inches is such a wretched height to be."

"It is a very good height indeed," said the Caterpillar angrily, rearing itself upright as it spoke (it was exactly three inches high).

"But I'm not used to it," pleaded poor Alice in a piteous tone. And she thought to herself, 'I wish the creatures wouldn't be so easily offended.'

"You'll get used to it in time," said the Caterpillar; and it put the hookah into its mouth and began smoking again.

This time Alice waited patiently until it chose to speak again. In a minute or two the Caterpillar took the hookah out of its mouth and yawned once or twice,

and shook itself. Then it got down off the mushroom and crawled away into the grass, merely remarking as it went, "One side will make you grow taller, and the other side will make you grow shorter."

'One side of *what?* The other side of *what?*' thought Alice to herself.

"Of the mushroom," said the Caterpillar, just as if she had asked it aloud; and in a moment it was out of sight.

Alice remained looking thoughtfully at the mushroom for a minute, trying to make out which were the two sides of it; and as it was perfectly round, she found this a very difficult question. However, at last she stretched her arms round it and broke off a bit of the edge with each hand.

"And now which is which?" she said to herself; and nibbled a little of the right-hand bit to try the effect. The next moment she felt a violent blow underneath her chin; it had struck her foot!

She was a good deal frightened by this very sudden change, but she felt that there was no time to be lost, as she was shrinking rapidly; so she set to work at once to eat some of the other bit. Her chin was pressed so closely against her foot that there was hardly room to open her mouth; but she managed to swallow a morsel of the left-hand bit.

The next minute she had grown so tall that her neck rose like a stalk out of a sea of green leaves, and these green leaves were the trees of the wood. But, by nibbling bits of mushroom, she at last succeeded in bringing herself down to her usual height. But, in order to get into the first house she saw, she had to eat some of the mushroom from her right hand and bring herself down to nine inches.

Outside the house she saw the Fish-footman and the Frog-footman with invitations from the Queen to the Duchess, asking her to play croquet. The Duchess lived in the house, and a terrible noise was going on inside, and when the door was opened a plate came crashing out. But Alice got in at last.

THE Duchess and her cook were quarrelling because there was too much pepper in the soup. The cook threw everything she could lay hands on at the Duchess, and nearly knocked the baby's nose off with a saucepan.

The Duchess had the baby in her lap and tossed it about ridiculously, finally throwing it in the most heartless way to Alice. She took it out of doors, and behold, it turned into a little pig, jumped out of her arms and ran into the wood.

'If it had grown up,' she said, 'it would have made a dreadfully ugly child; but it makes rather a handsome pig.'

She was a little startled now by seeing the Cheshire Cat—which she had first seen in the house of the Duchess—sitting on a bough of a tree. The Cat only grinned when it saw Alice. It looked good-natured, she thought; still, it had *very* long claws and many teeth, so she felt that it ought to be treated with respect.

"Cheshire Puss," she said, "what sort of people live about here?"

"In *that* direction," the Cat said, waving its right paw round, "lives a Hatter; and in *that* direction"—waving the other paw—"lives a March Hare. Visit either you like; they're both mad."

She had not gone very far before she came in sight of the house of the March Hare; she thought it must be the right house, because the chimneys were shaped like ears and the roof was thatched with fur. It was so large a house that she did not like to go nearer till she had nibbled some more of the left-hand bit of mushroom, and raised herself to about two feet high; even then she walked up towards it rather timidly, saying to herself, 'Suppose it should be mad after all. I almost wish I'd gone to see the Hatter instead.'

IV—Alice at the Mad Tea Party

THERE was a table set out under a tree in front of the house, and the March Hare and the Hatter were having tea at it; a Dormouse was sitting between them fast asleep, and the other two were using it as a cushion, resting their elbows on it and talking to one another over its head.

The table was a large one, but the three were all crowded together at one corner.

"No room! No room!" they cried out when they saw Alice coming.

"There's *plenty* of room!" said Alice indignantly. And she sat down in a large armchair at one end of the table.

"What day of the month is it?" asked the Hatter, turning to Alice.

He had taken his watch out of his pocket and was looking at it uneasily, shaking it every now and then and holding it to his ear.

Alice considered a little, and said "The fourth."

"Two days wrong," sighed the Hatter. "I told you butter wouldn't suit the works," he added, looking angrily at the March Hare.

"It was the *best* butter," the March Hare meekly replied.

"But some crumbs must have got in as well," the Hatter grumbled. "You shouldn't have put it in with the bread-knife."

THE March Hare took the watch and looked at it gloomily; then he dipped it into his cup of tea and looked at it again, but he could think of nothing better to say than "It was the *best* butter, you know."

"It's always tea-time with us here," explained the Hatter, "and we've no time to wash the things between whiles."

"Then you keep moving round, I suppose?" said Alice.

"Exactly so," said the Hatter; "as the things get used up."

"But when you come to the beginning again?" Alice ventured to ask.

"Suppose we change the subject?" the March Hare interrupted, yawning. "I vote the young lady tells us a story."

"I'm afraid I don't know one," said Alice.

"Then the Dormouse shall!" they both cried. "Wake up, Dormouse!" And they pinched it on both sides at once.

The Dormouse slowly opened its eyes.

"I wasn't asleep!" it said, in a hoarse, feeble voice. "I heard every word you fellows were saying."

"Tell us a story," said the March Hare.

"Yes, please do!" pleaded Alice.

"And be quick about it," added the Hatter, "or you'll be asleep again before it's done."

"Once upon a time there were three little sisters," the Dormouse began in a great hurry, "and their names were Elsie, Lacie and Tillie; and they lived at the bottom of a well——"

"What did they live on?" said Alice, who always took a great interest in questions of eating and drinking.

"They lived on treacle," said the Dormouse, after thinking a minute or two.

"They couldn't have done that, you know," Alice gently remarked; "they'd have been ill."

"So they were; *very* ill."

"Take some more tea," the March Hare said to Alice, very earnestly.

"I've had nothing yet," Alice replied in an offended tone, "so I can't take more."

"You mean you can't take less," said the Hatter, "it's very easy to take more than nothing."

Alice did not quite know what to say to this, so she helped herself to some tea and bread and butter, and then turned to the Dormouse and asked the question: "Why did they live at the bottom of a well?"

The Dormouse again took a minute or

HE DIPPED THE WATCH IN HIS TEA

two to think about it, and then said, "It was a treacle well."

"There's no such thing," Alice was beginning very angrily, but the Hatter and the March Hare went "Sh! sh!"

"I want a clean cup," interrupted the Hatter. "Let's all move one place on." He moved on as he spoke and the Dormouse followed him; the March Hare moved into the Dormouse's place and Alice rather unwillingly took the place of the March Hare.

"They were learning to draw," the Dormouse went on, yawning and rubbing its eyes, for it was getting very sleepy; "and they drew all manner of things—everything that begins with an M——"

"Why with an M?" asked Alice.

"Why not?" said the March Hare.

The Dormouse had closed its eyes by this time and was going off into a dose; but, on being pinched by the Hatter, it woke up again with a little shriek and went on, "——that begins with an M, such as mouse-traps, and the moon, and memory, and muchness—you know you say things are 'much of a muchness'—did you ever see such a thing as a drawing of a muchness?"

"Really, now you ask me," said Alice' confused, "I don't think——"

"Then you shouldn't talk," said the Hatter.

This piece of rudeness was more than Alice could bear; she got up in disgust and walked off. The Dormouse fell asleep instantly and neither of the others took the least notice of her going, though

'BE QUICK ABOUT IT,' SAID THE HATTER

she looked back once or twice, half hoping that they would call after her.

The last time she saw them, they were trying to put the Dormouse into the teapot.

V—The Mock Turtle's Story and the Lobster Quadrille

ALICE got into the beautiful garden at last, but she had to nibble a bit of the mushroom to bring herself down to twelve inches after she had got the golden key, so as to get through the little door. It was a lovely garden; in it was the Queen's croquet-ground.

The Queen of Hearts was very fond of ordering heads to be cut off. 'Off with his head!' was her favourite phrase whenever anybody displeased her. She asked Alice to play croquet with her, but they had no rules; they had live flamingoes for mallets, and the soldiers had to stand on their hands and feet to form the hoops. It was extremely awkward, especially as the balls were hedgehogs, who sometimes rolled away without being hit. The Queen had a great quarrel with the Duchess, and wanted to have her head off.

Alice found the state of affairs in the lovely garden not at all so beautiful as she had expected. But after the game of croquet, the Queen said to Alice, "Have you seen the Mock Turtle yet?"

"No," said Alice. "I don't even know what a mock turtle is."

"It's the thing mock turtle soup is made from," said the Queen.

"I never saw one or heard of one."

"Come on, then," said the Queen, "and he shall tell you his history."

They very soon came upon a Gryphon, lying fast asleep in the sun.

"Up, lazy thing!" said the Queen; "and take this young lady to see the Mock Turtle and to hear his history. I must go back and see after some executions I have ordered." And she walked off, leaving Alice alone with the Gryphon.

Alice and the Gryphon had not gone far before they saw the Mock Turtle in the distance, sitting on a little ledge of rock, and, as they came nearer, Alice could hear him sighing as if his heart would break.

So they went up to the Mock Turtle, who looked at them with eyes full of tears.

"This here young lady," said the Gryphon, "she wants for to know your history."

"Once," said the Mock Turtle at last, with a deep sigh, "I was a real turtle. When we were little, we went to school in the sea. The master was an old turtle. We had the best of educations. Reeling and Writhing, of course, to begin with, and then the different branches of Arithmetic—Ambition, Distraction, Uglification and Derision."

"I never heard of 'Uglification,'" Alice ventured to say. "What is it?"

The Gryphon lifted up both its paws in surprise.

"Never heard of uglifying!" it exclaimed. "You know what to beautify is, I suppose?"

"Yes," said Alice doubtfully; "it means to—make—anything—prettier."

"Well, then," the Gryphon went on, "if you don't know what to uglify is, you *are* a simpleton."

Alice did not feel encouraged to ask any more questions about it, so she turned to the Mock Turle and said, "What else had you to learn?"

"Well, there was Mystery," the Mock Turtle replied, counting out the subjects on his flappers—"Mystery, ancient and modern, with Seaography; then Drawling—the Drawling-master was an old conger-eel, that used to come once a week; *he* taught us Drawling, Stretching and Fainting in Coils. The Classical master taught Laughing and Grief, they used to say."

"And how many hours a day did you do lessons?" said Alice, in a hurry to change the subject.

"Ten hours the first day," said the Mock Turtle; "nine the next, and so on."

"What a curious plan!" exclaimed Alice.

"That's the reason they're called lessons," the Gryphon remarked; "because they lessen from day to day."

'ONCE,' SAID THE MOCK TURTLE WITH A SIGH, 'I WAS A REAL TURTLE'

This was quite a new idea to Alice and she thought it over a little before she made her next remark. "Then the eleventh day must have been a holiday?"

"Of course it was," said the Mock Turtle.

"And how did you manage on the twelfth?" Alice went on eagerly.

"That's enough about lessons," the Gryphon interrupted, in a decided tone. "Tell her something about the games."

The Mock Turtle sighed deeply.

"Would you like to see a little of a

Lobster Quadrille?" said he to Alice.

"Very much indeed," said Alice.

"Let's try the first figure," said the Mock Turtle to the Gryphon. "We can do without lobsters, you know. Which shall sing?"

"Oh, *you* sing!" said the Gryphon. "I've forgotten the words."

So they began solemnly dancing round and round Alice, every now and then treading on her toes when they passed too close, and waving their fore-paws to mark the time; while the Mock Turtle sang this, very slowly and sadly.

"Will you walk a little faster?" said a whiting to a snail,
"There's a porpoise close behind us, and he's treading on my tail.
See how eagerly the lobsters and the turtles all advance!
They are waiting on the shingle—will you come and join the dance?
Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, will you join the dance?
Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, will you join the dance?"

Now, come, let's hear some of *your* adventures," said the Gryphon to Alice, after the dance.

"I could tell you my adventures, beginning from this morning," said Alice, a little timidly; "but it's no use going back to yesterday, because I was a different person then."

"Explain all that," said the Mock Turtle.

"No, no; the adventure first!" said the Gryphon impatiently. "Explanations take such a dreadful time."

'OFF WITH HIS HEAD,' ORDERED THE QUEEN

So Alice began telling them her adventures from the time when she first saw the White Rabbit. After a while a cry of 'The trial's beginning!' was heard in the distance.

"Come on!" cried the Gryphon. And, taking Alice by the hand, it hurried off.

"What trial is it?" Alice panted, as she ran, but the Gryphon only answered, "Come on!" and ran the faster.

VI—The Trial of the Knave of Hearts

The King and Queen of Hearts were seated on their throne when they arrived, with a great crowd assembled about them—all sorts of little birds and beasts, as well as the whole pack of cards. The Knave was standing before them, in chains, with a soldier on each side to guard him; and near the King was the White Rabbit, with a trumpet in one hand and a scroll of parchment in the other. In the very middle of the court was a table, with a large dish of tarts upon it. They looked so good that it made Alice quite hungry to look at them. 'I wish they'd get the trial done,' she thought, 'and hand round the refreshments.' But there seemed to be no chance of this, so she began looking at everything about her to pass away the time.

"Silence in the court!" cried the Rabbit.

"Herald, read the accusation!" said the King.

On this the White Rabbit blew three blasts on the trumpet, and then unrolled the parchment scroll, and read as follows:

The Queen of Hearts, she made some tarts,
All on a summer's day;
The Knave of Hearts, he stole those tarts,
And took them quite away.

" Call the first witness," said the King ; and the White Rabbit blew three blasts on the trumpet, and called out, " First witness ! "

The first witness was the Hatter. He came in with a teacup in one hand and a piece of bread-and-butter in the other. " I beg pardon, your Majesty," he began, " for bringing these in ; but I hadn't finished my tea when I was sent for."

" Take off your hat," the King said to the Hatter.

" It isn't mine," said the Hatter.

" *Stolen !* " the King exclaimed, turning to the jury, who instantly made a memorandum of the fact.

THE KNAVE WAS STANDING IN CHAINS

" I keep them to sell," the Hatter added as an explanation ; " I've none of my own. I'm a hatter."

Here the Queen put on her spectacles and began staring hard at the Hatter, who turned pale and fidgeted.

" Give your evidence," said the King ; " and don't be nervous, or I'll have you executed on the spot."

This did not seem to encourage the witness at all ; he kept shifting from one foot to the other, looking uneasily at the Queen, and in his confusion he bit a large piece out of his teacup instead of the bread-and-butter.

Just at this moment Alice felt a very curious sensation, which puzzled her a good deal until she made out what it was. She was beginning to grow larger again, and she thought at first she would get up and leave the court ; but on second thoughts she decided to remain where she was as long as there was room for her.

" I'm a poor man, your Majesty," the Hatter began in a trembling voice, " and I hadn't but just begun my tea—not above a week or so—and what with the bread-and-butter getting so thin—and the twinkling of the tea——"

" The twinkling of *what ?* " said the King.

" It *began* with the tea," said the Hatter.

" Of course twinkling begins with a T ! " said the King sharply. " Do you take me for a dunce ? Go on ! "

" I'm a poor man," the Hatter went on, " and most things twinkled after that—only the March Hare said——"

" I didn't ! " the March Hare interrupted in a great hurry.

" You did ! " said the Hatter.

" I deny it ! " said the March Hare.

" He denies it," said the King ; " leave out that part. And if that's all you know about it, you may go," said the King ; and the Hatter hurriedly left the court, without even waiting to put on his shoes. " ——and just take his head off outside," the Queen added to one of the officers ; but the Hatter was out of sight before the officer could get to the door.

" Call the next witness ! " said the King.

ALICE watched the White Rabbit as he fumbled over the list, feeling very curious to see what the next witness would be like, ' for they haven't got much evidence *yet*,' she said to herself. Imagine her surprise when the White Rabbit read out, at the top of his shrill little voice, the name ' Alice ! '

" Here ! " cried Alice, quite forgetting in the flurry of the moment how large she had grown in the last few minutes, and she jumped up in such a hurry that she tipped over the jury-box with the edge of her skirt, upsetting all the jurymen on to the heads of the crowd below, and there they lay sprawling about, reminding her very much of a globe of gold-fish she had accidentally upset the week before.

'GIVE YOUR EVIDENCE,' SAID THE KING TO THE HATTER, 'AND DON'T BE NERVOUS, OR I'LL HAVE YOU EXECUTED ON THE SPOT'

CHARLES LUTWIDGE DODSON was born at Daresbury, Jan. 27, 1832. Educated at Rugby and Oxford, he specialised in mathematical subjects, becoming a lecturer in that subject in 1855. It was to amuse Alice Liddell, daughter of the dean of Christ Church, and her friends, that Alice's Adventures in Wonderland, 1865, was written. Through the Looking Glass followed in 1871. Both works have long been world-famous. Dodgson's scientific works include Curiosa Mathematica and Symbolic Logic. He died in 1898.

"Oh, I *beg* your pardon!" she exclaimed in great dismay, and began picking them up again as quickly as she could.

As soon as the jury had a little recovered from the shock of being upset, and their slates and pencils had been found and handed back to them, they set to work very diligently to write out a history of the accident, all except the Lizard, who seemed too much overcome to do anything but sit with its mouth open, gazing up into the roof.

"What do you know about this business?" the King said to Alice.

"Nothing," said Alice.

"Nothing *whatever?*" persisted the King.

"Nothing whatever," said Alice.

"That's very important," the King said, turning to the jury. They were just beginning to write this down on their slates, when the White Rabbit interrupted.

"*Un*important, your Majesty means, of course," he said, in a very respectful tone, but frowning and making faces at him.

"*Un*important, of course, I meant," the King hastily said, and went on to himself in an undertone, "important—unimportant—unimportant—important——" as if he were trying which word sounded best.

Presently the King, who had been for some time busily writing in his notebook, called out "Silence!" and read out from his book, "Rule Forty-two. *All persons more than a mile high to leave the court.*"

Everybody looked at Alice.

"*I'm* not a mile high," said Alice.

"You are," said the King.

"Nearly two," added the Queen.

"Well, I shan't go, at any rate," said Alice. "Besides, that's not a regular rule; you invented it just now."

"It's the oldest rule in the book," said the King.

"Then it ought to be Number One," said Alice.

The King turned pale and shut his notebook. "Consider your verdict," he said to the jury, in a low, trembling voice.

"No, no!" said the Queen. "Sentence first—verdict afterwards."

"Stuff and nonsense!" said Alice loudly. "The idea of having the sentence first!"

"Hold your tongue!" said the Queen.

"I won't!" said Alice.

"Off with her head!" the Queen shouted at the top of her voice. Nobody moved.

"Who cares for you?" said Alice (she had grown to her full size by this time). "You're nothing but a pack of cards!"

At this the whole pack rose up into the air and came flying down upon her; she gave a little scream and tried to beat them off, and found herself lying on the bank with her head in the lap of her sister, who was gently brushing away some dead leaves that had fluttered down from the trees on her face.

"Wake up, Alice dear!" said her sister. "Why, what a long sleep you've had!"

"Oh, I've had such a curious dream!" said Alice; and she told her sister, as well as she could remember them, all her strange adventures; and when she had finished, her sister kissed her, and said, "It *was* a curious dream, dear, certainly. But now run in to your tea; it's getting late."

So Alice got up and ran off, thinking while she ran, as well she might, what a wonderful dream it had been.

HORACE WALPOLE

THE LETTERS OF HORACE WALPOLE

PRINCE of literary amateurs, endowed with industry equal to the catholicity of his interests, Horace Walpole may almost be said to have lived pen in hand. Apart from his two imaginative works, The Castle of Otranto, of which an Outline appears elsewhere in *The World's Great Books*, and a tragedy, The Mysterious Mother, he did much meritorious antiquarian research, produced a work of permanent value from the point of view of both art and biography in Anecdotes of Painting in England, and in his full and elaborate diaries, kept between 1750 and 1783, provided material for volumes of memoirs and reminiscences which are indispensable to the student of political and social life in Britain during a momentous period. His permanent fame, however, rests on his Letters, an incomparable treasury of wit and epigram, gossip, anecdote and vivid description of men and matters great and small. The standard edition is that published by the Oxford University Press in 16 volumes. A volume of Selections is published by Bell.

To John Chute, Esq.

AUGUST 20, 1743. Oh, my dear sir, don't you find that nine parts in ten of the world are of no use but to make you wish yourself with that tenth part? I am so far from growing used to mankind by living amongst them that my natural ferocity and wildness does but every day grow worse. They tire me, they fatigue me; I don't know what to do with them; I don't know what to say to them; I fling open the windows, and fancy I want air; and when I get by myself, I undress myself, and seem to have had people in my pockets, in my plaits, and on my shoulders! I indeed find this fatigue worse in the country than in town, because one can avoid it there and find more resources; but it is there too. I fear 'tis growing old; but I literally seem to have murdered a man whose name was Ennui, for his ghost is ever before me. They say there is no English word for *ennui*; I think you may translate it most literally by what is called 'entertaining people' and 'doing the honours,' that is, you sit for an hour with somebody you don't know, and don't care for, talk about the wind and the weather, and ask a thousand foolish questions, which all begin with, 'I think you live a good deal in the country,' or 'I think you don't love this thing or that.' Oh, 'tis dreadful!

To Sir Horace Mann

ARLINGTON STREET, January 10, 1750. I want to know your opinion of two new French books, if you have seen them. One is Montesquieu's Esprit des Lois, which I think the best book that ever was written—at least, I never learnt half so much from all I ever read. There is as much wit as useful knowledge.

STRAWBERRY HILL, February 25, 1750. We have been sitting this fortnight on the African Company—*we*, the British Senate, that temple of liberty and bulwark of Protestant Christianity, have this fortnight been pondering methods to make more effectual that horrid traffic of selling negroes. It has appeared to us that six and forty thousand of these wretches are sold every year to our plantations alone! It chills one's blood. The destruction of the miserable inhabitants by the Spaniards was but a momentary misfortune, that flowed from the discovery of the New World, compared to this lasting havoc which it brought upon Africa. We reproach Spain, and yet do not even pretend the nonsense of butchering these poor creatures for the good of their souls!

I despise your literati enormously for their opinion of Montesquieu's book. Bid them read that glorious chapter on the subject I have been mentioning, the selling of African slaves. Where did he borrow that? In what book in the world is there half so much wit, sentiment, delicacy, humanity?

To Richard Bentley, Esq.

ARLINGTON STREET, March 27, 1755. I am sending you Hume's History of Great Britain, a book which, though more decried than ever a book was, and certainly with faults, I cannot help liking much. It is called Jacobite; but in my

opinion is only not *George-abite*. Where others abuse the Stuarts, he laughs at them; I am sure he does not spare their ministers. He has shown very clearly that we ought to quarrel originally with Queen Elizabeth's tyranny for most of the errors of Charles I. As long as he is willing to sacrifice some royal head, I would not dispute with him which it should be. I incline every day to lenity, as I see more and more that it is being very partial to think worse of some men than of others. If I were a king myself I dare say I should cease to love a republic.

To Sir Horace Mann

ARLINGTON STREET, March 17, 1757. Admiral Byng's tragedy was completed on Monday—a perfect tragedy, for there were variety of incidents, villainy, murder and a hero!

His sufferings, persecutions, aspersions, disturbances—nay, the revolutions of his fate—had not in the least unhinged his mind. His whole behaviour was natural and firm. A few days before, one of his friends, standing by him, said, "Which of us is tallest?" He replied, "Why this ceremony? I know what it means. Let the man come and measure me for my coffin." He said that being acquitted for cowardice, and being persuaded on the coolest reflection that he had acted for the best, and should act so again, he was not unwilling to suffer.

He desired to be shot on the quarter-deck, not where common malefactors are; came out at twelve, sat down in a chair, for he would not kneel, and refused to have his face covered, that his countenance might show whether he feared death; but being told that it might frighten his executioners, he submitted, gave the signal at once, received one shot through the head, another through the heart, and fell.

Do cowards live or die thus? Can that man want spirit who only fears to terrify his executioners? Would my Lord Hardwicke die thus, even supposing he had nothing on his conscience?

To Monsieur de Beaumont

STRAWBERRY HILL, March 18, 1765. When I had the honour of seeing you here I believe I told you that I had written a novel, in which I was flattered to find that I had touched an effusion of the heart in a manner similar to a passage in the charming letters of the Marquis de Roselle. I have since that time published my little story, but was so diffident of its merit that I gave it as a translation from the Italian. Still, I should not have ventured to offer it to so great a mistress of the passions as Madame de Beaumont if the approbation of London had not encouraged me to send it to you.

How will you be amazed to hear that a country, of whose good sense you have an opinion, should have applauded so wild a tale as The Castle of Otranto!

But you must remember, sir, that whatever good sense we have, we are not yet in any light chained down to precepts and inviolable laws. All that Aristotle or his superior commentators, your authors, have taught us has not subdued us to regularity; we still prefer the extravagant beauties of Shakespeare and Milton to the cold and well-disciplined merit of Addison.

To tell you the truth, it was not so much my intention to recall the exploded marvels of ancient romance as to blend the wonderful of old stories with the natural of modern novels. If I make you laugh, for I cannot flatter myself that I shall make you cry, I shall be content; at least, I shall be satisfied, till I have the pleasure of seeing you.

To George Montagu, Esq.

PARIS, January 5, 1766. Visions, you know, have always been my pasture, and, so far from growing old enough to quarrel with their emptiness, I almost think there is no wisdom comparable to that of exchanging what is called the realities of life for dreams. Old castles, old pictures, old histories and the babble of old people make one live back into centuries that cannot disappoint one. One holds fast and surely what is past. The dead have exhausted their power of deceiving; one can trust Catherine of Medicis now. In short, you have opened a new landscape to my fancy, and my Lady Beaulieu will oblige me as much as you if she puts the long bow into your hands. I don't know but the idea may produce some other Castle of Otranto.

To the Hon. H. S. Conway

STRAWBERRY HILL, October 15, 1784. As I was writing this my servants called me away to see a balloon. It was then descending, and after rising and declining a little, it sunk slowly behind the trees, I should think at about Sunbury. But you know I am a very inexact guesser at distances, and you know how little I have attended to these *airgonauts;* only t'other night I diverted myself with a sort of meditation on future *airgonation*, supposing that it will not only be perfected, but will depose navigation.

I chiefly amused myself with ideas of the change that would be made in the world by the substitution of balloons to ships. I supposed our seaports to become deserted villages, and Salisbury Plain, Newmarket Heath and all downs (but *the* Downs) arising into dockyards for aerial vessels. Such a field would be ample in furnishing speculations. But to come to my ship news:

'The good balloon Daedalus, Captain Wing-ate, will fly in a few days for China; he will stop at the top of the Monument to take in passengers.'

In those days Old Sarum will again be a town and have houses in it. There will be fights in the air with windguns and bows and arrows, and there will be a prodigious increase of land for tillage, especially in France, by breaking up all public roads as useless.

But enough of my fooleries, for which I am sorry you must pay double postage.

To John Pinkerton, Esq.

JUNE 26, 1785. To *your* book, sir, I am much obliged on many accounts; particularly for having recalled my mind to subjects of delight, to which it has grown dulled by age and indolence. In consequence of your reclaiming it, I asked myself whence you feel so much regard for certain authors whose fame is established; you have assigned good reasons for withholding your approbation from some, on the plea of their being imitators: it was natural to ask myself again whence they had obtained so much celebrity.

I think I have discovered a cause, which I do not remember to have seen noted,

HORACE WALPOLE was born September 24, 1717, fourth son of Sir Robert Walpole, first Earl of Orford. Educated at Eton and King's College, Cambridge, he was a member of the House of Commons for some twenty-six years, but took no prominent part in its proceedings. His main interest in life was centred in his villa, Strawberry Hill, near Twickenham, where he settled in 1747, and which he enlarged and converted into a world-famous museum of furniture, pictures and curiosities. He succeeded to the Earldom of Orford in 1791, and died unmarried March 2, 1797.

From the portrait by Nathaniel Hone, R.A., in the National Portrait Gallery

and *that* cause I suspect to have been that certain of those authors possessed grace —do not take me for a disciple of Lord Chesterfield, nor imagine that I mean to erect grace into a capital ingredient of writing; but I do believe that it is a perfume that will preserve from putrefaction, and is distinct even from style.

Grace, I think, belongs to *manner*. It is from the charm of grace that I believe some authors, not in your favour, obtained part of their renown; Virgil in particular, and yet I am far from disagreeing with you on his subject in general. There is such a dearth of invention in the Aeneid (and when he did invent, it was often so foolishly), so little good sense, so little variety, and so little power over the passions, that I have frequently said, from contempt of his matter, and from the charm of his harmony, that I believe I should like his poem better if I were to hear it repeated, and did not understand Latin.

On the other hand, he has more than harmony; whatever he utters is said gracefully, and he ennobles his images,

especially in the Georgics, or, at least, it is more sensible there from the humility of the subject. A Roman farmer might not understand his diction in agriculture; but he made a Roman courtier understand farming, the farming of that age, and could captivate a lord of Augustus's bedchamber, and tempt him to listen to themes of rusticity, whereas Statius and Claudian, though talking of war, would make a soldier despise them as bullies.

The graceful manner of thinking in Virgil seems to me to be more than style, if I do not refine too much; and I admire Mr. Addison's phrase, that Virgil 'tossed about his dung with an air of majesty.'

A STYLE may be excellent with grace—for instance, Dr. Swift's. Eloquence may bestow an immortal style, and one of more dignity, yet eloquence may want that ease, that genteel air that flows from, or that constitutes, grace.

Addison himself was master of that grace, even in his pieces of humour, which do not owe their merit to style; and from that combined secret he excels all men that ever lived, but Shakespeare, in humour, by never dropping into an approach towards burlesque and buffoonery, when even his humour descended to characters that in any other hands would have been vulgarly low. Is not it clear that Will Wimble was a gentleman, though he always lived at a distance from good company?

Fielding had as much humour, perhaps, as Addison; but having no idea of his grace, is perpetually disgusting. His innkeepers and parsons are the grossest of their profession and his gentlemen are awkward when they should be at ease.

The Grecians had grace in everything—in poetry, in oratory, in statuary, in architecture and, probably, in music and painting. The Romans, it is true, were their imitators; but, having grace too, imparted it to their copies and gave them a merit that almost raises them to the rank of originals. Horace's Odes acquired their fame, no doubt, from the graces of his manner and purity of his style—the chief praise of Tibullus and Propertius, who certainly cannot boast of more meaning than Horace's Odes.

Waller owed his reputation to the graces of his manner, though he frequently stumbled, and even fell flat; but a few of his smaller pieces are as graceful as possible.

Milton had such superior merit that I will only say that if angels, his Satan, and his Adam have as much dignity as the Apollo Belvedere, his Eve has all the delicacy and graces of the Venus of Medici; as his description of Eden has the colouring of Albano. Milton's tenderness imprints ideas as graceful as Guido's Madonnas: and the Allegro, Penseroso, and Comus might be denominated from the Three Graces, as the Italians gave similar titles to some of Petrarch's best sonnets.

Cowley, I think, would have had grace—for his mind was graceful—if he had had any ear, or if his taste had not been vitiated by the pursuit of wit; which, when it does not offer itself naturally, degenerates into tinsel or pertness. Pertness is the mistaken affectation of grace, as pedantry produces erroneous dignity: the familiarity of the one, and the clumsiness of the other, distort or prevent grace.

NATURE, that furnishes samples of all qualities, and on the scale of gradation exhibits all possible shades, affords us types that are more apposite than words. The eagle is sublime, the lion majestic, the swan graceful, the monkey pert, the bear ridiculously awkward.

I mention these as more expressive and comprehensive than I could make definitions of any meaning; but I will apply the swan only, under whose wings I will shelter an apology for Racine, whose pieces give me an idea of that bird. The colouring of the swan is pure; his attitudes are graceful; he never displeases you when sailing on his proper element. His feet may be ugly, his notes not musical, his walk not natural; he can soar, but it is with difficulty; still, the impression the swan leaves is that of grace. So does Racine.

Boileau may be compared to the dog, whose sagacity is remarkable, as well as its fawning on its master and its snarling at those it dislikes. If Boileau was too austere to admit the pliability of grace, he compensates by good sense and propriety.

He is like—for I will drop animals—an upright magistrate, whom you respect, but

whose justice and severity leave an awe that discourages familiarity. His copies of the ancients may be too servile ; but, if a good translator deserves praise, Boileau deserves more. He certainly does not fall below his originals.

For his Lutrin, replete with excellent poetry, wit, humour and satire, he certainly was not obliged to the ancients. Excepting Horace, how little idea had Greeks or Romans of wit and humour ! Aristophanes and Lucian, compared with moderns, were the one a blackguard and the other a buffoon. In my eyes the Lutrin, the Dispensary, and the Rape of the Lock are standards of grace and excellence not to be paralleled by antiquity.

The Dunciad is blemished by the offensive images of the games ; but the poetry appears to me admirable ; and though the fourth book has obscurities, I prefer it to the three others ; it has descriptions not surpassed by any poet that ever existed, and which surely a writer merely ingenious will never equal.

In general, I believe that what I call grace is denominated elegance ; but by grace I mean something higher. Apollo is graceful, Mercury elegant.

Petrarch, perhaps, owed his whole merit to the harmony of his numbers and the graces of his style. They conceal his poverty of meaning and want of variety. His complaints, too, may have added an interest, which, had its passion been successful, and had it expressed itself with equal sameness, would have made the number of his sonnets insupportable.

MELANCHOLY in poetry, I am inclined to think, contributes to grace, when it is not disgraced by pitiful lamentations, such as Ovid's and Cicero's in their banishments. We respect melancholy because it imparts a similar affection, pity. A gay writer, who should only express satisfaction without variety, would soon be nauseous.

Madame de Sévigné shines both in grief and gaiety. There is too much of sorrow for her daughter's absence ; yet it is always expressed by new terms, by new images, and often by wit, whose tenderness has a melancholy air. When she forgets her concern and returns to her natural disposition, gaiety, every paragraph has novelty ; her allusions, her applications are the happiest possible. She has the art of making you acquainted with all her acquaintances, and attaches you even to the spots she inhabited. Her language is correct, though unstudied ; and, when full of any great event, she interests you with the warmth of a dramatic writer, not with the chilling impartiality of an historian.

I will finish now, and shall be glad if you will dine at Strawberry Hill next Sunday, when I will tell you how many more parts of your book have pleased me than have startled my opinions, or perhaps prejudices.

To Miss Berry

BERKELEY SQUARE, May 26, 1791. The rest of my letter must be literary, for we have no news. Boswell's book is gossiping. Often, indeed, Johnson made the most brutal speeches to living persons ; for though he was good-natured at bottom, he was very ill-natured at top. He loved to dispute, to show his superiority. If his opponents were weak he told them they were fools ; if they vanquished him, he was scurrilous—to nobody more than to Boswell himself, who was contemptible for flattering him so grossly, and for enduring the coarse things he was continually vomiting on Scotland.

I expected, amongst the excommunicated, to find myself, but am very gently treated. Boswell came to me, said Dr. Johnson was writing the Lives of the Poets, and wished I would give him some anecdotes of Mr. Gray. I said, very coldly, I had given what I knew to Mr. Mason. Boswell hummed and hawed, and then dropped, 'I suppose you know Dr. Johnson does not admire Mr. Gray.' Putting as much contempt as I could into my look and tone, I said, 'Dr. Johnson don't—humph !' and with that monosyllable ended our interview.

After the doctor's death, Boswell sent me a circular letter begging a subscription for a monument for him, I think, impertinently, as he could not but know my opinion, and could not suppose I would contribute to a monument for one who had endeavoured to degrade my friend's superlative poetry. I would not deign an answer, but sent down word by my footman that I would not subscribe.

A Note on Joseph Conrad

JOSEPH CONRAD, though naturalised a British subject in 1884—the year in which he passed as Master in The British Mercantile Marine—was a Pole by birth, and his real name was Josef Teodor Konrad Korzeniowski. His early years were much disturbed; his father was involved in the last Polish rebellion of 1861 and was exiled to Russia, taking with him his little son born on December 3, 1857. Both father and mother died while Conrad was young, his mother in 1865 and his father in 1870, and he was looked after by an uncle, whose memory he always regarded with the greatest affection.

Joseph Conrad in 1904

From an early age Conrad had resolved to become a sailor, and at last he was able to conquer the scruples of his uncle, who sent him to Marseilles for his initiation. This was in 1874, and for the next few years Conrad sailed under the French flag, making several journeys to the West Indies, going down the Mediterranean, and gun-running for Don Carlos off the Spanish coast. Memories of that time can be found in several of his books, notably in The Arrow of Gold.

IT was in 1878 that Conrad first came to England—he landed at Lowestoft and served for five months in a vessel trading between that port and Newcastle—and in 1879 that he made his first voyage to Australia, serving before the mast as an able-bodied seaman. His eastern voyages, which afforded him so splendid a background for some of his finest work, began in 1881, when he set sail for Bangkok. The voyage ended off the coast of Sumatra through a fire at sea—Youth is an eloquent reminiscence of it—and the crew had to take to the boats. Conrad went home as passenger by way of the Suez Canal, but presently he made another eastern voyage which took him to Madras and Calcutta. Thence he crossed India and at Bombay became second officer of the Narcissus for her voyage home by the Cape of Good Hope, a voyage immortalised in The Nigger of the Narcissus.

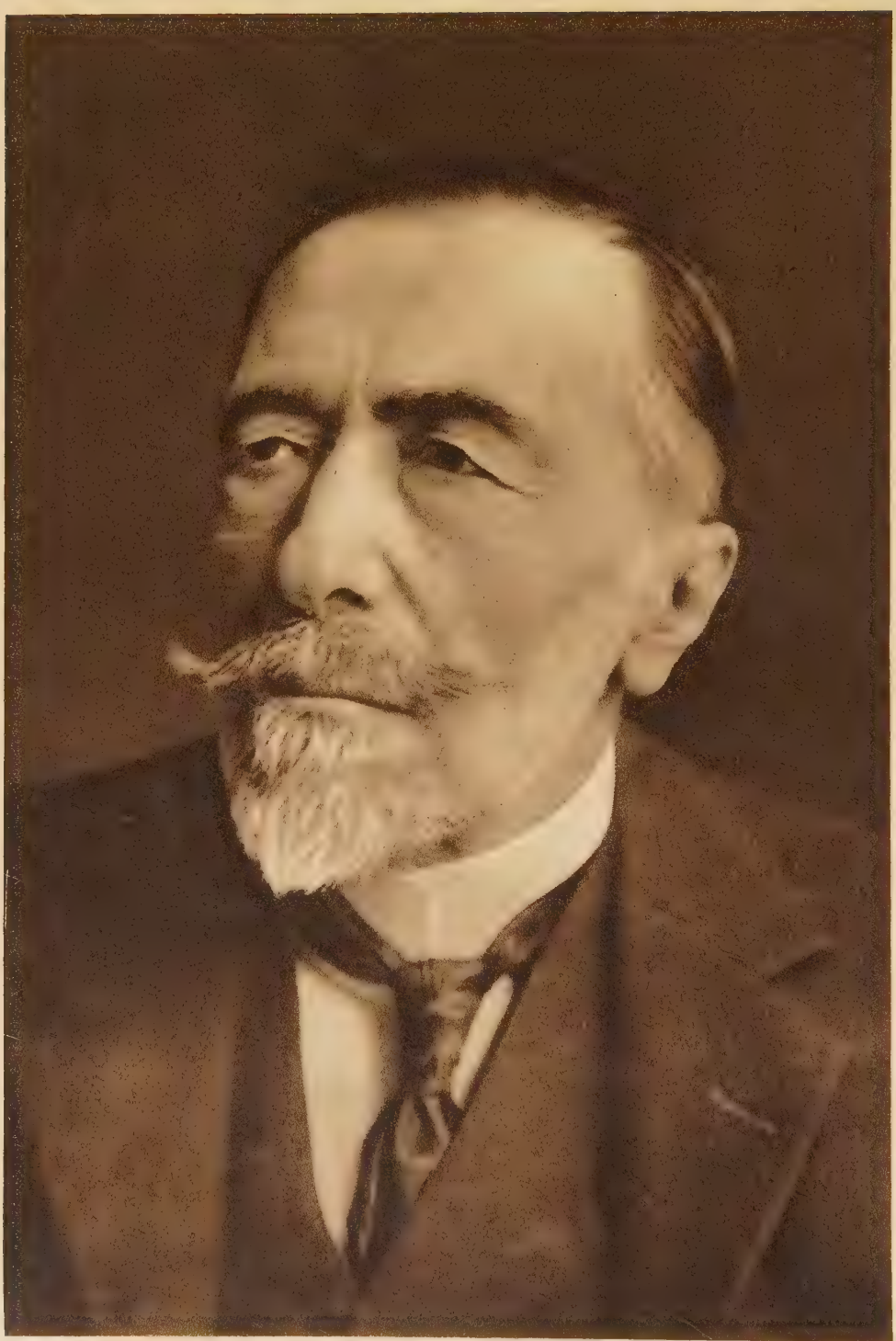
He was presently again in the East, but in Java he had to leave his ship and be sent to the hospital in Singapore, as he had injured himself on board. When he left hospital he became first officer in the s.s. Vidar, a small steamer belonging to Arabs, which traded on the wild coasts and up the dark rivers of Borneo, Celebes and Sumatra. The scenes of most of Conrad's Malayan books are closely associated with the year he spent in the Vidar.

And then in 1887 he went to Bangkok and took command of the Otago, which he sailed in the Pacific for about two years, again gathering rich experience for future books.

CONRAD left the East for good and all in 1889, and in 1890 he made his memorable voyage up the Congo, which resulted in Heart of Darkness. He then made two other vogages to Australia as first officer in the Torrens, and in 1894 retired altogether from the sea. In that year, as in 1890, he revisited his uncle in Poland, and during his writing life he at times wandered considerably outside England—France, Switzerland, Capri, Corsica, Poland again (he was caught there at the outbreak of war in 1914), and, finally, the United States in 1923.

Conrad, who married in 1896, made his home for many years in Kent, and it was there, four miles from Canterbury, at the village of Bishopsbourne, that he died on the morning of August 3, 1924. Since his first novel, Almayer's Folly, was published in 1895, he had risen out of complete obscurity into very great fame. And that fame, which has already placed him among the classics and given him an almost legendary significance, is justified. In masterly creation of character, in depth of insight, in beauty and power of language he stands among the supreme figures of literature. His books, being concerned with the fundamental problems of existence and written in an undeviatingly grand manner, do not age, and volumes such as Lord Jim, Youth, Typhoon, Nostromo, The Secret Agent, Chance, Victory, The Rescue, and the one here chosen for discussion, The Nigger of the Narcissus, are assured of their high niche for ever.

THE English that Conrad wrote was rich and characteristic although he was a Pole, and never perhaps quite grew into the true English habit of mind. The secret of his charm, it may be, lies in some subtle exoticism. Despite the abounding merits of his later books, The Nigger of the Narcissus strikes me as his most characteristic piece of work, his finest plotless novel, just as The Arrow of Gold, written a quarter of a century later, is, perhaps, his least successful. But what a treasury of intellectual enjoyment he has left for the generations arriving! As a novelist Conrad is no doubt superior to Stevenson; as masters of the short story there is little to choose between them, but that little is with Tusitala, the teller of tales.



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Joseph Conrad

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JOSEPH CONRAD

THE NIGGER OF THE NARCISSUS

A Study by Richard Curle

THE choice of The Nigger of the Narcissus to represent Conrad's genius is a choice which would have met with Conrad's own approval; it was the one of all his books for which he had most affection. He used constantly to say, 'By these pages I stand or fall,' and though he did not regard it as his greatest book, he regarded it as his unique book, the quintessence of his seaman's life, the book which no one but himself could have written.

And yet it is, in a sense, devoid of plot, for the story is but a description of a voyage in a sailing ship from Bombay to London across the Indian Ocean, round the Cape of Good Hope, and northwards home by way of the Atlantic. It is really—though to what precise extent nobody could now say—etherealised autobiography, remarkable both for its realism and for its romantic presentation, for Conrad did make such a voyage and made it in a ship which bore the name Narcissus.

He had been staying in a seamen's home at Bombay, and had been, he told me, on the very point of signing on as third officer in a British India Persian Gulf steamer when the Narcissus came into harbour in need of a second officer. To this chance, therefore, we owe the first motive of The Nigger of the Narcissus.

The book opens as the Narcissus is lying in Bombay Harbour the night before she sails, and the very first words convey at once the atmosphere of the ship and make us feel that we are in the presence of someone who really knows.

Mr. Baker, chief mate of the ship Narcissus, stepped in one stride out of his lighted cabin into the darkness of the quarter-deck. Above his head on the break of the poop, the night watchman rang a double stroke. It was nine o'clock. Mr. Baker, speaking up to the man above him, asked: "Are all the hands aboard, Knowles?"

The man limped down the ladder, then said: "I think so, sir. All our old chaps are there, and a lot of new men has come. . . They must be all there."

"Tell the boatswain to send all hands aft," went on Mr. Baker; "and tell one of the youngsters to bring a good lamp here. I want to muster our crowd."

The main deck was dark aft, but halfway from forward through the open doors of the forecastle, two streaks of brilliant light cut out the shadow of the quiet night that lay upon the ship. A hum of voices was heard there, while port and starboard in the illuminated doorways, silhouettes of moving men appeared for a moment, very black, without relief, like figures cut out of sheet tin.

The ship was ready for sea. The carpenter had driven in the last wedge of the main-hatch battens, and, throwing down his maul, had wiped his face with great deliberation, just on the stroke of five. The decks had been swept, the windlass oiled and made ready to heave up the anchor; the big tow-rope lay in long bights along one side of the main deck, with one end carried up and hung over the bows in readiness for the tug that would come paddling and hissing noisily, hot and smoky, in the limpid, cool quietness of the early morning. The captain was ashore, where he had been engaging some new hands to make up his full crew; and, the work of the day over, the ship's officers had kept out of the way, glad of a little breathing time.

Soon after dark the few liberty men and the new hands began to arrive in shore boats, rowed by white-clad Asiatics, who clamoured fiercely for payment before coming alongside the gangway ladder. The feverish and shrill babble of Eastern language struggled against the masterful tones of tipsy seamen, who argued against brazen claims and dishonest hopes by profane shouts. The resplendent and bestarred peace of the East was torn into squalid tatters by howls of rage and shrieks of lament raised over sums ranging from five annas to half a rupee, and every soul afloat in Bombay Harbour became aware that the new hands were joining the Narcissus.

The crew are mustered aft for the roll-call, and we are soon made acquainted with the two chief protagonists of the story, the cockney Donkin, a mean, splenetic agitator, and the negro James Wait, self-assured and lofty but dying from consumption; but, indeed, every character in the book, from Charlie, the

cheeky ship's boy, to old Singleton, 'a ready man with a vast empty past and with no future, with his child-like impulses and his man's passions already dead within his tattooed breast,' live with that curious kind of vitality that seems to lift them into a finer air.

It is the lives of this handful of men, from silent Captain Allistoun and his two officers, Mr. Baker and Mr. Creighton, downwards, face to face with the open sea, that form the human drama of the book, the setting of which is the drama of the ocean itself. We watch dismay creeping over the ship from the dying negro, and unrest creeping over it from the treacherous Donkin. We observe the changing, bewildered psychology of the simple crew, sound at heart but easily swayed, and, above all, we watch the sea in its every mood, beautiful and terrible by turn, with the fascination of its lulling charm and the fury of its incalculable wrath.

The passage had begun, and the ship, a fragment detached from the earth, went on lonely and swift like a small planet. Round her, the abysses of sky and sea met in an unattainable frontier. A great circular solitude moved with her, ever changing and ever the same, always monotonous and always imposing. Now and then another wandering white speck, burdened with life, appeared far off—disappeared; intent on its own destiny. The sun looked upon her all day, and every morning rose with a burning round stare of undying curiosity. She had her own future; she was alive with the lives of those beings who trod her decks; like that earth which had given her up to the sea, she had an intolerable load of regrets and hopes. On her lived timid truth and audacious lies, and, like the earth, she was unconscious, fair to see—and condemned by men to an ignoble fate. The august loneliness of her path lent dignity to the sordid inspiration of her pilgrimage. She drove foaming to the southward, as if guided by the courage of a high endeavour. The smiling greatness of the sea dwarfed the extent of time. The days raced after one another, brilliant and quick like the flashes of a lighthouse, and the nights, eventful and short, resembled fleeting dreams.

Everything is going auspiciously, and the voyage has all the appearance of being uniformly successful.

The men working about the deck were healthy and contented—as most seamen are, when once well out to sea. The true peace of God begins at any spot a thousand miles from the nearest land. . . . In the evening the cleared decks had a reposeful aspect, resembling the autumn of the earth. The sun was sinking to rest, wrapped in a mantle of warm clouds. Forward, on the end of the spare spars, the boatswain and the carpenter sat together with crossed arms; two men friendly, powerful and big chested. Beside them the short, dumpy sailmaker—who had been in the Navy—related, between the whiffs of his pipe, impossible stories about admirals. Couples tramped backwards and forwards keeping step and balance without effort in a confined space. . . .

By the foremast a few discussed in a circle the characteristics of a gentleman. One said: "It's money as does it." Another maintained: "No, it's the way they speak." Lame Knowles stumped up with an unwashed face (he had the distinction of being the dirty man of the forecastle), and showing a few yellow fangs in a shrewd smile, explained craftily that he "had seen some of their pants." The backsides of them, he had observed, were thinner than paper from constant sitting down in offices, yet otherwise they looked first-rate, and would last for years. It was all appearance. "It was," he said, "bloomin' easy to be a gentleman when you had a clean job for life."

They disputed endlessly, obstinate and childish; they repeated in shouts and with inflamed faces their amazing arguments; while the soft breezes, eddying down the enormous cavity of the foresail, distended above their bare heads, stirred the tumbled hair with a touch passing and light like an indulgent caress.

But already the first shadow has fallen upon this idyllic world. A week out from Bombay, James Wait—Jimmy—has had to give up work and take to his bunk. Nobody knows whether he is shamming or dying, and his presence acts upon the crew like a subtle poison.

He fascinated us. He would never let doubt die. He overshadowed the ship. Invulnerable in his promise of speedy corruption, he trampled on our self-respect. He demonstrated to us daily our want of moral courage; he tainted our lives. Had we been a miserable gang of wretched immortals, unhallowed alike by hope and fear, he could not have lorded it over us with a more pitiless assertion of his sublime privilege.

And Donkin, also, Donkin the shirker, 'the sympathetic and deserving creature that knows all about his rights, but knows nothing of courage and endurance and of the unexpressed faith, of the unspoken loyalty that knits together a ship's company,' is beginning to sow unrest and to make the mischief men such as he always try to make.

But it was the frightful, prolonged, and

almost fatal storm off the Cape that really undermines for the moment the moral of the crew to the extent of making them seriously listen to Donkin, whom, at bottom, they despise and dislike. A description of this storm fills with the soaring eloquence of Conrad's prose many pages of the book: and for similar grandeur of language, depicting the last violence and horror of the sea, one would have to read the description of the storm in Typhoon.

There was no sleep on board that night. Most seamen remember in their life one or two such nights of a culminating gale. Nothing seems left of the whole universe but darkness, clamour, fury—and the ship. And like the last vestige of a shattered creation she drifts, bearing a remnant of simple mankind, through the distress, tumult and pain of an avenging terror.

No one slept in the forecastle. The tin oil-lamp suspended on a long string, smoking, described wide circles; wet clothing made dark heaps on the glistening floor; a thin layer of water rushed to and fro. In the bed-places men lay booted, resting on elbows and with open eyes. Hung up suits of oilskin swung out and in, lively and disquieting like reckless ghosts of decapitated seamen dancing in a tempest. No one spoke and all listened.

Outside, the night moaned and sobbed to the accompaniment of a continuous loud tremor as of innumerable drums beating far off. Shrieks passed through the air. Tremendous dull blows made the ship tremble while she rolled under the weight of the seas toppling on her deck. At times she soared up swiftly, as if to leave this earth for ever, then, during interminable moments, fell through a void with all the hearts on board of her standing still, till a frightful shock, expected and sudden, started them off again with a big thump. . . .

Now and then, for a fraction of an intolerable second, the ship, in a fiercer burst of a terrible uproar, remained on her side, vibrating, with a stillness more appalling than the wildest motion.

The storm blows itself out at last and the crew is left exhausted.

On men reprieved by its disdainful mercy, the immortal sea confers in its justice the full privilege of desired unrest. Through the perfect wisdom of its grace, they are not permitted to meditate at ease upon the complicated and sordid savour of existence. They must without pause justify their life to the eternal pity that commands toil to be hard and unceasing, from sunrise to sunset, from sunset to sunrise; till the weary succession of nights and days tainted by the obstinate clamour of sages, demanding bliss and an empty heaven, is redeemed at last by the vast silence of pain and labour, by the dumb fear and the dumb courage of men obscure, forgetful, and enduring.

Donkin, who has shirked in the hours of danger and has been rightly threatened by one of the officers, tries to excite a mutiny for the ostensible reason of befriending James Wait, saved with difficulty in the storm, whom the captain, seeing that his end is near, will not allow on deck. The men, demoralised by weariness and discomfort, grumble and half-mutiny, but when Donkin tries to murder the captain in the dark by throwing a belaying-pin at him, they begin to come to their senses. Captain Allistoun knows how to deal with such a crisis, and the next morning summons the men together, and talks to them.

"THERE is another thing," said the master calmly. He made a quick stride, and with a swing took an iron belaying-pin out of his pocket. "This!"

His movement was so unexpected and sudden that the crowd stepped back. He gazed fixedly at their faces and some at once put on a surprised air as though they had never seen a belaying-pin before. He held it up. "This is my affair. I don't ask you any questions, but you all know it; it has got to go where it came from." His eyes became angry.

The crowd stirred uneasily. They looked away from the piece of iron, they appeared shy, they were embarrassed and shocked as though it had been something horrid, scandalous, or indelicate, that in common decency should not have been flourished like this in broad daylight.

The master watched them attentively. "Donkin," he called out, in a short, sharp tone.

Donkin dodged behind one, then behind another, but they looked over their shoulders and moved aside. The ranks kept on opening before him, closing behind, till at last he appeared alone before the master as though he had come up through the deck. Captain Allistoun moved close to him. They were much of a size, and at short range the master exchanged a deadly glance with the beady eyes. They wavered.

"You know this?" asked the master.

"No, I don't," answered the other, with cheeky trepidation.

"You are a cur! Take it," ordered the master.

Donkin's arms seemed glued to his thighs. He stood, eyes front, as if drawn on parade.

"Take it," repeated the master, and stepped closer; they breathed on one another. "Take it," said Captain Allistoun again, making a menacing gesture.

Donkin tore away one arm from his side. "Vy are yer down on me?" he mumbled with an effort, and as if his mouth had been full of dough.

"If you don't——" began the master.

Donkin snatched at the pin as though his intention had been to run away with it, and remained stock still, holding it like a candle.

"Put it back where you took it from," said Captain Allistoun, looking at him fiercely. Donkin stepped back, opening wide eyes. "Go, you blackguard, or I will make you," cried the master, driving him slowly backwards by a menacing advance. . . .

"Don't tech me," snarled Donkin, backing away.

"Then go! Go faster!"

"Don't yer 'it me! I will pull yer up afore the magistryt. . . I'll show yer up."

Captain Allistoun made a long stride, and Donkin, turning his back fairly, ran off a little, then stopped and over his shoulder showed yellow teeth.

"Further on, fore-rigging," urged the master pointing with his arm.

"Are you goin' to stand by and see me bullied?" screamed Donkin at the silent crowd that watched him. Captain Allistoun walked at him smartly. He started off again with a leap, dashed at the fore-rigging, rammed the pin into its hole violently. "I'll be even with yer yet," he screamed at the ship at large, and vanished beyond the foremast.

Captain Allistoun spun round and walked back aft with a composed face, as though he had already forgotten the scene.

There is no more talk of mutiny or disobeying orders after that. A feeling of shame and oppression hangs over the ship, and the problem of James Wait grows almost unbearable. All the crew take a morbid interest in him, but Podmore, the cook, who tries to convert him, and Craik, nicknamed 'Belfast,' who has a sentimental feeling about him, are the two who suffer most. The venomous Donkin, on the other hand, steals from the dying man and watches his last breath. The dawn has come and Conrad describes the moment in one of his noblest passages.

THE Narcissus was now off the Azores, and the end of the voyage is in sight. We watch her scudding up the Channel and entering the estuary of the Thames, and somehow Conrad makes us feel, with marvellous felicity, the growing contamination of the land. And at last she is in dock and the men disperse, only to come together once more next morning for the paying off.

I never saw them again. The sea took some, the steamers took others, the graveyards of the earth will account for the rest. Singleton has no doubt taken with him the long record of his faithful work into the peaceful depths of an hospitable sea. And Donkin, who never did a decent day's work in his life, no doubt earns his living by discoursing with filthy eloquence upon the rights of labour to live. So be it! Let the earth and the sea each have its own.

A gone shipmate, like any other man, is gone for ever; and I never met one of them again. But at times the spring flood of memory sets with force up the dark river of the Nine Bends. Then on the waters of the forlorn stream drifts a ship—a shadowy ship manned by a crew of shades. They pass and make a sign in a shadowy hail. Haven't we, together and upon the immortal sea, wrung out a meaning from our sinful lives? Good-bye, brothers! You were a good crowd. As good a crowd as ever fisted with wild cries the beating canvas of a heavy foresail; or tossing aloft, invisible in the night, gave back yell to yell in a westerly gale.

And so it closes on this note of remembrance and exaltation, and the reader, too, parts from the Narcissus and her crew with a kind of pang. There is no plot, there is no woman, but because of its profound humanity, its extraordinary visualisation, and the poetic splendour of its diction The Nigger of the Narcissus is an absorbing book and lingers in the recollection.

As I have already said, it owes its primary existence to an actual voyage, seen in the retrospective light of Conrad's creative genius, but it is probable that, in its incidents and its characters, there are reminiscences of many of his voyages. We know, for example, that a St. Kitts negro, named James Wait, was a fellow A.B. with Conrad on his voyage to Australia in the Duke of Sutherland in 1879, and we may reasonably assume that the whole book represents, in its essence, the concentrated memory of years.

But we need not concern ourselves unduly about its autobiographical basis, because its true greatness lies in its epic quality. It is Conrad's supreme epic of the sea, of ships, and of man's fight with the elements. The sea is almost sentient in this book, enslaving men's hearts and torturing their bodies, and never did Conrad's language reach more magnificent cadences than in the jewelled descriptions of this prose poem, descriptions that seem to focus the twenty years of his sea life in a visionary gleam. The obscure men of whom he wrote have passed away, are as completely limbo as the voyage itself, but Conrad has made them live for us for ever, held fast as if by a magic spell, a symbol of man's faithful courage and childlike folly before the vast background of the restless sea.

WILLIAM COBBETT

RURAL RIDES

A VIGOROUS writer whose incisive style was described by Hazlitt as combining the clearness of Swift with the naturalness of Defoe, William Cobbett made many strong friends and many equally strong enemies. He himself said, 'I have written and published more than three hundred volumes within thirty years, and more than one thousand volumes, chiefly paid for out of the taxes, have been written and published for the sole purpose of impeding the progress of those truths which dropped from my pen.' His A Grammar of the English Language, and Advice to Young Men, and Incidentally to Young Women—of which an outline appears elsewhere in *The World's Great Books*—were very popular and circulated widely. Rural Rides was the outcome of a series of political tours Cobbett accomplished on horseback in various constituencies. Accounts of these tours were regularly printed in his own paper, The Weekly Political Register, and were finally collated and published in volume form in 1830. Of the many cheap editions which are published to-day, those by Blackie, and by Dent in Everyman's Library, may be mentioned.

I—In the Fog and Out

BERGHCLERE, near Newbury, Hants, October 30, 1821. Fog that you might cut with a knife all the way from London to Newbury. This fog does not wet things. It is rather a smoke than a fog.

There are no two things in this world (and were it not for fear of Six-Acts—the 'wholesome restraint' of which I feel continually—I might be tempted to carry my comparison further), certainly there are no two things in this world as dissimilar as an English and a Long Island autumn. These fogs are certainly the white clouds that we sometimes see aloft, and are not injurious to health.

It is the fogs that rise out of swamps and other places full of putrid vegetable matter that kill people. I remember a valley in Pennsylvania, called Wysihicken. In looking from a hill over the valley early in the morning in November, it presented one of the most beautiful sights that my eyes ever beheld. It was a sea, bordered with beautifully formed trees of endless variety of colours. As the hills formed the outsides of the sea, some of the trees showed only their tops; and every now and then a lofty tree, growing in the sea itself, raised its head above the apparent waters.

Except the setting sun sending his horizontal beams through all the variety of reds and yellows of the branches of the trees in Long Island and giving, at the same time, a sort of silver cast to the verdure beneath them, I have never seen anything so beautiful as the foggy valley of the Wysihicken. But I was told that it was very fatal to the people of the valley, and that whole families were frequently swept off by the 'fall-fever.'

Thus the smell has a great deal to do with health. My grandmother used to tell me to 'bite my bread and smell my cheese.' Talk much more wise than that of certain old grannies, who go about England crying up 'the blessings' of paper-money, taxes and national debts.

BERGH APTON, December 22, 1821. After returning from Yarmouth yesterday, got home at midnight and came to Norwich this morning. Norwich is a very fine city and the castle, which stands in the middle of it, on a hill, is truly majestic.

The meat and poultry and vegetable market is beautiful. It is kept in a large, open square in the middle, or nearly so, of the city. The ground is a pretty sharp slope, so that you see all at once. It resembles one of the French markets, only there the vendors are all standing and gabbling like parrots, and the meat is lean and bloody and nasty, and the people snuffy and grimy in hands and face—the contrary, precisely the contrary, of all which is the case in this beautiful market at Norwich, where the women have a sort of uniform brown great-coat, with white aprons, and bibs (I think they call them)

going from apron up to bosom. They equal in neatness—for nothing can surpass—the market-women in Philadelphia.

Went from Norwich to London during the day, carrying with me great admiration of, and respect for, this county of excellent farmers and hearty, open and spirited men. The Norfolk people are quick and smart in their motions and in their speaking. Very neat and trim in all their farming concerns, and very skilful. Their land is good, their roads are level and the bottom of the soil is dry, to be sure; and these are great advantages. But they are diligent and make the most of everything. Their management of all sorts of stock is most judicious; they are careful about manure; their teams move quickly; and, in short, it is a county of most excellent cultivators.

The churches in Norfolk are generally large and the towers lofty. They have all been well built at first. Many of them are of the Saxon architecture. These churches prove that the people of Norfolk and Suffolk were always a superior people in point of wealth; while the size proves that the country parts were at one time a great deal more populous than they are now.

The great drawbacks on the beauties of these counties are their flatness and the want of fine woods; but to those who can dispense with these, Norfolk, under a wise and just government, can have nothing to ask more than Providence and man's industry have given.

II—Joys of Wood and Meadow

KENSINGTON, Friday, January 4, 1822. Got home from Battle. I had no time to see Battle Abbey, the seat of the Webster family, now occupied by a man of the name of Alexander! Thus they replace them! It will take a much shorter time than most people imagine to put out all the ancient families.

I cannot quit Battle without observing that the country is very pretty all about it, all hill or valley, a great deal of woodland, in which the underwood is generally very fine, though the oaks are not.

Woodland countries are interesting on many accounts; not so much on account of their masses of green leaves as on account of the variety of sights and sounds and incidents that they afford. Even in winter the coppices are beautiful to the eye, while they comfort the mind with the idea of shelter and warmth.

In spring, they change their hue from day to day during two whole months, which is about the time from the first appearance of the delicate leaves of the birch to the full expansion of those of the ash; and even before the leaves come at all to intercept the view, what, in the vegetable creation, is so delightful as the bed of a coppice bespangled with primroses and bluebells?

The opening of the birch-leaves is the signal for the pheasant to begin to crow, for the blackbird to whistle, and the thrush to sing; and just when the oak-buds begin to look reddish, and not a day before, the whole tribe of finches burst forth in song from every bough, while the lark, imitating them all, carries the joyous sounds to the sky.

These are amongst the means which Providence has appointed to sweeten the toils by which food and raiment are produced; these the English ploughman could once hear without the sorrowful reflection that he himself was a pauper, and that the bounties of Nature had, for him, been scattered in vain!

HUNTINGDON, Tuesday, January 22, 1822. Lord Hardwicke's avenue appears to be lined with elms chiefly. They are shabby. He might have had ash; for the ash will grow anywhere—on sand, on gravel, on clay, on chalk, or in swamps. It is surprising that those who planted these rows of trees did not observe how well the ash grows here. In the hedgerows and in the plantations the ash is fine.

The ash is the hardiest of all our large trees. Look at trees on any part of the sea-coast; you will see them all, even the firs, lean from the sea-breeze, except the

ash. You will see the oak shaved up on the side of the breeze. But the ash stands upright as if in a warm, woody dell. We have no tree that attains a greater height than the ash, and certainly none that equals it in beauty of leaf. It bears pruning better than any other tree; its timber is one of the most useful; and as underwood and firewood it far exceeds all others of English growth.

Huntingdon is a very clean and nice place, contains many elegant houses, and the environs are beautiful. Above and below the bridge under which the Ouse passes are the most beautiful, and by far the most beautiful, meadows that I ever

saw in my life. Here are no reeds, here is no sedge, no unevenness of any sort. Here are bowling-greens of hundreds of acres in extent, with a river winding through them, full to the brink. To my fancy (and everyone to his taste) the prospect from this bridge far surpasses that from Richmond Hill.

III—Devil's Jumps and French Panics

THURSLEY, Surrey, August 7, 1823. I got a boy at Selborne to show me along the lanes out into Woolmer Forest on my way up to Headley. The lanes were very deep; the wet malme just about the colour of rye-meal mixed up with water, and just about as clammy, came in many places very nearly up to my

horse's belly. After going though these lanes, I came out upon Woolmer Forest, on the side of those plantations made by the smooth Mr. Huskisson. These plantations are of fir, and they never can be of any more use to the nation than the sprigs of heath which cover the rest of the forest.

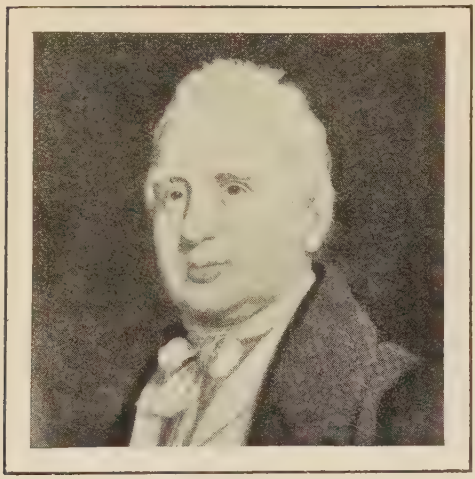
A line is hardly more straight than is the road from Headley to Thursley, and a prettier ride I never had in the course of my life. At Churt, I had upon my left three hills on the common called the Devil's Jumps.

The Unitarians will not believe in the Trinity, because they cannot account for it. Will they come here to Churt, go and look at these Devil's Jumps, and account to me for the placing of those three hills, in the shape of three rather squat sugar-loaves, along in a line upon this heath, or the placing of a rock-stone upon the top of one of them as big as a church tower?

It is all wonderful alike; the stripes of loam running down through the chalk-hills; the circular parcels of loam in the midst of the chalk-hills; the lines of flint running parallel with each other horizontally along the chalk-hills; the flints placed in circles as true as a hair in the chalk-hills; the layers of stone at the bottom of hills of loam; the chalk, first soft, then some miles further on becoming chalk-stone; then, after another distance, becoming burr-stone, as they call it, and at last becoming hard, white stone, fit for any buildings; the sandstone at Hindhead becoming harder and harder, till it becomes very nearly iron in Herefordshire, and quite iron in Wales; but, indeed, they once dug iron out of this very Hindhead.

The clouds coming and settling upon the hills, sinking down and creeping along, at last coming out again in springs, and those becoming rivers. Why, it is all equally wonderful, and as to not believing in this or that because the thing cannot be proved by logical deduction, why is any man to believe in the existence of a God, any more than he is to believe in the doctrine of the Trinity? For my part, I think the Devil's Jumps, as the people here call them, full as wonderful as and no more wonderful than hundreds and hundreds of other wonderful things.

It is a strange taste which our ancestors had, to ascribe no inconsiderable part of these wonders to the Devil.



WILLIAM COBBETT was born at Farnham, Surrey, March 9, 1762, and died June 18, 1835. In his youth he joined the army as a private and served with the forces in Nova Scotia. Settling in America in 1792, he established at Philadelphia Peter Porcupine's Gazette, in which his pugnacious and virulent political writing landed him in an action for damages. Returning disgusted to London, he founded in 1802 The Weekly Political Kegister, which ran till his death, a strong reforming force. In 1832 Oldham returned him to the reformed parliament. This portrait is in the National Portrait Gallery.

FOLKESTONE, September 1, 1823. I have had a fine ride, and I suppose the Quakers have had a fine time of it at Mark Lane. I had baited my horse at New Romney and was jogging along very soberly, now looking at the sea, now looking at the cattle, then the corn, when my eye, in swinging round, lighted upon a great round building, standing upon the beach. I had scarcely had time to think about what it could be, when twenty or thirty others caught my eye, and if anyone had been behind me, he might have heard me exclaim, in a voice that made my horse bound, 'The Martello Towers!'

O Lord, to think that I should be destined to behold these monuments of the wisdom of Pitt and Dundas and Perceval! Here they are, piles of bricks in a circular form about 300 feet circumference at the base, about forty feet high, and about 150 feet circumference at the top. There is a doorway about midway up in each, and each has two windows. Cannons were to be fired from the top of these things, in order to defend the country against the French Jacobins!

Here is a canal—I crossed it at Appledore—made for the length of thirty miles, from Hythe in Kent to Rye in Sussex, to keep out the French; for those armies who had so often crossed the Rhine and the Danube were to be kept back by a canal, made by Pitt, thirty feet wide at the most!

IV—Yorkshire Men and Yorkshire Cattle

APRIL 19, 1830. I used to wonder that Yorkshire, to which I, from some false impression in my youth, had always attached the idea of sterility, should send us of the south those beautiful cattle with short horns and straight and deep bodies. You have only to see the country to cease to wonder at this.

The appellation 'Yorkshire bite,' the acute sayings ascribed to Yorkshiremen, and their quick manner, I remember in the army. I long ago made up my mind that this hardness and sharpness ascribed to Yorkshiremen arose from the sort of envy excited by that quickness, that activity, that buoyancy of spirits which bears them up through adverse circumstances, and their consequent success in all the situations of life.

In spite of the matchless horses and matchless cattle, I still had a general impression that Yorkshire was a sterile county compared with the counties in the South and the West. It was necessary for me to come and see the country on the banks of the Humber.

I have seen the vale of Honiton in Devonshire, that of Taunton and of Glastonbury in Somersetshire; I have seen the vales of Gloucester and Worcester, and the banks of the Severn and the Avon; I have seen the vale of Berkshire, that of Aylesbury in Buckinghamshire; I have seen the beautiful vales of Wiltshire and the banks of the Medway from Tonbridge to Maidstone, called the Garden of Eden; I was born at one end of Arthur Young's 'finest ten miles in England'; I have ridden my horse across the Thames at its two sources, and I have been along every inch of its banks. And having judged of the goodness of the land, I declare that I have never seen any to be compared with that on the banks of the Humber, with the exception of the land from Wisbeach to Holbeach, and Holbeach to Boston.

AESCHYLUS

PROMETHEUS BOUND

IN this great effort of his sombre genius we have one of the last of the dramas which Aeschylus wrote for Athens. He retired from Athens in 468 B.C., being unsympathetic with the new democratic régime, and Prometheus Bound, one of three plays in which he treated the character of Prometheus, was brought out in that year or shortly before. Zeus, the new king of the gods, despised mortals and would have them destroyed to make a new race; but Prometheus stole fire from heaven and gave it to the human race, to whom he likewise imparted the secrets of many useful arts. Zeus, chagrined, ordered Vulcan and Strength to chain Prometheus to the Caucasus rock. Io, the mortal priestess beloved of Zeus, and whom Zeus's consort Hera had punished for her husband's favour by changing her into a heifer, appears as a character and is being driven through the world by a gadfly. The one scene of Prometheus Bound is the Caucasus rock.

PERSONS IN THE PLAY

Prometheus	Strength and Force	Vulcan	Chorus: Nymphs of the
Io	Oceanus	Mercury	Ocean

STRENGTH: At length, then, to the wide earth's extreme bounds,
To Scythia are we come, those pathless wilds
Where human footsteps never marked the ground.
Now, Vulcan, to thy task; at Jove's command
Fix to these high-projecting rocks this vain
Artificer of man; each massy link
Draw close, and bind his adamantine chains.
Thy radiant pride, the fiery flame, that lends
Its aid to every art, he stole, and bore
The gift to mortals; for which bold offence
The gods assign him this just punishment;
That he may learn to reverence the power
Of Zeus and moderate his love to man.

Vulcan: Stern powers, your harsh commands have here an end,
Nor find resistance. My less hardy mind,
Averse to violence, shrinks back and dreads
To bind a kindred god to this wild cliff
Exposed to every storm; but strong constraint
Compels me; I must steel my soul and dare:
Jove's high commands require a prompt observance.
High-thoughted son of truth-directing Themis,
Thee with indissoluble chains, perforce,
Must I now rivet to this savage rock,
Where neither human voice, nor human form
Shall meet thine eye, but parching in the beams,
Unsheltered, of yon fervid sun, thy bloom
Shall lose its grace, and make thee wish th' approach
Of grateful evening mild, whose dusky stole,
Spangled with gems, shall veil his fiery heat;
And night upon the whitening ground breathe frore,
But soon to melt, touched by his orient ray.
So shall some present ill with varied pain
Afflict thee; nor is he yet born whose hand
Shall set thee free: thus thy humanity
Receives its meed, that thou, a god, regardless
Of the gods' anger, honouredst mortal man
With courtesies which justice not approves.
Therefore the joyless station of this rock
Unsleeping, unreclining, shalt thou keep,
And many a groan, many a loud lament
Throw out in vain, nor move the rigorous breast
Of Jove, relentless in his youthful power. [pity?

Str.: No more; why these delays, this foolish

Vul.: Yet wish I it had been some other's lot.

Str.: All have their lot appointed, save to reign in heaven, for liberty is Jove's alone.

Vul.: Truth guides thy words, nor have I to gainsay. [chains?

Str.: Why thus reluctant then to bind his
Let not thy sire observe these slow delays . . .
Severe his eye who nicely scans these works.

[Thus urged, Vulcan completes his work, and, with a departing taunt to Prometheus, Strength and the others leave the victim:]

Now triumph in thy insolence, now steal
The glory of the gods and bear the gift
To mortal men: will they relieve thee now?

Prometheus (*alone*): Ethereal air, and ye swift-winged winds,
Ye rivers springing from fresh founts, ye waves
That o'er th' interminable ocean wreathe
Your crispéd smiles, thou all-producing earth,
And thee, bright sun, I call, whose flaming orb
Views the wide world beneath: see what, a god,
I suffer from the gods; with what fierce pains,
Behold, what tortures for revolving ages
I here must struggle; such unseemly chains
This new-raised ruler of the gods devised.
Ah, me! That groan bursts from my anguished heart,
My present woes and future to bemoan.
When shall these sufferings find their destined end?
But why that vain inquiry? My clear sight
Looks through the future; unforeseen no ill
Shall come on me. Behoves me then to bear
Patient my destined fate, knowing how vain
To struggle with necessity's strong power. . . .

[While Prometheus, so firmly bound that he cannot turn to look around, is thus soliloquising, he hears the approach of the sea-nymphs, daughters of Oceanus.]

Prom. : . . . What sound, what softly breathing odour
Steals on my sense ? Be you immortal gods
Or mortal men, or of th' heroic race, [cliff
Whoe'er have reached this wild rock's extreme
Spectators of my woes, or what your purpose,
Ye see me bound, a wretched god, abhorred
By Zeus and every god that treads his courts
For my fond love to man. Ah, me, again,
I hear the sound of flutt'ring nigh ; the air
Pants to the soft beat of light-moving wings . . .

[Chorus, whose eyes are 'surcharged with sorrow's tearful rain,' expresses her feminine sympathy with Prometheus. Zeus alone, she says, can joy in his despair ; but Zeus's stern severity tames even the gods.]

And he will tame them, till some power arise
To wrest from his strong hand the sceptre of the
Prom. : Yet he, e'en he [skies
That o'er the gods holds his despotic reign
And fixes this disgraceful chain,
Shall need my aid, the counsels to disclose
Destructive to his honour and his throne.
But not the honied blandishment that flows
From his alluring lips shall aught avail ;
His rigid menaces shall fail.
Nor will I make the fatal secret known
Till his proud hands this galling chain unbind,
And his remorse soothes my indignant mind.
Chorus : Bold and intrepid is thy soul
Fired with resentment's warmest glow,
And thy free voice disdains control,
Disdains the torturing curb of woe.
My softer bosom, filled with fear
Lest heavier ills await thee here,
By milder counsels wishes thee repose :
For Jove's relentless rage no tender pity knows.

QUESTIONED by the nymph, Prometheus tells her how, when there was a conspiracy in heaven to dethrone Saturn and seat Zeus in his place, the Titans had urged the use of force to seize the sceptre of the sky ; but that he, Prometheus, having often been told by his goddess mother—

That not by violence, that not by power,
But gentle arts the royalty of heaven
Must be obtained,

had then aided the cause of Zeus against the Titans, only to be repaid by his present punishments.]

For foul mistrust of those that serve them best

AT ZEUS'S COMMAND VULCAN CHAINS PROMETHEUS TO THE ROCK

From the painting by Maillart, by permission of A. D. Braun & Cie

Breathes its black poison in each tyrant's heart.
Cho. : And is no bound prescribed to thy affliction ?
Prom. : None else, but when his own will shall incline him.
Cho. : Who shall incline his will ? Hast thou no hope ?
Dost thou not see that thou hast much offended ?
But to point out th' offence, to me were painful
And might sound harsh to thee : forbear we then ;
Bethink thee how thine ills may have an end.
Prom. : How easy, when the foot is not entangled
In misery's thorny maze, to give monitions
And precepts to th' afflicted !

[Oceanus, the sea-god, desirous of helping his relative with sympathy and wise counsel, appears from his home in the waves and the 'rock-roofed grottoes arched by Nature's hand.' Prometheus proclaims the injustice of his suffering.]

Oceanus : I see it all, and wish to counsel thee,
Wise as thou art, to milder measures : learn
To know thyself ; new model thy behaviour
As the new monarch of the gods requires.
What if thy harsh and acrid words should reach
The ear of Zeus, though on his distant throne
High-seated ? might they not inflame his rage ?
. . . . I go, and will exert my power,
If haply I may free thee from thy pains.
Meanwhile be calm ; forbear this haughty tone :
Has not thy copious wisdom taught thee this—
That mischief e'er attends the petulant tongue ?
Prom. : I gratulate thy fortune that on thee
No blame hath lighted, though associate with me
In all and daring equally. But now
Forbear, of my condition take no care ; [rigour :
Thou wilt not move him ; nothing moves his
Take heed, then, lest to go bring harm on thee.
Oce. : Wiser for others than thyself I find
Thy thoughts ; yet shalt thou not withhold my speed.

[In a succeeding speech, Oceanus tells how he saw 'Earth's monstrous son,' Typhon, subdued by Force and confined beneath Mount Aetna.]

The furious Typhon, who 'gainst all the gods
Made war ; his horrid jaws with serpent-hiss
Breathe slaughter, from his eyes the gorgon glare
Of baleful lightnings flashed, as his proud force
Would rend from Zeus his empire of the sky.
But him the vengeful bolt, instinct with fire,
Smote sore and dashed him from his haughty vaunts,
Pierced through his soul and wither'd all his strength [roots
Thus stretched out huge in length beneath the
Of Aetna, near Trinacria's narrow sea.
Astonied, blasted, spiritless he lies—
On whose high summit Vulcan holds his seat
And forms the glowing mass. In times to come
Hence streams of torrent fire with hideous roar
Shall burst, and with its wasteful mouths devour
All the fair fields of fruitful Sicily.
Such rage shall Typhon, blasted as he is
With Jove's fierce lightning, pour incessant forth
In smoking whirlwinds and tempestuous flame.

[Oceanus reminds Prometheus that 'soft speech is to distempered wrath medicinal,' but is finally dissuaded from medi ation with Zeus and sent back to his grotto on Prometheus telling him that his 'simple policy' will be deemed by Zeus to have been inspired by his victim. As Oceanus departs the Chorus sing a dirge, which moves Prometheus to cry : 'It is not pride ; deem nobler of me, Virgins ! ']

Prometheus: . . The ills of man you've heard
I formed his mind, [heard
And through the cloud of barbarous ignorance
Diffused the beams of knowledge. I will speak,
Not taxing men with blame, but my own gifts
To them displaying, and benevolence.
They saw indeed, they heard ; but what availed
Or sight, or sense of hearing, all things rolling
Like the unreal imagery of dreams
In wild confusion mixed ? The lightsome wall
Of finer masonry, the raftered roof
They knew not ; but like ants still buried, delved
Deep in the earth and scooped their sunless caves.
Unmarked the seasons changed, the biting winter.
The flower-perfumed spring, the ripening summer,
Fertile of fruits. At random all their works
Till I instructed them to mark the stars,
Their rising and, a harder science yet, [numbers
Their setting. The rich train of marshalled
I taught them, and the meet array of letters.
T'impress these precepts on their hearts I sent
Memory, the active mother of all wisdom.
I taught the patient steer to bear the yoke,
In all his toils joint-labour with man.
By me the harnessed steed was trained to whirl
The rapid car and grace the pride of wealth.
The tall barque, lightly bounding o'er the waves,
I taught its course and winged its flying sail.
To man I gave these arts . . . .
What useful arts, what science I invented.
This first and greatest : when the fell disease
Preyed on the human frame, relief was none,
Nor healing drug, nor cool, refreshing draught,
Nor pain-assuaging unguent ; but they pined
Without redress and wasted, till I taught them
To mix the balmy medicine, of power
To chase each pale disease and soften pain.
I taught the various modes of prophecy,
What truth the dream portends, the omen what
Of nice distinction, what the casual sight
That meets us on the way, the flight of birds,
When to the right, when to the left they take
Their airy course ; their various ways of life,
Their feuds, their fondnesses, their social flocks.
I taught the Haruspex to inspect the entrails,
Their smoothness and their colour to the gods
Grateful, the gall, the liver streaked with veins,
The limbs involved in fat, and the long chine
Placed on the blazing altar, from the smoke
And mounting flame to mark th' unerring omen.
These arts I taught. And all the secret treasures
Deep buried in the bowels of the earth :
Brass, iron, silver, gold, their use to man.
Chor. : Let not thy love to man o'erleap the bounds
Of reason, nor neglect thy wretched state ;
So my fond hope suggests thou shalt be free
From these base chains, nor less in power than Zeus.

Prom. : Not thus, it is not in the Fates that thus [wrongs,
These things should end ; crushed with a thousand
A thousand woes, I shall escape these chains.
Necessity is stronger far than art.
Cho. : Who, then, is ruler of Necessity ?
Prom. : The triple Fates and unforgetting Furies.
Cho. : Must Zeus then yield to their superior power ?
Prom. : He no way shall escape his destined fate.
Cho. : What but eternal empire is his fate ?
Prom. : Thou may'st not know this now ; forbear t'inquire.

CHORUS piously hopes that her soul may never defy the all-ruling power of Zeus, and in strophe, antistrophe and epode the nymphs sing a remonstrance to Prometheus, reminding him that the mortals for whose sake he has defied the monarch of the gods are not worth such daring. While the epode is being sung Io enters—the 'lamenting virgin,' whose harsh fate it is to roam the world as a heifer.]

Prom. : I hear her griefs, that whirl her soul to madness,
Daughter of Inachus, whose love enflames
The heart of Zeus ; hence Hera's jealous rage
Drives the poor wanderer restless o'er the world.

[Io relates her story, and begs Prometheus—upon whose 'prescient mind' even gods rely—to tell her what more woe can await her ; and Chorus seconds her request because to the sick some gleam of comfort may come from a knowledge of the worst in store. Prometheus consents to picture her wanderings, which are but a prelude to greater misfortune.]

Io : What then has life desirable ? Why rather
From this rude cliff leap I not headlong down,
And end my woes ? Better to die at once
Than linger out a length of life in pain.
Prom. : Ill wouldst thou bear thy miseries, by the Fates
Exempt from death, the refuge of th' afflicted.
But my afflictions know no bounds till Zeus
Falls from the imperial sovereignty of heaven.
Io : Shall he then fall ? Shall the time come when Zeus
Shall sink dethroned ? I think I should rejoice
To see the tyrant's ruin. Should I not,
Since from his hands I suffer all these ills ?
Prom. : Then be thou well assured it shall be so ! [from him ?
Io : And who shall wrest th' imperial sceptre
Prom : Himself, destroyed by his improvident counsels.

[In the dialogue which ensues Prometheus informs Io that a future wife of Zeus shall bear him a son greater than himself, that Zeus will have no power to avert his dethronement by the son until Prometheus is set free, and that this release will be effected by a descendant of Io herself, to be born near the banks of the Nile. As Io, onward driven once more by the 'maddening smart,' moves off the stage, Chorus sings an ode, of which the burden is the quotation :

Whoe'er thou art, whom young desire
Shall lead to Hymen's holy fire,
Choose, from thy equals choose thy humble love :
Let not the pomp of wealth allure thine eye,
Nor high-traced lineage thy ambition move
Ill suits with low degree t' aspire so high.]

Prom. : Yet shall this Zeus, with all his self-willed pride,
Learn humble thoughts . . .
Let him then sit, and glorying in his height
Roll with his red right hand his volleyed thunder,
Falsely secure, and wreathe his bickering flames.
Yet nought shall they avail him, nor prevent
His abject and dishonourable fall.
Such rival adversary forms he now
Against himself, prodigious in his might
And unassailable ; whose rage shall roll
Flames that surpass his lightnings, fiercer bolts
That quash his thunders : and from Neptune's hand
Dash his trined mace, that from the bottom stirs
The troubled sea, and shakes the solid earth.
Crushed with this dreadful ruin shall he learn
How different to command and to obey.

WHEN Chorus, shocked and apprehensive, asks him if he does not fear to vaunt this bold discourse, and reminds him that it is wisdom to respect the stern power of the god's vengeance, Prometheus contemptuously exclaims :

Go, then, with prompt servility fall down
Before your lord ; fawn, cringe and sue for grace.
For me, I value him at less than nothing.
Let him exert his brief authority,
And lord it whilst he may ; his power in heaven
Shall vanish soon, nor leave a trace behind.

[The same defiant tone he maintains when Mercury, 'th' obsequious lackey of this new-made monarch,' arrives as messenger from heaven.]

Mercury : To thee grown old in craft, deep drenched in gall,
Disgusted to the gods, too prodigal
Of interdicted gifts to mortal man,
Thief of the fire of heaven, to thee my message.
My father bids thee say what nuptials these
Thy tongue thus vaunts as threat'ning his high power.
And clearly say, couched in no riddling phrase
Each several circumstance. Propound not to us
Ambiguous terms, Prometheus ; for thou seest
Zeus brooks not such, unfit to win his favour.
Prom. : Thou dost thy message proudly, in high terms
Becoming well the servant of such lords.
Your youthful power is new ; yet vainly deem ye
Your high-raised towers impregnable to pain :
Have I not seen two sovereigns of the sky
Sink from their glorious state ? And I shall see
A third, this present lord, with sudden ruin
Dishonourably fall. [speed ;
Hence then ! The way thou cam'st return with

PROMETHEUS IS SAVED FROM ZEUS'S 'RAVENING EAGLE' BY HERAKLES
From the painting by Ranvier, by permission of A. D. Braun & Cie.

Thy vain inquiries get no other answer.
Mer. : Such insolence before, so fiery fierce,
Drew on thy head this dreadful punishment.
Prom. : My miseries, be assured, I would not change
For thy gay servitude, but rather choose
To live a vassal to this dreary rock
Than lackey the proud heels of Zeus . . .
Mer. : Were it well with thee, who could brook thy pride !
Prom. : Ah, me !
Mer. : That sound of grief Zeus doth not know.
Prom. : Time, as its age advanceth, teacheth all things.
Mer. : All its advances have not taught thee wisdom.
Prom. : I should not else waste words on thee, a vassal . . .
Not all his tortures, all his arts, shall move me,
To unlock my lips till this cursed chain be loosed.
No, let him hurl his flaming lightnings, wing
His whitening snows, and with his thunders shake
The rocking earth, they move not me . . .

Mer. : I see thou art implacable, unsoftened
By all the mild entreaties I can urge ;
. . . But mark me well.
If not obedient to my words, a storm,
A fiery and inevitable deluge
Shall burst in threefold vengeance on thy head.
First, his fierce thunder, winged with lightning flames,
Shall rend this rugged rock and cover thee
With hideous ruin : long time shalt thou lie
Astonied in its rifted sides, till dragged
Again to light ; then shall the bird of Zeus,
The ravening eagle, lured with scent of blood,
Mangle thy body, and each day returning,
An uninvited guest, plunge his fell beak
And feast and riot on thy black'ning liver.
Expect no pause, no respite, till some god
Comes to relieve thy pains, willing to pass
The dreary realms of ever-during night,
The dark descent of Tartarus profound.
Weigh these things well ; this is no fiction drest
In vaunting terms, but words of serious truth.
The mouth of Zeus knows not to utter falsehood,
But what he speaks is fate. Be cautious then ;
Regard thyself.
Cho. : Nothing amiss we deem his words, but fraught
With reason, who but wills thee to relax
Thy haughty spirit and by prudent counsels
Pursue thy peace : be then advised. What shame
For one so wise to persevere in error !
Prom. : All this I knew ere he declared his message.
That enemy from enemy should suffer
Extreme indignity is nothing strange.
Let him then work his horrible pleasure on me ;
Wreathe his black curling flames, tempest the air
With volleyed thunders and wild warring winds,
Rend from its roots the firm earth's solid base,
Heave from the roaring main its boisterous waves
And dash them to the stars ; me, let him hurl,
Caught in the fiery tempest, to the gloom
Of deepest Tartarus.

[Finally, Mercury bids the ocean-nymphs leave Prometheus to his fate lest their gentle hearts be struck with horror. They indignantly refuse to be guilty of such baseness, and the god departs, warning them not to blame Zeus for what might befall should they disregard him. The play then ends with Prometheus adding his own warning in order to save the nymphs.]

Historical Fiction in Perfection

GUSTAVE FLAUBERT

SALAMMBO

Adapted by Edgar Preston from the French

SALAMMBO, when it appeared in 1862, was immediately recognized as a master work. Flaubert himself, frank in his self-criticism, as in everything else, declared the chief defect of the book to be that 'the pedestal was too large for the statue'—that the mystical figure of Salammbô herself had not been studied so closely as could have been desired. Be that as it may, this is an amazing production, involving prodigies of research on the part of its most fastidious creator who, as is known, went to North Africa to procure his 'documents.' The level on which the book starts is maintained throughout, in a rare blend of realism and imagination. Never, even for an instant, is there a drop into the flippant, the modern. Here, perhaps, is the greatest historical novel ever written. A translation is issued in the Lotus Library.

I—The Barbarians' Feast

THE great band of Mercenaries, or 'Barbarians,' whom Hamilcar Barca, the Carthaginian general, had commanded in the Sicilian campaign, were holding high feast in his gardens at Megara, on the outskirts of Carthage, in celebration of the anniversary of the Battle of Eryx. Hamilcar was not present, being away from home, but his daughter Salammbô, a maiden who lived in strictest seclusion in her father's palace hard by, had given orders that everything the soldiers might want should be supplied in profusion, without regard of cost. It was necessary, she knew, to propitiate these wild men, whose pay was greatly in arrear, and who, unless appeased, might at any moment become a terrible menace to the Republic of Carthage.

Among this horde of Barbarians were men of many races—Ligurians, Lusitanians, Balearic Islanders, Gauls, Greeks, fugitives from Rome, Negroes, Numidians, Egyptians. Their officers, wearing buskins of bronze, were assembled apart from the men, under a purple awning fringed with gold. The rank and file stretched themselves luxuriously on the cushions laid by the tables under the trees, and ate gluttonously from every dish.

Hamilcar's cooks, though many, were not sufficient to provide food for such an army, so the Council of Carthage sent many things to eat and drink, also slaves to help in the service. Outside the tents where the officers lay were great fires, at which oxen were being roasted whole. Even the wounded, who had been recovering in the Temple of Eschmoun, contrived to drag themselves to Hamilcar's gardens on their crutches; and from every direction men of all colours and descriptions streamed in to the feast.

First they were served with birds in sauces, then with shell-fish of many kinds, with porridge and with snails. Then came meats in infinite variety—antelopes, sheep boiled whole in wine, haunches of camel and buffalo, hedgehogs, fried grasshoppers, dormice, everything covered with a profusion of truffles and preserves. Fruit of all sorts and honeycombs stood in pyramids; and the voracious warriors washed down their food with great draughts of wine—Greek, Campanian, Cantabrian.

As their intoxication grew so did their sense of the injustice the Republic of Carthage had done to its Barbarian allies. Why, they asked one another fiercely, had Hamilcar, their leader, deserted them when peace was concluded? It was reported that he and the Council were on the worst of terms, and that therefore Hamilcar was unable at present to see them righted. Perhaps this was merely a pretence, a device for their undoing? The more they drank the worse grew their temper.

Suddenly, a negro was seen to be rolling on the ground, as if in agony, with foam

coming from his lips. At once there arose a cry that he had been poisoned, and everyone thought his own case might be the same. A frightful clamour arose, and the drink-maddened army was seized with a frenzy of destruction. They struck out blindly, smashing everything within reach and killing some of the slaves. Torches were hurled among the trees, and some, with arrows, slew or wounded the lions in their pit; while others, bolder still, made for the elephants, to destroy them and cut off their ivory tusks. Some of the Balearic slingers found the lake containing the blue stone basins in which swam the sacred fish of the house of Barca. They were beautiful and of great size, with gems set about their mouths. These the mad Barbarians seized and devoured, after first cooking them in brazen pots heated on fires. Singing, yelling, destroying, killing, the Mercenaries, in a hundred tongues, called for wine, for gold, for women!

II—Salammbô and Matho

THE clamour was at its height when all at once Hamilcar's palace was lighted up, right to its topmost terrace, and from the central door came out a woman clothed in black. Slowly, with bowed head, the figure descended the steps until she came to the lowest terrace. Then she stood motionless, looking down on the orgy below. It was Salammbô. She was followed by a procession of pale men in long white robes edged with gold—the eunuch priests of the Temple of Tanit. They carried lyres and, in shrill voices, sang a hymn to the Divinity of Carthage.

Presently Salammbô, followed by the priests, came down to the gardens, advancing along the cypress avenue between the tables of the Barbarian officers, who drew back a little as she slowly passed, divinely tall and stately.

Her hair, sprinkled with violet sand, was rolled in a high coil, in the Canaanitish fashion, and strings of pearls hung from her brows to the corners of her red lips.

HAMILCAR'S PALACE, BUILT OF YELLOW MARBLE, STOOD HARD BY CARTHAGE
From the Louis Aubert film of Flaubert's romance

SALAMMBO, BARCA'S DAUGHTER, DESCENDED FROM THE CENTRAL DOOR
From the Louis Aubert film of Flaubert's romance

Luminous stones of many hues lay on her breast. Her arms, bare, save for their diamond ornaments, shone white from out a tunic of black adorned with red flowers. A slender chain of gold stretched between her ankles, to govern her steps, and behind trailed a long mantle of purple, billowing like a wave as she went.

The soldiers, suddenly silenced and half-afraid, heard her softly mourn the sacrifice of the sacred fish. Then, lifting her voice, and with flashing eyes and flushed cheeks, she exclaimed: "What have you done! Are you in a conquered town, or in the palace of Hamilcar, the Suffete, my father? Alas, poor Carthage, how art thou to be pitied!"

Then, touching the strings of a little ebony lyre, Salammbô sang to the hushed Barbarians the story of Melkarth, god of the Sidonians and father of her House. None, save the priests, knew what she sang, but all listened, as in a dream. One, who gazed on her intently, was a Numidian chieftain, Narr' Havas, crouched on his heels, like a leopard about to spring. Another was a gigantic Libyan, with dark, curling hair, cut short. Leaning on his elbow, he smiled as he listened. This was Matho, who, when Salammbô had ceased to sing, leaned towards her. Recognizing him as a leader, she poured wine into a golden cup and offered it, saying, "Drink!"

But one Spendius, a Greek, who had travelled far and could interpret, stayed Matho's outstretched hand.

"Know you not," he said, "that when a woman offers a soldier drink she offers him her couch as well?"

At that instant Narr' Havas, springing to his feet, hurled a spear at the Libyan, whose arm it pierced. Plucking it out, Matho seized a table—for he had no weapon—and flung it at Narr' Havas. Others rushed between them, and when the excitement had died down Matho could see no sign of his aggressor. Salammbô, too, had vanished.

Running his hardest, Matho, all breathless, reached the door of the palace whence Salammbô had but lately emerged. He flung himself against it, but it was securely fastened. By his side Matho discovered Spendius, who bound the wounded arm and begged his protection.

"Listen," said Spendius, "I know this palace well. I was once a slave within it, and I can glide like a snake between its walls. Why should you not take it, and Hamilcar's place as well? The enterprise is not impossible. Hamilcar is absent; the Rich party are hated by the people. Old Gisco, the commander's deputy, can do nought with the cowards about him. But you, you are brave! Everyone would obey you. If you will, Carthage may be yours. Take it while the opportunity offers!"

But Matho shook his head. "No," said he; "the curse of Moloch is upon me. I felt it when I gazed into her eyes." And, looking around him, he asked: "Where is she?"

It was two days after the feast ere the Barbarians left the city. In order to induce them to go, without further disturbance, the Council spoke them fair, called them the saviours of Carthage, and gave each man a piece of gold, with solemn promises that the money due to them should be paid in full, and that ships should convey them to their homes. The rough Mercenaries filed out of the city without suspicion of what was in the minds of the Carthaginians; but no sooner were they all—as they supposed—outside the walls than they heard a great cry from within. Not till later did they learn that a troop of Balearic slingers, left behind, had been set upon by the crafty populace and barbarously done to death.

The straggling army made its way slowly in the direction of Sicca, Matho and Spendius being always together. In a wood through which they marched the Mercenaries beheld, to their amazement, a long row of crosses, to each of which was nailed a lion.

"What sort of a people is this," they asked one another, "that can find pleasure in crucifying the beasts it has captured?"

Matho was gloomy and taciturn, as though oppressed by some secret trouble. At last he confessed to Spendius that the thought of Salammbô constantly haunted him. "I am ill!" he cried. "Surely I must be the victim of some sacrifice that Hamilcar's daughter has made to the gods. Her eyes consume me. I can always hear her voice. It is as though she had become my very soul!" At another time he would exclaim, as in a frenzy, "I want her! I must have her! She is killing me!"

A few days after the Barbarians had marched out of Carthage they were overtaken by a body of armed men, mounted, in whose midst was the Suffete Hanno, of equal rank with Hamilcar. He had come, as he said, to fulfil the promise made by Carthage to pay the soldiers what was due to them. Suffering from a loathsome disease, Hanno was carried on a litter, his huge, swollen limbs making it impossible for him to walk or ride.

At first the Mercenaries supposed that the payment was at last really to be made. It was soon apparent, however, that Hanno had come only to temporise and had brought with him but a small proportion of the money. When the truth was discovered Hanno and his retainers had to flee for their lives.

About the same time there came a messenger from Carthage, who described the slaughter of the Balearic slingers. The fury of the Mercenaries at this double treachery knew no bounds. At once the whole army turned round, to march on Carthage, swearing they would destroy it utterly and every living thing within it! Marching so fast that the return journey occupied no more than three days, the Barbarians encamped on the isthmus, by the shore of the lake. They were preceded by crowds of terrified country folk, who made their way into Carthage, mad with fear. The city gates were closed. Carthage, with its immensely strong fortifications, was safe for the moment. The Barbarians lay outside the walls, and waited.

III—The Rape of the Sacred Veil

Nothing seemed to be less possible than for any of the Mercenaries to enter the besieged city; but Spendius, ever fertile in schemes, made Matho promise to meet him after sunset beneath the great aqueduct, which stretched its five tiers of arches right across the isthmus into Carthage.

"Wear," said the Greek, "a helmet and leathern sandals, and bring with you an iron pick. I will show you the way into the city!"

At first it looked as though Spendius had promised more than he could perform. Time after time the pair slipped back in trying to scale the smooth walls; but at last Spendius got a footing, and when he and Matho removed one of the stones they found themselves inside, on a level with the water. Now wading, now swimming, the two Barbarians, in the black darkness, slowly and laboriously made their way onward, half dead with fatigue and suffocation. Suddenly Spendius knocked his head against a grating, which gave way on pressure. Above it was a flight of steps, closed at the top by a metal door. The bar of this they opened with the points of their daggers, to find themselves in the cool night air once more. Carthage lay below them.

Matho was for making his way at once to Hamilcar's palace, but the Greek would go straight to the Temple of Tanit.

"There," said he, "is the mysterious Veil which, having fallen from heaven, now serves as mantle for the goddess whom Salammbô worships. In itself divine, it is the cause of Carthage's power. Without it, Carthage would be nothing. So I have brought you with me, that we may carry it off!"

"Come!" he whispered, when Matho, appalled at the sacrilege contemplated, declared he would go no farther. "Come! Tanit is your enemy. Now you will be avenged. You will grow invincible—immortal!"

Matho went on with him, saying not another word.

CAUTIOUSLY the pair crossed the silent city, in which no one stirred, until they came to the temple, the doors of which were open, intrusion being regarded as impossible. They entered and, after traversing many empty halls, found themselves at last in a small, but lofty, circular chamber. There, thrown around the shoulders of an ebony idol and fastened at its ends to the walls, was the garment of Tanit, the sacred Zaïmph, which none might look on and live! It was of all colours—blue as the night, golden as the dawn, red as the sunlight, glittering, diaphanous, unsubstantial. . . .

Spendius having detached the holy Veil, Matho wrapped it around himself.

"Now," he exclaimed, "I fear her beauty no longer! What if I went to her palace? Salammbô, I am your master!"

THEY hurried away. When a priest appeared in their path, Spendius slew him instantly with a dagger thrust. Once a man approached, who, seeing the glittering veil floating about Matho's tall body, drew back with a start.

But now they were at the topmost storey of Hamilcar's palace. Matho gently pushed a door, and it opened. He entered softly, leaving Spendius, who had no stomach for this part of the enterprise, outside. By the faint light of a lamp, the Barbarian beheld Salammbô sleeping in an inner chamber. She lay, all in white, on a hanging couch, her cheek resting on her hand.

Suddenly she awoke and stared at the intruder.

"What is it?" she exclaimed at last.

"It is the mantle of the goddess!" he replied. "For you," he went on, "I have filched it from the heart of the sanctuary. See!"

And then he told her, rapidly, passionately, of his troubles, his dreams, his love.

"Let us away!" he cried. "You must follow me! I love you!"

"Give me the Veil!" she cried, stepping to the floor and advancing towards him.

He opened his arms, spreading out the Zaïmph as though to enfold her; but, without warning, Salammbô struck a gong which stood near, crying for help.

"Begone, accursed wretch! Infamous desecrator, hence!" she screamed, as a crowd of women, slaves, eunuchs and others rushed into the chamber. Although most of them were armed they stood as if petrified at the sight of Matho wrapped in the sacred garment.

"Curses on you!" cried Hamilcar's daughter, turning to the young Barbarian. "May you be torn to pieces by the God of battles! Hence, I say, begone!"

Matho went out slowly, the servants making way as he passed. In the streets

a multitude had assembled, but none dared approach him. Many hid their eyes, lest they should see the dreaded Veil. The priests, on the temple steps, wrung their hands in rage and despair. Presently an arrow flew past Matho, then a shower of stones; but nothing touched him. It was as though the Veil served him as a shield. Arrived at the great gate, Matho found it closed. Grown bolder now, the crowd were about to trample him under foot when, by a great effort, Matho succeeded in reaching the chain which released the heavy door. It swung open as he pulled with all his might, and in an instant he was outside and safe.

From the walls the baffled people watched the Barbarian stride away, holding aloft the trophy he had captured from their midst—the Fortune of Carthage.

IV—Hamilcar's Return

MATHO hung the Zaïmph in his tent, among the armour. His feat had made him the hero of the Mercenaries one and all. He and Narr' Havas, who now feigned friendship with the man he had tried to kill, sent men to all the Punic tribes, asking for help against the tyrant, Carthage, and they answered the call with cattle and arms and money. By this means Matho, now recognized as commander-in-chief of the Barbarian forces, was able to pay them all the arrears that were due.

Meanwhile, Hanno had been appointed to the command of the Carthaginian army. Outside Utica his forces, in which were many elephants, routed the Mercenaries in a pitched battle; but, soon after, Matho rallied his troops and, in turn, put the Republic's levies to flight. When Hanno returned, crushed and dispirited, to Carthage, the disaster which had befallen his army was attributed by all to the loss of the sacred Veil.

Not long after this Hamilcar returned to Carthage of his own accord. Members of his own party—the War Party—related to him what had occurred since the conclusion of peace—the departure of the Mercenaries, their return and their demands, the loss of the sacred Veil, the fighting around Utica, Hanno's defeat and disgrace.

That night the Suffete met the Ancients, rulers of the city, and the four pontiffs, in the temple of Moloch. Facing his adversaries—of whom there were many—boldly, even arrogantly, he vigorously defended all his actions. After long discussion, in which many bitter words were exchanged, the pontiff of Eschmoun offered to give Hamilcar full control and all the money he should ask for, if he would take supreme command of the Republic's forces against the Barbarians.

"No!" he exclaimed scornfully. "You are too mean, ungrateful and cowardly, as well as stupid!"

At this there was an uproar, many drawing daggers, as they rushed towards the altar where he stood. Hamilcar faced the mob. So bold was his look, as he bade them defiance, that none dared strike; and presently all slunk away, cowed and humiliated.

But some at the back now taunted him with what Matho had done after he took the Veil from the temple. "His daughter," they sneered, "takes her lovers from among the Barbarians!"

Mad with rage, Hamilcar demanded to know more; so they told him how a fine-looking man, taller than himself, had been seen coming out of her chamber one morning in the month of Tammouz—the man who stole the Zaïmph!

THE Suffete waited to hear no further. Amid the jeers and threats of his enemies he rushed from the temple, and, springing into his chariot, he seized the reins and drove hard to his estate. There he was greeted by Salammbô.

He eyed her so sternly that at last she stammered out: "Have they told you, my lord . . . ?"

"Yes," he replied, "I know!"

"Father," she said sadly, "one cannot repair the irreparable."

He made no answer, but continued to look steadily at her until, unable to bear the strain longer, Salammbô fell back fainting into the arms of her women.

The Suffete strode off, and, accompanied by his stewards, made an inspection of his estates and storehouses, from which

he had long been absent. Where neglect or waste or other abuse was discovered, the guilty were punished with frightful severity. For the first time Hamilcar learnt how great had been the cost to him of the feast given to the Mercenaries. Also he heard that many of his country estates were now in their hands.

The same night Hamilcar made his way to the temple of Eschmoun, where the Rich were assembled, and announced that he would accept the command of the Republic's armies against the Mercenaries.

It was not long ere the Suffete was ready to strike. His first blow was at the army commanded by Spendius, which was now separated from that of Matho. By a feigned retreat Hamilcar drew his elated adversaries into such a position that he was able suddenly to bring his whole massed body of elephants into their midst. The carnage was terrible in the battle itself, and afterwards it was still worse, the victorious Carthaginians slaughtering every Barbarian who had survived, save those who, like their leader, had escaped to a safe distance.

After this Hamilcar, well content with his success, kept on the move, never giving Matho and Spendius, who had now joined forces, a chance of having their revenge. He sent to Carthage, which was in a frenzy of delight, two thousand prisoners taken on the field. These, against Hamilcar's express orders, were atrociously put to death by the populace, this being the bloody culmination of their rejoicings.

But with the Barbarians ever at their heels, the Punic forces, which were only about half the strength of their adversaries, began to feel the need of help from Carthage. Hamilcar had been promised men and provisions, of which he was sorely in need; but none came, and at length he was forced to encamp in a hollow plain surrounded by hills, all occupied by Mercenaries. There was no escape from this position. All that the leader could do was to stay there, make the place impregnable, and wait for reinforcements.

MEANWHILE, Carthage had gone from one extreme to the other. Hamilcar, for whom but recently no praise could be too high, was now abused for his inactivity and accused of too great leniency. He should have followed up his victory by wiping out the Mercenaries altogether. Salammbô, too, had to bear her share in the blame. There was even vague talk of immolating her, to appease Baal for the loss of the Zaïmph. The crowd would stand for hours in the gardens of the Megara, gazing up at the terrace where she dwelt, and shouting imprecations against her.

V—Matho's Visitor

HAMILCAR'S daughter cared little for the clamourings of the mob; the sickness of her great black python caused her far greater anxiety; she attributed this, like all the other evils oppressing Carthage, as being due to the loss of the Zaïmph.

There came a day when Schahabarim, the taciturn, terrific High Priest, told her plainly that the safely of the Carthaginians, and of her father as well, depended upon her alone. When she pressed him to explain, he laughed scornfully, saying, "You would never consent!"

"Consent?" she asked anxiously. "Consent to what?"

"You must go to the camp of the Mercenaries and recover the Veil!"

Seized with a deadly terror, Salammbô at first would give no promise, but within a few days her courage returned, and at last Schahabarim made her take the most solemn oaths, dedicating herself to the gods, and undertaking to go to Matho's tent and bring back the Fortune of Carthage.

First there were fasts and purifications to be undergone, but at length all was ready, and late one night Salammbô set out on her mission, guided by a trusted slave who knew the road. They were both mounted. The journey was long and arduous, many *détours* being required for safety's sake.

At the entrance to the Barbarians' camp she was challenged by a sentry, who, before she had time to reply, shot an arrow which pierced her skirt.

"I am a fugitive from Carthage," she cried. "I would speak with Matho."

When Matho came, she, still closely muffled in the cloak that hid the wondrous robe and ornaments beneath, said simply: "Take me to your tent!" He told her to follow him. She did so, not another word being exchanged.

Inside the tent, which was guarded by two negroes holding lanterns, Matho broke the silence with a stern: "What brings you here? Who are you?"

Then, as she tore the veils from her head, he started back, amazed, almost affrighted.

"I have come to take back the Zaïmph!" she exclaimed, without a tremor. The Veil was visible at the back of the tent, hanging over a bed of palm branches.

Matho seemed hardly conscious of what she was saying. Long and hungrily he gazed on her; then, taking her by the wrists, he seated himself upon a couch covered by a lion's skin, and held her, standing, before him.

"How lovely! How lovely!" was all he could utter.

Then she reproached him bitterly, in a torrent of words, for his sacrilege, while Matho could do no more than cry: "Have pity on me! I love you! Stay!"

But she broke from him and went as though to seize the Veil. Then he rose, terrible in his size and strength, and took her in his arms. As he did so, the slender golden chain about her ankles snapped. Half-fainting, the daughter of Hamilcar sank back on the couch, and, opening her eyes, saw Matho's face above her.

As he kissed her, she cried: "Moloch, thou art burning me!" And she knew no more.

In the dim light of dawn Salammbô watched her lover sleeping. There was a dagger by the couch. What if she killed her country's chiefest foe? She clutched the weapon. Matho half opened his eyes, and as he stretched his lips towards her hands the dagger fell to the ground.

Suddenly there were cries outside, and a bright light showed through the canvas.

"Come!" shouted voices. "Hamilcar is burning the camp of Authoritus!"

In an instant Matho was on his feet, and the next he was gone.

Left quite alone, Salammbô took the Veil, and, winding it about her, slipped from the tent. In the panic caused by the fire she passed almost unnoticed. By great good fortune she found her guide who, with the horses, had wandered round and round the camp all night; and soon they were within the Punic lines.

When Hamilcar saw his daughter and the Veil upon her shoulders he stood speechless from wonder and delight. At once he offered her in marriage to Narr' Havas, Chief of the Numidians, who had allied himself to the Carthaginians, as a reward for the service he had done in betraying the Barbarians. The betrothal ceremony followed immediately.

VI—The Barbarian's End

Inspired by the well-nigh miraculous recovery of the sacred Zaïmph, Hamilcar, with the aid of Narr' Havas, now resumed the offensive, until by degrees the weakened Barbarians, outmanoeuvred and dispirited, grew less and less formidable. For a time, after the flight of Salammbô, Matho had taken no interest in anything. At length the lover was forgotten in the soldier, and he threw himself whole-heartedly once more into the campaign. But the forces against them were too powerful, and many were the crushing defeats they sustained.

The Punic forces were now back in Carthage, and all the remaining energies of the Mercenaries were devoted to besieging the city. This, despite tremendous efforts and frightful sacrifices, was unsuccessful. Daily the numbers of the Barbarians were diminishing, until at last Matho, with some 12,000 men—all that were left—found himself compelled to retreat on Tunis, with Hamilcar, Hanno and Narr' Havas in hot pursuit.

It was impossible for Matho to avoid a last pitched battle in the open, as Tunis could not be held. The bravery of his small army was of no avail against the enormous forces opposing them. Gradually they were exterminated by the Carthaginians, and in the end Matho himself, after fighting like ten men, was enmeshed in a large net and captured.

Taken in triumph to Carthage, the Barbarian Chief was thrown into a dungeon and closely guarded. The Carthaginians were mad with delight at having the arch-enemy at last in their power. How to put him to death most cruelly was now the only thing thought of. It was soon decided that the vengeance should form the climax of a day of national rejoicing, in honour of the nuptials of Narr' Havas and Salammbô.

. . . . .

The Ancients decided that Matho should walk alone from his prison to the square of Khamon, where the wedding was to be, with his arms bound behind his back. It was forbidden to strike him a mortal blow, to put out his eyes, to throw anything at him, or to touch him with more than three fingers at once. The populace let their nails grow !

When the bride and bridegroom, Hamilcar and all the dignitaries were seated, the door of Matho's dungeon was thrown open, and he walked out, amidst the execrations of the mob. Men, women and even children tore him with their fingers as he passed, and some pulled out handfuls of hair. Soon he was bleeding from head to foot. From one of the temples was brought a red-hot bar of iron which was pressed against his wounds ; glass was strewn before his bare feet ; boiling oil was squirted over him. Once, twice, thrice the bleeding giant fell, and then he reached the square, where he saw Salammbô.

Keeping his eyes fixed on her, as she leaned over the balustrade, he tottered a few paces farther, then sank down and ceased to live. An instant after, Schahabarim, the pallid, beardless eunuch-priest of Moloch, leapt on the prostrate form and, opening the breast with a single stroke of his knife, tore out the dead Barbarian's heart and held it aloft.

Half-swooning, Salammbô was carried back by the priests to her throne. Narr' Havas, her bridegroom, his arm around her waist, took a golden cup in his right hand and drank to Carthage. Salammbô likewise stood up, cup in hand, to drink ; but ere the wine had touched her lips she fell back, and never spoke again. . . .

A Great German's Study of Human Development

ERNST HAECKEL
THE EVOLUTION OF MAN
Outlined by Joseph McCabe

FIRST published in 1874 under the title Anthropogenie, this was the third in sequence of Ernst Haeckel's valuable contributions to the study of evolution, and is generally accepted as being his most important production. Its precursors from his pen are enumerated at the beginning of the outline of The Riddle of the Universe, which appears in pages 173–177 of *The World's Great Books*. From English scientists it received a warm welcome and Darwin declared that he probably would never have written his Descent of Man had Haeckel published this work earlier. The English translation by Joseph McCabe is published in two editions by The Rationalist Press Association, who have given permission for this epitome prepared by the translator.

I—The Science of Man

THE natural history of mankind, or anthropology, must always excite the most lively interest, and no part of the science is more attractive than that which deals with the question of man's origin. In order to study this with full profit, we must combine the results of two sciences, ontogeny (or embryology) and phylogeny (the science of evolution).

We do this because we have now discovered that the forms through which the embryo passes in its development correspond roughly to the series of forms in its ancestral development. The general law is now very widely accepted. I have called it ' the biogenetic law,' and will constantly appeal to it in the course of this study.

It is only in recent times that the two sciences have advanced sufficiently to reveal the correspondence of the two series

of forms. Aristotle provided a good foundation for embryology and made some discoveries, but no progress was made in the science for 2,000 years after him. Then the Reformation brought liberty of research and in the seventeenth century several works were written on embryology.

For more than a hundred years the science was still hampered by the lack of good microscopes. It was generally believed that all the organs of the body existed, packed in a tiny point of space, in the germ. About the middle of the eighteenth century, Caspar Friedrich Wolff discovered the true development; but his work was ignored and it was only fifty years later that modern embryology began to work on the right line. K. E. von Baer made it clear that the fertilised ovum divides into a group of cells and that the various organs of the body are developed from these layers of cells.

The science of phylogeny, or, as it is popularly called, the evolution of species, had an equally slow growth. On the ground of the Mosaic narrative, no less than in view of the actual appearance of the living world, the great naturalist Linnaeus (1735) set up the dogma of the unchangeability of species. Even when quite different remains of animals were discovered by the advancing science of geology, they were forced into the existing narrow framework of science by Cuvier. Sir Charles Lyell undid the fallacious work of Cuvier, but in the meantime the zoologists were moving toward the doctrine of evolution.

Jean Lamarck made the first systematic attempt to expound the theory in his Zoological Philosophy (1809). He suggested that animals modified their organs by use or disuse, and that the effect of this was inherited. In the course of time these inherited modifications reached such a pitch that the organism fell into a new species. Goethe also made some contributions to the science of evolution.

But it was reserved for Charles Darwin to win an enduring place in science for the theory. The Origin of Species (1859) not only sustained it with positive knowledge which Lamarck did not command, but it provided a more luminous explanation in the doctrine of natural selection.

Huxley (1863) followed with an application of the law to man, and in 1866 I gave a sketch of its application throughout the whole animal world. In 1874 I published the first edition of the present work.

THE doctrine of evolution is now a vital part of biology and we might accept the evolution of man as a special deduction from the general law. Three great groups of evidence impose that law on us.

The first group consists of the facts of palaeontology, or the fossil record of past animal life. Imperfect as the record is, it shows us a broad divergence of successively changing types from a simple root, and in some cases exhibits the complete transition from one type to another.

The next document is the evidence of comparative anatomy. This science groups the forms of living animals in such a way that we seem to have the same gradual divergence of types from simple common ancestors. In particular, it discovers certain rudimentary organs in the higher animals, which can only be understood as the shrunken relics of organs that were once useful to a remote ancestor. Thus, man has still the rudiment of the third eyelid of his shark ancestor.

The third document is the evidence of embryology, which shows us the higher organism substantially reproducing, in its embryonic development, the long series of ancestral forms.

II—Man's Embryonic Development

THE first stage in the development of any animal is the tiny speck of plasm, hardly visible to the naked eye, which we call the ovum, or egg-cell. It is a single cell, recalling the earliest single-celled ancestor of all animals. In its immature form it is not unlike certain microscopic animalcules known as amoebae. In its mature form it is about $\frac{1}{125}$th of an inch in diameter.

When the male germ has blended with the female in the ovum, the new cell slowly divides into two, with a very complicated division of the material composing its nucleus. The two cells divide into four, the four into eight, and so on until we have

a round cluster of cells, something like a blackberry in shape.

This *morula*, as I have called it, reproduces the next stage in the development of life. As all animals pass through it, our biogenetic law forces us to see in it an ancestral stage, and in point of fact we have animals of this type living in nature to-day. The round cluster becomes filled with fluid, and we have a hollow sphere of cells, which I call the *blastula*. The corresponding early ancestor I name the *blastaea*, and we find examples of it, like the *volvox* of the ponds, in nature to-day.

The next step is very important. The hollow sphere closes in on itself, as when an indiarubber ball is pressed into the form of a cup. We have then a vase-shaped body with two layers of cells, an inner and an outer, and an opening. The inner layer we call the entoderm, the outer the ectoderm ; and the ' primitive mouth ' is known as the blastopore.

In the higher animals a good deal of food-yolk is stored up in the germ, and so the vase-shaped structure has been flattened and altered. It has, however, been shown that all embryos pass through this stage (gastrulation), and we again infer the existence of a common ancestor of that type—the *gastraea*. The lowest group of many-celled animals—the corals and jelly-fishes—are of that structure.

The embryo now consists of two layers of cells, the ' germ-layers,' an inner and outer. As the higher embryo develops, a third layer of cells now pushes between the two. We may say that from this middle layer are developed most of the animal organs of the body ; from the internal germ-layer is developed the lining of the alimentary canal and its dependent glands ; from the outer layer are formed the skin and the nervous system—which developed originally in the skin.

The embryo of man and all the other higher animals now develops a cavity, a pair of pouches, by the folding of the layer at the primitive mouth. Sir E. Ray Lankester and other students traced this formation through the whole embryonic world, and we are therefore again obliged to see in it a reminiscence of an ancestral form—a primitive worm-like animal.

The next step is the formation of the first trace of what will ultimately be the backbone. It consists at first of a membranous tube, formed by the folding of the inner layer along the axis of the embryo body. Later this tube will become cartilage, and in the higher animals the cartilage will give place to bone.

The other organs of the body now gradually form from the germ-layers, principally by the folding of the layers into tubes. A light area appears on the surface of the germ. A streak or groove forms along its axis, and becomes the nerve-cord running along the back. Cube-shaped structures make their appearance on either side of it ; these prove to be the rudiments of the vertebrae—or separate bones of the backbone—and gradually close round the cord. The heart is at first merely a spindle-shaped enlargement of the main ventral blood vessel.

When the human embryo is only a quarter of an inch in length, it has gill clefts and gill arches in the throat like a fish, and no limbs. The heart—as yet with only the simple two-chambered structure of a fish's heart—is up in the throat—as in the fish—and the principal arteries run to the gill slits. These structures never have any utility in man or the other land animals, though the embryo always has them for a time. They point to a fish ancestor.

Later, they break up, the limbs sprout out like blunt fins at the sides, and the long tail begins to decrease. By the twelfth week the human frame is perfectly formed, though less than two inches long. Last of all, it retains its resemblance to the ape.

III—Our Ancestral Tree

The series of forms which we thus trace in man's embryonic development corresponds to the ancestral series which we would assign to man on the evidence of palaeontology and comparative anatomy. At one time the tracing of this ancestral series encountered a very serious check. When we examined the groups of living animals, we found none that illustrated or explained the passage from the non-backboned — invertebrate — to the backboned—vertebrate—animals. This

gap was filled some years ago by the discovery of the lancelet—amphioxus—and the young of the sea-squirt—ascidia. The lancelet has a slender rod of cartilage along its back, and corresponds very closely with the ideal I have sketched of our primitive backboned ancestor. It may be an offshoot from the same group. The sea-squirt further illustrates the origin of the backbone, since it has a similar rod of cartilage in its youth and loses it, by degeneration, in its maturity.

In this way the chief difficulty was overcome, and it was possible to sketch the probable series of our ancestors. It must be well understood that not only is the whole series conjectural, but no living animal must be regarded as an ancestral form. The parental types have long been extinct, and we may, at the most, use very conservative living types to illustrate their nature, just as, in the matter of languages, German is not the parent, but the cousin of Anglo-Saxon, or Greek of Latin. The original parental languages are lost. But a language like Sanscrit survives to give us a good idea of the type.

The law of evolution is based on such a mass of evidence that we may justly draw deductions from it, where the direct evidence is incomplete. This is especially necessary in the early part of our ancestral tree, because the fossil record quite fails us. For millions of years the early soft-bodied animals left no trace in the primitive mud, which time has hardened into rocks, and we are restricted to the evidence of embryology and of comparative zoology.

In nature to-day, one of the lowest animal forms is a tiny speck of living plasm called the amoeba. We have still more elementary forms, such as the minute particles which make up the bluish film on damp rocks, but they are of a vegetal character, or below it. They give us some idea of the very earliest forms of life: minute living particles, with no organs, down to the ten-thousandth part of an inch in diameter. The amoeba represents the lowest animal, and, as we saw, the ovum in many cases resembles an amoeba. We therefore take some such one-celled creature as our first animal ancestor. Taking food in at all parts of its surface, having no permament organs of locomotion and reproducing by merely splitting into two, it exhibits the lowest level of animal life.

The next step in development would be the clustering together of these primitive microbes as they divided. This is actually the stage that comes next in the development of the germ, and it is the next stage upward in the existing animal world. We assume that these clusters of microbes—or cells, as we will now call them—bent inward, as we saw the embryo do, and became two-layered, cup-shaped organisms, with a hollow interior (primitive stomach) and an aperture (primitive mouth). The inner cells now do the work of digestion alone; the outer cells effect locomotion, by means of lashes like oars, and are sensitive. This is, in the main, the structure of the next great group of animals, the hydra, coral, medusa and anemone. They have remained at this level, though they have developed organs for stinging their prey and bringing food into their mouths.

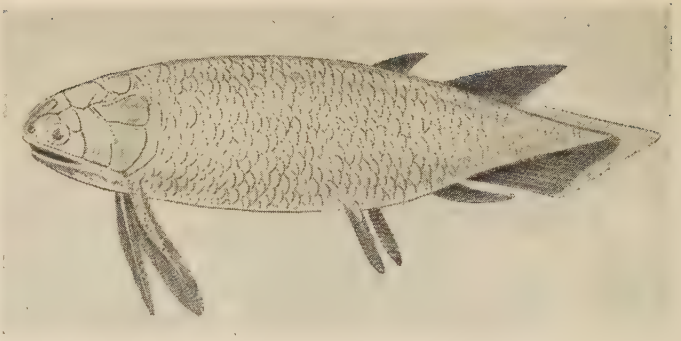
Both zoology and the appearance of the embryo point to a worm-like animal as the next stage. Constant swimming in the water would give the animal a definite head, with special groups of nerve-cells, a definite tail and a two-sided or evenly-balanced body.

We mean that those animals would be fittest to live, and multiply most, which developed this organization. Sense organs would now appear in the head, in the form of simple depressions, lined with sensitive cells, as they do in the embryo; and a clump of nerve-cells within would represent the primitive brain. In the vast and varied worm group we find illustrations of nearly every step in this process of evolution.

The highest type of worm-like creature, the acorn-headed worm—balanoglossus—takes us an important step further. It has gill openings for breathing, and a cord of cartilage down its back. We saw that the human embryo has a gill apparatus and that, comparing the lancelet and the sea-squirt, the backbone must have begun as a string of cartilage cells. We are now on firmer ground, for there is no doubt that all the higher land animals come from a fish

ancestor. The shark, one of the most primitive of fishes in organization, probably best suggests this ancestor to us. In fact, in the embryonic development of the human face there is a clear suggestion of the shark.

Up to this period the story of evolution had run its course in the sea. The area of dry land was now increasing, and certain of the primitive fishes adapted themselves to living on land. They walked on their fins, and used their floating-bladders—large air bladders in the fish, for rising in the water—to breathe air. We not only have fishes of this type in Australia to-day, but we have the fossil remains of similar fishes in the Old Red Sandstone rocks. From mud-fish the amphibian would naturally develop, as it did in the coal forest period. Walking on the fins would strengthen the main stem, the broad paddle would become useless and we should get in time the bony five-toed limb. The rocks show many of these giant salamander forms.

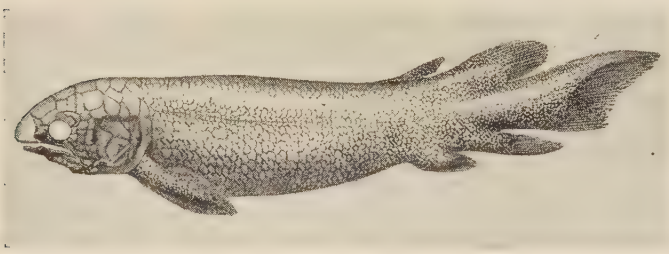


AN ANCESTOR OF THE AMPHIBIANS

[Devonian Crossopterygian, the fossilised remains of which were found in Old Red Sandstone rocks

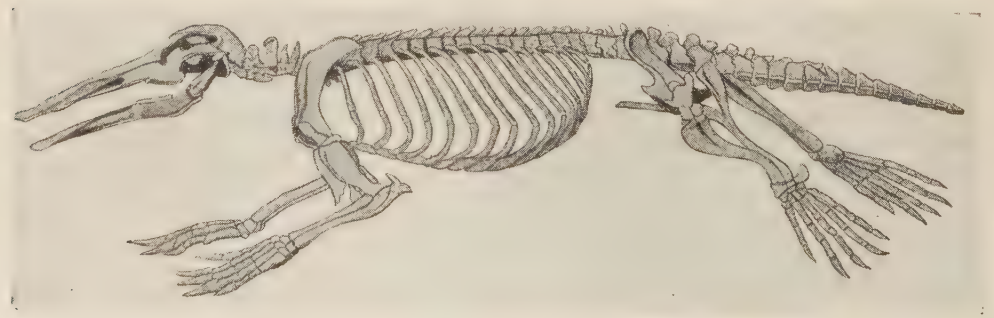
The reptile now evolved from the amphibian and a vast reptile population spread over the earth. From one of these early reptiles the birds were evolved. Geology furnishes the missing link between the bird and the reptile in the archaeopteryx, a bird with teeth, claws on its wings and a reptilian tail.

From another primitive reptile the important group of the mammals was evolved. We find what seem to be the transitional types in the rocks of South Africa. The heart evolved a fourth chamber and thus supplied purer blood (warm blood), the brain profited by the richer food, and the mother began to suckle the young. We have still a primitive mammal of this type in the duck-mole, or duck-billed platypus (ornithorhyncus) of Australia. There are



FOSSIL DIPNEUST

Like the specimen above, this mud-fish's fossil was found in Old Red Sandstone rock. The fins were used as primitive legs



SKELETON OF THE WATER ORNITHORHYNCUS

The duck-billed platypus (ornithorhyncus) of Australia, a primitive mammal of to-day, forms a connecting link with the primitive reptiles

grounds for thinking that the next stage was an opossum-like animal, and this led on to the lowest ape-like being, the lemur. Judging from fossil remains, the black lemur of Madagascar suggests this ancestor.

The apes of the Old and New Worlds now diverged from this level and some branch of the former gave rise to the man-like apes and man. In bodily structure and embryonic development the large apes come very close to man, and two recent discoveries have put their blood-relationship beyond question. One is that experiments in the transfusion of blood show that the blood of the man-like ape and man have the same action on the blood of lower animals. The other is that we have discovered, in Java, several bones of a being which stands just midway between the highest living ape and lowest living race of men. This ape-man (pithecanthropus) represents the last of our animal ancestors.

IV—Evolution of Separate Organs

So far, we have seen how the human body as a whole develops through a long series of extinct ancestors. We may now take the various systems of organs one by one, and, if we are careful to consult embryology as well as zoology, we can trace the manner of their development. It is, in accordance with our biogenetic law, the same in the embryo, as a rule, as in the story of past evolution.

We take first the nervous system. In the lowest animals, as in the early stages of the embryo, there are no nerve-cells. In the embryo the nerve-cells develop from the outer, or skin layer, of cells. This, though strange as regards the human nervous system, is a correct preservation of the primitive seat of the nerves. It was the surface of the animal that needed to be sensitive in the primitive organism. Later, when definite connecting nerves were formed, only special points in the surface, protected by coverings which did not interfere with the sensitiveness, needed to be exposed and the nerves transmitted the impressions to the central brain.

This development is found in the animal world to-day. In such animals as the hydra we find the first crude beginning of unorganized nerve-cells. In the jelly-fish we find nerve-cells clustered into definite sensitive organs. In the lower worms we have the beginning of organs of smell and vision. They are at first merely blind, sensitive pits in the skin, as in the embryo. The ear has a peculiar origin. Up to the fish level there is no power of hearing. There is merely a little stone rolling in a sensitive bed, to warn the animal of its movement from side to side. In the higher animals this evolves into the ear.

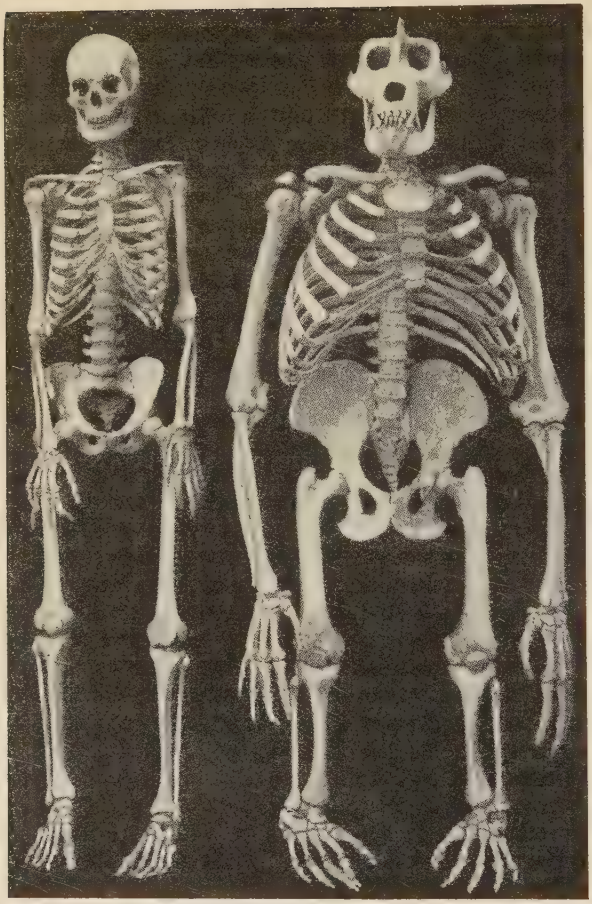
The glands of the skin (sweat, fat, tears, etc.) appear at first as blunt, simple ingrowths. The hair first appears in tufts, representing the scales, from underneath which they were probably evolved. The thin coat of hair on the human body to-day is an ancestral inheritance. This is well shown by the direction of the hairs on the arm. As on the ape's arm, both on the upper and lower arm. they grow toward the elbow. The ape finds this useful in rain, using his arms like a thatched roof, and on our arm this can only be a reminiscence of the habits of an ape ancestor.

SKULL OF THE APE-MAN

The pithecanthropus (ape-man) represents the last of the animal and the first of the human ancestors

We have seen how the spinal cord first appears as a tube in the axis of the back and the cartilaginous column closes round it. All bone appears first as membrane, then cartilage, and finally ossifies. This is the order both in past evolution and in present embryonic development.

The brain is at first a bulbous expansion of the spinal nerve cord. It is at first simple, but gradually both in the scale of nature and in the embryo, divides into five parts. One of these parts, the cerebrum, is mainly connected with mental life. We find it increasing in size, in proportion



SKELETONS OF MAN AND APE COMPARED
From this photograph it will be seen that the bodily structures of man and the larger apes are closely similar

to the animal's intelligence, until in man it comes to cover the whole of the brain. When we remove it from the head of the mammal, without killing the animal, we find all mental life suspended and the whole vitality used in vegetative functions.

In the evolution of the bony system we find the same correspondence of embryology and evolution. The main column is at first a rod of cartilage. In time the separate cubes appear which are to form the vertebrae of the flexible column. Just as the brain is a specially modified part of the nerve rod, the skull is only a modified part of the vertebral column. The bones that compose it are modified vertebrae. The skull of the shark gives us a hint of how the modification took place, and the formation of the skull in the embryo confirms it.

That adult man is devoid of that prolongation of the vertebral column which we call a tail is not a distinctive peculiarity. The higher apes are equally without it. We find, however, that the human embryo has a long tail, much longer than the legs, when they are developing. At times, moreover, children are born with tails—perfect tails, with nerves and muscles, which they move briskly under emotion, and these have to be amputated.

The development of the limb from the fin offers no serious difficulty to the osteologist. All the higher animals descend from a five-toed ancestor. The whale has taken again to the water and reconverted its limb into a paddle. The bones of the front feet still remain under the flesh. Animals of the horse type have had the central toe strengthened, for running, at the expense of the rest.

The alimentary system, blood vessel system, and reproductive system have been evolved gradually in the same way. The stomach is at first the whole cavity in the animal. Later it becomes a straight simple tube, strengthened by a gullet in front. The liver is an outgrowth from this tube; the stomach is a bulbous expansion of its central part, later provided with a valve. The kidneys are at first simple channels in the skin for drainage, then closed tubes, which branch out more and more, and then gather into our compact kidneys.

We thus see that the building up of the human body from a single cell is a substantial epitome of the story of evolution.

Body and mind—for the development of mind follows with the utmost precision on the development of brain—man is the culmination of a long process of development. His spirit is a form of energy inseparably bound up with the substance of his body. His evolution has been controlled by the same 'eternal, iron laws' as the development of any other body—the laws of heredity and of adaptation.

GEORGE CAVENDISH

THE LIFE OF CARDINAL WOLSEY

THIS most moving narrative by a loyal servant of his master's life-passage from humble birth to the pinnacle of pomp and power and then of his sudden fall from princely favour and his death in ruin, was written by George Cavendish of Glemsford in Suffolk—elder brother of that William Cavendish who was knighted by Henry VIII, built Chatsworth, and became the progenitor of a great tribe of peers. George Cavendish was born about 1500 and entered Wolsey's service about 1527. After the Cardinal's death on November 28, 1530, Cavendish retired to his own estate at Glemsford where he lived peacefully until his death in 1561 or 1562. He wrote this biography between July 1554, and February 1557, nearly thirty years after the events that it records, but it could not be published during Elizabeth's reign owing to Cavendish's attitude towards Anne Boleyn. It was first published in 1641, and has now become established as one of the most interesting biographies in the English language. The Life is included in Morley's Universal Library, published by George Routledge.

I—The State and Splendour of the Cardinal

TRUTH it is, Cardinal Wolsey, sometime archbishop of York, was an honest poor man's son, born in Ipswich; yet being conveyed to the University of Oxford, he so prospered in learning that he was called the boy-bachelor forasmuch as he was made Bachelor of Arts at fifteen.

Yet being promoted but to a small benefice it happened that he rendered to Sir John Nanphant such service that he was by him commended to the king, Henry VII, to be his chaplain. Having then by his wit found favour with bishop Fox of Winchester, by his counsel he was sent upon a mission to the Emperor Maximilian; which he discharged with such unlooked-for speed and skill as brought him into great estimation with the king who at that time gave him the Deanery of Lincoln, being already his almoner.

Now when death had taken that prudent prince out of this present life, and King Henry VIII had taken upon him the regal sceptre and imperial diadem of England, the almoner, whose head was full of subtil wit and policy, found the means to be made of his council. Who wrought so all his matters that all his endeavour was only to satisfy the king's mind, whereby he should not need to spare any time of his pleasure for any business of the council, he being there to see all things sufficiently furnished and perfected. So that no man was of that estimation with the king as he was, having a special gift of natural eloquence that he was able to persuade and allure all men to his purpose.

Then as it chanced war between the realms of England and France to be open, for the furnishing of the same he took upon him the whole burden of this business. Whereof it came that soon after he was made first bishop of Lincoln, then archbishop of York; and that he should not be lower in honour than Canterbury, he obtained to be made priest-cardinal and *Legatus de latere;* unto whom the pope sent a cardinal's hat. Being moreover chancellor, he was able to surmount Canterbury in all ecclesiastical jurisdictions; receiving also the bishoprick of Winchester and having in his hand the administration of three more bishopricks which were held by foreigners.

Whereby the cardinal dwelt in very great state and splendour; having a steward, which was always a dean or priest; a treasurer, a knight; and a comptroller, an esquire; with very many officers and yeomen of his kitchen, and in his privy kitchen a master cook which went daily in damask, satin, or velvet, and a many more serving-men. Of his chapel he had many priests with singing men and children, being furnished with costly ornaments and rich jewels past numbering.

Then went he upon embassage to the new Emperor Charles V, he lying then in Bruges, who entertained him in great splendour. Nor was his magnificence

IN PROCESSIONAL MAGNIFICENCE, ARMED WITH A POMANDER 'AGAINST THE PESTILENT AIRS,' WOLSEY COMES TO WESTMINSTER HALL

From the painting by Sir John Gilbert, R.A., in the Guildhall Gallery, London

any less when he attended Westminster Hall as chancellor for the hearing of suits, where he judged every estate according to their merits and deserts.

Now I will declare unto you his order in going to Westminster Hall, daily in the term season. After mass he would issue out apparelled all in red, in the habit of a cardinal; which was either of fine scarlet, or else of crimson satin, taffety, damask, or caffa, the best that he could get for money: and upon his head a round pillion, with a noble of black velvet set to the same in the inner side; he had also a tippet of fine sables about his neck; holding in his hand a very fair orange, whereof the meat or substance within was taken out, and filled up again with the part of a sponge, wherein was vinegar, and other confections against the pestilent airs; the which he most commonly smelt unto, passing among the press, or else when he was pestered with many suitors.

There was also borne before him, first, the great seal of England, and then his cardinal's hat, by a nobleman or some worthy gentleman, right solemnly, bareheaded. Thus passing forth with two great crosses of silver borne before him; with also two great pillars of silver, and his pursuivant-at-arms with a great mace of silver gilt, his gentlemen ushers cried: 'On, my lords and masters, on before; make way for my Lord's Grace!'

Thus he went until he came to Westminster Hall door. And there alighted, and went after this manner, up through the hall into the chancery, sitting there till eleven of the clock, hearing suitors and determining of divers matters.

Thus in great honour, triumph and glory he reigned a long season, ruling all things within this realm appertaining to the king, by his wisdom, and also all other matters of foreign regions with which the king of this realm had occasion to intermeddle.

Nevertheless fortune devised a means to abate his high port, procuring Venus to be her instrument; for she brought the king in love with Anne Boleyn, a gentlewoman which was one of Queen Katharine's maids. Who being secretly contracted to the lord Percy, the cardinal at the king's bidding caused him to break that contract; for which Anne, taking him to have been the prime mover, never forgave him. But when she perceived what was the king's mind towards her, and also those great lords of the council which bore a secret grudge against the cardinal, they, fantasying that she would be an apt instrument to their ends, took counsel with her against him so that they might find safe occasion to bring him out of his high favour with the king. The enterprise thereof was so dangerous, that though they would fain have often attempted the matter with the king, yet they durst not; for they knew the great loving affection and especial favour that the king bare to the cardinal, and also they feared the wondrous wit of the cardinal. Wherefore they were compelled to wait until a more convenient time.

Now wars with the French king being again toward and the duke of Bourbon being in exile for a grudge that was between him and his master, our king by counsel of the cardinal made the said duke general of his army in the field. But the French king sent privily to treat of a peace, so that the supplies from England were secretly with-holden from the duke; who yet made issue from Pavia and utterly defeated King Francis, taking him prisoner, also causing the pope, who was in league with France to flee to Castle Angell; of all which mischief the cardinal was thought to be the cause. The French king being then in the emperor's hands he was set free, giving hostages.

When terms of peace and reparation being to be settled, the lords of the council persuaded King Henry to send the cardinal himself upon an embassage to that end, so that in his absence the Lady Anne might the more readily work upon the king's mind against him.

Upon this journey I, being of the cardinal's train, can well report of the splendour of his reception and of the great estimation wherein he was everywhere held; also of what I saw at Compiègne whither I was sent forward to prepare my lord's lodging, he and the king having continued two weeks and more consulting

and feasting at Amiens; and of the sport of boar-hunting which we witnessed, wherein Master Ratcliffe who was after earl of Sussex won much honour.

But for the affairs of the embassy, while my lord cardinal was at Compiegne, he fell out with the chancellor of France as having gone about to hinder the league; which matter my lord stomached very stoutly, and arose and went to his own lodging wondrously offended; who would in no wise relent till Madame Regent came herself, who handled the matter so discreetly and wittily, that she reconciled him to his former communication. And the next morning he rose early, about four of the clock, sitting down to write letters to the king, yet never rose once to eat any meat, but continued in his night-cap writing letters with his own hand until four of the afternoon; which done he went to mass.

When the messenger which was sent into England with the letters was returned, my lord made haste to return into England; yet were we deceived in our expectation that he should be joyfully received at his home-coming. Notwithstanding, he went immediately after his coming to the king, with whom he had long talk, and continued in the court two or three days.

No long time after came the French embassy; for whose entertaining there was no more to do but to make provision at Hampton Court. Whereby I being gentleman usher had no small pains travelling daily from chamber to chamber, the carpenters and other artificers being set at work. And at the coming of the Frenchmen they were lodged and feasted right sumptuously, so that I suppose they had never before seen the like; in due time thereafter, having been most nobly rewarded with many rich gifts as of plate or horses, goodly apparel or fine gold chains, so that there was no page but had at the least twenty crowns, they departed. And my lord, after humble commendations to the French king, bad them adieu.

II—How the Cardinal Incurred the King's Displeasure

Then began other matters to brew and take place that occupied all men's heads with divers imaginations. For the king made known to the cardinal the matter of Mistress Anne Boleyn, nor would be persuaded by him, even upon his knees, to the contrary. Who by the king's leave gathered all the bishops with many other famous clerks to his place in Westminster to debate the king's case. Yet the matter being so obscure and doubtful, they sent commissioners to the universities of Europe to gather their learned opinions under their great seals. Which done, a legation was by the advice of all sent to the pope that he should either himself give advice and judgement, or establish in England a court judicial directed by my lord cardinal and Cardinal Campeggio, who was then bishop of Bath, to hear and determine. The which after long and great suit, they obtained of the pope his commission.

Then was a court erected in the Black Friars in London, where these two cardinals sat for judges before whom the king and queen were duly cited to appear. And when all were assembled, the queen being called into court made most moving appeal of the rightfulness of her cause, and of the nature of this new court before which she must be tried, praying that she might first learn what order her friends in Spain would have her take; and therewith departed. Then the king spoke in great praise of her and answering declared that the cardinal was in no wise the mover herein, but the doubt of the lawfulness of his marriage pricked his conscience and conscience constrained him.

Then the court sitting from day to day with hot debate of the matter, the queen refusing to be present, my lord, after certain discomfortable words spoken privily by the king, went with the other cardinal to the queen's lodging which was in Bridewell, taking me with them; who entreated her that she should trust her matter to them wholly, yet could in no wise persuade her. So when at last the day came that judgement should be delivered, instead thereof the Cardinal Campeggio gave it out that he would deliver no answer upon a matter so doubtful without the opinion of the pope; and so was the court dissolved.

Thereon the duke of Suffolk, coming from the king, spake saying, 'it was never merry in England whilst we had cardinals among us'; for the which though my lord answered him in sober and seemly wise, yet it was from that time manifest that the cardinal was in the king's displeasure. For the fault that the matter in his suit took no better success was ascribed much to my lord. But as yet the king did no more than to withdraw himself from him and to cast unwonted slights on him until Campeggio had with small favour departed from the realm; though from time to time making show of no less goodwill than heretofore. Yet being separated from the queen and much in company with Mistress Anne Boleyn she spoke ever against the cardinal for her old grudge.

But when Campeggio was gone and the Michaelmas Term near at hand, the dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk came to him from the king to his house at Westminster, bidding him deliver up the great seal into their hands and retire to a house of his, which was at Asher. Which done, and the common bruit being that he should go straightway to the Tower, he departed to Asher by water. Yet did the king send to him by Master Norris a ring for a token of goodwill, whereby he was greatly comforted. Yet seeing that the king had taken all his goods into his own hand, he was at Asher forced to borrow the very plates and dishes and linen for his household, though of meat and drink there was plenty.

THERE, upon All-hallown day, I came upon Master Cromwell, leaning in the great window, praying and weeping; for that he deemed himself to be in disdain with most men for his master's sake. 'Howbeit,' said he, 'I will ride to London, and so to the court where I will either make or mar or I come again.' The which he did that night after long communication with my lord in secret. And upon that same night came Sir John Russel privily, bearing a ring of gold with a Turkis for a token of the king's goodwill, departing with speed after little space; and shortly thereafter my lord was restored to plenty of household stuff.

But for Master Cromwell, he procured for himself that he should be one of the burgesses of Parliament; where was nothing spoken against my lord, but he would answer it incontinent, so that for his honest behaviour he was of all men greatly commended.

A bill, moreover, having been brought in to have my lord condemned of treason, it was by his witty persuasions made of none effect. Whereby the cardinal's enemies were compelled to indict him in a *premunire*, only to the intent to entitle the king to all his goods and possessions. Yet for all he had the king's licence he would not stand in question with the king in his own cause, but submitted himself wholly to the king's grace therein.

NOT long after the king sent to him the duke of Northumberland who showed him great courtesy, as caring not a straw for that legatine authority, but holding him the superior of all dukes as cardinal and archbishop of York; nor would he have aught to do with Master Shelley who, the same day, came to procure of my lord that he would surrender to the king that which was not his to give but pertained to his diocese of York, namely his house at Westminster. To whom being a judge and declaring that it might lawfully be done, he made answer that he would not disobey, but would charge it, not to his own conscience, but to Master Shelley's.

So abiding still at Asher, about Christmas he fell very sick and was like to die but that the king sent to him his own physician, Dr. Buttes, and withal comfortable words, and from Mistress Anne Boleyn also; by whom his health was restored. But his ill-wishers, fearing that he might yet recover his old favour with the king, they procured that he should be bidden to betake himself to his benefice of York wherein he had never set foot, Winchester being for their intent too near; and for the revenues of his other benefices that he should receive small portion thereof the rest being bestowed upon sundry great persons. In the conduct of which matters Master Cromwell so carried himself as to win great estimation of all hands, yet with much profit to my lord.

Then seeing the duke of Norfolk was urgent for his going, which he might not do for the lack of means, it was debated

in the council whether provision should be made therefor; which was in some sort done, the king of his bounty making privily addition thereto; so that he set out on his northward journey in Passion week; coming at last to Southwell, and there continued the most part of the summer.

III—The Cardinal's Fall and Melancholy End

THE cardinal being then in his diocese of York bare him in such sort as caused him to be greatly beloved and esteemed through the whole country: using much charity and pity among his poor tenants and other, and making divers agreements and concords between gentleman and gentleman, and between some gentlemen and their wives that had been long asunder; so that his departing to Scroby was lamentable to them of Southwell, which would have accompanied his journey with much honour, but that he wittily avoided the same.

And at Scroby where he abode till Michaelmas he did likewise, giving to the poor great alms and reconciling many that were at variance, visiting one parish or another and doing all that beseems a bishop and loving pastor. And so it came about that he made preparation for his stallation in the Minster of York after the custom there established, on the Monday after All-hallown day.

Howbeit, my lord's accustomed enemies at the court devised evil against him laying informations before the king, who would, therefore, have him come up to stand his trial which in truth was not their intent; whereby the earl of Northumberland was commissioned to arrest him, who came with Master Walshe to Cawood where the cardinal then was. Then he, having learnt that they were within the house, met them and with fair words took them to his chamber where the earl, trembling, with a faint voice said, 'My lord, I arrest you of high treason,' yet would not show his commission. Howbeit, my lord surrendered to Master Walshe as needing no written commission, being of the privy chamber.

So we get forth upon the Sunday, above three thousand persons being gathered about the gates crying out for grief at his going; and so it was upon the way, that the country people came about him lamenting and cursing his enemies. And when we came to Sheffield Park he was very well entreated of the earl of Shrewsbury, and there abode eighteen days; whom he prayed to obtain from the king that he might be brought face to face with his enemies as well knowing his own innocence. Whereby Sir William Kingston, who was governor of the Tower, was sent with a guard of men to take him in charge, which caused my lord greatly to fear what was designed toward him, though earnestly assured that it was all of the king's goodwill. So he at this time being very sick of a flux, made ready to go forward.

Upon the third day, being Saturday, coming to Leicester Abbey, he being in very evil case, the abbot received him with great reverence; to whom my lord said 'Father Abbot, I am come hither to leave my bones among you.'

Thereafter being no more able to rise from his bed, upon the eighth day of his sickness Master Kingston came to him, to whom he spoke very lamentably, saying, 'If I had served God as diligently as I have done the king, He would not have given me over in my grey hairs. The king is sure a prince of a royal courage, and hath a princely heart; and rather than he will miss or want any part of his will or appetite he will put the loss of one half of his realm in danger.'

And so after discourse of the evils that were to be apprehended of this new sect of the Lutherans, even as the clock struck eight he gave up the ghost.

HERE is the end and fall of pride and arrogancy of such men, exalted by fortune to honours and high dignities; for I assure you, in his time of authority and glory, he was the haughtiest man in all his proceedings that then lived, having more respect to the worldly honour of his person than he had to his spiritual profession; wherein should be all meekness, humility and charity; the process whereof I leave to them that be learned and seen in divine laws.

CHARLES DICKENS

NICHOLAS NICKLEBY

WRITING in 1848, Dickens declared that when Nicholas Nickleby was begun, in 1838, there were 'a good many cheap Yorkshire schools in existence. There are very few now.' In the preface, he mentioned that more than one Yorkshire schoolmaster laid claim to be the original of Squeers, and he had reason to believe 'one worthy has actually consulted authorities learned in the law as to his having good grounds on which to rest an action for libel.' The brothers Cheeryble were 'no creations of the author's brain,' Dickens also wrote, and hundreds of letters poured in upon him 'to be forwarded to the originals': they were the Brothers Grant, cotton-spinners, near Manchester. Nicholas Nickleby was completed in October 1839. It has always remained one of the favourite Dickens novels: its reforming effect in its own day was incalculably deep and its appeal for consideration for the young and weak is still potent.

I—Nicholas Becomes a Yorkshire Schoolmaster

MR. NICKLEBY, a country gentleman of small estate, having endeavoured to increase his scanty fortune by speculation, found himself ruined; he took to his bed (apparently resolved to keep that, at all events) and, after embracing his wife and children, very soon departed this life. So Mrs. Nickleby went to London to wait upon her brother-in-law, Mr. Ralph Nickleby, and with her two children, Nicholas, then nineteen, and Kate, a year or two younger, took lodgings in the Strand.

It was to these apartments that Ralph Nickleby, a hard, unscrupulous, cunning moneylender, came on receipt of the widow's note.

"Are you willing to work, sir?" said Ralph, frowning at his nephew.

"Of course I am," replied Nicholas haughtily.

"Then see here," said his uncle. "This caught my eye this morning, and you may thank your stars for it."

With that Mr. Ralph Nickleby took a newspaper from his pocket and read the following advertisement.

'*Education.*—At Mr. Wackford Squeers' Academy, Dotheboys Hall, at the delightful village of Dotheboys, in Yorkshire, youths are boarded, clothed, booked, furnished with pocket-money, instructed in all languages living or dead, mathematics, orthography, geometry, trigonometry, the use of the globes, algebra, single-stick (if required), writing, arithmetic, fortification, and every other branch of classic literature. Terms, twenty guineas per annum. No extras, no vacations, and diet unparalleled. Mr. Squeers is in town, and attends daily from one till four, at the Saracen's Head, Snow Hill. N.B.—An able assistant wanted. Annual salary, £5. A Master of Arts would be preferred.'

"There!" said Ralph, folding the paper again. "Let him get that situation and his fortune's made. If he don't like that, let him get one for himself."

"I am ready to do anything you wish me," said Nicholas, starting gaily up. "Let us try our fortune with Mr. Squeers at once; he can but refuse."

"He won't do that," said Ralph. "He will be glad to have you on my recommendation. Make yourself of use to him, and you'll rise to be a partner in the establishment in no time."

Nicholas, having taken down the address of Mr. Wackford Squeers, the uncle and nephew at once went forth in quest of that accomplished gentleman.

"Perhaps you recollect me?" said Ralph, looking narrowly at the schoolmaster, at the Saracen's Head.

"You paid me a small account at each of my half-yearly visits to town for some years, I think, sir," replied Squeers, "for the parents of a boy who, unfortunately ——"

"Unfortunately died at Dotheboys Hall," said Ralph, finishing the sentence.

"And now let us come to business. You have advertised for an able assistant. Do you really want one?"

"Certainly," answered Squeers.

"Here he is!" said Ralph. "My nephew Nicholas, hot from school, is just the man you want."

"I am afraid," said Squeers, perplexed with such an application from a youth of Nicholas's figure—"I am afraid the young man won't suit me."

"I fear, sir," said Nicholas, "that you object to my youth, and to my not being a Master of Arts?"

"The absence of the college degree *is* an objection," replied Squeers, puzzled by the contrast between simplicity in the nephew and shrewdness in the uncle.

"Let me have two words with you," said Ralph. The two words were had apart; in a couple of minutes Mr. Wackford Squeers announced that Mr. Nicholas Nickleby was from that moment installed in the office of first assistant master at Dotheboys Hall.

"At eight o'clock to-morrow morning, Mr. Nickleby," said Squeers, "the coach starts. You must be here at a quarter before, as we take some boys with us."

"And your fare down I have paid," growled Ralph. "So you'll have nothing to do but keep yourself warm."

II—At Dotheboys Hall

"PAST seven, Nickleby," said Mr. Squeers on the first morning after the arrival at Dotheboys Hall. "Come, tumble up. Here's a pretty go, the pump's froze. You can't wash yourself this morning, so you must be content with giving yourself a dry polish till we break the ice in the well and can get a bucketful out for the boys."

Nicholas huddled on his clothes and followed Squeers to the school-room.

"There," said the schoolmaster, as they stepped in together, "this is our shop."

It was a bare and dirty room, the windows mostly stopped up with old copybooks and paper, and Nicholas looked with dismay at the old rickety desks and forms.

But the pupils!

Pale and haggard faces, lank and bony figures, boys of stunted growth, and others whose long and meagre legs would hardly bear their stooping bodies. Faces that told of young lives which from infancy had been one horrible endurance of cruelty and neglect. Little faces that should have been handsome, darkened with the scowl of sullen, dogged suffering. And yet, painful as the scene was, it had its grotesque features.

Mrs. Squeers, wearing a beaver bonnet of some antiquity on the top of a nightcap, stood at the desk, presiding over an immense basin of brimstone and treacle. This compound she administered to each boy in succession, using an enormous wooden spoon for the purpose.

"We purify the boys' blood now and then, Nickleby," said Squeers, when the operation was over.

A meagre breakfast followed; and then Mr. Squeers made his way to his desk, and called up the first class.

"THIS is the first class in English spelling and philosophy, Nickleby," said Squeers, beckoning Nicholas beside him. "Now then, where's the first boy?"

"Please, sir, he's cleaning the back parlour window."

"So he is, to be sure," replied Squeers. "We go upon the practical mode of teaching, Nickleby; the regular education system. C-l-e-a-n, clean, verb active, to make bright. W-i-n, win; d-e-r, der, winder, a casement. When the boy knows this out of a book, he goes and does it. Where's the second boy?"

"Please, sir, he's weeding the garden."

"So he is," said Squeers. "B-o-t, bot; t-i-n, tin; bottin; n-e-y, ney, bottiney, noun substantive, a knowledge of plants. When he has learnt that bottiney means a knowledge of plants, he goes and knows 'em. That's our system, Nickleby. Third boy, what's a horse?"

"A beast, sir," replied the boy.

"So it is," said Squeers. "A horse is a quadruped, and quadruped's Latin for beast, as everybody that's gone through the grammar knows. As you're perfect in that, go and look after *my* horse, and rub him down well, or I'll rub you down. The rest of the class go and draw water up, till

somebody tells you to leave off, for it's washing day to-morrow, and they want the coppers filled."

The deficiencies of Mr. Squeers' scholastic methods were made up by lavish punishments, and Nicholas was compelled to stand by every day and see the unfortunate pupils of Dotheboys Hall beaten without mercy, and know that he could do nothing to alleviate their misery.

In particular the plight of one poor boy, older than the rest, called Smike, a drudge whom starvation and ill treatment had rendered dull and slow-witted, aroused all Nicholas's pity.

It was Smike who was the cause of Nicholas leaving Yorkshire.

Nicholas could endure the coarse and brutal language of Squeers, the displeasure of Mrs. Squeers (who decided that the new usher was 'a proud, haughty, consequential, turned-up-nosed peacock,' and that 'she'd bring his pride down'), and the petty indignities this lady could inflict upon him. He bore with the bad food, dirty lodging and daily round of squalid misery in the school.

But there came a day when Smike, unable to face his tormentors any longer, ran away. He was taken within four-and-twenty hours, and brought back, bedabbled with mud and rain, haggard and worn—to all appearance more dead than alive.

The work this unhappy drudge performed would have cost the establishment some ten or twelve shillings a week in the way of wages, and Squeers, who, as a matter of policy, made severe examples of all runaways from Dotheboys Hall, prepared to take full vengeance on Smike.

At the first blow Smike uttered a shriek of pain, and Nicholas Nickleby started up from his desk and cried 'Stop!' in a furious voice.

"Touch that boy at your peril. I will not stand by and see it done."

He had scarcely spoken, when Squeers, in a violent outbreak of wrath, spat upon him and struck him across the face with his cane.

All Nicholas's feelings of rage, scorn and indignation were concentrated into that moment and, smarting at the blow, he sprang upon the schoolmaster, wrested the weapon from him and, pinning him by the throat, beat the ruffian till he roared for mercy.

Mrs. Squeers, with many shrieks for aid, hung on to the tail of her partner's coat and tried to drag him from his infuriated adversary. With the result that when Nicholas, having thrown all his remaining strength into half a dozen finishing cuts, flung the schoolmaster from him with all the force he could muster, Mrs. Squeers was precipitated over an adjacent form; and Squeers, striking his head against it in his descent, lay at full length on the ground, stunned and motionless.

Nicholas, assured that Squeers was only stunned, and not dead, left the room, packed up his few clothes in a small leathern valise, marched boldly out by the front door and struck into the road for London.

III—Brighter Days for Nicholas

After many adventures in the quest of fortune, Nicholas, who had spurned all further connexion with his uncle, stood one day outside a registry office in London. And as he stood there looking at the various placards in the window, an old gentleman, a sturdy old fellow, happened to stop too.

Nicholas caught the old gentleman's eye and began to wonder whether the stranger could by any possibility be looking for a clerk or secretary.

As the old gentleman moved away he noticed that Nicholas was about to speak, and good-naturedly stood still.

"I was only going to say," said Nicholas, "that I hoped you had some object in consulting those advertisements in the window."

"Ay, ay; what object now?" returned the old gentleman. "Did you think I wanted a situation now, eh? I thought the same of you, at first, upon my word I did."

"If you had thought so at last, too, sir, you would not have been far from the truth," rejoined Nicholas. "The kindness of your face and manner—both so unlike any I have ever seen—tempt me to speak in a way I should never dream of doing to a stranger in this wilderness of London."

" Wilderness ! Yes, it is ; it is. It was a wilderness to me once. I came here barefoot—I have never forgotten it. What is the matter, how did it all come about ? " said the old man, laying his hand on the shoulder of Nicholas and walking him up the street. " In mourning, too, eh ? " laying his finger on the sleeve of his black coat.

" My father," replied Nicholas.

" Bad thing for a young man to lose his father. Widowed mother, perhaps ? "

Nicholas nodded.

" Brothers and sisters, too, eh ? "

" One sister."

" Poor thing, poor thing ! You're a scholar, too, I dare say. Education's a great thing. I never had any. I admire it the more in others. A very fine thing. Tell me more of your history, all of it. No impertinent curiosity—no, no ! "

There was something so earnest and guileless in the way this was said that Nicholas could not resist it. So he told his story and, at the end, the old gentleman carried him straight off to the City, where they emerged in a quiet, shady square. The old gentleman led the way into some business premises, which had the inscription, Cheeryble Brothers, on the doorpost, and stopped to speak to an elderly, large-faced clerk in the counting-house.

" Is my brother in his room, Tim ? "

" Yes, he is, sir," said the clerk.

What was the amazement of Nicholas when his conductor took him into a room and presented him to another old gentleman, the very type and model of himself—the same face and figure, the same clothes. Nobody could have doubted their being twin brothers.

" Brother Ned," said Nicholas's friend, " here is a young friend of mine that we must assist." Then brother Charles related what Nicholas had told him. And, after that, and some conversation between the brothers, Tim Linkinwater was called in and brother Ned whispered a few words in his ear.

" Tim," said brother Charles, " you understand that we have an intention of taking this young gentleman into the counting-house."

Brother Ned remarked that Tim quite approved of it and Tim, having nodded, said, with resolution, " But I'm not coming an hour later in the morning you know. I'm not going to the country either. It's forty-four years since I first kept the books of Cheeryble Brothers. I've opened the safe all that time every morning at nine, and I've never slept out of the back attic one single night. This ain't the first time you've talked about superannuating me, Mr. Edwin and Mr. Charles ; but, if you please, we'll make it the last, and drop the subject for evermore."

With which words Tim Linkinwater stalked out, with the air of a man who was thoroughly resolved not to be put down.

The brothers coughed.

" He must be done something with, brother Ned. We must disregard his scruples ; he must be made a partner."

" Quite right, quite right, brother Charles. If he won't listen to reason, we must do it against his will. But, in the meantime, we are keeping our young friend, and the poor lady and her daughter will be anxious for his return. So let us say good-bye for the present." And at that the brothers hurried Nicholas out of the office, shaking hands with him all the way.

That was the beginning of brighter days for Nicholas and for Mrs. Nickleby and Kate. The brothers Cheeryble not only took Nicholas into their office, but a small cottage at Bow, then quite out in the country, was found for the widow and her children.

As for Nicholas's work in the counting-house, Tim Linkinwater was satisfied with the young man from the very first day.

He turned pale and stood watching with breathless anxiety when Nicholas made his first entry in the books. But presently the old clerk nodded his head, signifying ' He'll do.' And when Nicholas stopped to refer to some other page, Tim Linkinwater, unable to restrain his satisfaction, descended from his stool and caught him rapturously by the hand.

" He has done it ! " said Tim, looking round triumphantly at his employers. " His capital ' B's ' and ' D's ' are exactly like mine ; he dots all his small ' i's ' and crosses every ' t.' There ain't such a young man in all London. The City can't produce his equal ! I challenge the City to do it ! "

IV—The Brothers Cheeryble

In course of time the brothers Cheeryble, in their frequent visits to the cottage at Bow, often took with them their nephew Frank ; and it also happened that Miss Madeline Bray, a ward of the brothers, was taken to the cottage to recover from a serious illness.

Nicholas, from the first time he had seen Madeline in the office of Cheeryble Brothers, had fallen in love with her ; but he decided that as an honourable man no word of love must pass his lips. While Kate Nickleby had been equally firm in declining to listen to any proposal from Frank.

It was some time after Madeline had left the cottage, and Nicholas and Kate had begun to try in earnest to stifle their own regrets and to live for each other and for their mother, when there came one evening an invitation from the brothers to dinner on the next day but one.

"You may depend on it that this means something besides dinner," said Mrs. Nickleby solemnly.

When the great day arrived who should be there at the house of the brothers but Frank and Madeline.

"Young men," said brother Charles, "shake hands."

"I need no bidding to do that," said Nicholas.

"Nor I," rejoined Frank, and the two young men clasped hands heartily.

The old gentleman took them aside.

"I wish to see you friends—close and firm friends. Frank, look here! Mr. Nickleby, will you come on the other side? This is a copy of the will of Madeline's grandfather, bequeathing her the sum of £12,000. Now, Frank, you were largely instrumental in recovering this document. The fortune is but a small one, but we love Madeline. Will you become a suitor to her for her hand?"

"No, sir. I interested myself in the recovery of that instrument, believing that her hand was already pledged elsewhere. In this, it seems, I judged hastily."

"As you always do, sir!" cried brother Charles. "How dare you think, Frank, that we could have you marry for money? How dared you go and make love to Mr. Nickleby's sister without telling us first, and letting us speak for you? Mr. Nickleby, sir, Frank judged hastily, but he judged, for once, correctly. Madeline's heart is occupied—give me your hand—it is occupied by you, and worthily. She chooses you, Mr. Nickleby, as we, her dearest friends, would have her choose. Frank chooses as we would have *him* choose He should have your sister's little hand, sir, if she had refused it a score of times—ay, he should and he shall! What? You are the children of a worthy gentleman. The time was, sir, when my brother Ned and I were two poor, simple-hearted boys, wandering almost barefoot to seek our fortunes. Oh, Ned, Ned, Ned, what a happy day this is for you and me! If our poor mother had only lived to see us now, Ned, how proud it would have made her dear heart at last!"

So Madeline gave her hand and fortune to Nicholas and, on the same day, and at the same time, Kate became Mrs. Frank Cheeryble. Madeline's money was invested in the firm of Cheeryble Brothers, in which Nicholas had become a partner, and the business was carried on in the names of 'Cheeryble and Nickleby.'

Tim Linkinwater condescended, after much entreating and brow-beating, to accept a share in the house ; but he could never be prevailed upon to suffer the publication of his name as partner and always persisted in the punctual and regular discharge of his clerkly duties.

The twin brothers retired. Who needs to be told that they were happy?

The first act of Nicholas, when he became a rich and prosperous merchant, was to buy his father's old house. As time crept on, and there came gradually about him a group of lovely children, it was altered and enlarged ; but no tree was rooted up, nothing with which there was any association of bygone times was ever removed or changed. Mr. Squeers, having come within the meshes of the law over some nefarious scheme of Ralph Nickleby's, suffered transportation beyond the seas, and with his disappearance Dotheboys Hall was broken up for good.

MARCUS AELIUS AURELIUS ANTONINUS

MEDITATIONS

THIS book, which Marcus Aurelius called his Self-Communings, was written by its author in Greek, and consists of reflections jotted down by the emperor at odd moments in the most various circumstances. For magnanimity, fidelity, resignation, fortitude and mercy, its author stands unrivalled by any other figure of the world of his day. Nor did that world produce any other book which, like his, remains as an unfailing companion to every generation of the modern age. The charm of these fragmentary meditations depends greatly on their engaging candour: there is no trace of the cant and exaggeration that taint the moralisings of lesser men. It depends also on its writer's iron stoicism: here there are no doubtful comforts, no rosy illusions. But chiefly it depends on the admirable and lovable human character which is consistently reflected in these pages. Tradition has it that the book was meant for the guidance of Aurelius's son, Commodus. Many moderately priced editions of the immortal classic are available.

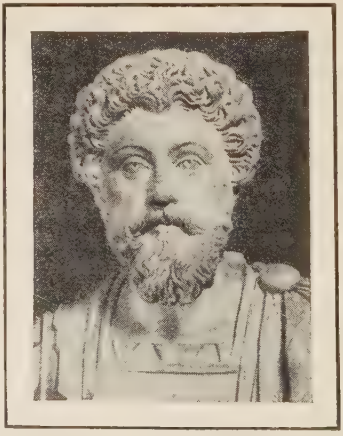
I—The Cultivation of a Philosophical Mind

THE example of my grandfather Verus taught me to be candid and to control my temper. By the memory of my father's character I learnt to be modest and manly. My mother taught me regard for religion, to be generous and open-handed, and neither to do an ill turn to anyone nor even to think of it. She bred me also to a plain and inexpensive way of living.

I owe it to my grandfather that I had not a public education, but had good masters at home. From my tutor I learnt not to identify myself with popular sporting interests, but to work hard, endure fatigue, and not to meddle with other people's affairs. Diognetus taught me to bear freedom and plain dealing in others, and gave me a taste for philosophy. Rusticus first set me to improve my character, and prevented me from running after the vanity of the Sophists.

Apollonius showed me how to give my mind its due freedom, to disregard everything that was not true and reasonable and to maintain an equable temper under the most trying circumstances. Sextus taught me good humour, to be obliging and to bear with the ignorant and thoughtless. From Maximus I learnt to command myself and to put through business efficiently, without drudging or complaint.

From my adoptive father I learnt a smooth and inoffensive temper and a greatness proof against vanity and the impressions of pomp and power; I learnt that it was the part of a prince to check flattery, to have his exchequer well furnished, to be frugal in his expenses, not to worship the gods to superstition, but to be reserved, vigilant and well poised.



MARCUS AURELIUS, joint emperor of Rome with Lucius Verus, was born A.D. 121. Adopted by Antoninus Pius, he succeeded him on the throne. His rule, from 161 till his death in 180, was burdened by much trouble in Rome and also in the rebellious provinces. He was a conscientious and moderate ruler, sincere alike in thought and act.

I thank the gods that my grandfathers, parents, sister, preceptors, relatives, friends and domestics were almost all persons of probity and that I never happened to disoblige any of them. By the goodness of the gods I was not provoked to expose my infirmities. I owe it to them also that my wife is so deferential, affectionate and frugal; and that when I had a mind to look into philosophy I did not spend too much time in reading or logic-chopping. All these points could never have been guarded without a protection from above.

II—Philosophy, the Mind's Greatest Solace

PUT yourself in mind, every morning, that before night you will meet with some meddlesome, ungrateful and abusive fellow, with some envious or unsociable churl. Remember that their perversity proceeds from ignorance of good and evil; and that since it has fallen to my share to understand the natural beauty of a good action and the deformity of an ill one; since I am satisfied that the disobliging person is of kin to me, our minds being both extracted from the Deity; since no man can do me a real injury because no man can force me to misbehave myself; I cannot therefore hate or be angry with one of my own nature and family. For we are all made for mutual assistance, no less than the parts of the body are for the service of the whole; whence it follows that clashing and opposition are utterly unnatural.

This being of mine consists of body, breath and that part which governs. Put away your books and face the matter itself. As for your body, value it no more than if you were just expiring; it is nothing but a little blood and bones. Your breath is but a little air pumped in and out. But the third part is your mind. Here make a stand. Consider that you are an old man, and do not let this noble part of you languish in slavery any longer. Let it not be overborne with selfish passions; let it not quarrel with fate, or be uneasy at the present, or afraid of the future. Providence shines clearly through the work of the gods. Let these reflections satisfy you, and make them your rule to live by. As for books, cease to be eager for them, that you may die in good humour heartily thanking the gods for what you have had.

Remember that you are a man and a Roman, and let your actions be done with dignity, gravity, humanity, freedom and justice; let every action be done as though it were your last. Have neither insincerity nor self-love. Man has to gain but few points in order to live a happy and godlike life.

And what, after all, is there to be afraid of in death? If the gods exist, you can suffer no harm; and if they do not exist, or take no care of us mortals, a world without gods or Providence is not worth a man's while to live in. But the being of the gods, and their concern in human affairs, is beyond dispute; and they have put it in every man's power not to fall into any calamity properly so called.

Living and dying, honour and infamy, pleasure and pain, riches and poverty—all these are common to the virtuous and the depraved, and are therefore intrinsically neither good nor evil. We live but for a moment; our being is in a perpetual flux, our faculties are dim, our bodies tend ever to corruption; the soul is an eddy, fortune is not to be guessed at and posthumous fame is oblivion. To what, then, may we trust? Why, to nothing but philosophy. This is, to keep the interior divinity from injury and disgrace, and superior to pleasure and pain, without any dissembling and pretence, and to acquiesce in one's appointed lot.

III—Of Resoluteness for That Which is Best

OBSERVE that the least things and effects in nature are not without charm and beauty, as the little cracks in the crust of a loaf, though not intended by the baker, are agreeable and invite the appetite. Thus figs, when they are ripest, open and gape; and olives, when they are near decaying, are peculiarly attractive. The bending of an ear of corn, the frown of a lion, the foam of a boar, and many other like things, if you take them singly, are far from beautiful; but seen in their natural relations are characteristic and effective. So if a man have but inclination and thought to examine the product of the universe, he will find that the most unpromising appearances have their own appropriate charm.

Do not spend your thoughts upon other people, nor pry into the talk, fancies and projects of another, nor guess at what he is about, or why he is doing it. Think upon nothing but what you could willingly tell about, so that if your soul were laid open there would appear nothing but what was sincere, good-natured and public-

spirited. A man thus qualified is a sort of priest and minister of the gods, and makes a right use of the divinity within him. Be cheerful; depend not at all on foreign supports, nor beg your happiness of another; do not throw away your legs to stand upon crutches.

If, in the whole compass of human life, you find anything preferable to justice and truth, temperance and fortitude, or to a mind self-satisfied with its own rational conduct and entirely resigned to fate, then turn to it as to your supreme happiness. But if there be nothing more valuable than the divinity within you, if all things are trifles in comparison with this, then do not divide your allegiance. Let your choice run all one way, and be resolute for that which is best. As for other speculations, throw them once for all out of your head.

IV—Of Loyalty to the Principles of Wisdom

It is the custom of people to go to unfrequented places and to the seashore and to the hills for retirement; and you yourself have often desired this solitude. But, after all, this is only a vulgar fancy, for it is in your power to withdraw into yourself whenever you have a mind to it. One's own heart is a place the most free from crowd and noise in the world if only one's thoughts are serene and the mind well ordered. Make, therefore, frequent use of this retirement, therein to refresh your virtue. And to this end be always provided with a few short, uncontested notions, to keep your understanding true. Do not forget to retire to this solitude of yours; let there be no straining or struggling in the matter, but move at ease.

If understanding be common to us all, then reason, its cause, must be common, too. And so also must the reason which governs conduct by commands and prohibitions be common to us all. Mankind is therefore under one common law and so are fellow-citizens; and the whole world is but one commonwealth, for there is no other society in which mankind can be incorporated.

Do not suppose that you are hurt, and your complaint will cease.

If a man affronts you, do not defer to his opinion, or think just as he would have you do. No; look upon things as reality presents them. When incense is thrown upon the altar, one grain usually falls before another; but it matters not.

Adhere to the principles of wisdom, and those who now take you for a monkey or a beast will make a god of you in a week.

A thing is neither better nor worse for being praised. Do virtues stand in need of a good word, or are they the worse for a bad one? An emerald will shine none the less though its worth be not spoken of.

Whatever is agreeable to You, O Universe, is so to me, too. Your operations are never mis-timed. Whatever Your seasons bring is fruit for me, O Nature. From You all things proceed, subsist in You, and return to You. The poet said, 'Dear City of Cecrops'; shall we not say, 'Dear City of God'?

The greater part of what we say and do is unnecessary; and if this were only retrenched we should have more leisure and less disturbance. This applies to our thoughts also, for impertinence of thought leads to unnecessary action.

Mankind are poor, transitory things: one day in life, and the next turned to ashes. Therefore manage this minute wisely and part with it cheerfully; and like a ripe fruit, when you drop, make your acknowledgments to the tree that bore you.

V—Of Sincerity in Actions

When you feel unwilling to rise early in the morning, make this short speech to yourself: 'I am getting up now to do the business of a man; and am I out of humour for going about that I was made for, and for the sake of which I was sent into the world? Was I then designed for nothing but to doze beneath the counterpane?' Surely action is the end of your being. Look upon the plants and birds, the ants, spiders and bees, and you will see that they are all exerting their nature and busy in their station. Shall not a man act like a man?

Be not ashamed of any action which is in accordance with nature, and never be misled by the fear of censure or reproach. Where honesty prompts you to say or do

anything, let not the opinion of others hold you back. Go straight forward, pursuing your own and the common interest.

Some men, when they do you a kindness, ask for the payment of gratitude; others, more modest, remember the favour and look upon you as their debtor. But there are yet other benefactors who forget their good deeds; and these are like the vine, which is satisfied by being fruitful in its kind and bears a bunch of grapes without expecting any thanks for it. A truly kind man never talks of a good turn that he has done, but does another as soon as he can, just like a vine that bears again the next season.

We commonly say that Aesculapius has prescribed riding for one patient, walking for another, a cold bath for a third. In the same way we may say that the nature of the universe has ordered this or that person a disease, loss of limbs or estate, or some such other calamity. For as, in the first case, the word 'prescribed' means a direction for the health of the patient, so, in the latter, it means an application suitable for his constitution and destiny.

Be not uneasy, discouraged or out of humour, because practice falls short of precept in some particulars. If you happen to be vanquished, come on again, and be glad if most of what you do is worthy of a man.

We ought to live with the gods. This is done by being contented with the appointments of providence and by obeying the orders of that divinity which is God's deputy; and this divine authority is no more nor less than that soul and reason which every man carries within him.

VI—Of Liberality in Outlook

THE best way of revenge is not to imitate the injury. Be always doing something serviceable to mankind; and let this constant generosity be your pleasure, not forgetting a due regard to God.

The world is either an aggregation of atoms, or it is a unity ruled by law and providence. If the first, what should I stay for, where nature is a chaos and things are blindly jumbled together? But if there is a providence, I adore the great Governor of the world, and am at ease and cheerful in the prospect of protection.

Suppose you had a stepmother and a mother at the same time; though you would pay regard to the first, your converse would be principally with the latter. Let the court and philosophy represent these two relations to me.

If an antagonist in the circus tears our flesh with his nails, or tilts against us with his head, we do not cry out foul play, nor are we offended, nor do we suspect him afterwards as a dangerous person. Let us act thus in the other instances of life. When we receive a blow, let us think that we are but at a trial of skill and depart without malice or ill will.

It is enough to do my duty; as for other things, I will not be disturbed about them.

The vast continents of Europe and of Asia are but corners of the creation; the ocean is but a drop, and Mount Athos but a grain in respect of the universe; and the present instant of time is but a point to the extent of eternity.

When you have a mind to divert your fancy, try to consider the good qualities of your acquaintance—such as the enterprising vigour of this man, the modesty of another, the liberality of a third, and so on. Let this practice be always at hand.

VII—Of Patience and Toleration

WHAT is wickedness? It is nothing new. When you are in danger of being shocked, consider that the sight is nothing but what you have frequently seen already. All ages and histories, towns and families, are full of the same stories; there is nothing new to be met with, but all things are common and quickly over.

Nature works up the matter of the universe like wax; now it is a horse soon you will find it melted down and run into the figure of a tree, then a man, then something else. Only for a brief time is it fixed in any species.

Antisthenes said: 'It is the fate of princes to be ill spoken of for their good deeds.'

Consider the course of the stars as if you were driving through the sky and kept

them company. Such contemplations as these scour off the rust contracted by conversing here below.

Rational creatures are designed for the advantage of each other. A sociable temper is that for which human nature was principally intended.

It is a saying of Plato's that no one misses the truth by his own goodwill. The same may be said of honesty, sobriety, good nature and the like. Remember this, for it will help to sweeten your temper.

Though the gods are immortal, and have had their patience tried through so many ages, yet they even provide liberally for us. And are you tired with evil men already, who are an unhappy mortal yourself ?

VIII—Of the Triple Responsibility

EVERY man has three relations to acquit himself in : his body, God, and his neighbours.

Have you seen a hand or a foot cut off and removed from the body ? Just such a thing is the man who is discontented with destiny or cuts himself off by selfishness from the interest of mankind. But here is the fortunate aspect of the case—it lies in his power to set the limb on again. Consider the peculiar bounty of God to man in this privilege : He has set him above the necessity of breaking off from nature and providence at all ; but supposing this misfortune to have occurred, it is in man's power to rejoin the body, and grow together again.

Do not take your whole life into your head at a time, nor burden yourself with the weight of the future. Neither what is past nor what is to come need afflict you, for you have only to deal with the present ; and this is strangely lessened if you take it singly and by itself. Chide your fancy, therefore, if it grow faint.

Throw me into what climate or state you please, for all that I will keep my soul content. Is any misadventure big enough to ruffle my peace, or to make my mind mean, craving and servile ? What is there that can justify such disorders ?

Be not heavy in business, nor disturbed in conversation, nor rambling in thought. Do not burden yourself with too much employment. Do men curse you ? This cannot prevent you from keeping a wise, temperate and upright mind. If a man standing by a lovely spring should rail at it, the water is none the worse for his foul language ; and if he throw in dirt it will soon disappear and the fountain will be as wholesome as ever. How are you to keep your springs always running, that they may never stagnate into a pool ? You must persevere in the virtues of freedom, sincerity, moderation and good nature.

IX—Of Moderation in Deed and Wish

DO not drudge like a galley-slave, nor do business in a laborious manner, as if you wish to be pitied or wondered at.

As virtue and vice consist in action, and not in the impressions of the senses, so it is not what they feel, but what they do, that makes mankind happy or miserable.

This man prays that he may gain such a woman ; but do you rather pray that you may have no such inclination. Another invokes the gods to set him free from some troublesome circumstance ; but let it be your petition that your mind may not be set upon such a wish. A third is devout in order to prevent the loss of his son ; but I would have you pray rather against the fear of losing him. Let this be the rule for your devotions, and watch the event.

X—Of Sincerity and its Rewards

O MY soul, are you ever to be rightly good, sincere and uniform, and made more visible to yourself than the body that hangs about you ? Are you ever likely to relish good nature and general kindness as you ought ? Will you ever be fully satisfied, rise above wanting and wishing, and never desire to obtain your pleasure out of anything foreign, either living or inanimate ? Are you ever likely to be so happily qualified as to converse with the gods and men in such a manner as neither to complain of them nor to be condemned by them ?

Put it out of the power of all men to give you a bad name, and if anyone reports you not to be an honest or a good man let your practice give him the lie. This is quite feasible ; for who can hinder you from being just and sincere ?

There is no one so happy in his family and friends but that some of them, when they see him going, will rejoice at a good riddance. Let him be a person of never so much probity and prudence, yet someone will say at his grave : ' Well, our man of order and gravity is gone ; we shall be no more troubled with his discipline.' This is the best treatment a good man must expect.

XI—Of Calmness under Ill Usage

WHAT a brave soul it is that is always ready to depart from the body and is unconcerned as to whether she will be extinguished, scattered, or removed ! But she must be prepared upon reasonable grounds, and not out of mere obstinacy like the Christians ; her fortitude must have nothing of noise or of tragic ostentation, but must be grave and seemly.

How fulsome and hollow does that man seem who cries : ' I'm resolved to deal sincerely with you ! ' Hark you, friend, what need of all this flourish ? Let your actions speak. Your face ought to vouch for you. I would have virtue look out of the eye no less apparently than love does. A man of integrity and good nature can never be concealed, for his character is wrought into his countenance.

Gentleness and good humour are invincible, provided they are of the right stamp and without hypocrisy. This is the way to disarm the most outrageous person—to continue kind and unmoved under ill usage and to strike in at the right opportunity with advice. But let all be done out of mere love and kindness.

XII—The Fortitude that is Roman

I HAVE often wondered how it is that everyone should love himself best and yet value his neighbour's opinion of him more than his own. If any man should be ordered to turn his inside outwards and publish every thought and fancy as fast as they came into his head, he would not submit to so much as a day of this discipline. Thus it is that we dread our neighbour's judgement more than our own.

What a mighty privilege man is born to, since it is in his power not to do anything but what God Almighty approves, and to be satisfied with all the distributions of providence !

Reflect upon those who have made the most glorious figure or have met with the greatest misfortunes. Where are they all now ? They are vanished like a little smoke ; they are nothing but ashes, and a tale—or not even a tale. Recollect likewise everything of this sort : what Fabius Catullinus did at his country seat ; Lucius Lupus, in his garden ; Stertinius, at Baiae ; Tiberius, at Capreae ; Rufus, at Velia : in short, the overweening importance attached to anything whatsoever. The prize is insignificant and the game not worth the candle. It is much more becoming to a philosopher to stand clear of affectation, to be honest and moderate upon all occasions and to follow cheerfully wherever the gods lead on, remembering that nothing is more scandalous than a man who is proud of his humility.

Listen, friend ! You have been a burgher of this great city. What matter though you have lived in it fewer years or more ? If you have kept the laws of the corporation, the length or shortness of the time makes no difference. Where is the hardship, then, if nature, that planted you here, orders your removal ? You cannot say you are sent off by an unjust tyrant. No ! You quit the stage as fairly as a player does who has his discharge from the master of the revels.

' But I have only gone through three acts, and not held out to the end of the fifth ! '

True ; but in life three acts may complete the play. He is the only judge of completeness who first ordered your entrance and now orders your exit ; you are accountable for neither the one nor the other. Retire, therefore, in serenity, as He who dismisses you is serene.

A Great Economist's View of History

WALTER BAGEHOT

THE ENGLISH CONSTITUTION

A MAN of wide culture and a scientific thinker with a clear, vigorous style, Walter Bagehot was a keen student of economic and political science and also of letters and life at large. His book The English Constitution appeared serially in The Fortnightly Review before being issued in volume form in 1867, and with his Physics and Politics (1872) and his Economic Studies, published posthumously, exercised an influence which is discernible in all the best books that have been written since on the principles and practice of constitutional government. Although later political developments have necessitated some modification of the positions laid down by Bagehot in The English Constitution, this work is likely to remain unchallenged as a human interpretation of that exceedingly human monument, the British constitution. The following outline provides a most interesting complement to the epitome of Henry Hallam's work in pages 297 to 301 of *The World's Great Books* where the subject is treated from the purely historical point of view. Bagehot's treatise is published by Kegan Paul at 5s.

I—The Cabinet

NO one can approach to an understanding of English institutions unless he divides them into two classes. In such institutions there are two parts. First, those which excite and preserve the reverence of the population, the dignified parts, if I may so call them; and, next, the efficient parts, those by which it, in fact, works and rules. Every institution must first win the loyalty and confidence of mankind and then employ that homage in the work of government.

The dignified parts of government are those which bring it force, which attract its motive power. The efficient parts only employ that power. If all subjects of the same government only thought of what was useful to them, the efficient members of the constitution would suffice and no impressive adjuncts would be needed. But it is not true that even the lower classes will be absorbed in the useful. The ruder sort of men will sacrifice all they hope for, all they have, themselves, for what is called an idea. The elements which excite the most easy reverence will be not the most useful, but the theatrical. It is the characteristic merit of the English constitution that its dignified parts are imposing and venerable, while its efficient part is simple and rather modern.

The efficient secret of the English constitution is the nearly complete fusion of the executive and legislative powers. The connecting link is the cabinet. This is a committee of the legislative body, in choosing which, indirectly, but not directly, the legislature is nearly omnipotent. The prime minister is chosen by the House of Commons and is the head of the efficient part of the constitution. The queen is only at the head of its dignified part. The prime minister himself has to choose his associates, but can only do so out of a charmed circle.

The cabinet is an absolutely secret committee, which can dissolve the assembly which appointed it. It is an executive which is at once the nominee of the legislature and can annihilate the legislature. The system stands in precise contrast to the presidential system, in which the legislative and executive powers are entirely independent.

Our system enables us to change our ruler suddenly on an emergency. Thus we could abolish the Aberdeen cabinet—which was in itself eminently adapted for every sort of difficulty save the one it had to meet, but wanted the daemonic element—and substitute a statesman who had the precise sort of merit wanted at the moment. But under a presidential government you can do nothing of the kind. There is no elastic element; everything is rigid, specified, dated. You have bespoken your government for the time and you must keep it. Moreover, under the English system all the leading statesmen are known quantities. But in America a new president before his election is usually an unknown quantity.

Cabinet government demands the mutual confidence of the electors, a calm national mind and what I may call rationality—a power involving intelligence, yet distinct from it. It demands also a competent legislature, which is a rarity.

A nation in which the mass of the people are intelligent, educated and comfortable can elect a good parliament. Or what I will call a deferential nation may do so—I mean one in which the numerical majority wishes to be ruled by the wiser minority. Of deferential countries England is the type. But it is not to their actual heavy, sensible middle-class rulers that the mass of the people yield deference, but to the theatrical show of society. The few rule by their hold, not over the reason of the multitude, but over their imaginations and their habits.

II—The Monarchy

THE use of the queen in a dignified capacity is incalculable. The best reason why monarchy is a strong government is that it is an intelligible government; whereas a constitution is complex. Men are governed by the weakness of their imagination. To state the matter shortly, royalty is a government in which the attention of the nation is concentrated on one person doing interesting actions. A republic is a government in which that attention is divided between many who are all doing uninteresting actions. Secondly, if you ask the immense majority of the queen's subjects by what right she rules, they will say she rules by God's grace. They believe they have a mystic obligation to obey her. The crown is a visible symbol of unity with an atmosphere of dignity.

Thirdly, the queen is the head of society. If she were not so, the prime minister would be the first person in the country. As it is, the House of Commons attracts people who go there merely for social purposes; if the highest social rank was to be scrambled for in the House of Commons, the number of social adventurers there would be even more numerous. It has been objected of late that English royalty is not splendid enough. It is compared with the French court, which is quite the most splendid thing in France; but the French emperor is magnified to emphasise the equality of everyone else. Great splendour in our court would incite competition. Fourthly, we have come to regard the crown as the head of our morality. Lastly, constitutional royalty acts as a disguise; it enables our real rulers to change without heedless people knowing it. Hence, perhaps, the value of constitutional royalty in times of transition.

Popular theory regards the sovereign as a co-ordinate authority with the House of Lords and the House of Commons. Also it holds that the queen is the executive. Neither is true. There is no authentic explicit information as to what the queen can do. The secrecy of the prerogative is an anomaly, but none the less essential to the utility of English royalty. Let us see how we should get on without a queen. We may suppose the House of Commons appointing the premier just as shareholders choose a director. If the predominant party were agreed as to its leader there would not be much difference at the beginning of an administration. But if the party were not agreed on its leader the necessity of the case would ensure that the chief forced on the minority by the majority would be an exceedingly capable man; where the judgement of the sovereign intervenes there is no such security. If, however, there are three parties, the primary condition of a cabinet polity is not satisfied. Under such circumstances the only way is for the moderate people of every party to combine in support of the government which, on the whole, suits every party best. In the choice of a fit minister, if the royal selection were always discreetly exercised, it would be an incalculable benefit, but in most cases the wisest course for the monarch would be inaction.

NOW, the sovereign has three rights, the right to be consulted, the right to encourage and the right to warn. In the course of a long reign a king would acquire the same advantage which a permanent under-secretary has over his superior, the parliamentary secretary. But whenever there is discussion between a king and the minister, the king's opinion would have its

full weight, and the minister's would not. The whole position is evidently attractive to an intelligent, sagacious and original sovereign. But we cannot, either theoretically or practically, expect a lineal series of such kings. The only fit material for a constitutional king is a prince who begins early to reign, who in his youth is superior to pleasure, is willing to labour and has by nature a genius for discretion.

III—The Lords and Commons

THE use of the order of the lords in its dignified capacity is very great. The mass of men require symbols, and nobility is the symbol of mind. The order also prevents the rule of wealth. The Anglo-Saxon has a natural instinctive admiration of wealth for its own sake ; but from the worst form of this our aristocracy preserves us, and the reverence for rank is not so base as the reverence for money, or the still worse idolatry of office. But as the picturesqueness of society diminishes, aristocracy loses the single instrument of its peculiar power.

The House of Lords as an assembly has always been not the first, but the second. The peers who are of the most importance are not the most important in the House of Peers. In theory, the House of Lords is of equal rank with the House of Commons ; in practice it is not. The evil of two co-equal houses is obvious. If they disagree, all business is suspended. There ought to be an available decisive authority somewhere. The sovereign power must be 'come-at-able.' The English have made it so by the authority of the crown to create new peers. Before the Reform Act the members of the peerage swayed the House of Commons, and the two houses hardly collided except on questions of privilege. After the Reform Bill the house ceased to be one of latent directors and became one of temporary rejectors and palpable alterers.

It was the Duke of Wellington who presided over the change, and from the duke himself we may learn that the use of the House of Lords is not to be a bulwark against revolution. It cannot resist the people if the people is determined. It has not the control of necessary physical force. With a perfect lower house, the second chamber would be of scarcely any value ; but besides the actual house, a revising and leisured legislature is extremely useful. The cabinet is so powerful in the Commons that it may inflict minor measures on the nation which the nation does not like. The executive is less powerful in the second chamber, which may consequently operate to impede minor instances of parliamentary tyranny.

The House of Lords has the advantage : first, of being possible ; secondly, of being independent. It is accessible to no social bribe and it has leisure. On the other hand, it has defects. In appearance, which is the important thing, it is apathetic. Next, it belongs exclusively to one class, that of landowners. This would not so greatly matter if the House of Lords could be of more than common ability ; but being an hereditary chamber, it cannot be so. There is only one kind of business in which our aristocracy retain a certain advantage. This is diplomacy. An aristocracy is, in its nature, better suited to such work. It is trained to the theatrical part of life ; it is fit for that, if it is fit for anything. These various defects would have been lessened if the House of Lords had not resisted the creation of life peers.

THE dignified aspect of the House of Commons is altogether secondary to its efficient use. Its main function is to choose our president. It elects the people whom it likes and it dismisses whom it dislikes, too. The premier is to the house what the house is to the nation. He must lead, but he can only lead whither they will follow. Its second function is expressive, to express the mind of the English people. Thirdly, it ought to teach the nation. Fourthly, to give information, especially of grievances—not, as in the old days, to the crown, but to the nation. And, lastly, there is the function of legislation. I do not separate the financial function from the rest of the legislative. In financial affairs it lies under an exceptional disability ; it is only the minister who can propose to tax the people, whereas on common subjects any member can propose anything. The reason is that the house is never economi-

cal; but the cabinet is forced to be economical, because it has to impose the taxation to meet the expenditure.

Of all odd forms of government, the oddest really is this government by public meeting. The principle of parliament is obedience to leaders. Change your leader if you will; but while you have him, obey him, otherwise you will not be able to do anything at all. Leaders to-day do not keep their party together by bribes, but they can dissolve. Party organization is efficient because it is not composed of warm partisans. The way to lead is to affect a studied and illogical moderation.

Nor are the leaders themselves eager to carry party conclusions too far. When an opposition comes into power, ministers have a difficulty in making good their promises. They are in contact with the facts, which immediately acquire an inconvenient reality. But constituencies are immoderate and partisan. The schemes both of extreme democrats and of philosophers for changing the system of representation would prevent parliamentary government from working at all. Under a system of equal electoral districts and one-man vote, a parliament could not consist of moderate men.

A free government is that which the people subject to it voluntarily choose.

WALTER BAGEHOT was born at Langport in Somersetshire, February 3, 1826. He was educated at Bristol and at University College, London, where he won distinction in mathematics, mental and moral philosophy and political economy. He was called to the Bar and then became a partner in his father's banking and ship-owning business. In 1858 he married the eldest daughter of James Wilson, founder of The Economist, and he held the editorship of that paper from 1860 until his death, which occurred at Langport, March 24, 1877.

If it goes by public opinion, the best opinion which the nation will accept, it is a good government of its kind. Tried by this rule, the House of Commons does its appointing business well. Of the substantial part of its legislative task the same may be said.

IV—Changes of Ministry

THERE is an event which frequently puzzles some people; this is, a change of ministry. All our administrators go out together. Is it wise so to change all our rulers? The practice produces three great evils. It brings in suddenly new and untried persons. Secondly, the man knows he may have to leave his work in the middle, and very likely never come back to it. Thirdly, a sudden change of ministers may easily cause a mischievous change of policy. A quick succession of chiefs do not learn from each other's experience.

Now, those who wish to remove the choice of ministers from parliament have not adequately considered what a parliament is. When you establish a predominant parliament you give over the rule of the country to a despot who has unlimited time and unlimited vanity. Every public department is liable to attack. It is helpless in parliament if it has no authorised defender. The heads of departments cannot satisfactorily be put up for the defence; but a parliamentary head connected by close ties with the ministry is a protecting machine. Party organization ensures the provision of such parliamentary heads. The alternative provided in America involves changing not only the head but the whole bureaucracy with each change of government.

This, it may be said, does not prove that this change is a good thing. It may, however, be proved that some change at any rate is necessary to a permanently perfect administration.

If we look at the Prussian bureaucracy, whatever success it may recently have achieved, it certainly does not please the most intelligent persons at home. Obsti-

nate officials set at defiance the liberal initiations of the government. In conflicts with simple citizens guilty officials are like men armed *cap-à-pie* fighting with the defenceless. The bureaucrat inevitably cares more for routine than for results.

So in a government office the intrusion of an exterior head of the office is really essential to its perfection. As Sir George Lewis said, ' It is not the business of a cabinet minister to work his department ; his business is to see that it is properly worked.'

In short, a presidential government, or a hereditary government, are inferior to parliamentary government as administrative selectors. The revolutionary despot may indeed prove better, since his existence depends on his skill in doing so. If English government is not celebrated for efficiency, that is largely because it attempts to do so much. Another reason is that in the English constitution the dignified parts, which have an importance of their own, at the same time tend to diminish simple efficiency.

V—Excellencies and Anomalies

In every state there must be somewhere a supreme authority on every point. In England, where we have the typical constitution, the ultimate authority is a newly elected House of Commons. Whatever the question on which it decides, a new House of Commons can despotically and finally resolve. No one can doubt the importance of singleness and unity. The excellence in the British constitution is that it has achieved this unity. This is primarily due to the provision which places the choice of the executive in ' the people's house.' But it could not have been effected without what I may call the ' safety valve ' and ' the regulator.'

The ' safety valve ' is the power of creating peers, the ' regulator ' is the cabinet's power of dissolving. The defects of a popular legislature are : caprice in selection, the sectarianism born of party organization, which is the necessary check on caprice, and the peculiar prejudices and interests of the particular parliament. Now, the caprice of parliament in the choice of a premier is best checked by the premier himself having the power of dissolution. But as a check on sectarianism such an extrinsic power as that of a capable constitutional king is more efficient. For checking the peculiar interests our colonial governors seem almost perfectly qualified. But the intervention of a constitutional monarch is only beneficial if he happens to be an exceptionally wise man. The peculiar interests of a specific parliament are seldom in danger of over-riding national interests ; hence, on the whole, the advantage of the premier being the real dissolving authority.

The power of creating peers, vested in the premier, serves constantly to modify the character of the second chamber. What we may call the catastrophic creation of peers is different. That the power should reside in the king would again be beneficial only in the case of the exceptional monarch. Taken altogether, we find that hereditary royalty is not essential to parliamentary government. Our conclusion is that though a king with high courage and fine discretion, a king with a genius for the place, is always useful, and at rare moments priceless, yet a common king is of no use at a crisis, while, in the common course of things, he will do, and need do, nothing.

Our constitution is full of anomalies. Some of them are, no doubt, impeding and mischievous. Half the world believes that the Englishman is born illogical. As a matter of fact, I am inclined to believe that the English care more even than the French for simplicity ; but the constitution is not logical. The complexity we tolerate is that which has grown up. Any new complexity is detestable to the English mind. Let anyone try to advocate a plan of suffrage reform at all out of the way, and see how many adherents he can collect.

This great political question of the day, the suffrage question, is made exceedingly difficult by this history of ours. We shall find on investigation that so far from an ultra-democratic suffrage giving us a more homogeneous and decided House of Commons it would give us a less homogeneous and more timid house. With us democracy would mean the rule of money and increasingly of new money working for its own ends.

JANE AUSTEN

SENSE AND SENSIBILITY

FROM a very early age Jane Austen had a taste for writing stories, and the first draft of Sense and Sensibility, then called Elinor and Marianne, was composed in 1792 when she was seventeen. She rewrote it in 1797-8, and it was at last published in 1811. Two years later Pride and Prejudice appeared, her best known though not her best work, and this was followed by Mansfield Park in 1814 and Emma in 1816. Persuasion, and Northanger Abbey were both published in 1818, the year after their author's death. Jane Austen now ranks far above Fanny Burney and Maria Edgeworth, who were much more popular women novelists of that period. As a satirist she is comparable with Swift while lacking his indignation, and in ironic humour her only peer among English novelists is George Meredith. She herself described her method as miniature painting on ivory with a fine brush ; and to study her books is to be given a series of invaluable lessons in the art of observation and in precision of detail.

I—The Dashwoods of Norland Park

MR. HENRY DASHWOOD, of Norland Park, Sussex, died leaving his widow and his three daughters, Elinor, Marianne and Margaret, to the generosity of Mr. John Dashwood, his son by his first wife and the heir to his estate. Mr. John, who, apart from the family inheritance, had received one fortune from his mother and another with his wife, was at first disposed to increase the portions of his sisters by giving them a thousand pounds apiece ; but under the persuasion of his wife he finally resolved that it would be absolutely unnecessary, if not highly indecorous, to do more for his father's widow and children than such kind of neighbourly acts as looking out for a comfortable small house for them, helping them to move their things, and sending them presents of fish and game whenever they were in season.

Taking account of this resolve, as expressed in Mr. John Dashwood's frequent talk of the increasing expenses of housekeeping, and the perpetual demands made upon his purse, and exasperated, too, by the manifest disapprobation with which Mrs. John Dashwood looked upon the growing attachment between her own brother, Edward Ferrars, and Elinor, Mrs. Henry Dashwood and her daughters left their old home with some abruptness and went to live in Devonshire, where their old friend, Sir John Middleton, of Barton Park, had provided them with a cottage close to his own place.

Elinor, the eldest of the daughters, possessed a strength of understanding and coolness of judgement which qualified her, though only nineteen, to be the counsellor of her mother, and enabled her frequently to counteract, to the advantage of them all, that eagerness of mind in Mrs. Dashwood which must generally have led to imprudence. She had an excellent heart. Her disposition was affectionate and her feelings were strong ; but she knew how to govern them.

It was a knowledge which her mother had yet to learn, and which one of her sisters had resolved never to be taught. Marianne's abilities were, in many respects, quite equal to Elinor's. She was sensible and clever, but eager in everything ; her sorrows, her joys could have no moderation. She was generous, amiable, interesting ; she was everything but prudent.

Margaret, the other sister, was good-humoured ; but she had already imbibed a good deal of Marianne's romance, without having much of her sense, and, at thirteen, she did not bid fair to equal her sisters at a more advanced period of life.

But whatever the virtues or failings of the Dashwood ladies, their society was very welcome at Barton Park. Sir John Middleton was a good-looking man about forty, friendly and kind-hearted in disposition.

Lady Middleton was a handsome woman of six-and-twenty, well-bred and graceful in address, but deficient in frankness. She piqued herself upon the elegance of her table appointments and of all her domestic arrangements; and this kind of vanity it was that constituted her greatest enjoyment in any of their parties. Sir John was a sportsman; Lady Middleton a mother. He hunted and shot, and she humoured her children; and these were their only resources. Continual engagements at home and abroad, however, supplied all the deficiences of nature and education—supported the good spirits of Sir John, and gave exercise to the good breeding of his wife.

Mrs. Jennings, Lady Middleton's mother, who formed one of the party on the first occasion of the Dashwoods dining at Barton Park, was a good-humoured, fat, elderly woman, who talked a good deal, and seemed very happy and rather vulgar. She was full of jokes and laughter, and before dinner was over had said many witty things on the subject of lovers and husbands, hoped they had not left their hearts behind them in Sussex, and pretended to see them blush whether they did nor not. In fact, this lady was a born match-maker; and she at once proceeded, by hints here and raillery there, to promote a match between Marianne, aged seventeen, and Colonel Brandon, a grave bachelor on the wrong side of thirty-five.

Marianne, however, scorned and laughed at the idea, being reasonable enough to allow that a man of five-and-thirty might well have outlived all acuteness of feeling and every exquisite power of enjoyment; and having met with an accident which led to her being carried home by a handsome and vivacious young gentleman called Willoughby, she rapidly developed a liking for his society, and discovered that in regard to music, dancing and books their tastes were strikingly alike.

"Well, Marianne," said Elinor, after his first visit, "for one morning I think you have done pretty well. You have already ascertained Mr. Willoughby's opinion in almost every matter of importance. You know what to think of Cowper and Scott, and have every assurance of his admiring Pope no more than is proper. Another meeting will suffice to explain his sentiments on picturesque beauty and second marriages, and then you can have nothing further to ask."

To this Marianne replied, "Is this fair? But I see what you mean. I have been too much at my ease—too happy, too frank. I have erred against every commonplace notion of decorum. I have been open and sincere where I ought to have been reserved, spiritless, dull and deceitful. Had I talked only of the weather and the roads, and had I spoken only once in ten minutes, this reproach would have been spared."

II—Marianne Dashwood in Love

Willoughby's society soon became Marianne's most exquisite enjoyment. The mutual attachment was obvious—amusingly obvious. They read, they talked, they sang, they danced, they drove together, and they even agreed in depreciating Colonel Brandon as 'the kind of man whom everybody spoke well of and nobody cared about; whom all were delighted to see, and nobody remembered to talk to.'

Then, after cutting off a lock of Marianne's hair, after offering her a horse, and after showing her over the house which would eventually be his on the death of Mrs. Smith, the elderly relative on whom he was partially dependent, the young lover suddenly took leave of the family, having said not a word to Mrs. Dashwood of an engagement, and having offered no other explanation of his hasty departure than the flimsy pretext of being sent by his relative on business to London.

Willoughby left for London a few days after Colonel Brandon had also been unexpectedly summoned to the same place, and he expressed no hope of any rapid return into Devonshire. On such an occasion Marianne would have thought herself very inexcusable had she not given way to all her feelings; and for some days she courted misery and indulged in tears, in solitude and in sleeplessness.

But she was soon set a better example by Elinor, who did her utmost to remain

cheerful under the depression of heart caused by a visit paid to the family about this same time by Edward Ferrars. He was obviously uneasy, low-spirited and reserved, said he had already been a fortnight in Devonshire stopping with some friends who lived at Plymouth, and, after a week's stay with the Dashwoods, left them, in spite of their wishes and his own, and without any restraint whatever on his time.

But Elinor and Marianne were not long allowed the leisure to be miserable. Sir John Middleton's and Mrs. Jennings' active zeal in the cause of society soon procured for them some other new acquaintance to see and observe.

One of these couples was Lady Middleton's brother-in-law and younger sister Mr. and Mrs. Palmer. It was impossible for anyone to be more thoroughly good-natured or more determined to be happy than Mrs. Palmer. The studied indifference, insolence and discontent of her husband gave her no pain, and when he scolded or abused her, she seemed only to be highly diverted. "Mr. Palmer is so droll," she used to say in a whisper to Elinor Dashwood; "he is always out of humour."

One day, when the company was at dinner, his wife said to him, with her usual laugh, "My love, you contradict everybody. Do you know that you are really quite rude?" To which he replied, "I did not know I contradicted anybody in calling your mother ill-bred."

But the good-natured old lady was in no wise affronted. "You may abuse me as much as you please," she said. "You have taken Charlotte off my hands, and cannot give her back again. So there I have the whip-hand of you."

THE other couple of new friends whom Sir John's reluctance to keep even a third cousin to himself provided for them were the Misses Steele. In a morning's excursion to Exeter Sir John and Mrs. Jennings had met with two young ladies whom Mrs. Jennings had the satisfaction of discovering to be her relations; and this was enough for Sir John to invite them directly to the Park as soon as their engagements at Exeter were over.

JANE AUSTEN was born at Steventon in north Hampshire on December 16, 1775, and educated there by her father, the rector of the parish. Her singularly uneventful life was spent in the country or in country towns, chiefly at Steventon, at Bath, Southampton and in the village of Chawton near Winchester. She died unmarried at Winchester, July 18, 1817, and was buried in the cathedral.

The result was that Elinor and Marianne were almost forced into an intercourse with two young women, who, however civil they might be, were obviously underbred. Miss Steele was a plain girl about thirty, whose whole conversation was of beaux; while Miss Lucy Steele, a pretty girl of twenty-three, was, despite her quick native cleverness, probably common and illiterate.

Marianne, however, who had never much toleration for anything like impertinence, vulgarity, inferiority of parts, or even difference of taste from herself, soon checked every endeavour at intimacy on their side by the coldness of her behaviour towards them; but Elinor, from politeness, submitted to the attentions of both, but especially to those of Lucy, who missed no opportunity of engaging her in conversation, or of striving to improve their acquaintance by an easy and frank communication of her sentiments, until one day, as they were walking together from the Park to the cottage, she asked Elinor if she were personally acquainted with Mrs. John Dashwood's mother, Mrs. Ferrars, and, in explanation of her question, proceeded to confound her by confessing that she knew Mr. Edward Ferrars, who had been at one time under the care of her uncle, Mr. Pratt,

at Longstaple, near Plymouth, and that she had been engaged to him for the last four years.

Distressed by this news, which she was quite aware that Lucy had confided to her merely from jealousy and suspicion, indignant at Edward's duplicity, though convinced of his genuine attachment to herself, Elinor resolved not to give pain to her mother and sister by telling them of the engagement. Indeed, her attention was soon withdrawn from her own to her sister's love affairs by an invitation, which Mrs. Jennings gave the two girls, to spend a few weeks with her in town at her house near Portman Square.

Mrs. Jennings' party was three days on the road, and arrived in Berkeley Street at three o'clock in the afternoon, in time to allow Marianne to write a brief note to Willoughby.

As it happened, a full week elapsed before she discovered, by finding his card on the table, that her lover had arrived in town. This conduct moved Marianne to send another note to him ; and Elinor to write to her mother, entreating her to demand from Marianne an exact account of her real situation with respect to him.

A meeting between Marianne Dashwood and John Willoughby at last took place at a fashionable party, where the latter greeted the two sisters with great coldness and reluctance ; and a third letter from Marianne, now frantic with grief, elicited a reply from him in which he announced his engagement to another lady, 'reproached himself for not having been more guarded in his professions of esteem for Marianne, and returned, with great regret, the lock of hair she had bestowed on him.'

A DAY or two later Colonel Brandon called on Elinor to give her certain information about Willoughby. He told her that his sudden departure from Devonshire to London had been due to an affecting letter he had received from his ward, Miss Williams, the natural daughter of a beloved sister-in-law. Willoughby had met this lady—a pretty girl of sixteen—at Bath, and, after a guilty intimacy, had abandoned her. Colonel Brandon had gone to her rescue and had fought a bloodless duel with her betrayer.

III—Matrimonial Intrigues

ONE day Elinor and Marianne were at Gray's, in Sackville Street, carrying on a negotiation for the exchange of a few old-fashioned jewels belonging to their mother, when they came upon their half-brother, Mr. John Dashwood. He paid a visit to Mrs. Jennings the next day, and came with a pretence of an apology for his wife not coming, too. To his sisters his manners, though calm, were perfectly kind ; to Mrs. Jennings most attentively civil ; and on Colonel Brandon coming in, he eyed him with a curiosity that seemed to say that he only wanted to know him to be rich to be equally civil to *him*.

After staying with them half an hour, he asked Elinor to walk with him to Conduit Street, and to introduce him to Sir John and Lady Middleton ; and as soon as they were out of the house he began to make inquiries about Colonel Brandon. Which inquiries having elicited the satisfactory information that the gentleman had a good property at Delaford Park, in Dorsetshire, Mr. Dashwood—indifferent to his sister's disclaimers—proceeded to congratulate her on the prospect of a very respectable establishment in life, to insist that the objections to a prior attachment on her side were not insurmountable and to inform her that the object of that attachment—Mr. Edward Ferrars—was likely to be married to Miss Morton, a peer's daughter, with thirty thousand pounds of her own.

Mrs. John Dashwood had so much confidence in her husband's judgement that she waited the very next day on both Mrs. Jennings and her daughter. She found the former by no means unworthy her notice, and the latter one of the most charming women in the world. The attraction was mutual, for Lady Middleton was equally pleased with Mrs. Dashwood.

There was a kind of cold-hearted selfishness on both sides, which mutually attracted them ; and they sympathised with each other in an insipid propriety

of demeanour and a general want of understanding. Indeed, the Dashwoods were so prodigiously delighted with the Middletons that, though not much in the habit of giving anything, they determined to give them a dinner; and soon after their acquaintance began, invited them to dine at Harley Street, where they had taken a very good house for three months. Mrs. Jennings and the Misses Dashwood were invited likewise, and so were Colonel Brandon, as a friend of the young ladies, and the Misses Steele, as belonging to the Middleton party in Conduit Street. They were to meet Mrs. Ferrars.

Mrs. Ferrars turned out to be a little, thin woman, upright even to formality in her figure, and serious even to sourness in her aspect. Her complexion was sallow, and her features small, without beauty, and naturally without expression; but a lucky contraction of the brow had rescued her countenance from the disgrace of insipidity by giving it the strong characters of pride and ill-nature. She was not a woman of many words; for, unlike people in general, she proportioned them to the number of her ideas; of the few syllables which did escape her, not one fell to the share of Miss Dashwood.

On this occasion Marianne created something of a scene by openly resenting this treatment of her sister; while Mr. Dashwood, seeking to interest Colonel Brandon in Elinor, showed him a pretty pair of screens which she had painted for his wife, and informed him that 'a few months ago Marianne *was* remarkably handsome, quite as handsome as Elinor.'

The next morning Lucy called on Elinor to exult in Mrs. Ferrars' flattering treatment of her; her joy, however, was somewhat diminished by the unexpected appearance of Edward Ferrars in Berkeley Street, for though both Elinor and Lucy were able to keep up their respective poses towards him, Marianne confused all three by an open demonstration of her sisterly affection for him. But an invitation from Mrs. John Dashwood to the Misses Steele to spend some days in Harley Street soon restored Lucy's equanimity, and almost made Elinor believe that her rival was a real favourite.

At any rate, this was the view taken by foolish Nancy Steele.

"Lord!" thought she to herself, "they are all so fond of Lucy, to be sure they will make no difficulty about it." And so away she went and told Mrs. Dashwood all about Lucy's engagement to Edward Ferrars; the result of which was that the married lady fell into hysterics, while the Misses Steele were hastily bundled out.

Elinor, on hearing this news from Mrs. Jennings, soon saw the necessity of preparing Marianne for its discussion. She lost no time, therefore, in making her acquainted with the real truth, and in endeavouring to bring her to hear it talked of by others, without betraying that she felt any uneasiness for her sister or any resentment towards Edward.

At first Marianne wept in grief and amazement; then she began to ascribe Elinor's long reticence about the engagement to lack of real depth of feeling; and it was not till the latter had done a deal of protesting that the younger girl was able to give her sister due credit for self-sacrifice and generosity.

So when Mr. John Dashwood came round to his sisters to tell them how Edward had refused to break off his engagement, and how Mrs. Ferrars, on hearing of this, had resolved to cut him off with a shilling, and to do all in her power to prevent his advancing in any profession, and had settled on his brother Robert an estate of a thousand pounds which she had intended to bestow on him, Marianne let her indignation burst forth only when her brother had quitted the room.

A few days later, Elinor met Nancy Steele, who gave her certain information, to the effect that Edward, out of consideration for Lucy, who would be marrying a man with no prospects and with no means save two thousand pounds, had offered to give her up; but that Lucy had protested her affection for him, was determined not to give him up, and was building some hopes on his taking orders, and getting a living. Fortunately, the much desired living came far sooner then Lucy could have expected, for Colonel Brandon offered the presentation of the rectory of Delaford to Edward through Elinor.

IV—A Happy Ending to Love's Troubles

ANXIOUS though the Misses Dashwood were to get back to Barton, they could not refuse an invitation from the Palmers to spend a few days with them. But, thanks to the thoughtlessness of Marianne who must needs take two evening walks in the grounds just where the grass was the longest and the wettest, the house-party enjoyed not the pleasantest of times. Marianne had to take to bed; and became so feverish and delirious that Colonel Brandon volunteered to fetch Mrs. Dashwood himself.

The next evening Elinor, who was acting as her sister's most devoted nurse, and was hourly expecting her mother's arrival, was astounded by a visit from Willoughby, who, having heard of Marianne's serious illness, had set forth to make inquiries.

Attempting an exculpation of himself, he confessed that at first meeting Marianne he had tried to engage her regard without a thought of returning it; that afterwards he grew sincerely fond of her, but put off from day to day paying her his formal addresses; and that just at the moment when he was going to make a regular proposal to her, Mrs. Smith's discovery of his liaison with Miss Williams, and his refusal to right matters by marrying the young lady, dismissed him from his relative's house and favour, prevented him from declaring his love to Marianne, and, in the embarrassed state of his finances, seemed to render marriage with a wealthy woman his only chance of salvation.

He repudiated the charge of having deserted Miss Williams, declaring that he did not know the straits to which she had been reduced. He also alluded to the violence of her passion, and the weakness of her understanding, as excuses for the apparent heartlessness of his conduct.

He then went on to explain his treatment of Marianne's letters; how he had already—previous to the arrival of the Dashwoods in town—become engaged to Sophia Grey; how, with his head and heart full of Marianne, he was forced to play the happy lover to Sophia; and how Sophia, in her jealousy, had opened Marianne's third letter and dictated the reply.

"What do you think of my wife's style of letter-writing? Delicate, tender, fully feminine, was it not?" said he.

"You are very wrong, Mr. Willoughby," said Elinor. "You ought not to speak in this way either of Mrs. Willoughby or my sister. You have made your own choice. It was not forced on you. Your wife has a claim to your politeness—to your respect, at least. She must be attached to you, or she would not have married you."

"Do not talk to me of my wife," said he, with a heavy sigh. "She does not deserve your compassion. She knew I had no regard for her when we married. And now, do you pity me, Miss Dashwood? Have I explained away any of my guilt?"

"Yes. You have certainly removed something—a little," said Elinor. "You have proved yourself, on the whole, less faulty than I had believed you."

WHEN Mrs. Dashwood arrived at Cleveland, Elinor at once gave her the joyful news of Marianne's material improvement in health; and, after an affectionate but nearly silent interview had taken place between mother and sick child, the former proceeded to express to Elinor her admiration for Colonel Brandon's disposition and manners, and her expectation that he and Marianne would make a match of it.

Marianne, however, at first seemed to have other plans. When the family got back to Barton Cottage, she announced that she had determined to enter on a course of serious study, and to devote six hours a day to improving herself by reading. But with such a confederacy against her as that formed by her mother and Elinor—with a knowledge so intimate of Colonel Brandon's goodness—what could she do?

As for Elinor, her self-control was at last rewarded, thanks to a strange *volte-face* on the part of Lucy Steele, who, finding that *Robert* Ferrars had the money, married him and jilted his brother. The way was thus cleared to Elinor's union with Edward, whose mother was induced to give the young couple her consent, and a marriage portion of £10,000.

LODOVICO ARIOSTO

ORLANDO FURIOSO

OF all the works of Ariosto—and these include satires, Latin poems, lyrical pieces and comedies in the Terentian manner—the great, enduring monument to his fame is Orlando Furioso, an epic which cast into oblivion the innumerable other romance poems of the XV, XVI, and XVII century Italy. It was designed as a sequel to Orlando Innamorato, left unfinished by its author, Boiardo. The latter poem composed under the Este regime at Ferrara created a furore in literary Italy and countless poets undertook the task of its completion; but it was left to Ariosto not only to finish, but to surpass, his original. Many portions of the work—instance Astolfo's trip to the Moon, quoted in our version—teem with those beauties which were the consistent product of Ariosto's genius and elevated style. The masterpiece was begun in 1503, but its author never ceased to correct and improve it till the day of his death. The first complete edition was published in Ferrara in 1532: it has since been widely translated, and cheap editions in English have been issued from time to time.

I—The Madness of Orlando

OF dames and knights and love and war I sing, [feat
Of courtesies, and many a daring
Done in the days when that great Moorish king,
Fierce Agramant, set sail with all his fleet,
And ravaged France, and swore that he would [bring
Discomfort and disaster and defeat
Upon the head of good King Charlemange,
Who had encamped upon the hills of Spain.

Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme
Of that great lord, Orlando, will I tell;
The bravest paladin of that brave time,
On whom a strange and furious madness fell
When back he travelled from the eastern clime,
Bringing a lady whom he loved full well:
Angelica, a princess of Cathay,
Whose face was fairer than the dawn of day.

Long had he wandered with the lovely dame
Through India, Persia and the Orient land,
Establishing her glory and her fame
By high achievements done at her command.
Now to the Western world with her he came,
Resolved to serve her with his heart and hand,
And fight for her and for his sovereign lord,
King Charlemagne, against the Moorish horde.

For Agramant had sailed with all the flower
Of Moorish chivalry, to ravage France;
And Charlemagne was gathering the power
Of Christendom to stay his fierce advance.
And so Orlando came, in evil hour,
Unto the Pyrenees, with sword and lance.
And of his coming quickly he repented;
For something soon befell which he lamented.

For there he lost his sweet and lovely prize,
Angelica, the princess of Cathay.
Fearing the mischief kindled by her eyes,
King Charlemagne now carried her away,
Lest quarrelling and hatred should arise
Among his knights about so fair a may;
For well he knew Rinaldo, too, adored
Orlando's dame, and many another lord.

Indeed, Rinaldo had begun to fight
With his old friend Orlando for the dame,
When Charlemagne, to set the quarrel right,
Made both the paladins forgo their claim.
And seeing they were full of hate and spite,
Both wild and passionate, and both to blame,
He suffered neither of the two to have her,
And unto Namus he in keeping gave her;

And vowed that he would give her to the man
Who, in the conflict on the battle-day,
Was foremost of the fighters in the van,
And slew most Moorish soldiers in the fray.
But counter to his hopes the battle ran,
And all his squadrons fled in disarray;
Namus with other Christian knights was taken,
And his pavilion in the rout forsaken.

And here Angelica awhile had stayed,
Waiting to be the valiant victor's meed.
But when the ranks were broken, the bright maid
Sprang from the tent and mounted on her steed
And down a lonely woodland track she strayed,
Seeking a knight to help her in her need,
But only found a young and handsome Moor
Lying upon the ground and bleeding sore.

When fair Angelica the stripling spies,
Nigh hurt to death in that disastrous fray,
Who for his King, that dead beside him lies,
Laments, while his own life-blood ebbs away,
She feels new pity in her bosom rise,
Which enters in a strange, unwonted way.
Thus did a common, wounded soldier win
A lady loved by many a paladin.

[head,
She staunched his wounds and bathed his aching
And let him sleep awhile upon her breast;

LODOVICO ARIOSTO was born September 8, 1474, at Reggio in Lombardy. He was, as Byron said of him, the Walter Scott of Italy—the poet of an age of splendid and stately manners, fierce passions and romantic sentiment. He lived at the brilliant court of the Este dukes of Ferrara, in the great days of the Italian renaissance. The genius of his race, then expressing itself magnificently in art, found in him a noble exponent in literature. At 28 he was captain of the citadel of Canossa; he fought on the battlefield; he was sent on embassies; for many years he was secretary to Cardinal Ippolito d'Este; he governed a province for the Duke of Ferrara. And at the same time the amount of literary work he accomplished was prodigious. He died June 6, 1533. This famous portrait, by Titian, is in the National Gallery.

And then she led him to a shepherd's shed
And there again his wounds with art she dressed,
And sat and watched all night beside his bed;
And for a week she never went to rest.
And when from all his hurts he did recover,
She boldly begged him to become her lover.

Oh, Count Orlando! Oh, King Sacrapant!
Rinaldo and a hundred more beside!
What profits now the valour that you vaunt?
What profits all your prowess or your pride?
Never a single favour did she grant,
Though long you served her, and though long you sighed.
And she, whom all of you have wooed in vain,
Now gives herself unto a common swain.

And over her to give him perfect power,
With sacred rites a marriage was ordained.

Thus, with the veil of this most holy order
She covered up her folly and disorder.
The handsome lad was with her night and day,
Whether she took the air or kept the shed.
Together down the meadows would they stray,
Or wander by some flowery river-bed.

And on the rock of every pleasant cave,
And on the bark of every sheltering tree,
Their names together they would then engrave,
Twined in a lover's garland lovingly.
Such joy in one another did they have
They set it down for all the world to see.
Until there scarcely was a tree but bore
The name *Angelica*; the name *Medore*.

A month they passed in this delightful way,
And then Angelica, who now designed
To make Medore the Emperor of Cathay,
Led him across the western world to Ind.
And well it was they made no longer stay
In the wild woodland where their names were twined:
For suddenly Orlando, in great wrath,
Came riding down the lonely forest path

Leaving his lord and kinsman, Charlemagne,
The paladin had roamed from land to land,
Seeking to find Angelica again,
By whose strange absence he was all unmanned
Fiercely he rode across the hills of Spain,
And entered the wild woodland, sword in hand;
And there, half-blind with rage, on rocks and trees,
Two names—*Angelica*, *Medore*—he sees.

Down from his horse Orlando slowly got,
A dark suspicion working in his head;
And by sad chance he came upon the grot
Where the two lovers oft had made their bed;
And there all other things he clean forgot
As, in great bitterness of soul, he read
Upon the cave some verse Medore had writ
Touching the pleasure he had known in it.

'Ye pleasant plants, green herbs, and mossy bower,
Where fragrance and cool shadows ever reign,
Here, fair Angelica, that Orient flower,
On whom full many hearts were fixed in vain,
Has oft repaired with me in shine and shower,
And long within my loving arms has lain;
For these great pleasures found upon your banks
I, poor Medore, can yield but praise and thanks!'

Drawing his faulchion, mad Orlando clave
Clean through the rock and writing of Medore.
He choked with splintered stone the lovers' cave,
Its flowers he trampled down, its trees he tore,
So even sheep or shepherd should not have
Joy in its shade and shelter any more.
Then down upon the earth he fell, and cried
On woman's falseness, cruelty and pride.

'Oh, womankind!' he said, 'how lightly move
Your fickle fancy and your wild desire!
You are not steadfast like the stars above,
But flitting like the marsh-light on the mire.
Nor knightly service, nor true-hearted love
Has power to fix your false and wandering fire.
That man is mad that thinks of trusting you,
For womankind is crafty and untrue.

An angry God sent forth your wicked sex,
Like some great plague, upon the pleasant earth,
To darken all the light of heaven, and vex
Mankind that else had lived in happy mirth.
For all our peace of mind you now perplex,
And empty life of everything of worth.
Oh, greatly must mankind have sinned, for God
To scourge us with so terrible a rod!

'Why did not kindly Nature so provide, [come
Without your help, that man from man should
And one be grafted on the other's side,
As is the apple with the pear and plum?
But Nature can no rule or plan abide,
She ever must exceed in all or some:
The reason is not difficult to render,
For Nature is herself of female gender.

'But be not therefore proud and full of scorn,
Oh, womankind! that men come from your seed.
Sweet roses blossom on the prickly thorn;
The fragrant lily springs from loathsome weed;
From muddy soil there grows the goodly corn;
And basest mould the fairest flowers breed.
But ye are false, and wicked and perverse,
Created for the world's eternal curse!'

Three days upon the ground Orlando lay
With wild and staring eyes, like one gone blind.
He neither slept nor stirred, but swooned away
In agony and misery of mind.
Then, as his overburdened wits gave way,
His arms moved like a windmill in the wind;
His teeth he gnashed, his hair he madly tore,
And cast away the armour that he wore.

There was his helmet, there his cuirass thrown:
His shield far off: and, farther than the rest,
His faulchion: all along the wood was strewn
His glittering gear: and even his torn vest.
For he was now stripped naked to the bone,
Showing his shaggy paunch and back and breast.
So strong he was that, had he kept his blade,
Wild havoc in the world he would have made.

II—How Orlando's Wits were Restored

Of all the paladins of Charlemagne
The English knight, Astolfo, was the best.
And he adventured life and soul to gain
The flying horse a sorcerer possessed;
And entering the sorcerer's domain
The powers of wizardry did he arrest;
And springing then upon the flying horse,
Up to the moon he boldly winged his course.

Long would it take to tell the wondrous tale
Of all the lunar marvels he explored,
As over wooded hill and winding dale,
In admiration and amaze he soared.
He landed in a strange, enchanted vale,
In which, in massed confusion, there were stored
The numberless and varied things of worth,
Which men by chance and folly lose on earth.

The precious time we idly waste away;
Our high designs that never take effect;
Our good intentions and the long array
Of opportunities that we neglect;
Our hopes that fade; our virtues that decay;
The counsel and the friendship we reject—
Yes! Everything is there which we misuse,
Save folly. That, alas! we never lose.

And passing by his own lost days and deeds,
His early ardours, joys and innocence,
Which now were overgrown and hid in weeds,
Astolfo found, upon an eminence,
Great store of that which no man thinks he needs,
Though each man needs it badly—common sense—
Of which so much has mounted to the moon,
That earth will quite be emptied of it soon.

It is a subtle essence, and it flies
From angry heads in swift evaporation;
And as it goes up, steaming to the skies,
The moon-men, by a kind of condensation,
Store it in stone-ware jars of every size.
And on the largest, in large letters writ,
Astolfo saw: '*This is Orlando's Wit.*'

On every jar in which lost wits were stored
The loser's name was clearly written down.
His own Astolfo spied, and much deplored
That he had lost more wit than any clown.
But when he saw the names of many a lord,
And many a prince and poet of renown, [it,
Who think they have great store of wit, and boast
He laughed, for it was plain they all had lost it.
[bition,
Some lose their wits with love, some with am-
Some running after wealth they never get,
Some following lords and men of high condition,
And some with avarice are overset;
Some wish to be a subtle politician,
And some with poetry their wits forget.
So common sense and wisdom now decay
And all the world grows madder day by day.

The jar in which Orlando's wits were placed
Astolfo put upon his flying horse.
And downward to the earth he winged his course,
Landing upon a wide and barren waste,
Where all the paladins had come in force
To try to cure Orlando of that madness [ness.
Which filled all Christendom with grief and sad-

And as Astolfo and his fellow peers
In counsel and discourse were occupied,
A wild alarm rang out; they seized their spears
And forth into the camp they quickly hied.
And there, among their bravest cavaliers,
A fierce and naked savage they descried.
Alone he was, but yet so strong of hand
That he was routing all the Christian band.

THE FALSE ANGELICA BORNE OFF BY ORLANDO'S FOE

From the painting by Chartran

Above his head he whirled a sapling oak,
And every time he struck with all his force
And sent some soldier reeling from the stroke,
Or knocked some captain headlong from his horse.
Beneath his blows the band of warriors broke
And left behind them many a stricken corse ;
Disheartened, beaten and dismayed, they ran
Before that single naked savage man.

And all the paladins, when they beheld him,
And saw how fierce and furiously he ranged,
Prepared to ride him down ; but ere they felled him,
The wise Astolfo their rash purpose changed.
For well he knew the man who now repelled him—
So wild he seemed, and woefully estranged—
It was Orlando, furious and raving,
Whom good Astolfo was resolved on saving.

" It is Orlando ! Slay him not ! " he cried,
Turning his horse and beating down the spears.
The paladins their poor mad comrade eyed,
And few of them could stay their falling tears.
For he had been their glory and their pride,
The bravest and the greatest of the peers
Who fought for Christendom and Charlemagne
Against the pagan Saracens of Spain.

So grieve and so lament the greater part
Of these good warriors that their eyes are wet.
" 'Tis time," Astolfo says, " to find some art
To cure him of the madness all regret."
And from his horse he springs, and Brandimart,
And Dudon, Oliver and Sansonet
Leap to the ground and all together make
At mad Orlando, whom they mean to take.

Behind him Dudon springs and tries to trip him,
While Brandimart about his shoulders hangs ;
Astolfo and the others hold and clip him,
Although he shakes them till their armour clangs.
He who has seen a bull when mastiffs grip him
And fasten in his flesh their cruel fangs,
How still he runs and roars and strains and rears,
With all the mastiffs hanging on his ears ;

He can imagine how Orlando now
Strives with the paladins upon the plain.
He smites down Oliver with one fierce blow,
But quick the good knight comes at him again,
Then stops. For suddenly he finds out how
To capture him with little hurt or pain.
So, while the others struggle, he prepares
To take Orlando prisoner unawares.

Strong ropes and cords he bids the soldiers bring,
And running nooses in the ropes he ties ;
These on Orlando's arms and legs they fling
And tangle both his feet before he flies.
Then, having got him roped within a ring,
They drag him down and will not let him rise.
Thus is Orlando thrown at last perforce,
As farriers throw a furious, savage horse.

They fall on him, and keep him on the ground
And bind him hard and fast, both hand and foot ;
And when Orlando feels that he is bound,
Madder he grows and writhes till the ropes cut.
Astolfo, then, who means to make him sound,

And sees his naked body black as soot,
Takes him upon his shoulder to the shore,
And washes him and makes him white once more.

And while the madman slumbers in a swoon,
Astolfo takes the cork from out the jar—
Recovered from the valley of the moon—
In which the wits of poor Orlando are,
And places it beneath his nose ; and soon,
With eyes as clear and radiant as a star,
Orlando wakes, as wise as any man
Awakened since the race of men began.

As one who, in some wild and fearful vision,
Has dreamed of all the spectres of the night,
Is troubled, when he wakes, with superstition
And fears awhile to look upon the light,
Thinking it is another apparition
That soon will turn to terror and affright,
So now Orlando lies and looks around,
And wonders why he has been stripped and bound.

He holds his peace ; but lifting up his eyes,
He sees his friends, the good King Brandimart,
And Oliver and him that made him wise ;
And knows them all and loves them from his heart.
He does not speak, he does not try to rise,
But wonders why he plays so mad a part.

He sees that he is naked, and he feels
Strong ropes and cords about his arms and heels.

At last he cried, as old Silenus cried
To those who took him sleeping in a cave :
" Unloosen me ! " The ropes were then untied,
And as Orlando did no longer rave,
Clothes, arms and armour and a horse to ride
To him his friends in gladsome friendship gave ;
And made a feast to drive away the sadness
That filled him at the thought of all his madness.

Thus was Orlando, the great champion, made
A wiser man than he had been of yore.
War and adventure only were his trade
And love he never thought of any more.
But with lance couched, and gonfalon displayed,
He turned his champing war-horse from the shore ;
Resolved that fame and glory to recover
Which he had lost while he had been a lover.

King Agramant beneath his sword was slain
In a wild battle by Biserta town ;
And great Gradasso, King of Sericane,
And many a Moorish chief he there struck down.
Thus, fighting for his kinsman Charlemagne,
Orlando won high honour and renown,
And back to Paris triumphing he came,
With all the city ringing with his name.

Precursor of a Revolution in Philosophy

THOMAS ROBERT MALTHUS

ON THE PRINCIPLE OF POPULATION

Outlined by Dr. C. W. Saleeby

ONE of the most persistently misrepresented doctrines, Malthus's central theory is nothing less moral than that young persons should postpone marriage until they have the means of supporting a family. It is of the first interest in the history of thought that the reading of this great essay should have independently suggested, first to Darwin, and later to Alfred Russel Wallace, the idea of natural selection as a necessary consequence of that struggle for life so splendidly demonstrated by Malthus in the case of mankind. His survey was not comparative, covering the whole range of life, but was practically confined to one living form. The treatise whose title was An Essay on the Principle of Population as it Affects the Future Improvement of Society, was first published anonymously in 1798. It is issued in two volumes of Everyman's Library.

I—General Survey of the Checks to Population

SINCE population is capable of doubling itself at least once in every twenty-five years, and since the supply of food can increase in only arithmetical ratio, it naturally follows that increase of population must always be checked by lack of food. But, except in cases of famine, this check is never operative, and the chief checks to increase of population are found to be moral restraint, vice and misery.

In spite of these checks, which are always more or less in operation, there is a constant tendency for the population to increase beyond the means of subsistence. Such increase is followed by lowered wages, dearer food and thus a lowered marriage-rate and birth-rate ; and the lowered wages, in turn, induce more agricultural enterprise, and thus means of subsistence become more abundant again.

More abundant and cheaper food, in turn, promotes marriage and increases the

THOMAS ROBERT MALTHUS was born near Dorking, February 17, 1766, and, after having been educated by private tutors and at Cambridge, became a fellow of Jesus College and was ordained. He held a curacy for some time, but soon turned to political economy, which was to be his life study. His theory on population, probably suggested by Hume's Essay on the Populousness of Ancient Nations, was attacked on all hands. In 1805 he became professor of political economy at East India College, Hertfordshire, where he spent most of the remainder of his life. He died December 3, 1834. This portrait hangs in the National Portrait Gallery.

population, until again there is a shortage of food: and this oscillation, though irregular, will always be found, and there will be always a tendency for the population to oscillate around the food limit.

Even among savages, where the degradation of women, infanticide, vice, famine, war and disease are active instruments of decimation, it will be found that the average population, generally speaking, presses hard against the limits of the average food.

Among modern pastoral nations the principal checks which keep the population down to the level of the means of subsistence are: restraint from inability to obtain a wife, vicious habits with respect to women, epidemics, war, famine and the diseases arising from extreme poverty.

In modern Europe we find similar preventive and positive checks, in varying proportions, to undue increase of population. In England and Scotland the preventive check to population prevails in a considerable degree.

A man of liberal education, with an income only just sufficient to enable him to associate in the rank of gentlemen, must feel absolutely certain that if he marry and have a family he shall be obliged to give up all his former connexions. The woman whom a man of education would naturally choose is one brought up in similar refined surroundings. Can a man easily consent to place the object of his affections on a lower social plane? Two or three steps of descent in society, particularly at this round of the ladder, where education ends and ignorance begins, will not be considered by the generality of people as a chimerical, but a real evil. If society be desirable, it surely must be free, equal and reciprocal society, where benefits are conferred as well as received, and not such as the dependent finds with his patron, or the poor with the rich.

Such considerations certainly prevent many of the better classes from early marriage. Others, possessed of weaker judgement or stronger passion, disregard these considerations; and it would be hard indeed if the gratification of virtuous love did not sometimes more than counterbalance its attendant evils. But those who marry in the face of such considerations too frequently justify the forebodings of the prudent.

The sons of tradesmen and farmers are exhorted not to marry till they have a sufficient sure income to support a family, and often accordingly postpone marriage till they are far advanced in life. The labourer who earns eighteenpence or two shillings a day, as a single man, will hesitate to divide that pittance among four or five, seeing the risks such poverty involves. The servants who live in the families of the rich have yet stronger inducements to forgo matrimony. They live in comparative comfort and luxury, which as married men they could not enjoy.

The prolific power of nature is very far from being called fully into action in Great Britain. And yet, when we contem-

plate the insufficiency of the price of labour to maintain a large family, and the amount of mortality which arises directly and indirectly from poverty, and add to this the crowds of children prematurely cut off in large towns, we shall be compelled to acknowledge that, if the number born annually were not greatly thinned by this premature mortality, the funds for the maintenance of labour must increase with much greater rapidity than they have ever hitherto done in order to find work and food for the additional numbers that would then grow up to manhood.

Those, therefore, who live single, or marry late, do not by such conduct contribute in any degree to diminish the actual population, but merely to diminish the proportion of premature mortality, which would otherwise be excessive ; and consequently, from this point of view, do not seem to deserve any very severe reprobation or punishment.

It has been usual to consider a great proportion of births as the surest sign of a vigorous and flourishing state. But this is erroneous. Only after great mortality, or under very especial social conditions, is a large proportion of births a favourable symptom. In the average state of a well-peopled territory there cannot be a worse sign than a large proportion of births, nor a better sign than a small proportion. A small proportion of births is a decided proof of a very small mortality, since the supply always equals the demand for population. In despotic, miserable, or naturally unhealthy countries, the proportion of births to the whole population will generally be found very great.

In Scotland emigration is a potent cause of depopulation ; but any thinning out from this cause is quickly neutralised by an increased proportion of births.

In Ireland the details of population fluctuations are little known ; but the cheapness of potatoes and the ignorance and depressed, indifferent state of the people, have encouraged marriage to such a degree that the population is pushed much beyond the resources of the country and the consequence, naturally, is that the lower classes of the people are in the most impoverished and miserable state. The checks to the population are, of course, chiefly of the positive kind, and arise from the diseases caused by squalid poverty. To these positive checks have of late years been added the vice and misery of civil war and of martial law.

II—Population and the Subsistence Level

That the checks which have been mentioned are the immediate causes of the slow increase of population, and that these checks result principally from an insufficiency of subsistence will be evident from the comparatively rapid increase which has invariably taken place whenever, by some sudden enlargement in the means of subsistence, these checks have been in any considerable degree removed. Plenty of rich land to be had for little or nothing is so powerful a cause of population as generally to overcome all obstacles. The abundance of cheap and profitable land obtained by the colonists in English North America resulted in a rapid increase of population almost without parallel in history. Such an increase does not occur in Britain, and the reason to be assigned is want of food. Want of food is certainly the most efficient of the three immediate checks to population. Population soon increases after war and disease and convulsions of nature, because the food supply is more adequate for the diminished numbers ; but where food is deficient no increase of population can occur.

Since the world began, the causes of population and depopulation have been probably as constant as any of the laws of nature with which we are acquainted.

The passion between the sexes has appeared in every age to be so nearly the same that it may always be considered in algebraic language as a given quantity. The great law of necessity, which prevents population from increasing in any country beyond the food which it can either produce or acquire, is a law so obvious and evident to our understandings that we cannot doubt it.

The different modes which nature takes to repress a redundant population do not, indeed, appear to us so certain and regular ; but though we cannot always

predict the mode, we may with certainty predict the fact. If the proportion of the births to the deaths for a few years indicates an increase of numbers much beyond the proportional increased or acquired food of the country, we may be perfectly certain that, unless an emigration takes place, the deaths will shortly exceed the births, and that the increase which has been observed for a few years cannot be the real average increase of the population of the country.

If there were no other depopulating causes, and if the preventive check did not operate very strongly, every country would, without doubt, be subject to periodical plagues and famines.

The only true criterion of a real and permanent increase in the population of any country is the increase of the means of subsistence, and even this criterion is subject to some slight variations.

Other circumstances being the same, it may be affirmed that countries are populous according to the quantity of human food which they produce or can acquire; and happy according to the liberality with which this food is divided, or the quantity which a day's labour will purchase. This happiness does not depend either upon their being thinly or fully inhabited, upon their poverty or their riches, their youth or age, but on the proportion which the population and the food bear to each other.

In modern Europe the positive checks to population prevail less, and the preventive checks more, than in past times and in the more uncivilized parts of the world, since wars, plagues, acute diseases and famines have become less frequent.

With regard to the preventive checks to population, though it must be acknowledged that the preventive check of moral restraint does not, at present, largely prevail, yet it is becoming more prevalent, and if we consider only the general term, which implies principally a delay of marriage from prudential considerations, it may be considered as the most potent of the checks which in modern Europe keep down the population to the level of the means of subsistence.

III—Remedies Other than Moral for Over-population

All systems of equality which have been proposed are bound to fail, because the motive to the preventive check of moral restraint is destroyed by equality and community of goods. As all would be equal and in similar circumstances, there would be no reason why one person should think himself obliged to practise the duty of restraint more than another. And how could a man be compelled to such restraint? The operation of this natural check of moral restraint depends exclusively upon the existence of the laws of property and succession; and in a state of equality and community of property could only be replaced by some artificial regulation of a very different stamp, and a much more unnatural character.

No scheme of equality, then, can overcome the population difficulty; emigration is only a palliative and poor-law relief only a nostrum which eventually aggravates the evils of over-population.

The poor laws of England tend to depress the general condition of the poor in two ways. Their first obnoxious tendency is to increase population without increasing the food for its support. A poor man may marry with little or no prospect of being able to support a family without parish assistance. The poor laws may be said, therefore, to create the poor which they maintain, and as the provisions must be distributed to the greater numbers in smaller proportions, the labours of those who are not supported by parish assistance will purchase a smaller quantity of provisions than before and consequently more of them will require assistance. Secondly, the quantity of provisions consumed in workhouses by the least worthy members of the community diminishes the food of the more worthy members, who are thus driven to obtain relief.

Fortunately for England, a spirit of independence still remains among the peasantry. The poor laws, though calculated to eradicate this spirit, have only partially succeeded. Hard as it may appear in individual instances, dependent poverty ought to be deemed disgraceful. Such a stigma seems necessary to promote the general happiness of mankind. If men be induced to marry from the mere

prospect of parish provision, they are not only unjustly tempted to bring unhappiness and dependence upon themselves and their children, but they are tempted unwittingly to injure all in the same class as themselves.

Further, the poor laws discourage frugality and diminish the power and the will of the common people to save, and they live from hand to mouth without thought of the future. A man who might not be deterred from going to the ale-house by the knowledge that his death or sickness might throw his family upon the parish, might fear to waste his earnings if the only provision for it were casual charity.

The mass of unhappiness among common people must be diminished when one of the strongest checks to idleness and dissipation is thus removed; and when institutions which render dependent poverty so lessen the disgrace which should be attached to it. I feel persuaded that if the poor laws had never existed in this country, though there might have been a few more instances of very severe distress, the aggregate mass of happiness among the common people would have been much greater than it is at present.

In view of all these facts I do not propose a law to prevent the poor from marrying, but I propose a very gradual abolition of the poor laws.

By means of an extending commerce a country may be able to purchase an increasing quantity of food and to support an increasing population; but extension of commerce cannot continue indefinitely; it must be checked by competition and other economic interference; and as soon as funds for the maintenance of labour become stationary, or begin to decline, there will be no means of obtaining food for an increasing population.

It is the union of the agricultural and commercial systems, and not either of them taken separately, that is calculated to produce the greatest national prosperity. A country with an extensive and rich territory, the cultivation of which is stimulated by improvements in agriculture, manufactures and foreign commerce, has such various and abundant resources that it is extremely difficult to say when they will reach their limits. There are, however, limits to the capital population of a country—limits which they must ultimately reach and cannot pass.

To secure a more abundant and, at the same time, a steadier supply of grain, a system of corn laws has been recommended, the object of which is to discourage, by duties or prohibitions, the importation of foreign corn and to encourage by bounties the exportation of corn of home growth.

Laws which prohibit the importation of foreign grain, though by no means unobjectionable, are not open to the same objections as bounties and must be allowed to be adequate to the object they have in view, the maintenance of an independent supply. Moreover, it is obviously possible, by restrictions upon the importation of foreign corn, to maintain a balance between the agricultural and commercial classes.

The question is not a question of the efficiency or inefficiency of the measure proposed, but of its policy or impolicy. In certain cases there can be no doubt of the impolicy of attempting to maintain an unnatural balance between the agricultural and commercial classes; but in other cases the impolicy is by no means so clear. Restrictions upon the importation of foreign corn in a country which has great landed resources tend not only to spread every commercial and manufacturing advantage possessed, whether permanent or temporary, on the soil, but tend also to prevent those great oscillations in the progress of agriculture and commerce which are seldom unattended with evil.

IV—Moral Restraint and Discriminate Charity

As it appears that in the actual state of every society which has come within our view the natural progress of population has been constantly and powerfully checked, and as it seems evident that no improved form of government, no plans of emigration, no direction of natural industry can prevent the continued action of a great check to population in some form or other, it follows that

we must submit to it as an inevitable law of nature, and the only inquiry that remains is how it may take place with the least possible prejudice to the virtue and happiness of human society.

All the immediate checks to population which have been observed to prevail in the same and different countries seem to be resolvable into moral restraint, vice and misery; and if our choice be confined to those three, we cannot long hesitate in our decision. It seems certain that moral restraint is the only virtuous and satisfactory mode of escape from the evils of over-population. Without such moral restraint, and if it were the custom to marry at the age of puberty, no virtue, however great, could rescue society from a most wretched and desperate state of want, with its innumerable concomitant diseases and famines.

Prudential restraint, if it were generally adopted, would soon raise the price of labour by narrowing its supply, and those practising it would save money and acquire habits of sobriety, industry and economy such as should ensure happy married life. Further, postponement of marriage would give both sexes a better opportunity to choose life-partners wisely and well; and the passion, instead of being extinguished by the experience engendered by early sensuality, would burn the more brightly because repressed for a time and attained as the prize of industry and virtue and as the reward of a genuine attachment.

Moral restraint in this matter is a Christian duty. There are, perhaps, few actions that tend so directly to diminish the general happiness as to marry without being in possession of the means of supporting children. He who commits this act clearly offends against the will of God, for he violates his duty to his neighbours and also to himself, and listens to the voice of passion rather than fulfils the higher obligations of his duty. This duty is intelligible to the meanest capacity.

It is simply that he must not bring beings into the world whom he cannot support. When once this subject is cleared from the obscurity thrown over it by parochial laws and private benevolence, every man must see his obligation. If he cannot support his children they must starve; and if he marry in the face of a fair probability that he shall not be able to support his children, he is guilty of all the evils which he thus brings upon himself, his wife and his offspring.

When the wages of labour are barely sufficient to support two children, a man marries and has five or six, and finds himself in distress. He blames the low price of labour. He blames the parish and the rich and social institutions; but he never blames himself. He may wish he had never married; but it never enters into his head that he has done anything wrong. Indeed, the converse is the case, for he has always been told that to raise up children for his king and country is a very meritorious and patriotic act.

The common people must be taught that they themselves in such a case are to blame and that no one has power to help them if they act thus contrary to the will of God. Those who wish to help the poor must try to raise the relative proportion between the price of labour and the price of provisions, instead of encouraging the poor to marry and overstock the labour market. A market overstocked with labour and an ample remuneration to each labourer are objects perfectly incompatible.

It is not enough, however, to abolish all the positive institutions which encourage population, but we must endeavour at the same time to correct the prevailing opinions which have the same effect. The public must be made to understand that they have no *right* to assistance and that it is the duty of man not only to propagate his species but to propagate virtue and happiness.

Our private charity must also be discriminate. If we insist that a man shall eat even if he do not work, and that his family shall be supported even if he marry without prospect of supporting a family, we merely encourage worthless poverty. We must not put a premium on idleness and reckless marriages, and we must on no account do anything which tends to remove that inequality of circumstances which ought always to exist between the single man and the man with a family.

Sir Thomas Malory

LE MORTE D'ARTHUR

ENGLISH prose fiction begins with Sir Thomas Malory, Caxton and Lord Berners, who gave to the Arthur and Charlemagne romances their first English prose dress. Although the tales of which it is composed were taken out of certain French books, Le Morte d'Arthur is as incontestably an original work of genius as The Canterbury Tales of Geoffrey Chaucer. Its author has been identified as Sir Thomas Malory, Knight, of Newbold Revell, or Fenny Newbold, who was member of Parliament for Warwickshire in 1485. It was finished in 1469-70 and the first edition was printed by Caxton in 1485, and the work became at once the embodiment of the ideas of chivalry and the fount of romance from which poets, prose writers and artists have drawn inspiration ever since. Popular editions are issued by Macmillan, Dent and other publishers.

I—The Coming of Arthur

IT befel in the days of the noble Uther Pendragon, when he was King of England, there was a mighty and noble duke in Cornwall, named the Duke of Tintagil, that held long war against him. And the duke's wife was called a right fair lady, and a passing wise, and Igraine was her name. And the duke, issuing out of the castle at a postern to distress the king's host, was slain. Then all the barons, by one assent, prayed the king of accord between the Lady Igraine and himself. And the king gave them leave, for fain would he have accorded with her; and they were married in a morning with great mirth and joy.

When the Queen Igraine grew daily nearer the time when the child Arthur should be born, Merlin, by whose counsel the king had taken her to wife, came to the king and said: "Sir, you must provide for the nourishing of your child. I know of a lord of yours that is a passing true man, and faithful, and he shall have the nourishing of your child. His name is Sir Ector, and he is a lord of fair livelihood."

"As thou wilt," said the king, "be it."

So the child was delivered unto Merlin, and he bare it forth unto Sir Ector, and made a holy man to christen him, and named him Arthur.

But, within two years, King Uther fell sick of a great malady, and therewith yielded up the ghost, and was interred as belonged unto a king; wherefore Igraine, the queen, made great sorrow, and all the barons.

Then stood the realm in great jeopardy a long while, for many weened to have been king. And Merlin went to the Archbishop of Canterbury, and counselled him to send for all the lords of the realm, and all the gentlemen of arms, to London before Christmas, upon pain of cursing, that Jesus, of His great mercy, should show some miracle who should be rightwise king.

So in the greatest church of London there was seen against the high altar a great stone, and in the midst thereof there was an anvil of steel, and therein stuck a fair sword, naked by the point, and letters of gold were written about the sword that said, 'Whoso pulleth out this sword of this stone and anvil is rightwise king born of England.'

And many essayed, but none might stir the sword.

And on New Year's Day the barons made a joust, and Sir Ector rode to the jousts; and with him rode Sir Kaye, his son, and young Arthur, that was his nourished brother.

And Sir Kaye, who was made knight at Allhallowmas afore, had left his sword at his father's lodging, and so prayed young Arthur to ride for it.

Then Arthur said to himself, "I will ride to the churchyard and take the sword that sticketh in the stone for my brother Kaye." And so, lightly and fiercely, he pulled it out of the stone, and took horse and delivered to Sir Kaye the sword.

"How got you this sword?" said Sir Ector to Arthur.

"Sir, I will tell you," said Arthur; "I pulled it out of the stone without any pain."

"Now," said Sir Ector, "I understand you must be king of this land."

"Wherefore I?" said Arthur. "And for what cause?"

"Sir," said Sir Ector, "for God will have it so." And therewithal Sir Ector kneeled down to the earth, and Sir Kaye also.

Then Sir Ector told him all how he had betaken him to nourish him; and Arthur made great moan when he understood that Sir Ector was not his father.

And at the Feast of Pentecost all manner of men essayed to pull out the sword, and none might prevail but Arthur, who pulled it out before all the lords and commons. And the commons cried, "We will have Arthur unto our king." And so anon was the coronation made.

And Merlin said to King Arthur, "Fight not with the sword that you had by miracle till you see that you go to the worst, then draw it out and do your best." And the sword, Excalibur, was so bright that it gave light like thirty torches.

II—The Marriage of Arthur

In the beginning of King Arthur, after that he was chosen king by adventure and by grace, for the most part the barons knew not that he was Uther Pendragon's son but as Merlin made it openly known. And many kings and lords made great war against him for that cause, but King Arthur full well overcame them all; for the most part of the days of his life he was much ruled by the counsel of Merlin. So it befel that he said unto Merlin, "My barons will let me have no rest, but needs they will have that I take a wife, and I will none take but by thy advice."

"It is well done," said Merlin, "for a man of your bounty and nobleness should not be without a wife. Now, is there any fair lady that ye love better than another?"

"Yea," said Arthur; "I love Guenever, the king's daughter, of the land of Cameliard. This damsel is the gentlest and fairest lady I ever could find."

"Sir," said Merlin, "she is one of the fairest that live, and as a man's heart is set he will be loth to return."

But Merlin warned the king privily that Guenever was not wholesome for him to take to wife, for he warned him that Launcelot should love her, and she him again. And Merlin went forth to King Leodegrance, of Cameliard, and told him of the desire of the king that he would have to his wife Guenever, his daughter.

"That is to me," said King Leodegrance, "the best tidings that ever I heard, and I shall send him a gift that shall please him, for I shall give him the Table Round, the which Uther Pendragon gave me; and when it is full complete there is a place for a hundred and fifty knights; and a hundred good knights I have myself, but I lack fifty, for so many have been slain in my days."

And so King Leodegrance delivered his daughter, Guenever, to Merlin, and the Table Round, with the hundred knights, and they rode freshly and with great royalty, what by water and what by land.

And when Arthur heard of the coming of Guenever and the hundred knights of the Round Table he made great joy; and in all haste did ordain for the marriage and coronation in the most honourable wise that could be devised.

"Now Merlin," said King Arthur, "go thou and espy me in all this land fifty knights which be of the most prowess and worship."

And within short time Merlin found twenty-eight such knights that should fulfil twenty and eight seats, but no more could he find. And the Archbishop of Canterbury was sent for, and blessed the seats of the Round Table with great devotion and there set the eight and twenty knights.

And when this was done they arose and did their homage to King Arthur, and Merlin found in every seat letters of gold that told the knights' names that had sitten therein.

Then was the high feast made ready, and the king was wedded at Camelot unto Dame Guenever, in the Church of St. Stephen's, with great solemnity.

III—Sir Launcelot and the King

AND here I leave off this tale, and overskip great books of Merlin, and Morgan le Fay, and Sir Balin le Savage, and Sir Launcelot du Lake, and Sir Galahad, and the Book of the Holy Grail, and the Book of Elaine, and come to the tale of Sir Launcelot and the breaking up of the Round Table.

In the merry month of May, when every heart flourisheth and rejoiceth, it happened there befel a great misfortune, the which stinted not till the flower of the chivalry of all the world was destroyed and slain.

And all was along of two unhappy knights named Sir Agravaine and Sir Mordred, that were brethren unto Sir Gawaine. For these two knights had ever privy hate unto the queen and unto Sir Launcelot. And Sir Agravaine said openly, and not in counsel, "I marvel that we all be not ashamed to see and know how Sir Launcelot cometh daily and nightly to the queen, and it is shameful that we suffer so noble a king to be ashamed." Then spake Sir Gawaine, "I pray you have no such matter any way before me, for I will not be of your counsel." And so said his brothers, Sir Gaheris and Sir Gareth. "Then will I," said Sir Mordred. And with these words they came to King Arthur, and told him they could suffer it no longer, but must tell him, and prove to him that Sir Launcelot was a traitor to his person.

"I would be loth to begin such a thing," said King Arthur, "for I tell you Sir Launcelot is the best knight among you all." For Sir Launcelot had done much for him and for his queen many times, and King Arthur loved him passing well.

Then Sir Agravaine advised that the king go hunting and send word that he should be out all that night, and he and Sir Mordred, with twelve knights of the Round Table, should watch the queen. So on the morrow King Arthur rode out hunting.

And Sir Launcelot told Sir Bors that night he would speak with the queen. "You shall not go this night by my counsel," said Sir Bors.

"Fair nephew," said Sir Launcelot, "I marvel me much why ye say this, sithence the queen hath sent for me." And he departed, and when he had passed to the queen's chamber, Sir Agravaine and Sir Mordred, with twelve knights, cried aloud without, "Traitor knight, now art thou taken!"

But Sir Launcelot, after he had armed himself, set the chamber door wide open, and mightily and knightly strode among them, and slew Sir Agravaine and twelve of his fellows, and wounded Sir Mordred, who fled with all his might and came straight to King Arthur, wounded and beaten and all be-bled.

"Alas!" said the king, "now am I sure the noble fellowship of the Round Table is broken for ever, for with Launcelot will hold many a noble knight."

And the queen was adjudged to death by fire, for there was none other remedy but death for treason in those days. Then was Queen Guenever led forth without Carlisle, and despoiled unto her smock, and her ghostly father was brought to her to shrive her of her misdeeds; and there was weeping and wailing and wringing of hands.

But anon there was spurring and plucking up of horses, for Sir Launcelot and many a noble knight rode up to the fire, and none might withstand him. And a kirtle and gown were cast upon the queen, and Sir Launcelot rode his way with her to Joyous Gard and kept her as a noble knight should.

THEN came King Arthur and Sir Gawaine, whose brothers, Sir Gaheris and Sir Gareth, had been slain by Sir Launcelot unawares, and laid a siege to Joyous Gard. And Launcelot had no heart to fight against his lord, King Arthur; and Arthur would have taken his queen again and would have accorded with Sir Launcelot, but Sir Gawaine would not suffer him.

Then the Pope called unto him a noble clerk, the Bishop of Rochester, and gave him bulls, under lead, unto King Arthur, charging him that he take his queen, Dame Guenever, to him again and accord with Sir Launcelot. And as for the queen, she assented. And the bishop had of the king assurance that Sir Launcelot should come and go safe. So Sir Launcelot delivered the queen to the king, who assented

that Sir Launcelot should not abide in the land past fifteen days.

Then Sir Launcelot sighed, and said these words, "Truly me repenteth that ever I came into this realm, that I should be thus shamefully banished, undeserved and causeless." And unto Queen Guenever he said, "Madam, now I must depart from you and this noble fellowship for ever; and since it is so, I beseech you pray for me, and send me word if ye be noised with any false tongues." And therewith Launcelot kissed the queen, and said openly, "Now let me see what he be that dare say the queen is not true to King Arthur—let who will speak, and he dare!" And he took his leave and departed, and all the people wept.

IV—The Passing of Arthur

Now, to say the truth, Sir Launcelot and his nephews were lords of the realm of France, and King Arthur and Sir Gawaine made a great host ready and shipped at Cardiff, and made great destruction and waste on his lands. And Arthur left the governance of all England to Sir Mordred. And Sir Mordred caused letters to be made that specified that King Arthur was slain in battle with Sir Launcelot; wherefore Sir Mordred made a parliament and they chose him king and he was crowned at Canterbury. But Queen Guenever came to London, and stuffed it with victuals, and garnished it with men and kept it.

Then King Arthur raised the siege on Sir Launcelot and came homeward with a great host to be avenged on Sir Mordred. And Sir Mordred drew towards Dover to meet him, and most of England held with Sir Mordred, the people were so new-fangled.

Then was there launching of great boats and small, and all were full of noble men

SIR BEDIVERE BORE ARTHUR TO WHERE THREE QUEENS RECEIVED HIM

From the painting by James Arthur, R.S.A.

AND QUEEN GUENEVER STOLE AWAY TO ALMESBURY AND MADE HERSELF A NUN

From the painting by Mary F. Raphael, by the artist's permission

of arms and there was much slaughter of gentle knights; but King Arthur was so courageous none might let him to land; and his knights fiercely followed him and put back Sir Mordred, and he fled.

But Sir Gawaine was laid low with a blow smitten on an old wound given him by Sir Launcelot. Then Sir Gawaine, after he had been shriven, wrote with his own hand to Sir Launcelot, flower of all noble knights: "I beseech thee, Sir Launcelot, return again to this realm, and see my tomb, and pray some prayer more or less for my soul. Make no tarrying, but come with thy noble knights and rescue that noble king that made thee knight, for he is straitly bestood with a false traitor." And so Sir Gawaine betook his soul into the hands of our Lord God.

And many a knight drew unto Sir Mordred and many unto King Arthur, and never was there seen a dolefuller battle in a Christian land. And they fought till it was nigh night, and there were a hundred thousand laid dead upon the down.

"Alas! that ever I should see this doleful day," said King Arthur, "for now I come unto mine end. But would to God that I wist where that traitor Sir Mordred is, which hath caused all this mischief."

Then was King Arthur aware where Sir Mordred leaned upon his sword, and there King Arthur smote Sir Mordred throughout the body more than a fathom, and Sir Mordred smote King Arthur with his sword held in both hands on the side of the head, that the sword pierced the helmet and the brain-pan. And Sir Mordred fell dead; and the noble King Arthur fell in a swoon, and Sir Lucan and Sir Bedivere laid him in a little chapel near the sea-side.

And when he came to himself again, he said unto Sir Bedivere, "Take thou Excalibur, my good sword, and throw it into that water." And when Sir Bedivere (at the third essay) threw the sword into the water, as far as he might, there came an arm and a hand above the water, and met and caught it, and so shook and brandished it thrice; and then the hand vanished away with the sword in the water.

Then Sir Bedivere bore King Arthur to the water's edge, and fast by the bank hovered a little barge, and there received him three queens with great mourning. And Arthur said, "I will into the vale of Avilion for to heal me of my grievous wound, and if thou never hear more of me, pray for my soul." And evermore the ladies wept.

And in the morning Sir Bedivere was aware between two hills of a chapel and

a hermitage ; and he saw there a hermit fast by a tomb newly graven. And the hermit said, " My son, here came ladies which brought this corpse and prayed me to bury him."

" Alas," said Sir Bedivere, " that was my lord, King Arthur."

And when Queen Guenever understood that her lord, King Arthur, was slain, she stole away and came to Almesbury and made herself a nun, and was abbess there.

And Sir Launcelot passed over into England, and prayed full heartily at the tomb of Sir Gawaine, and then rode alone to find Queen Guenever. And when Sir Launcelot was brought unto her, she said : " Through this knight and me all the wars were wrought, and through our love is my noble lord slain ; therefore, Sir Launcelot, I require thee that thou never look me more in the visage."

And Sir Launcelot said : " The same destiny ye have taken you unto I will take me unto." And he besought the bishop that he might be his brother ; then he put a habit on Sir Launcelot, and there he served God day and night, with prayers and fastings.

And when Queen Guenever died, Sir Launcelot buried her beside her lord, King Arthur. Then mourned he continually until he was dead, so within six weeks after they found him stark dead, and he lay as he had smiled. Then there was weeping and dolor out of measure. And they buried Sir Launcelot with great devotion.

Gay Comedy that Shook a Throne

PIERRE DE BEAUMARCHAIS

THE BARBER OF SEVILLE

THE original representation of The Barber of Seville (1775) was a failure because the last act was overloaded with allusions to private law-suits in which the author was involved. This, however, was put right in time for the second production, which had enormous success. Beaumarchais characterises himself in the person of Figaro as a member of the French *bourgeoisie* which was resolved to wrest the power from the decadent aristocracy by sudden revolution. Yet it was the court that was most vehement in praise of these plays. Rossini's music has made the piece famous in opera. A version of The Marriage of Figaro appears in the later pages of *The World's Great Books*.

PERSONS IN THE PLAY

Count Almaviva	Doctor Bartholo	Rosina
Figaro, the Barber of Seville	Don Bazile	Police Officer
	The Notary	

First Act

[A tall, handsome man wrapped in a brown cloak is loitering in a lonely street in Seville and watching the window of the balcony of Doctor Bartholo's house. At last he looks at his watch, saying :]

AH, I have come too early ! Never mind. It's better to arrive too soon than miss seeing Rosina. Who the dickens is this intruder ?

[It is Figaro, the barber of Seville. His guitar is slung over his shoulder, and, holding a bit of paper in one hand, and a pencil in the other, he sings gaily :]

Life is a jest,
So let us be jolly !
Live with a zest,
And delight in our folly.

Now, for the second verse :
Life is a play——

No, that's a platitude. Ah, I have it !

Dance, then, and sing,
Laughing deliriously ;
Life is a thing
We mustn't take seriously.

Who's that in the doorway there ? Count Almaviva, dressed like a poor scholar ! Whatever brings my old master to Seville ? How do you do, your excellency ?

Almaviva : Figaro ! Whatever are you doing in Seville ? Didn't I get you a government post in Madrid ?

Fig. : Yes, but I lost it. When the Minister heard that I was a poet he dismissed me, saying that a man who wrote verses must necessarily be lacking in ordinary ability.

Alm. : I remember what you were like when you were in my service—an idle, good-for-nothing——

Fig. : So many virtues are required in a

servant nowadays that few masters are worthy of being valets.

Alm. : Not bad ! What did you do when you lost your post ?

Fig. : Convinced that a razor is a better means of livelihood than a pen, I became a barber. I wandered through Spain, welcomed in one town, imprisoned in another, praised here, blamed there ; mocking fools, defying rogues ; smiling at my own troubles, and shaving every chin that came my way.

Alm. : What has given you such a gay philosophy of life ?

Fig. : Continual misfortune. I laugh at everything for fear of being obliged to weep at it.

[*The window of the balcony of* **Doctor Bartholo's** *house opens suddenly* **Rosina,** *a very beautiful girl, leans over, and* **Bartholo,** *her old peevish guardian, stands by her, watching her with jealous eyes.*]

Alm. (*pulling* **Figaro** *into the doorway*) : Come in here, or you will spoil everything.

Bartholo : What's that paper you are holding ?

Rosina : A song—' Love Will Find Out the Way.' (*She lets the paper fall into the street.*) Oh, I've dropped my song ! Run and get it, doctor, or it will be lost.

[**Bartholo** *leaves the window and* **Rosina** *puts her pretty head out and sees* **Count Almaviva.**]

Ros. : Pick it up, quick !

[**Almaviva** *seizes it, and withdraws.* **Bartholo** *then comes out of the house and looks around.*]

Bar. : Wherever is it ? I can't find it anywhere. She has tricked me.

[*He rushes to the balcony and slams the window, draws the shutter, and locks it with a key.* **Count Almaviva** *and* **Figaro** *steal out of the doorway.*]

Alm. : Now we will examine this mysterious song. Oh, joy ! It is a letter—(*reading*). ' Your eagerness excites my curiosity. As soon as my guardian goes out, come and sing under my window, and tell me who you are.'

Fig. (*imitating the voice of* **Rosina**) : Oh, I've dropped my song ! Ha, ha, ha ! Oh, these women ! How did your excellency come to fall in love with this pretty prisoner ?

Alm. : Six months ago I met by chance on the Prado at Madrid the most beautiful girl—well, you've just seen her. I've spent weeks trying to find her. A few days ago I discovered that her name was Rosina, that she was of noble birth, an orphan, and married to an old doctor of Seville called Bartholo.

Fig. : She isn't the doctor's wife, but only his ward ; but he means to marry her to-morrow.

Alm. : Then I haven't a moment to lose. Do you know this Bartholo ?

Fig. : I'm his barber, his surgeon, and his general assistant.

Alm. (*embracing him*) : Ah, Figaro, my angel, my liberator, if you could only get me into the house ! Half an hour with my Rosina, and I could rescue her from that old ruffian.

Fig. : I will doctor all the doctor's household.

Alm. : No ! No poisoning !

Fig. : Love has given you too lively an imagination. I was only thinking of a good sleeping draught. Ha, another idea ! The Regiment of the Infante has just arrived in Seville.

Alm. : The colonel is a friend of mine.

Fig. : Excellent ! Get your friend to billet you at once on the doctor.

Alm. : A splendid idea ! Look, here is our man. Get in the doorway.

[*They hide themselves as* **Bartholo** *comes out.*]

Bar. (*speaking to servant*) : Don't let anyone in. I am going to Don Bazile.

Alm. : Who is this Don Bazile ?

Fig. : A poor wretch of a musician who gives singing lessons to Rosina.

Alm. : Singing lessons ? It's time I gave my darling Rosina a singing lesson, isn't it ?

Fig. : Yes, here is my guitar. Tell her you are Count Almaviva, and you will win her at once.

Alm. : No, I wish to be loved for myself alone, and not for my name and my wealth. I am now Lindor, a poor, wandering scholar.

[*Taking* **Figaro's** *guitar he sings :*

Go, little song, your singer implores you ;
Go, little song, and sing to her clearly.
Lindor admires you, and loves and adores you ;
Lindor adores you and loves you dearly.

[**Rosina** *takes up the air, and replies behind the closed window :*

Go, little song, go back to your singer ;
Go to your singer, and sing to him clearly :
' Here no longer you now must linger,
But come again if you love her dearly.'

[**Count Almaviva** *and* **Figaro** *depart.*

Second Act

[**Rosina** *is sitting in her room at a table, writing. It is near twilight.*]

ROSINA : Ah, what is the use of writing letters to Lindor when I cannot send them ! [**Figaro** *enters.*

Ros. : Who was that young gentleman with you this morning, Figaro ?

Figaro : My friend Lindor, a poor scholar. He is coming to see you this evening.

Ros. : He mustn't. It makes me tremble.

Fig. : Send him a letter telling him he mustn't.

Ros. (*giving him the letter she has just written*) : I haven't the time to write this over again, but tell him—— Here is the doctor ! Whatever shall we do ?

Fig. : I must retire.

[*He gets in a cupboard, and* **Bartholo** *enters.*

Bartholo : Do you know what the scoundrel Figaro has done ? Drugged all my servants ! Why has he done that ? Ah ! Is he after you ?

Ros. : After me ? Do you think I would run away with a barber ?

Bar. : Wasn't it for his benefit that you dropped

that paper from the window this morning?

Ros. (*in great vexation*): Since you want to know, I will tell you everything. Figaro came to see me to-day, and I had an interesting talk with him, and found him a very likeable man.

[*As* **Rosina** *walks out* **Don Bazile** *enters, an old, thin, shabby creature, with cunning eyes.*]

Bazile: My dear Bartholo, I am sorry I was out when you called. I have some bad news for you. You have heard of Count Almaviva?

Bar.: The man who was looking for Rosina for months in Madrid?

Baz.: He is now in Seville. He goes out every morning in various disguises.

Bar.: I must marry Rosina before she hears of this count.

Baz.: It's difficult to marry a girl against her will, you know. But give me a hundred pistoles, and I will arrange a marriage to-night.

Bar.: Very well. I will see you to the door, as all my servants are unwell, and I want to keep it bolted.

[*As they leave the room* **Figaro** *pops out of the cupboard.*]

Fig.: Ah, bolt it well, Bartholo, and I will open it for the count as I go out.

Ros. (*running in*): What, are you still here, Figaro? Go down quickly by the back staircase, or I shall die of fright.

[**Figaro** *departs, and* **Bartholo** *returns.*

Bar.: I have just learnt something. What did that scoundrel Figaro come to see you for this morning? I swear he brought you a letter from somebody. (*He takes hold of* **Rosina's** *right hand and looks at it.*) Yes, you wrote a reply. Look at the ink on the tip of your finger.

Ros. (*speaking to herself*): I do believe that jealousy is making this wretched creature intelligent at last. (*Aloud.*) I have only been inking in the flower on the waistcoat that you wanted me to embroider for you.

Bar.: How good of you, señora! If you did not blush so furiously I really might believe you.

[There is a loud clatter on the stairs. The door is flung open, and Almaviva, in the uniform of a cavalry officer, staggers into the room, singing at the top of his voice.]

Bar.: What impudence! A drunker soldier! Retire to your room, Rosina.

[*Still singing,* **Almaviva,** *with the gait of a drunken man, advances towards* **Rosina.**

Almaviva: Er—er—er, which of you two ladies is called Dr. Balordo? (*In a whisper to* **Rosina**): I am Lindor.

Bar.: I am Dr. Bartholo. What do you mean by this intrusion?

Alm.: Well, my old Barbaro, here is a little friendly letter from my colonel.

Bar. (*taking the paper with an angry movement, and reading it out aloud*): 'It is hereby ordered that Dr. Bartholo shall receive, and lodge for one night, the bearer of this billet, Captain Lindor, of the Regiment of the Infante.'

Ros.: Oh, dear! Oh, dear!

[*She begins to laugh wildly.*

Bar.: You drunken wretch! Get out of my house, and tell your colonel that I am exempted from lodging men of your description.

Alm. (*aside*): Oh, heavens, what a frightful disappointment.

Bar.: Ha, ha! That sobers you a little! Now, out of this!

Alm.: Not until you show me the order of exemption.

Bar.: You shall see it at once. It is in my desk in the other room.

[In his absence, Count Almaviva gets up to give Rosina a letter, but before he can do so Bartholo returns.]

Bar.: Gently, sir, I do not care for a drunken soldier to talk to my wife.

Alm.: Your wife? I took her for your great-grand-daughter.

Bar. (*handing him a parchment*): Enough of this. Here is the exemption.

[**Almaviva** *throws the parchment on the floor.*

Bar. (*in a furious voice*): If you do not leave my house my servants shall throw you out.

Alm.: Ha, ha! I'll fight. I'm good at that. (*To* **Rosina**) Have you ever seen a battle, señora? You attack your enemy like this.

[*He pushes the doctor with his right hand, and with his left hand he throws the letter into* **Rosina's** *lap. She hastily puts it in her pocket.*]

Bar.: Will you go at once, you drunken, disreputable scoundrel; or shall I call in the police?

Alm. (*still pretending to be drunk*): Er—er—er—Dr. Brabaro. Since you won't fight, I'll see if I can't get my colonel to billet me on somebody a little more hospitable. [*He staggers out*

Third Act

[*It is now evening, and* **Bartholo** *is sitting alone in the dark and shuttered room.*]

BARTHOLO: What a bad temper she's in! I suppose she guesses Don Bazile's arranging our marriage to-night. (*There is a knock on the door.*) Who is that?

[*He goes out, and returns with* **Count Almaviva,** *who is now dressed as a student.*

Almaviva: Señor, I am Alonzo, the pupil of Don Bazile. He has been taken ill, and he sent me to give Señora Rosina her singing lesson.

Bar.: Bazile ill! I will go and see him.

Alm. (*in an aside*): He'll find out! Wait, I have a very important message, er—er—er——

Bar.: Well, speak up, man.

Alm. (*raising his voice*): Count Almaviva has received a letter from Señora Rosina.

Bar. (*frightened*): Whisper it.

Alm. (*in a still louder voice*): Don Bazile asked me to make inquiries in the matter and I have obtained Rosina's letter to Count Almaviva.

[*He steals to the door to see if* **Rosina** *is listening.*]

Alm. (*speaking to himself*): If I can only warn Rosina, what a clever stroke it will be to let him read the letter! (*Aloud.*) Dr. Bartholo, is not this the handwriting of your ward?

Bar. (*taking the letter and shouting with anger as he reads it*): Ah, the perfidious wretch,

'SMILING AT MY TROUBLES, AND SHAVING EVERY CHIN THAT CAME MY WAY'.
From the painting by F. Maso, by permission of A. D. Braun & Cie.

it is truly her handwriting! What is this? (*Reading*): 'Since you have told me your name and your conditions of life——'

Alm.: (*frightened*): Don't shout. Wait till you are married before you let Rosina know anything about the letter. Don Bazile will have everything ready by to-night. He arranged it all with a notary before he fell ill. Can't you see my plan? If Rosina refuses to marry you——

Bar.: And she will refuse!

Alm.: Then I will help you. I will show her the letter, and tell her that I got it from a wicked woman to whom the count had sacrificed her. Then, you see, shame and spite and grief will make her throw herself into your arms.

Bar. (*laughing*): A magnificent idea! You must give her a lesson now, so that when the time comes she will be well acquainted with you.

[*He goes out, and returns, dragging* **Rosina** *with him.*]

Rosina: I tell you again I will not have any more singing lessons, either from Don Bazile or from this pupil of his. (*Turning round, she sees her lover, and cries out.*) Ah!

Bar.: What is the matter?

Ros.: I've sprained my foot. (*She looks at the count.*) It has given me a heart attack.

Bar.: Where's an armchair?

[*He goes out of the room to find one.*

Alm.: Ah, Rosina! I've a thousand things to tell you.

Ros.: He will not leave us together.

Bar. (*bringing an armchair*): Here, darling, sit down. After this accident, Señor Alonzo, we must put off the singing lesson. Good-bye!

Ros.: No; I'm feeling much better already. I am sure a little music would cheer me up!

[**Almaviva** *goes to the clavecin and takes up a song.*]

Alm.: 'Love Will Find Out the Way.' I'm sure this will suit you, señora.

Ros.: Yes; that is my favourite air.

[**Count Almaviva** *plays on the clavecin, and* **Rosina** *sings:*

"Over the mountains
And over the waves;
Under the fountains
And under the graves;
Under floods that are deepest,
Which Neptune obey;
Over the rocks that are steepest,
Love will find out the way.

'You may esteem him
A child for his might;
Or you may deem him
A coward from his flight;
But if she whom love doth honour
Be conceal'd from the day,
Set a thousand guards upon her,
Love will find out the way.'

[*They are interrupted by the arrival of* **Figaro**.]

Bar.: Figaro, how dare you enter my house, you scoundrel! You've drugged all my servants; they're sleeping as if they'd never wake.

Figaro: Marceline said she had a headache, and neither Eveillé nor La Jeunesse looked well, so I brought out your medicine chest, and gave them a little opium.

Bar.: A little! You stupid fool. It's a wonder they are alive! What new mischief have you come to work now?

Fig.: To shave you, to be sure. Look at your chin! Three days' growth there, I'll be bound. Will you come into your room?

Bar.: No, you must shave me here. Get the things you want; here is the key. (*Whispering to* **Almaviva.**) He's the rascal who took the letter to the count. It's better to trust him with the keys than give him the chance of speaking to Rosina.

[*There is a clatter of broken crockery, and* **Bartholo** *rushes out to see what* **Figaro** *has broken.*]

Alm.: Isn't Figaro clever, Rosina? He is getting the key to this window, and we will climb up the balcony at night and carry you off. Oh, but I forgot to say that I have been compelled to give the letter you sent me to——

Bar. (*suddenly returning with* **Figaro**): He has broken everything. Why, here is Don Bazile.

[*The singing-master enters the room hat in hand.* **Rosina, Count Almaviva,** *and* **Figaro** *stare at him in consternation.*]

Bar.: Ah, Bazile, you soon got over your illness! Your pupil, Señor Alonzo, quite frightened me by the account he gave of you.

Baz.: Señor Alonzo. I do not understand.

Alm. (*whispering to* **Bartholo**): Tell him to keep the secret, or he will make Rosina suspicious.

Bar. (*whispering to* **Bazile**): Don't say he isn't your pupil, or you will spoil everything.

Baz.: I do not understand!

Alm. (*in a whisper, giving him a handful of gold*): We want you to go away.

Baz.: Now I understand. I really am not feeling very well. [*He goes out.*

Fig.: Doctor, I must shave you.

[*He fixes a napkin round* **Bartholo's** *neck, and begins to lather him. This gives the lovers an opportunity of a quiet talk in the corner. But* **Bartholo** *sees them, and pushes* **Figaro** *aside, and creeps up behind the clavecin.*]

Alm. (*whispering to* **Rosina**): Old Bartholo wouldn't let me stay, so I took out your letter, and tried to deceive him.

Bar. (*pushing between them*): You tried to deceive me. You villain! Rosina, retire at once!

Alm.: My dear doctor, if this is the way you always go on, I am not surprised that this young lady refuses to become your wife.

Ros.: His wife! Do you think that I would ever marry this peevish old wretch? No; I will give my heart and hand to any man brave enough to rescue me from this horrible prison.

[*She leaves the room.*

Bar. (*almost suffocating with anger*): Thieves, scoundrels, liars! Out with you both!

Fig.: The man's going mad. Come, my dear Alonzo, we had better leave him.

[*Laughing heartily, they run down the stairs into the street.*]

Fourth Act

[*It is midnight, and* **Bartholo** *and* **Bazile** *are talking in the shuttered room by candle light.*]

BARTHOLO : How is it the notary cannot come before four o'clock ?

Bazile : Figaro has retained him for his niece's marriage.

Bar. : He hasn't a niece. It's some trick. Go and tell the notary to come immediately.

[*As he goes to let him out,* **Rosina** *enters the room.*

Rosina : I thought I heard someone speaking. It is past midnight, and Lindor has not come.

Bar. (*coming back*) : Rosina, what are you doing here ? Never mind ! I have something to tell you. Do you know this letter ?

[*He shows her the letter* **Almaviva** *gave him.*]

Ros. : Heavens !

Bar. : I want to talk to you as a friend. This letter which you wrote to Count Almaviva——

Ros. (*in astonishment*) : Count Almaviva !

Bar. : You see the sort of man this count is. As soon as he received it he laughed at you, and gave it to another woman, who sent it to me. Figaro and Alonzo are his vile agents.

Ros. : What, Lindor the vile agent of this count ? The shame of it ! Doctor Bartholo, do you still desire to marry me ?

Bar. : At once, my dear.

Ros. : Oh, how humiliated I feel ! The wretches arranged to carry me off to-night. They have stolen your key of the window.

Bar. : Shut yourself up in Marceline's room. I will fetch the police, and have them arrested as common thieves.

[*He rushes out of the room just as* **Count Almaviva** *and* **Figaro** *unlock the window and enter.*]

Almaviva : At last, my beautiful Rosina ! How I adore you !

Ros. (*indignantly*) : You adore me ? Miserable Lindor ! I know all. You have sold me to Count Almaviva. Do you know this letter ?

Alm. : I was going to tell you about it during the singing lesson. I made use of it in order to win Bartholo's confidence. (*He throws off his cloak, and appears in a splendid costume.*) My darling, I am Count Almaviva, who has been dying of love for you ever since he saw you at Madrid six months ago.

Ros. (*falling in his arms*) : I was going to marry Bartholo just to spite you !

Figaro (*looking out of the window*) : We are prisoners ; the ladder has been taken away.

Ros. : The doctor has done it. I told him everything. He has gone to fetch the police.

Fig. (*still looking out of the window*) : They have opened the door ; they are coming in !

[**Count Almaviva** *draws his sword. But he sheathes it with a laugh when he sees it is* **Don Bazile** *and the notary.*]

Notary : Is this the couple that wish to be married ?

Alm. : Yes, sir ; you were engaged to marry Señora Rosina and me to-night at the house of Figaro, the barber. But this house will do just as well. Have you the marriage contract ?

PIERRE DE BEAUMARCHAIS was born in Paris, January 24, 1732, and died there, May 18, 1799. His father was a watchmaker, and young Pierre was appointed watchmaker to Louis XV when he was twenty. He rapidly became a court favourite and was employed on many secret missions in France and abroad. He rapidly amassed a great fortune but he remained always a man of great courage and of merry disposition, and his works have made his name a perpetual adornment to French literature.

Not. : I have two contracts—one for Count Almaviva, and one for Doctor Bartholo. It is strange ; both of them are with Señora Rosina.

Alm. : There, we have signed our names ! Now Figaro and Don Bazile must sign as witnesses.

Baz. : But—I do not understand !

Alm. (*giving him a handful of gold*) : You never understand anything. Sign it now, quick !

[**Bazile** *signs the marriage contract just as* **Bartholo** *enters the room with policemen.*]

Bar. : Arrest everybody at once !

Police Officer (*seeing* **Count Almaviva**) : But these men are not thieves.

Alm. : I am, sir. I have robbed the doctor of this charming lady.

Bar. : It's not a legal marriage. Where are your two witnesses ?

Not. : Figaro and Don Bazile.

Bar. : Rosina is a minor, and I am her guardian. I will not consent to the marriage.

P. O. : Your excellency has the right to take the lady away. In my opinion, Doctor Bartholo's refusal to consent to this honourable marriage shows he is afraid of having to account for the money belonging to his ward.

Alm. : I don't care about that. If he will consent to the marriage, he can keep the money.

Baz. : As you can't have the lady, Bartholo, stick to the gold.

Bar. : You never think of anything but money, Bazile. Still, I may as well keep it. (*He signs the contract.*) By taking the ladder away I only hastened on this wedding. I ought to have been more careful.

Fig. : More intelligent. No, let us be fair. When two lovers resolve to outwit an old man, you may be sure that ' Love will find out the way.'

HERBERT SPENCER

AUTOBIOGRAPHY

PUBLISHED a few months after the death of its author—this took place on December 8, 1903—the remarkable Autobiography of Herbert Spencer faithfully portrays the rather uneventful history of this most outstanding figure in the scientific world of the latter half of the nineteenth century. A man of extreme originality of mind and persistent contempt of authority he stands, by reason of his colossal intellect, in the foremost rank of the great figures in the whole history of thought. His influence has so insinuated itself into modern thought that its driving and revolutionary force, so potent in his own time, is now virtually spent; during the period of Spencer's life its force was incalculable because it was based on the best synthesis of the knowledge of his day. This epitome and those of the others of Spencer's works which will be found in the pages of *The World's Great Books* have been made by special permission of Spencer's trustees. Williams and Norgate published the Autobiography.

I—Family Traits

AMONG men, as among inferior creatures, there occasionally arise individual constitutions of great persistence, which impress themselves on many generations of posterity; and in such cases a statement of extraction may not be uninstructive. In my own case there are certain ancestral traits of this kind which are not without significance.

My maternal grandmother's name was Brettell, and the family was of French descent. Intermarriages took place with neighbours named Henzel, descendants of a Huguenot family from Lorraine, who earlier had apparently been refugee Hussites from Bohemia. It seems, therefore, that in this line of ancestors there had twice been resistance to religious authority, and flight in preference to submission. An ingrained nonconformity of nature persisted in the Brettells to the present century, for they were among the earliest Wesleyans. The Spencers were a prudent people established at Kirk-Ireton, in Derbyshire. They, too, had nonconforming tendencies, and were Wesleyans.

Has there not in my case been an inheritance of ancestral traits? No one can deny that the spirit of nonconformity shown by me—the disregard of authority, political, religious, or social—is very conspicuous.

My grandfather Spencer kept a school, which, leaving out the Grammar School, was the best in Derby. There may be ascribed to him a marked moral superiority. My paternal grandmother was a woman of sound commonsense, and superior emotional nature. Henry Spencer, the next oldest of the family to my father, was a hot politician, going to the extent, in the pre-reform days, of wearing a white hat, which was a symbol of Radicalism. Thomas, a ninth wrangler at Cambridge, entered the Church of England, and joined evangelicalism with ascetism and philanthropy as vicar of Hinton, near Bath. He was a temperance agitator before the temperance societies, and he shut out Church preferment by writing on Church reform. The whole family, it will be observed, had a constitutional tendency towards disagreement, and an unrestrained display of their opinions.

My father, George, added inventive ability and artistic perception to the faculties he possessed in common with the rest of the family. I consider myself in many ways his inferior, intellectually and emotionally. On looking round among those I have known, I cannot find anyone of higher type. My mother manifested no signs of her traces of Huguenot or Hussite blood. She displayed rather an ingrained conformity, simply accepting and retaining the beliefs given her in early days. Of her intellect there is nothing special to be remarked She was essentially conservative, while my father remained plastic to the end of his life.

II—Childhood and Education

I WAS born on April 27, 1820, at No. 12, Exeter Row, Derby (now 27, Exeter Street). It was one of my misfortunes to have no brothers, and a still greater misfortune to have no sisters. My father, who had taught in the school of his father from boyhood, carried on the school and also gave private lessons.

As a result of absence of pressure, I did not read tolerably until I was over seven years old. The first book which prompted me to read of my own accord was Sandford and Merton. As my father did not approve of fiction, and my mother was even more averse from it, I had to read it by stealth. By the age of eleven or twelve I had begun the habit of reading in bed till the birds were singing in the morning.

At an early age I was sent to a day school. Then, and always, I had a general aversion from note-learning, and mere authoritative statement was constitutionally repugnant to me. When ten I was removed to my uncle William's school, where there was comparatively little lesson-learning, and, as a consequence, I was not in continual disgrace.

At thirteen I knew nothing worth mentioning of Latin and Greek, was wholly uninstructed in English, had merely the ordinary knowledge of arithmetic, and knew of ancient history a little. But concerning things around and their properties I knew a great deal, and there was always a prompting to intellectual self-help. A constant question with my father was, 'Can you tell the cause of this?' So there was established a habit of seeking for causes, and a tacit belief in the universality of causation.

Shortly after I was thirteen my father and mother and I paid a visit to my uncle Thomas at Hinton Charterhouse, near Bath. There is no day in my life concerning which I remember so much as the second day of our journey. At Hinton, I derived great delight from the novelties around me, especially the new insect life.

A few days brought a disagreeable revelation. My uncle one morning set me down to the first proposition of Euclid, to my great disgust. However, my faculty lay more in that direction than in the directions of most subjects I had dealt with previously. This was significantly shown before the end of a fortnight. Having repeated a demonstration after the prescribed manner up to a certain point, I diverged from it; and when my uncle interrupted me, telling me I was wrong, I asked him to wait a moment, and then finished the demonstration in my own way, the substituted reasoning being recognized by him as valid. My dismay was great when I found I was to remain at Hinton, and when, after ten days, my uncle decided that, owing to our disputes, a fellow pupil and I must study at separate hours, I resolved to return home.

NEXT morning, soon after six, I started for Bath, which I reached in little more than an hour, and, buying a penny roll, I took the Cheltenham road. I reached Stroud between five and six, and Cheltenham between nine and ten, and finding a small suburban tavern, got a bed for sixpence. I had only two shillings pocket-money to last me the journey. On that day and succeeding days, I repeated my occasional purchase of a penny roll, twice or thrice during the journey stopping to get a glass of beer. Bread and water, with some beer, were the only things I tasted between Hinton and Derby.

I could not sleep a wink at Cheltenham. The physical excitement produced by walking forty-eight miles kept me tossing about till it was time to rise. From Cheltenham, with the aid of a ride in a wagon, I got to Birmingham in two days. Thence I walked on to Lichfield.

There I happened to be passing the chief hotel just as the Derby coach drew up; and getting hold of the coachman, told him my story. No doubt he saw by my worn face and parched lips how much I had been suffering. He took pity on me, and the coach having plenty of room let me ride for nothing, so I reached Derby about three o'clock on Saturday, having left Hinton on Thursday morning. After being more than a fortnight at home, I returned to Hinton, and things went on as if nothing had happened.

III—An Independent Training

For some time my life now passed in an uneventful way. My aversion from linguistic studies continued. Very different was my attitude towards mathematics. In the correspondence between my father and my uncle there is mention of demonstrations by myself at the age of thirteen of propositions in the fourth book of Euclid; not, however, approved by my uncle, and in reading Dr. Arnott's work on physics, I demurred to one of his statements respecting inertia, thereby irritating my uncle—but I was right.

Such self-confidence in a boy of thirteen was strange, and it was significant as showing how deep-seated was the tendency to criticise opinions, and to reject those which did not commend themselves. My uncle complained of my want of diligence. I was at that time, as always before, and even after, very idle unless under the stimulus of a powerful motive—usually the desire to compass some large end.

It was at the close of my fifteenth year that I made my first appearance in print. A small publication, called The Bath Magazine, was then published, and my uncle was invited to contribute. My ambition to write for it was aroused. This I did secretly. My contribution, which appeared, to my great delight and the surprise of my relations, was a letter describing the formation of certain curiously shaped floating crystals, which I had observed when crystallising common salt.

In 1837, after I had been at home a year doing nothing, I temporarily played the part of assistant to Mr. Mather, a schoolmaster with whom I had been in the earlier part of my boyhood, and I succeeded fairly well; but in November I was called up to London, my uncle William having obtained for me a post under Mr. Charles Fox, permanent resident engineer of the London division of the London and Birmingham Railway.

My salary was £80 a year, with a prospect of increase to £150, which was not amiss for a youth of seventeen. I was quite alive to the responsibilities of my post—measuring up work of contractors and making small surveys—and for over six months I never went to a place of amusement or read any light literature.

In August, Mr. Fox made me an offer to go on the Gloucester and Birmingham Railway (now a part of the Midland system) as a draughtsman, with a salary of £120 a year, and towards the end of September 1838, I was settled at Worcester under the chief engineer.

It was in May 1839, while I was engaged at Worcester, that my first published essay appeared, on a plan of projecting the spiral courses in bridges, the Civil Engineer and Architect's Journal being the medium of publicity. Early in 1840 I removed to Powick.

During this time I was engaged constantly in practical experiments and speculative activity. At this time inventions of one kind or another were commonly in my thoughts, and making a fortune by them formed the subject matter of my imaginations. There was no approach made to any such ambition as the writing of books.

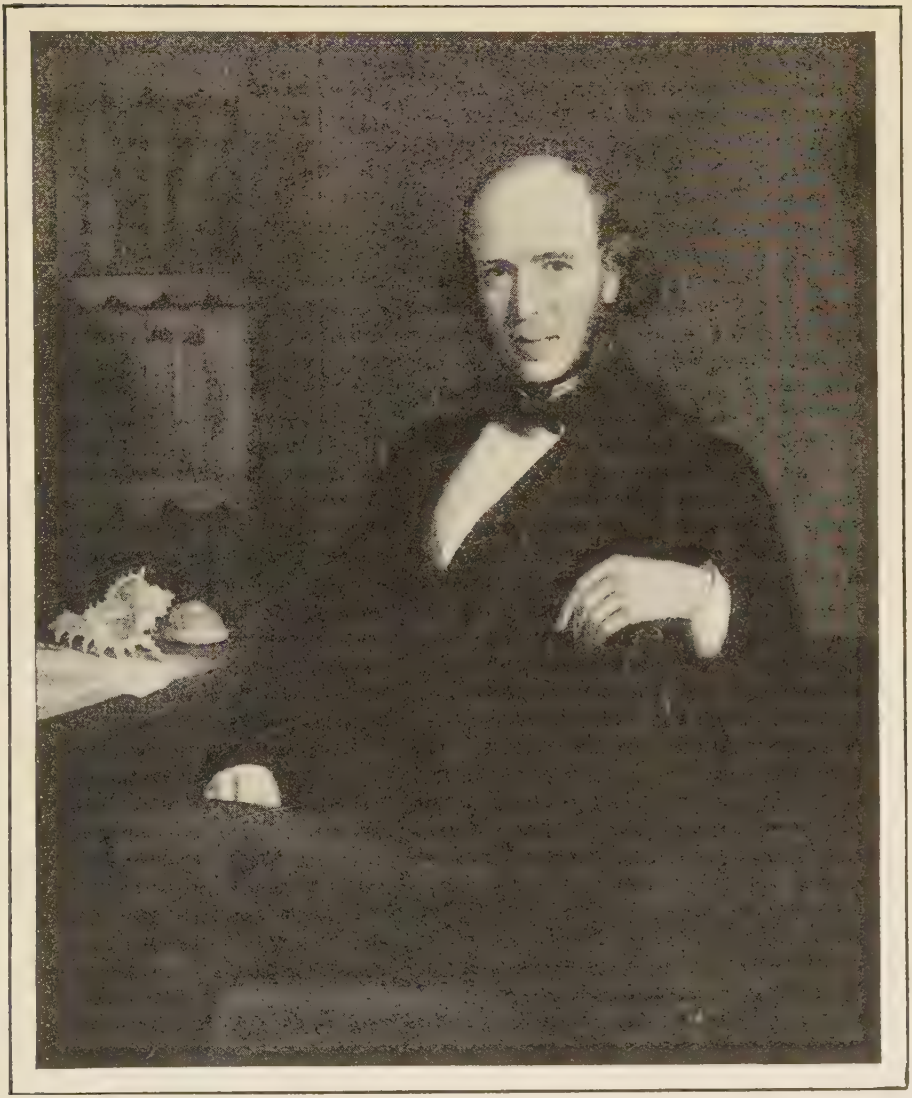
When my engagement on the Birmingham and Gloucester Railway terminated I was offered a permanent post, but declined it, and on April 21, 1841, returned to Derby.

IV—A Drift into Journalism and Authorship

My time was now spent in an unsystematic study of botany, with practice in part-singing as my chief gratification. I also had practice in drawing, and did some modelling.

A letter of introduction from my uncle to Mr. Edward Miall, editor of The Nonconformist, led to my writing to that newspaper a dozen letters, which afterwards were issued separately, under the title The Proper Sphere of Government.

I now became an active politician, honorary secretary in Derby of a branch of the Complete Suffrage movement, and one of a committee for selecting and criticising its tracts. When the Complete Suffrage Union founded a paper, The Pilot, under the editorship of Mr. James Wilson, its secretary, I was offered the sub-editorship, and moved to Birmingham.



Herbert Spencer, the philosopher of evolution, was born at Derby on April 27, 1820, the son of a local schoolmaster. At twenty-five he gave up his profession of railway engineering, and, a little later, became a sub-editor on The Economist. From then onwards, he contributed a large number of articles to the Westminster Review, which contained the first sketches of his philosophic doctrines. His first important work, Social Statics, was published in 1850. In 1860 he announced his System of Synthetic Philosophy, in ten volumes, and this he completed, in spite of ill health, in 1896, with The Principles of Sociology. Although Spencer objected to public honours, many offers of high academic distinctions were made to him from all parts of Europe. At his death the press of the whole world admitted the loss of a philosopher whose range of observation was unparalleled. This portrait, by John Burgess, R.A., hangs in the National Portrait Gallery, London.

I was, however, again offered an appointment on a railway parliamentary survey work and quietly reverted to my former profession, but the failure of my principal's too numerous schemes brought my career as a civil engineer finally to an end early in 1846.

It was in November 1848 that this period of miscellaneous activity terminated, and I commenced the duties that led step by step to my special business in life. Those duties were the functions of sub-editor of The Economist. The salary was low, but accompanying advantages raised it to something like £150 a year. The offer was made by Mr. James Wilson, M.P., the proprietor and editor.

My work on The Economist was not heavy, and it allowed me to go where I pleased and when I pleased during the early part of the week. Often I went to exhibitions and theatres, and occasionally to the Opera, as I had access whenever the 'orders' were not appropriated by the editor's wife. At the house of Mr. Chapman (later of The Westminster Review), who had his publishing business opposite The Economist office, I met some who had made reputations which proved more than temporary—Miss Eliza Lynn (afterwards Mrs. Lynn Linton), Mr. Froude, Mr. Francis W. Newman, and Horace Greely. It was here, in the spring of 1850, that I first met Mr. G. H. Lewes.

I was now hard at work on my first book, which I had begun before coming to London. Progress was slow, for as a writer I had always been constitutionally fastidious. Early in the spring of 1850 the completion of the work was in sight. Then arose the question—How to get it published? At last it was undertaken by Chapman and his friend Woodfall on my guarantee of £80 owed me for railways survey work. The title was Social Statics, I being unaware of the use of the words by Comte, a writer only known to me by name. I was satisfied with the reception given to the book, and it was more favourably reviewed than any of my later books.

Naturally, some social effect resulted from this measure of success. About this time The Westminster Review, after a changeful history, passed into the hands of Mr. Chapman, and I heard, through Mr. W. R. Greg, that Chapman counted on me as a constant contributor.

When Social Statics came out, my intimacy with Mr. G. H. Lewes, who spoke highly of it in private and public, grew rapidly, and there resulted country excursions together, long Sunday rambles, memorable to us not only because of their enjoyments, but also because of their mental results. It was to the impulse he received from our conversations during these rambles that Lewes ascribed his awakened interest in scientific inquiries.

One sequel of my intimacy with Lewes was that I made the acquaintance of Carlyle. Of him I wrote: 'He is a queer creature. It is so useless to reason with him that I do not want to see much of him. His wife is intelligent, but quite warped by him.' My visits numbered three, or at most four. I found I must either listen to his absurd dogmas in silence, which it was not in my nature to do, or get into fierce argument with him, which ended in our glaring at one another.

Lewes used to say of him he was a poet without music. By others, he has, strange to say, been classed as a philosopher! Instead of thinking calmly, as the philosopher, above all others, does, he thought in a passion. It would take much seeking to find one whose intellect was perturbed by emotion in the same degree.

In 1852 I began to entertain the thought of writing on psychology. When the new series of The Westminster Review began, Miss Evans ['George Eliot'], whom I had met the year before, came up to reside permanently in Chapman's house, and our relations became friendly.

I wrote of her: 'Miss Evans is the most admirable woman mentally I ever met. The greatness of her intellect, conjoined with her womanly qualities and manner, keep me by her side most of the evening.' Striking by its power when in repose, her face was transfigured by a smile.

Her philosophical powers were remarkable. I have known but few men with whom I could discuss a question in philosophy with more satisfaction. The impression constantly produced was that of latent power—the ideas which came

from her being manifestly the products of a large intelligence working easily.

Another friendship that became an important factor in my life was that of T. H. Huxley. A wittiesism of his at my expense has remained with me these twenty years. He was one of a circle in which tragedy was the topic, when my name came up; whereupon he remarked: 'Oh! you know, Spencer's idea of a tragedy is a deduction killed by a fact.'

On another occasion Lewes gave him an opportunity. A conversation arose on habits of composition. Lewes said: 'I never hesitate. I get up steam at once. In short, I boil at low temperature.' 'Well, but,' remarked Huxley, 'that implies a vacuum in the upper regions.'

V—A Literary Career

The success of Social Statics and of articles published in The Westminster Review, with the acceptance of articles for The British Quarterly and North British reviews, were now a warrant for resigning my position on The Economist. My engagement closed in July 1853. Except for ten days I had not been absent from London more than five days at a time for nearly five years. After holidaying in the West of England, I prepared for a tour in Switzerland, a country which fully equalled my anticipations in respect of its grandeur, but not in respect of its beauty.

I now varied the writing of review articles by commencing the Principles of Psychology, and by January 1855 was seeking a publisher. The early months of this year were marked by signs of coming bad health, but the breakdown did not arrive—although the mischief was done—till July. From that time began the pursuit of health which, in the full sense of the word, was never again to be overtaken.

The Principles of Psychology had a reception from the reviews that was distinctly antagonistic, and among all the criticisms none gave a sympathetic account of the book. The sale showed how wise the publishers had been who declined to undertake the risk, and the arrangements entailed on me a heavy loss.

The next eighteen months were spent in a search for health, at Tréport, in Devonshire, in the Cotswolds, the Channel Islands, Scotland, Brighton and Paris, with intermediate periods in Derby. Finally, by medical advice, I settled with a family in St. John's Wood, five minutes' walk from Huxley's house, and was able to resume, though slowly, my contributions to the literary and scientific reviews.

In boyhood I early became possessed of the idea of causation, and by the age of twenty I had partly accepted Lamarck's view. Two years after, in The Proper Sphere of Government, there was shown an unhesitating belief that the phenomena of both individual and social life conform to law. Eight years later, increased consistency and definiteness were given to this view in Social Statics. Further, in Principles of Psychology I endeavoured to trace out the genesis of mind in all its forms, sub-human and human, as produced by the recognized and inherited effects of mental actions. And I now proceeded to sketch a complete scheme of synthetic philosophy—the carrying out of which I felt would be my work in life.

But how could the undertaking be carried out? My nervous breakdown had prevented me from earning anything for eighteen months, and not much remained of a legacy left me by my uncle Thomas. I now made the satisfactory discovery that my head would bear dictating much more easily than it would bear writing, and by engaging an amanuensis, I found I could do half as much again, or more, with greater ease, and that, too, without greatly affecting my style.

In order to live while carrying out my scheme, I made an effort to obtain a stamp-distributorship which fell vacant, but party claims proved too strong, and it was given to the editor of a Conservative provincial paper. A similar application when Sir G. C. Lewis became Home Secretary received a discouraging reply.

It was now agreed by my friends that the System of Philosophy should be issued by subscription, and an imposing list was got together as its sponsors—men of science, men of letters and a few statesmen. The number of subscribers finally reached

400. American subscriptions brought up the total to about 600, and with this number I resolved to proceed. I was now just forty, and I calculated I should get through the undertaking by the time I was sixty. The result has proved that this apparently unreasonable hope was entertained, if not wisely, still fortunately.

VI—Downwards Towards Invalid Life

THERE now commenced unity of occupation. I began my undertaking on May 7, 1860, and, after breaking down before I was through the first chapter, managed, by change of residence, to complete No. 1 of my serial before the middle of September. My Uncle William died at the end of November, and left his property to me, a distribution that enabled me to continue my work, which would otherwise have had to stop through the defalcations of subscribers. By June 1862 I had completed First Principles, and feeling that my doctrine was now safely set forth, whatever might happen to me, I entered with added zest upon the relaxations of the summer and autumn—relaxations which included a tour of Scotland with an ardent American adherent of mine, Professor Youmans.

I now commenced the Principles of Biology. Of its reception there is little to be said. In 1864 not one educated person in ten knew the meaning of the word biology, and little notice was taken of the work. When the second volume of the Principles of Biology appeared no copies were issued to the press, as I found that the reviews did not give the remotest conception of the contents of my books.

My father was now advised by me to retire from his engagements as a teacher, and my mother was a confirmed invalid ; I, therefore, had to aid them, and as I had by this time (1865) sunk £1,100 in publishing my books, it seemed as if my life-work must be given up.

At this juncture a proposal was made to me that has rarely, if ever, been paralleled in the case of one author to another with whom he was not in complete agreement. Mr. John Stuart Mill offered to guarantee my publisher against loss. This, however, was rendered unnecessary by the action of American friends, who, at the instance of Professor Youmans, invested 7,000 dollars in public securities in my name, with liberty either to use it or leave it to accumulate for my heirs. Thus I was practically put under coercion. At this time my father died, and my mother in the next summer (1867).

I now recast First Principles, and proceeded to complete the Principles of Psychology, engaging to assist me in this latter purpose a secretary—Mr. David Duncan—a work resumed after a tour in Italy. From thenceforward (1868) I had no adverse circumstances to contend with. The remainder of my life-voyage was through smooth waters.

The year 1870 saw the publication of the developed Psychology. The Study of Sociology, written for the International Scientific Series, appeared serially in the Contemporary Review, and greatly stimulated the sale of my books, so that I found myself becoming quite popular, and even found it necessary to draw up a lithographed circular in reply to correspondents.

I now commenced the Principles of Sociology, with the assistance of Mr. James Collier, a capable successor to Mr. Duncan. The first volume was more than three years in hand, but appeared in June 1877. The Data of Ethics, which followed, was carried on with constant interruptions from ill-health, but was finished by June 1879. It met with a more favourable reception than I had been accustomed to. By October of the same year the volume on Ceremonial Institutions was passing through the press, and Political Institutions was completed in March 1882.

In this year I paid a visit to America —an expedition I ought never to have undertaken. Setting out with the hope that the change of scene would improve my health, I came back in a worse state than I went, having made another step downwards towards invalid life.

END OF FIRST VOLUME